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NOTICE BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE present work, TRAVELS in HINDUSTAN, MALAYA, SIAM, and CHINA, forms the second section of the author's "TRAVELS IN SOUTH-EASTERN ASIA," published in 1839, in Boston, United States. It has been preceded by the first section, which comprehends the BURMAN EMPIRE. The present, therefore, completes the work.

The author, Mr Malcom, as is stated in the preface to the first section, was engaged in the philanthropic object of exploring new fields of missionary enterprise in the East, to which he sailed from America in September 1835. After visiting Burmah, he left that empire, and taking shipping at Rangoon, arrived at Calcutta in Hindustan, in September 1836.

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TRAVELS

IN

HINDUSTAN, MALAYA, SIAM, AND CHINA.

CHAPTER I.

Voyage to Calcutta. Saugor Island. Hoogly River. Landing. Houses. Servants. Streets. Weddings. Doorga Pooja. General Assembly's School. Benevolent Institution. Orphan Refuge. Central School. The Martiniers. Leper Hospital. Operations of Education Committee. Colleges. Progress of the English Language. Use of Roman Alphabet. Native Periodicals. Hindu and Mahometan Edifices. Ram Mohun Roy. Bromha Sobha. Population of Calcutta. Expenses of Living. Habits of Extravagance. Morals. Religion. Clergy. Places of Worship. Missionary Operations. Christian Villages. Hinduism shaken. Serampore. Aspect. Population. Marshman. College. Grave-Yard. Operations of the Mission.

A hot and disagreeable passage of seventeen days from Rangoon in a small schooner, brought me to Calcutta, September 20, 1836. The vessel, being loaded with timber and stick-lac, had plenty of scorpions and centipedes. Twice, on taking a clean shirt out of my trunk, I found a centipede snugly stowed in it. Having several times caught scorpions on my mattress at night, we undertook a general search, and on the under side of the cabin table discovered a nest of twenty or thirty. I had written here constantly for a week, with my knees pressed up hard against the edge, to keep me steady, and felt truly thankful to have been unmolested. Several of the females had white leathery bags attached to them, about the size of a grape, full of young ones, scarcely bigger than a pin's head.

The constant increase of the sands at the mouth of the Hoogly, and the absence of any landmark, renders the approach always a matter of some anxiety. The floating light is stationed out of sight of land, and the tails of the reefs, even there, are dangerous. When the shores are at length discerned, their dead level and unbroken jungle, without any sign of population, and the great breadth of the river, gives the whole an aspect excessively dreary, well suiting to one's first emotions on beholding a land of idolatry.

Saugor Island, which is first coasted, is famed for being the spot where many infants and others are annually immolated. The Hoogly, called by the natives *Ba-gir-a-tee*, being considered the true mouth of the Ganges, and the junction of this sacred stream with the ocean being at Saugor, great sanctity is attached to the place. A few devotees are said to reside on the island, who contrive for a while to avoid the tigers, and are supported by the gifts of the boatmen, who cherish great faith in the security they are supposed to be able to confer. An annual festival is held here in January, which thousands of Hindus attend, some even from five or six hundred miles. Missionaries often embrace this opportunity of preaching and distributing tracts. As a sample of these efforts, the following extract from the journal of the late Mr Chamberlain will be interesting.

"Gunga Saugor.—Arrived here this morning. Astonished beyond measure at the sight! Boats crushed together, row upon row, for a vast extent in length, numberless in appearance, and people swarming everywhere! Multitudes! multitudes! Removed from the boats, they had pitched on a large sand-bank and in the jungle; the oars of the boats being set up to support

the tents, shops, &c. Words fail to give a true description of this scene. Here an immensely populous city has been raised in a very few days, full of streets, lanes, bazaars, &c., many sorts of trade going on, with all the hurry and bustle of the most flourishing city. We soon left the boats, and went among the people. Here we saw the works of idolatry and blind superstition. Crowds upon crowds of infatuated men, women, and children, high and low, young and old, rich and poor, bathing in the water and worshipping Gunga, by bowing and making salaams, and spreading their offerings of rice, flowers, &c., on the shore, for the goddess to take when the tides arrive. The mud and water of this place are esteemed very holy, and are taken hundreds of miles upon the shoulders of men. They sprinkle themselves with the water, and daub themselves with the mud; and this, they say, cleanses them from all sin: this is very great holiness. In former years it was usual for many to give themselves to the sharks and alligators, and thus to be destroyed. But the Company have now placed sepoy along the side, to prevent this. A European sergeant and fifty sepoys are here now for that purpose."

The veneration paid by Hindus to this river is almost incredible. Descending from a height of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and running a course of 1500 miles, it receives, in every part, the most devoted homage. The touch of its water, nay, the very sight of it, say the Shasters, takes away all sin. Its very sediment is counted a remedy for all diseases. If it fails, they are not undeceived; for they say the man's time has come, and there is no remedy for death. Drowning in it is an act of great merit. Thousands of sick persons endure long journeys, that they may die upon its banks. Its water is sworn upon in courts of justice, as the Bible is in ours. From 50,000 to 200,000 persons assemble annually at certain places, of whom many are crushed to death in pressing to bathe at the propitious moment. Still more die on the road of poverty and fatigue. No man acquainted with the history of Hindustan, can sail upon these bright, unconscious waters, without being filled with sorrowful contemplations.

That the scenery here has been described in such glowing colours, can only be accounted for, by considering that the writers had been for months immured in a ship, and that, having previously seen no country but their own, every thing *foreign* became deeply interesting. The boats which come off, of strange construction; the "dandies," with their dark bronze skin, fine Roman features, perfect teeth, and scanty costume; the sircars, which board the ship with presents of fruit, dressed in graceful folds of snow-white muslin—are indeed objects of interest, and form fruitful topics for journals and letters, to young travellers. As to the river itself, at least in the lower part of its course, none could be more dull and disagreeable.

As the ship ascends the river (generally a slow and difficult process), objects of interest multiply. Fishermen's villages and scattered huts appear on each side, embosomed in stately palms. Trees, of shapes unknown before, fields of sugar-cane, wide levels of paddy ground,

MALCOM'S TRAVELS.

and a universal greenness, keep up an interest, till, on reaching Gloucester, European houses begin to be seen, and the ear once more catches the sounds of machinery and commerce. The cold emotions of wonder, and the pain of reflecting that one has arrived in the regions of degradation and idolatry, now give place to a sense of exhilaration and homeness. On every side is evidence of the presence of those who stand with the highest among the civilised, the free, the scientific, and the religious nations of the earth. Hope portrays the future, benevolence stands ready to act, and discouragement is cheered by assurance of co-operation.

At length, in passing a bend in the river, called "Garden Reach," a superb array of country-seats opens on the eastern bank. Luxury and refinement seem here to have made their home. Verdant and quiet lawns appear doubly attractive to a voyager, weary of ocean and sky. Buildings, coated with plaster, and combining Grecian chasteness with oriental adaptation, lift their white columns amid noble trees and numerous tanks. Steamboats, budgerows, and dingies, ply about upon the smooth water. The lofty chimneys of gas-works and factories rise in the distance, and every thing bespeaks your approach to a great city.

We passed just at sunset. The multimorph vehicles, for which Calcutta is famous, stood before the doors, or rolled away through the trees, followed by turbaned servants in flowing muslin. Ladies and children, with nurses and bearers, lounged along the smooth paths, and it was difficult to realise that this beautiful climate should prove so insidious. The general observation, however, is, that death owes more victims to high living, indolence; exposure at night, fatigue in shooting excursions, &c., than to the positive effects of climate. Indeed, some affirm India to be as salubrious as England, and the aspect of some who have been long in the country would seem to countenance the assertion.

A farther advance brings an indistinct view of the fort and the fine buildings of the Chouringy suburb, all presented in one great curve, which is soon relinquished for a more minute and inquisitive contemplation of "the course." This is a broad road on the bank of the river, passing round the esplanade and fort, to which the English residents drive every evening at sunset. As every clerk in the city keeps his buggy or palankeen carriage, the crowd of vehicles rivals that at Hyde Park. The sight is even more imposing. Most of the higher classes use stately landaus, or open barouches; and the ladies are without bonnets. Crowds of gentlemen are on horseback. Indian side-runners give a princely air to the slow procession. The shipping of every nation, the clear horizon, the noble fort, the city front, the pleasure-boats, the beautiful ghauts, &c., make it a scene which always pleases; and the citizens repair thither from day to day, and from year to year, without weariness or satiety.

On passing Garden Reach, the river becomes covered with boats, of every conceivable form, from which a dozen different languages meet the ear. A multitude of vessels lie at anchor; steam-engines pour from their towering chimneys volumes of smoke; beautiful ghauts slope into the water; palankeens, tonjons, buggies, coaches, phaetons, gares, caranches, and hackaries, line the shore, and before us spreads out the great city, containing with its suburbs almost a million of souls.

All who die in or beside the river, and even those whose dead bodies are committed to it, being deemed certain of future bliss, multitudes are brought to die upon the banks, or are laid at low water on the mud, whence the return of the tide washes them away. These and the half-consumed relics from the funeral pile, in every variety of revolting aspect, are continually floating by. Government boats ply above the city to sink these bodies; but many escape, and we daily saw them float by, while vultures stood upon them, contending for the horrid banquet.

There being no wharfs or docks, you are rowed to a ghaut in a dingey, and landed amid Hindus performing their ablutions and reciting their prayers. No sooner

does your boat touch the shore, than a host of bearers contend for you with loud jabber, and those whom you resist least, actually bear you off in their arms through the mud, and you find yourself at once in one of those strange conveyances, a palankeen. Away you hie, flat on your back, at the rate of nearly five miles an hour, a chatty boy bearing aloft a huge palm-leaf umbrella to keep off the sun, whom no assurances that you do not want him will drive away, but who expects only a pie or two for his pains. The bearers grunt at every step, like southern negroes when cleaving wood; and though they do it as a sort of chorus, it keeps your unaccustomed feelings discomposed.

Arrived at the house, you find it secluded within a high brick wall, and guarded at the gate by a durwan, or porter, who lives there in a lodge, less to prevent ingress than to see that servants and others carry nothing away improperly. The door is sheltered by a porch, called here a veranda, so constructed as to shelter carriages—a precaution equally necessary for the rains and the sun. The best houses are of two stories, the upper being occupied by the family, and the lower used for dining and store rooms. On every side are contrivances to mitigate heat and exclude dust. Venetian blinds enclose the veranda, extending from pillar to pillar, as low as a man's head. The remaining space is furnished with mats (tatties), which reach to the floor, when the sun is on that side, but at other times are rolled up. When these are kept wet, they diffuse a most agreeable coolness.

The moment you sit down, whether in a mansion, office, or shop, a servant commences pulling the punka, under which you may happen to be. The floor is of brick and mortar, covered with mats, the walls of the purest white, and the ceilings of great height. Both sexes, and all orders, dress in white cottons. The rooms are kept dark, and in the hottest part of the day shut up with glass. In short, every thing betrays a struggle to keep cool.

Another great contest seems to be against ants. You perceive various articles of furniture placed upon little dishes of water or quick-lime, without which precaution everything is overrun. White ants are most formidable; for from those it is impossible wholly to guard. They attack every thing, even the beams in the houses. A chest of clothes, lying on the floor a day or two only, may be found entirely ruined. A mere pinhole appears in your precious quarto—you open it, and behold a mass of dust and fragments!

The number of servants and their snowy drapery, huge turbans, stubby mustachios, bare feet, and cringing servility, form another feature in the novel scene. Partly from the influence of caste, but more from indolent habits, low pay, and the indulgence of former masters, when fortunes were easily made, they are appointed to services so minutely divided as to render a great number necessary. The following list, given me by a lady long in India, not only illustrates this peculiarity, but shows how large opportunities private Christians possess of doing good to natives even beneath their own roof. A genteel family, not wealthy, must have the following domestics:—

Kansuma, a head servant, butler, or steward; *kit-mut-gár*, table-servant; *musálche*, cleans knives, washes plates, and carries the lantern; *bóbagee*, cook; *surdar*, head bearer, cleans furniture, &c.; *bearer*, cleans shoes, and does common errands (if a palankeen is kept, there must be at least eight of these), pulls punka; *abdar*, cools and takes care of water; *meeta*, man sweeper; *metráne*, female sweeper; *ayah*, lady's maid, or nurse; *durwán*, gate-keeper; *molley*, gardener; *dirgy*, tailor; *dobey*, washerman; *garre-walla*, coachman; *syce*, groom, one to every horse, who always runs with him; *grass-outer*, cuts and brings grass daily, one to each horse; *guy walla*, keeper of the cow or goats; *hurkaru*, errand boy or messenger; *sircar*, accountant or secretary; *chuprasse*, carries letters, and does the more trusty errands; *chokedar*, watchman; *cooley*, carries burdens, brings home marketing, &c.; *bheestie*, to bring

water. Of gardeners, maids, table-servants, nurses, &c., there of course must often be several. It is generally necessary to have part of these Mussulmans, and part Hindus; for one will not bring some dishes to the table, and the other will not touch a candlestick, &c. If a child makes a litter on the floor, the ayah will not clean it, but calls the metrane.

A walk into the native town produces novel sights on every side. The houses, for the most part, are mere hovels, with mud floors and mud walls, scarcely high enough to stand up in, and covered with thatch. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty; and on every neglected wall cow dung, mixed with chaff, and kneaded into thin cakes, is stuck up to dry for fuel. The shops are often but six or eight feet square, and seldom twice this size, wholly open in front, without any counter but the mat on the floor, part of which is occupied by the vender, sitting cross-legged, and the rest serves to exhibit his goods. Mechanics have a similar arrangement.

Barbers sit in the open street on a mat, and the patient, squatting on his hams, has not only his beard, but part of his head, shaved, leaving the hair to grow only on his crown. In the tanks and ponds are dobies slapping their clothes with all their might upon a bench or a stone. Little braminy bulls, with their humped shoulders, walk among the crowd, thrusting their noses into the baskets of rice, gram, or peas, with little resistance, except they stay to repeat the mouthful.* Bullocks, loaded with panniers, pass slowly by. Palankeens come bustling along, the bearers shouting at the people to clear the way. Pedlars and hucksters utter their ceaseless cries. Religious mendicants, with long hair matted with cow dung, and with faces and arms smeared with Ganges mud, walk about almost naked, with an air of the utmost impudence and pride, demanding rather than begging gifts. Often they carry a thick triangular plate of brass, and, striking it at intervals with a heavy stick, send the shrill announcement of their approach far and near. Now and then comes rushing along the buggy of some English merchant, whose syce, running before, drives the pedestrians out of the way; or some villanous-looking caranche drags by, shut up close with red cloth, containing native ladies, who contrive thus to "take the air."

No Englishmen are seen on foot, except the very poorest, as it is deemed ungentle; nor native women, except of the lowest castes. Costumes and complexions, of every variety, move about without attracting attention—Hindus, Mussulmans, Armenians, Greeks, Persians, Parsees, Arabs, Jews, Burmans, Chinese, &c. &c.; bheesties, with leather water-sacks, slung dripping on



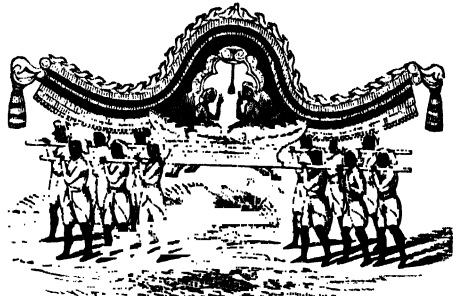
A Bheestie.

their backs, carry their precious burden to the rich man's yard, or hawk it along the street, announcing their approach by drumming on their brass measure. Snake-charmers, jugglers, and blind musicians, gather their little crowds. Processions are almost always abroad in

* These are individuals turned loose when young, as offerings to an idol, which are thenceforth regarded as sacred. Though no one looks after them, their privileged mode of life keeps them in good order; and mixing so much among crowds, from which they meet no ill treatment, makes them perfectly gentle.

honour of some idol, or in fulfilment of some promise; making all possible clamour with voices, drums, cymbals, and trumpets. Women carry their children astride on their backs. Wretched vehicles, drawn by more wretched ponies, jingle along, bearing those who have long walks and moderate means. Women crowd about the wells, carrying water on their backs in brass jars. Children run about stark naked, or with a thin plate of silver or brass, not larger than a tea-cup, hung in front by a cord round the loins. Mudholes, neglected tanks, decaying carcasses, and stagnant ditches, unite with fumes of garlic, rancid oil, and human filth, to load the air with villanous smells. The *tout ensemble* of sights, sounds, and smells, is so utterly unlike any thing in any other part of the world, that weeks elapse before the sensation of strangeness wears away.

My residence with Mr Pearce on the circular road, which is a principal thoroughfare, afforded continual opportunity of observing native character and habits. A spectacle of frequent recurrence was the wedding procession of young children affianced by their relations. Music and many torches dignify the procession. The girl is often carried in a palankeen, and the bridegroom on horseback, held by a friend. Sometimes the little things are borne in a highly ornamented litter, as in the engraving. It is always affecting to think that if



Part of a Wedding Procession.

the poor little boy die, his betrothed is condemned to perpetual widowhood. Many of these, as might be expected, become abandoned characters.

One is constantly struck with the excessive cruelty displayed towards oxen and horses by the natives; so strongly contrasting with the tenderness of Burman drivers. The cattle are small, lean, and scarred all over with the brands and fanciful figures of their owners. Poor in flesh, and weak, they are urged with a large stick, and by twisting the tail, in the most violent manner. The heavy blows were continually sounding in my ears, and with the creaking of the wheels, which are never greased, keep up an odious din. The horses of their miserable caranches fare no better—the driver scarcely ever suffering his whip to repose.

I saw many funerals, but none in which any solemnity or pomp prevailed. The body, without a coffin, was carried on its own paltry bedstead by four men, covered merely with a sheet; a few followers kept up a wailing recitative, and beat upon small native drums. The body was thus conveyed to the place of burning, or thrown into the Ganges.

Close to my residence was one of those numerous tanks resorted to in this city, not only for drinking water, but ablutions of all sorts. Every hour in the day some one was there bathing. Those who came for water would generally walk in, and letting their jar float awhile, bathe, and perhaps wash their cloth; then filling their vessel, bear it away with dripping clothes. Some dobeys, or washermen, resorted thither, whose severe process fully accounted for the fringes constantly made on the edges of my clothes. Without soap or fire, they depend on mere labour; standing knee deep in the water, and gathering the end of a garment in their hand, they whirl it over their head, and bring it down with great force upon a stone or inclined plank,

occasionally shaking it in the water. They spread out the articles on the hot sand, and a powerful sun enables them to present clothes of snowy whiteness.

My stay in the city included several annual festivals, of which one was the *Door-ga Poo-ja*, which commenced on the 15th of October, and continued till the 19th. The whole population unites in this celebration, and the government offices are closed. It is in honour of Bhagabatee, wife of Seeb, who is called Doorga, from her having destroyed a dreadful giant of that name, who had subdued most of the gods.

The first day is spent in waking up Doorga, and other gods, who are supposed to have slept since the festival of Shayan Ekadashee. The second day, vows are made, and offerings of water, flowers, sweetmeats, &c., are presented. The third day is occupied with ceremonies to bring the soul of Doorga into the image. To effect this, the priest repeats prayers, offers incantations, and touches the eyes, cheeks, nose, breast, &c., of the image with his finger. The image now becomes an object of worship, and crowds offer it divine honours, presenting at the same time large quantities of fruits, clothing, and food; which, of course, are perquisites to the Brahmins. The fourth day streams with the blood of animal sacrifices. The worshippers dance before the idol, smeared with gore; drums beat, and shouts rend the air. The heads only of the victims are offered, the worshippers eating the carcases, and rioting in strong drink. Such Hindus as worship Vishnu, not being permitted to shed blood, offer pumpkins, melons, sugar-cane, &c., which are cut in two with the sacrificial knife, that the juice may flow forth. All these days, the image is kept in the house, and the services performed in interior courts, so that the streets show little confusion or stir. The evenings are occupied with songs and dancing, often of an indecent character.

The last and great day brings the goddess abroad, carried in triumph upon the shoulders of men, to be thrown into the river. Crowds follow with shouts; bands of music accompany each group; and towards sundown the streets are literally full of these processions. I rode to the margin of the river at that time, to witness this part of the festival; and during the stay of a single hour, scores of images were thrown in at that place. Above and below, the same scenes were enacted.

These exhibitions not only present Doorga, but several other images, often as large as life, very handsomely moulded, of wax, clay, or paper. Under an ornamented canopy stands the goddess, stretching out her ten arms, each of which has an occupation. One transfixes with a spear the giant Mahisha; others hold implements of war, flowers, sceptres, &c. Beneath her feet is a lion, tearing the said giant; and on each side are her sons, *Kartik* and *Ganesh*. The whole is borne on a frame or bier, requiring twenty or thirty bearers. The group is generally got up with much skill, and no little ornament, some of which is really tasteful and costly. Vast sums are expended at this festival by all ranks, amounting, in some cases, even to twenty or thirty thousand rupees! Almost every respectable family makes one of these objects, and lavishes on it considerable expense. The offerings, the music, the feast, and, still more, the gifts to Brahmins, make up a heavy cost. I could not help observing, that the men employed to cast the fabric into the river, no sooner got a little way from the shore in the boat, than they began to rifle the goddess of her muslins, plumes, and gilded ornaments, so that often nothing but a mere wreck was thrown overboard.

Calcutta being the focus of religious intelligence for all the East, and the seat of numerous missionary operations, I was not sorry that no vessel offered for my next port of destination, for two months. It gave me an opportunity of visiting the charitable, literary, and religious institutions; attending the various churches, and several anniversaries; mingling with ministerial society, committees, and conferences; and gathering no small amount of information from the best sources. I

shall, however, only note here such as will interest the general reader.

One of my first visits was to the school of the Scottish General Assembly, founded by the Rev. Mr Duff, and now under the care of the Rev. Messrs Mackay and Ewart. It occupies a large brick building, enclosing a quadrangular court, formerly the residence of a wealthy Baboo, and standing in the midst of the native town.* It has existed about six years, and now numbers about 634 pupils; boys, mostly under fourteen years. They are all Bengalees and Hindus, generally of the higher castes, and many of them Brahmins. Many have been in the school from the commencement. They purchase their own school-books, and receive no support from the school; but the tuition is gratis. There are five ushers, besides twelve or fifteen of the more advanced scholars, who act as assistant teachers. The instruction is wholly in the English language. I examined several classes in ancient and modern history, mathematics, astronomy, and Christianity, and have never met classes showing a more thorough knowledge of the books they had studied. Nearly all of the two upper classes are convinced of the truth of the gospel, and went over the leading evidences in a manner, that, I am sure, few professors of religion in our country can do. Some six or seven pupils have given evidence of a work of grace in their heart; a few of which have made a profession of religion.

A few weeks after, I had the pleasure of attending the public annual examination of this school, held in the town hall, a truly noble building. I never witnessed a better examination. The pupils were often led away from the direct subject by gentlemen present, and in every case showed a good insight into the subject they had studied. Several excellent essays were read in English, wholly composed by the scholars, two of which were of special cleverness; one in favour of caste, the other against it. The former received some tokens of applause from the Europeans, for the talent it displayed; but not a native clapped. On the conclusion of that against caste, the whole mass of pupils burst out into thundering applause! This incident is worthy of note, as showing the waning influence of Brahma.

The Benevolent Institution, instituted thirty years ago by the Serampore missionaries, has continued without interruption; imparting the English language and English literature, on the Lancasterian plan, to an average of 300 pupils. Several times that number have left the school, with more or less education, many of whom are now honourably employed as teachers, writers, and clerks. There are now 180 in the boys' and thirty in the girls' department. The establishment of other schools has diminished its number. It was intended entirely for the benefit of the children of nominal Christians, chiefly Catholic, who were growing up in ignorance and vice, but some Pagan youth are now admitted. The Rev. Mr Penny has devoted himself to this service for many years, and recently his salary has been paid by government. The boys live with their parents, and receive no support from the school.

The boarding and day schools at Chitpore, one of the northern suburbs of Calcutta, were established by the Baptist missionaries in 1829. They are under the care of the Rev. J. D. Ellis, and contained boys and girls, till the latter were removed to Seebpore. The boarding school is for the children of native Christians, and contains forty-five interesting boys, none under seven years. They are entirely supported, at an average expense of about four rupees a month—including food, clothes, books, salaries of assistant teachers, building, medicine, &c. Nine of the boys have become pious, and been received into the church, and three others are to be baptised soon.

The day school, on separate premises, is for heathen boys, and contains 300 pupils, from eight to eighteen years of age. They study the English language, and

* A new building, capable of accommodating 1000 pupils, has since been erected on Cornwallis Square.

all the branches of a good high-school. They provide their own books and stationery, so that the salaries of the native ushers, amounting in the aggregate to seventy-five rupees a-month, and the rent of the buildings, constitute all the expense. This school is decidedly the best I found in Calcutta, excepting, perhaps, that of the General Assembly just mentioned, to which it is not inferior. The arrangement of the school-house and grounds, the general government, the deportment of the pupils, and the degrees of proficiency, are most satisfactory. None have become open Christians, but most of the senior boys theoretically reject idolatry, and declare ours to be the only true faith. I was astonished at the readiness with which they went over the evidences of Christianity, from miracles, prophecy, history, internal structure, &c. I started many of the plausible objections of heathen and infidels, and found they had truly mastered both the text-books and the subject.

Bishop's College, founded by Bishop Middleton, stands a few miles below Calcutta, on the river Hoogly. The college edifice is of great size, and substantially built, in the Gothic style, and the professors' houses, pleasure-grounds, &c., are every way suitable. A distinguished civilian politely took me there in his carriage, and the president kindly showed us every part. The fine library, beautiful chapel, and admirable arrangements, with the high character of the instructors, seem to invite students; but there have as yet been never more than ten or twelve at a time. This is possibly owing in part to the exclusively episcopal character of the college. The salary of the principal is £1000 per annum, and of the second teacher £700.

The Indian Female Orphan Refuge, and Central School, were founded by Mrs Wilson (then Miss Cook), about twelve years ago. The two departments under the above names occupied the same building, till the present season, when the Refuge was removed to new and more suitable premises, six miles north of the city. The increased and improved accommodations will enable this excellent lady to enhance the value of her admirable charity. Here native orphans, and other destitute or abandoned children, are received at any age, however young, and remain till marriageable, supported in all respects. A considerable number of them were redeemed from actual starvation, during the dreadful desolation of a hurricane on the Hoogly river a few years since. All are taught to read and speak English, besides the elementary studies and needlework. They are found to be acute, and generally learn to read and understand the New Testament in one year. Some six or eight are Mussulman children; the rest are Hindus, who, of course, lose whatever caste they may have; though this now, in Calcutta, is productive of comparatively little inconvenience to the poor. The present number in the Refuge is 108, and the whole cost per annum, for each child, is found to be about twenty-five rupees. Mrs Wilson (now a widow) resides in the institution, and devotes herself most steadfastly to the arduous work. Possessing the unlimited confidence of the philanthropists of Calcutta, she has been able to meet the expenses of her new and extensive buildings, and is not likely to want funds for sustaining the school.

The Central School has on an average 250 girls, who attend in the day time only, and receive no support. The first impressions, on entering the vast room where they are taught, are very touching. Seated on mats, in groups of eight or ten, around the sides of the room, are thirty classes; each with a native teacher in the midst. The thin cotton shawls covering not only the whole person but the head, are lent them every morning to wear in school, and kept beautifully white. In their noses or ears hang rings of large diameter; and many of them had the little spot at the root of the nose,*

* This custom of marking the forehead illustrates very forcibly the expression of Deut. xxxii. 5, "Their spot is not the spot of his children." Some have one spot just above the root of the nose—yellow, brown, or red, as the sect may be. Some have two spots,

indicative of the god they serve, tattooed. Some had on the arms or ankles numerous bracelets or bangles, of ivory, wood, or silver; and many wore rings on the toes; all according to the immemorial usage of Bengalee women.

All were intent on their lessons; and when it was considered that those lessons comprised the blessed truths of revelation, the scene could not but affect a Christian's heart with gratitude and hope. Two pious ladies devote themselves to the management of this school, and attend all day. A native preacher conducts daily worship, and preaches once a-week. The native women, being paid one pice per day for each scholar, are thus induced, though heathen, to exert themselves to keep their classes full.

The two institutions last named show what may be done by ladies. What abundant opportunities are presented in several parts of the world, for them to come forth, and be co-workers in the missionary enterprise!

The Martiniere, founded by a munificent legacy of General Martin, was opened March 1835, and has already eighty pupils, of which fifty are wholly supported. It is intended solely for the children of Europeans, and has a principal and two professors. The building, which cost 200,000 rupees, is truly noble, and stands on the southern edge of the city, amid extensive grounds. Many more pupils can be accommodated; and there is no doubt the number will soon be full. The children are not required to be orphans, or very poor, but are admitted from that class of society which, though respectable, find it impossible to give their children a good education, and are glad to be relieved from their support.

The Leper Hospital, founded by the exertions of Dr Carey, is located on the road to Barrackpore, a little north of the city. Instead of a large building, it is an enclosed village, with neat grounds and out-houses. Any lepers may resort there, and receive maintenance in full, with such medical treatment as the case may encourage. It generally contains several hundreds; but many prefer to subsist by begging in the streets.

Besides these institutions, there are several others, such as orphan asylums, a floating chapel, &c., of a character similar to those of our own country, and which therefore do not need any description.

In 1813, parliament required the East India Company to devote £10,000, or a lac of rupees, annually, for the education and improvement of the natives; but nothing was done for fifteen or sixteen years. The funds, with other appropriations, which had accumulated to nearly 300,000 rupees per annum, were then placed under the control of a "Committee of Education," who proceeded to work in earnest. The Hindu, Mahometan, and Sanscrit Colleges in Calcutta, were taken under the patronage of the committee, and schools and colleges at Benares, Delhi, Hoogly, Agra, Moorshedabad, Bangulpore, Saugor, Maulmain, and Allahabad, were soon founded. In 1835, a new impulse and direction was given to these operations, and there were established the Medical College of Calcutta, and schools at Pooree, Gowhatte, Dacca, Patna, Ghazepore, and Merut. The following are now in course of being established:—Rajshahi, Jubbulpore, Hoshungabad, Furruckabad, Bareilly, and Ajmere. The whole number of pupils at present is 3398,* of whom 1891 study English, 218 Arabic, 473 Sanscrit, and 376 Persian. Most of the rest are confined to the local vernacular. Of the students 1881 are Hindus, 596 Mussulmans, 77 Christians, and the rest are Burmans, Chinese, &c. A summary view of those in Calcutta will give a general idea of the whole.

some a perpendicular line, others two or three lines; some a horizontal line, or two, or three. Thus every one carries on his front a profession of his faith, and openly announces to all men his creed.

* The number of pupils has now (January 1836) increased to nearly 7000; but those studying Arabic, Sanscrit, and Persian, are fewer than in 1835.

The Hindu college (called by Hindus the *Vidyalyaya*), established in 1816 by wealthy natives, contains 450 pupils. About sixty are on scholarships; the rest pay from five to seven rupees per month for tuition. It has two departments; one for imparting education in English, and English literature, open to all classes and castes; the other for the cultivation of Sanscrit literature, and open only to persons of the Brahminical order, who are not admitted under twelve years of age. In the English department, instruction is given in reading, writing, arithmetic, composition, mathematics, history, natural philosophy, geography, &c. The institute has a valuable library in English, which serves to give efficacy and expansion to the system of instruction. The fact that natives are willing to pay so much for tuition, and support themselves, shows the prevailing anxiety to acquire our language. Scholars are received into the English department as young as six years.

The Sanscrit College has about 185 pupils; part of whom study English, with the other branches. They are instructed in Hindu literature, law, and theology. The fewness of scholars seeking instruction in this worthless stuff is a good sign. Even of these, fifty-seven are paid monthly stipends of from six to eight rupees. The rest are not charged for tuition. The term of attendance is twelve years; namely, three for grammar, two for general literature, one for rhetoric, one for logic, one for theology, one for mathematics, and three for law. All the forms and distinctions of caste are observed at this school.

The Mahometan College (generally called the *Madressa*) is for the instruction of that class of natives in their own literature and faith. Formerly, the students were allowed stipends of seven or eight rupees per month; but as those who hold these fall off, they are not renewed to others, so that the number is annually diminishing. It has two departments, Oriental and English; the former containing 91 students, and the latter 130. The studies are reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, natural philosophy, and the Mahometan laws and religion.

The Hoogly (or Mahomet Mulsin's) College, situated about twenty-five miles above Calcutta, has grown out of the Hoogly School, which flourished several years, teaching chiefly the English language to about 130 pupils. Large endowments from the above-named Baboo have lately become available, and yield an annual revenue of no less than a lac of rupees. It was re-opened on an enlarged system in August 1836, and already enrolls more than 1500 students, who have entered the western department, that is, to prosecute English and English literature exclusively; and 300 who have entered the Oriental department. About 100 of the latter study English in connection with eastern languages, and 200 study Arabic and Persian exclusively.

The Medical College was instituted by a general order of the supreme government, in which it was directed that the native Medical Institution, then existing under Dr Tytler, and the medical classes at the Sanscrit and Mahometan Colleges, should be abolished, and a new institution formed. Medical science is here on the most enlightened principles, and in the *English language*. Instruction commenced in June 1835, with forty-nine students, selected from numerous applicants. All were required to be able to speak, read, and write English with ease and accuracy. The institution is a great favourite with Britons in Calcutta, and promises very important benefits to Bengal, besides raising up suitable doctors for the native regiments. None but native students are admitted, but these may be of any creed or caste; and for fifty of them, a competent support is provided. They are received between the ages of fourteen and twenty, and such as are allowed stipends are required to remain five or six years.

For each of these institutions a good English library and philosophical apparatus have been ordered from London, towards which object a wealthy Baboo has given 20,000 rupees. Persons of all ages, religious opinions, and castes, are admitted as pupils in all the

government institutions except the Hindu, Mahometan, and Sanscrit Colleges at Calcutta, and the Sanscrit College at Benares. The effect of these last-named institutions is regarded by many as wholly tending to support the national systems of religion and literature, and, therefore, so far as the eternal well-being of the pupils is concerned, decidedly injurious.

The circumstances of the country make these colleges not what a cursory reader would infer from the name, but *schools*, or at the best, academies. Education has not long enough prevailed to have produced a race of young men prepared by elementary studies to pursue the higher branches. The pupils of these "colleges" are taught to read, write, and cipher, as well as grammar, geography, logic, mathematics, &c., from the rudiments upwards.

Until 1835, the policy of the committee was to encourage the study of Persian, Sanscrit, and Arabic literature, as the best means of elevating the general intelligence of the natives. Hence the endowment of schools and colleges expressly for these studies, and paying the students liberal monthly stipends. A great number were thus induced to study these dead languages, who felt no interest in them, and made no valuable proficiency. While modern science was enlightening all Europe, these students were learning Ptolemy's astronomy, Aristotle's philosophy, and Galen's medical institutes, and reading the shockingly lascivious stories of the *Mricchakata*, and the *Nol Damayanti*. Bishop Heber examined some of these students at Benares, and says, "The astronomical lecturer produced a terrestrial globe, divided according to their system, and elevated to the meridian of Benares. Mount Meru he identified with the north pole, and under the south pole he supposed the tortoise 'Chukwa' to stand; on which the earth rests. He then showed me how the sun went round the earth once in every day, and how, by a different motion, he visited the signs of the zodiac." As Hindu literature has been highly extolled by some, I will add a specimen from Ram Mohun Roy's account of it.† "Khad signifies to eat; *Khaduti*, he, she, or it eats: query, does *Khaduti*, as a whole, convey the meaning, he, she, or it eats, or are separate parts of this meaning conveyed by distinctions of the word? As if, in the English language, it were asked, How much meaning is there in the *eat*, and how much in the *s*? And is the whole meaning conveyed by these two portions of the word distinctly, or by them taken jointly?" "In medicine and chemistry they are just sufficiently advanced to talk of substances being moist, dry, hot, &c., in the third or fourth degree; to dissuade from physicking, or letting blood, on a Tuesday, or under a particular aspect of the heavens; and to be eager in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of immortality."‡

The Rev. Mr Wilson, in a sermon on behalf of the Scotch Missionary Society, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant, governor of Bombay, preached in Bombay, November 1835, touches this matter briefly; and I quote some of his remarks, because of the high authority on which they come. Speaking of the appropriation of the lac of rupees, he remarks, "We, the representatives of the British nation in India, instead of applying this grant wholly to the diffusion of a knowledge of the literature and science of the west, as, we must suppose, was intended, employed most of it in the support of colleges for teaching *perished* students the elements of the Sanscrit and Arabic languages, and inculcating through them the immoral precepts of the Vedas and Puranas, the aphorisms of dreamy and obsolete legislators, and the prescriptions of quack doctors and alchemists; or in printing oriental books to fill the shelves of the learned and curious, but liberal and unphilanthropic confederacy, of English and French antiquaries."

* Travels in India.

† Letter to Lord Amherst, Governor-General of India.

‡ Heber.

This policy of the committee led also to the expenditure of enormous sums in procuring translations of elevated scientific works into those languages, and printing original Arabic, Persian, and Sunscrit works hitherto unknown to Europe. Of the books printed by the committee up to 1832, there were of Sunscrit 13,000 volumes, of Arabic 5000, Persian 2500, Hindu 2000. A large proportion of these are quarto volumes, of 700 to 800 pages, and printed in editions of 500 copies. Of course, were they ever so valuable, they could not be generally diffused over an empire of two millions of inhabitants. Not a single work was printed in the prevailing and spoken languages of India! The books thus brought forth as treasures of oriental literature were indeed such to some philologists of Europe; but false philosophy, fabulous histories, and impure romances, could do no good to Hindus, even supposing the mass of the people could have read them.

The policy of the committee, as at present constituted, is to cultivate western rather than eastern literature, and to diffuse modern science and arts, by extending a knowledge of the English language, and by multiplying valuable works in the vulgar tongues. In accomplishing this important change, perhaps no man has been more instrumental than C. E. Trevelyan, Esq., of the Bengal civil service, to whom India is, in many other respects, greatly indebted.

The stipends which were paid to pupils in the Arabic, Sunscrit, and Persian languages, are now refused to new applicants, and expire as vacancies occur. This change not only adds to the available funds of the committee, but leaves the dead languages to be cultivated just so far as their intrinsic worth shall induce the native. In all the new institutions, pupils are admitted without distinction of caste.

The prospect now is, that English, with its vast stores of knowledge in every department, will become the classical language of the country.* The holders of office, and influential natives generally, of the next generation, will be enlightened beyond what could have ever been hoped for under the old system. Some of those who give themselves to literary pursuits, will no doubt acquire such a mastery of certain sciences, as to become able to bring forth works of great utility in their mother tongue. By such works, and not by translations made by foreigners, light may spread to all the people, and this vast continent be brought forth into a worthy place among the nations.

Missionaries long since saw this subject as the education committee now see it, and thousands of natives, in Calcutta alone, have been taught in their schools to read English. There are probably now in that city not less than 4000 youths receiving an English education. In the Hindu College established in 1816, and conducted wholly with reference to English, there are 407 students, of which 356 pay from five to seven rupees a-month for tuition, while in the Sunscrit College, where fifty-seven students receive a stipend of from six to eight rupees per month, and the rest are taught gratuitously; there are but 135 pupils. In the Arabic College are 200 students, 134 of whom study English, and most of the remainder receive stipends. The Hoogly College has grown out of the Hoogly school, in which the English language was always a primary object. Having received endowments from a native gentleman, yielding annually 100,000 rupees, it has recently been thrown open to receive more pupils; and already 1500 students have entered the "western department," that is, to study English and English literature exclusively. About 300 have entered to study English, in connection with

Oriental literature, and 200 to study Arabic and Persian exclusively.

A further evidence of the present demand for English, is seen in the operations of the Calcutta School-book Society. This institution prints elementary books, in all the languages required by schools in the presidency, at the cheapest possible rate; and from its depository most schools are supplied, in whole or in part. The following summary of sales is from the last annual report, viz:—English, 31,649 books; Anglo-Asiatic (that is, in the Roman character), 4525; Bengalee, 5754; Hindi, 4171; Hindustani, 3584; Persian, 1454; Oriya, 834; Arabic, 36; Sunscrit, 16.

With this impulse in favour of the English language and European literature, has sprung up, chiefly through the same instrumentality, another, equally strong, in favour of using the Roman letters for Indian languages. I regard this as scarcely less important than the other, and have briefly handled the point in some remarks on "The mode of conducting missions," in Chapter IV.

That the elements of society are not stagnant in Calcutta, and that light is breaking in upon the public mind, is evinced, among other proofs, by the present state of the native newspaper press. Formerly there was no such thing in the city; now there are seven or eight. Among them are the "Durpin," published in Bengalee and English, by nominal Christians, but somewhat neuter; the "Chundrika," strongly in favour of the entire idolatrous system; the "Cownoodoe," temperate and conciliatory, and rejecting the grosser Hindu superstitions, but decidedly polytheistic. The "Reformer," in the English language entirely, and the first newspaper conducted in English by natives, advocates the Vedant system, but is temperate. The "Inquirer," also in the English language, is the organ of the education party among the natives. The "Gyananeshun," wholly in the Bengali language, resolutely attacks the Brahminical order, and all the monstrous rites and ceremonies of the Hindus. There is another, published in the Persian language, which is conducted with considerable talent, but chiefly occupied with matter not generally interesting to Hindus or English. All these are in addition to the various newspapers, journals, and other periodicals published by Britons, of which there are not few, and several of them decidedly pure and religious in their character. For English readers there are several newspapers and magazines, and two medical journals. The Asiatic Society, founded in 1784, continues its elevated career, and annually renders important contributions to general as well as Oriental science and literature. The Calcutta Christian Observer is an admirable monthly, sustained by all persuasions, and replete with information, not only on missionary but scientific and literary subjects.

The Hindu and Mussulman religious edifices in Calcutta are few and mean; strongly contrasting with those in some other parts of the country, and with the stupendous pagodas and splendid *zayats* of the Burmans. The mosques resemble Oriental mausoleums, seldom larger than a native's hut, and often not bigger than a dog-house. The dome is almost always semi-spherical, and generally the plaster, which covers the brick walls, is wrought into minute ornaments of arabesque tracery; not always tasteful, or even chaste. Tombs, both for Europeans and rich natives, are often so built that natives might dwell in them very comfortably, and remind one of some passages in Scripture, where lunatics and others are said to live in tombs. They resemble handsome summer-houses, and afford all the shelter a Hindu desires, and much more than he often enjoys.

The conspicuousness of the late Ram Mohun Roy, and the eclat given for a time to the reformation which he was supposed to be effecting, called me to his meeting with feelings of no ordinary interest. The Rev. Mr Lacroix, to whom the language is perfectly familiar, kindly took me to the *Bromha Sobha*, as the congregation is called, and interpreted for me the substance of the various exercises. We found the place to be a commodious hall, in a respectable Hindu dwelling-house.

* When we consider the vast spread of the British empire in India, the diffusion of the English language over the whole continent of North America and many of the West India islands, the establishment of British laws and language in all South Africa and Australia, and the growing colonies on the west coast of Africa, it is not unreasonable to anticipate the prevalence of our language, at no distant day, among millions in all quarters of the globe.

There was no idol, or idolatrous representation of any kind. On a small stage, raised about eighteen inches from the floor, handsomely carpeted, sat cross-legged two respectable-looking pundits. One side of the room was spread with clean cloths for the native attendants, who sat after the manner of the country; and on the other were chairs for the accommodation of strangers. In the centre, and opposite to the rostrum, lay some native musical instruments, and a violin. The room was well lighted, and the punkas of course waved overhead.

One of the pundits opened the services by reading Sanscrit, from a loose palm-leaf held in his hand, stopping at every two or three words to expound and enforce. The subject was *knowledge*—what it was, and what it was not, &c. Abstract ethical questions were discussed, not unlike the fashion of the old scholastics; but no moral deductions were made, nor any thing said to improve the hearers. The whole discourse must have been unintelligible to most of them.

The other then read a discourse in Bengalee, consisting chiefly of explanations of their religious system, and encomiums on it. He particularly dwelt on its liberality; boasting that they quarrelled with no name or persuasion; and assuring us, that it was of no consequence whether we worshipped idols, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, or the Virgin Mary; that it was not possible to come to any certain knowledge respecting religious things; and that if any man believed his way to be right, that way was right for him. These discourses extended to about an hour, and the rest of the time, about another hour, was occupied with music. At the close of the preaching, professed musicians advanced to the instruments, and, seating themselves on the mats, put them in tune, with the usual amount of discord. Two of them then sang several hymns, with instruments accompanying it. The themes were the unity of the divine essence, and the various attributes of majesty and power. No one joined the strain, nor were there any books to enable them to do so. Nothing could be less reverent or devotional than the manner of the musicians. They looked about them with all possible self-complacency, making unmeaning gestures, bowing and blinking to each other, and vociferating with such a nasal twang, that it was a relief when they were finished. I thought it was literally such music as the poet speaks of—intended “to soothe savage breasts;” for certainly no other could well endure it.

On their retiring, a very different singer took the place, and proceeded for half an hour with great power of execution, and not a little taste. His voice was uncommonly fine. He accompanied himself skilfully on the native guitar. The violin had been well played from the beginning, and the music was now truly excellent, furnishing, I was informed, a fair specimen of the best Bengal art. The singer, as well as the violinist, is distinguished at the nautch entertainments of the city. The subject was still the attributes of God. The Bengalee language has, for this purpose, a noble advantage over ours, in numerous expressions derived from the Sanscrit, which utter in a *single word* what may be called the negative attributes, and which we cannot express with brevity; such as—“He that needs no refuge;” “He that is never perplexed;” “He that can never grow weary.” &c. The singer used these epithets with great majesty; using animated gestures, and with a countenance finely varying with the theme. At the close of this exercise, the assembly broke up.

No female was present, nor do any ever attend. Most of the congregation came in only in time to hear the music, and stood near the staircase, not without disorder. The number of the regular attendants was not over twenty. I am informed thirty is the largest number ever present. The spectators were somewhat more numerous.

Few of the professed adherents are so confident of their rectitude, as to detach themselves wholly from the common religious customs, though more negligent in these matters than their neighbours. The very

pundits officiate, not because converts to these opinions (for such they do not profess to be), but because regularly paid for their services. One of them, in his discourse this evening, expressly told us that there was no impropriety in worshipping idols—a doctrine which Ram Mohun Roy would not admit. The musicians also are paid, and perform here for the same reasons that they do at a nautch, so that the whole concern is sustained by the money of a few friends, and descendants of Ram Mohun Roy.

Such is the boasted reformation of Ram Mohun Roy! Not another congregation of his followers is found in all India! Of his labours as a reformer, this is the sum:—Fifty or a hundred persons rendered negligent of the national religion, or gathered here because they were so before, without being a whit the better in their private life or public influence; in some cases, adding the sins of Europeans to those of their countrymen; without being disentangled from the horrid system of the Shasters; without being ready, or without the moral courage, to restore to their own wives and daughters the rights of human nature. With all the superiority to prejudice and custom boasted by Ram Mohun Roy, he did nothing for the elevation of the sex.

A striking instance of this occurred, not very long since, in the case of D. T., one of his most intelligent followers. This gentleman is a partner in a European house, in the habit of mixing with European gentlemen, and evidently much more enlightened than most of his countrymen. Yet was he so much under the influence of Hindu public opinion, as to marry his daughter to a Ku-len Brahmin, for the purpose of elevating the family above the reproach occasioned by one of his ancestors, with many others, having been compelled to eat beef, by a Mahometan enemy named Per Ali. The young lady is well educated, reads and writes English, and is remarkably intelligent. The Brahmin is as ignorant as the rest of his class, and will probably marry others, as avarice or caprice may move him. Brahmins of this caste may marry *any number* of wives, but are not bound to live with them. They not unfrequently leave a wife after a few weeks, and never see her again. She is thus doomed to hopeless widowhood, merely to gratify the ambition of her family. Thus completely is Ram Mohun Roy's principal disciple under the influence of a thralldom which that great man professed to despise. A good school would have done more than all that has been accomplished by the Bromha Sobha. We should expect pupils who had become so far released from Hindu prejudice, to advance to a complete emancipation. But this people show no tendency to advance; they have long stood still; and every thing already wears an aspect of decrepitude and decay. What a monument of the entire inefficacy of unassisted reason to ameliorate the religious condition of any people! Already may the undertaking of this truly great man be pronounced a failure, and soon all traces of it will be lost from earth.

Ram Mohun Roy established a weekly newspaper, called the “Reformer,” which was intended chiefly to excite among those Hindus who understand English a desire for improvement in their civil condition. It is yet continued, edited by an intelligent native; though incorporated now with a Calcutta paper, conducted by a European. It has often contained well-written papers against Churruck Pooja, Ku-len marriages, and the other abominations of the Hindu system, and is, doubtless, as at present conducted, a valuable journal.

Ram Mohun Roy was not a Unitarian Christian, but a Unitarian Hindu. He believed that there was such a person as Jesus Christ, and that he was the best moral teacher the world ever saw, but regarded his death as having no efficacy of atonement. His capacious mind, and extensive knowledge of the Shasters, impelled him to abhor the abominations of the Veda, and the monstrosities of its thirty-three millions of gods. But he found in the Vedanta Sar (an exposition of the four Vedas) a sort of Unitarianism, which he endeavoured on all occasions to disseminate. The doctrine

might as well be called pantheism; for it maintains the old Pythagorean doctrine, that God is the soul of the world, and that every animal, plant, or stone, is therefore part of Deity. It makes perfect religion to consist in knowledge alone, or the realising in every thing the Supreme Being, and excludes ceremonies of all kinds.

There was formerly a Unitarian Christian congregation in Calcutta, established under the care of the Rev. W. Adams (previously a missionary), which met for a short time at a private house. The first Sunday they had sixty or seventy persons present, the second fifty, and soon only five attended. Mr Adams, thus disconcerted, became the editor of a paper, and subsequently accepted an appointment under government to visit various parts of India, and to report on the state of education in the interior. In this last capacity he has acquired honourable distinction, and increasing usefulness. His reports are exciting great attention, and show not only unwearied industry but superior talents.

The population of Calcutta is ascertained, by a census just taken, to be 229,000 within the ditch; and 500,000 are supposed to reside in the immediate suburbs. Within a circuit of twenty miles, the population is generally set down at *two millions*. Of the number within the city, about 130,000 are Hindus, 60,000 Mussulmans, 3000 English, and 3000 Portuguese, or Indo-Britons; the rest are French, Chinese, Armenians, Jews, Moguls, Parsees, Arabs, Mugs, Madrascas, &c. The whole number of houses is 66,000, of which nearly 15,000 are brick; the rest are of mud or mats. Officers stationed at the principal avenues into the city, found that about 100,000 persons enter daily from the surrounding villages, chiefly sircars, clerks, servants, fruiterers, &c.

The means now in operation for the education and religious instruction of this vast population, have in part been mentioned. That they are so great, is matter of devout thanksgiving and encouragement; but their distressing inadequacy to the wants of such a multitude is obvious.

Society in Calcutta, like that of other places where a large portion of the gentry live on stated salaries, has a tendency to extravagance. Most families live fully up to their income, and many, especially junior officers, go deeply in debt. The expenses of living are, in their chief points, as follows:—Servants' wages, from four to six rupees, without food or lodging; rent of a small, plain house, fifty to eighty rupees a-month; rice, three and a half rupees a maund; fowls, two to three annas each; ducks, five to six annas a-piece; washing, three rupees per hundred pieces; board and lodging of one person, per month, in a plain way, fifty rupees.

A few years since the state of morals was generally bad, both in the city and Mofussil. Scarcely any officers or civil servants were pious, and the marriage tie seemed held in contempt. Gross immoralities are now more rare, and, where they exist, less shamelessly exposed. A considerable number of distinguished individuals, both in the civil and military service, are not only avowedly but earnestly pious. The strong and constant resistance lately made by the government of India to the spread of the gospel, is within the memory of every reader. This resistance was enforced and stimulated by almost every European resident, especially among the higher classes. They really believed, that to permit missionary operations was to hazard their possession of the country, and that violent commotions on the part of the people would follow any attempt to overturn their religion. Now, the missionaries, in every part of India, meet kind and respectful treatment from Europeans, and in many places liberal contributions are made towards their schools. It is found that the natives can hear their religion pronounced false, and even hold animated debates on the subject, without dreaming of revolt. No convulsions have ever resulted from evangelical labour, nor have any chiefs taken offence, on this account, against the government.

There is still room for great improvement, especially in regard to the observance of the Sabbath. Merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics, generally, keep their people at work on that day as usual. Buildings go on, ship-yards resound with the hammer and axe, goods are borne through the streets, bazaars are open, the gentry take their usual drive, and Sunday is as little discoverable by appearances as in Paris. The general reason given is, that the religion of the labourers is not infringed. But it should not be forgotten that the commandment is, "Thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger: that is within thy gates."

The state of religion, as we commonly understand that phrase, is very low. I attended most of the principal Protestant places of worship, and, by actual enumeration, found the largest audience not to exceed 250 persons. Several of them were not more than one-third of that number. The church in the fort, being attended by troops, according to regulation, is full. The monthly concert of prayer is held unitedly by all the churches except one. At one of these meetings which I attended only sixty persons were present, and in the other about eighty. During the week there are few prayer-meetings; and those which I attended seldom had more than from six to ten persons present. I could not hear of a single Sunday school in the city. The announcement of the anniversaries of the Tract and Bible Societies awakened the most pleasing expectations; but at neither of them were there more than seventy-five persons present, besides the ministers.

Benevolent institutions are numerous, and generally supported with great liberality. Besides those which have been named, are the Bible Association, the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Association, the Diocesan Committee for promoting Christian Knowledge, the Auxiliary Missionary Society, the Bethel Union, the Seaman's Friend Society, the Military Orphan Society, the Military Widows' Fund, Lord Clive's Fund, the King's Military Fund, the Marine Pension Fund, the Civil Fund, the Mariners' and General Widows' Fund, the Presidency General Hospital, the Native Hospital, the Hospital for Native Lunatics, the Government Establishment for Vaccination, the Charitable Fund for the Relief of Distressed Europeans, the European Female Orphan Society.

Calcutta has sixteen Episcopal clergymen, namely, six Company's chaplains, two chaplains to institutions, two professors in Bishop's College, and six missionaries. There are also one Scotch Kirk chaplain, one pastor, and three missionaries of the Independent persuasion, two Scotch Presbyterians, and six Baptist missionaries, and several others; making, in all, with the bishop, mariners' minister, &c., about thirty-five Christian ministers, besides those of the Armenian, Greek, and Catholic churches.

There are in the city eleven Christian places of worship, generally large, where services are held every Sunday in English. Of these, five are Episcopal, two Baptist, one Scotch, one Independent, and a floating chapel for seamen. There are also three Roman Catholic churches, one Armenian, and one Greek. At Howrah, Kidderpore, and other adjacent villages, preaching in English is also regularly maintained. Each of the Baptist churches has handsome brick meeting-houses. Mr Yates is pastor in Circular Road; Mr Robinson was till recently settled over Lalbazaar, and Mr Pearce over the Bengalese. A vast printing-office and type foundry, gradually enlarged to its present dimensions at a cost of nearly 100,000 dollars, with three excellent dwelling-houses, have been erected, without pecuniary aid from England, and chiefly through the profits of the printing-office. This establishment not only prints largely in English for government and individuals, but in all the written Oriental languages, and casts type in most of them. Six presses, on an average,

are constantly employed in printing the Scriptures. Mr Yates, besides officiating as English pastor, has acquired great celebrity for skill in Bengalee and Hindustanee, and for his admirable revision of those versions. He seems raised up to complete the labours of Carey in these important translations. Many recollect with pleasure his visit to this country.

Besides the places of worship, for foreigners, there are, in and around the city, various preaching bungalows and chapels for the natives. Of these, four are maintained by Episcopalians, four by Baptists, five by Independents, and one by the Scotch Kirk. Some of these are daily occupied, and, in general, with encouraging attendance.

I was several times present on these occasions, in different parts of the city, and was deeply interested with the decorum and earnestness of attention shown by the auditors. As a specimen of these occasions, I will describe one which I attended with the Rev. Mr Lacroix, a German missionary, who has acquired such a command of the Bengalee as to be as much at home in it as in his mother tongue. He devotes himself wholly to preaching and other evangelical labours, and unites great bodily vigour to untiring energy, and ardent interest in his work.

On arriving at the place, no one had assembled; but no sooner were we seated, than some passers-by began to collect, and the number gradually increased, during the services, to seventy or eighty. Some sat down, but the greater part remained standing, and scarcely advanced beyond the door. For a while, the preacher went on expounding and arguing, without interruption; but at length some well-dressed persons proposed objections, and but for the skill of the missionary, the sermon would have degenerated into a dispute. The objections showed not only acuteness, but often considerable knowledge of the Christian Scriptures. Some countenances evinced deep anxiety. Sometimes there was a general murmur of applause, when strong arguments were advanced, or satisfactory expositions given. At the close of the meeting many accepted tracts, selecting such as they had not seen before. One of the most venerable hearers, and a chief speaker, approached us as we came away, and pronounced upon us in his own manner, but very solemnly, a cordial benediction; declaring, at the same time, that what we advanced was all good; that, no doubt, Christianity was the best religion, but that too many difficulties were yet in the way to permit him and his countrymen to embrace it. I am sure no Christian could be present on these occasions without being satisfied of the importance of maintaining these efforts, and cheered to exertions for their extension.

I attended worship, on several occasions, at the Rev. W. H. Pearce's native chapel, and was highly gratified, not only with the number present, and their deportment, but especially with the psalmody. All united, with great animation, in this delightful part of Christian worship. Two of their tunes I was enabled to obtain in writing. The following is a translation of one of their hymns, written by Krishnu, a native preacher:—

He who yielded once his breath,
Sinful man to save from death,
Oh, my soul, forget not Him,
Forget not Him.

Troubled soul, forget no more
God's best gift, thy richest store—
Christ the Lord, whose holy name
Now saves from shame.

Cease thy fruitless toil and care;
Christ will all thy burden bear;
Grace and love shall soothe the breast
That sighs for rest.

He is truth, and mercy mild,
He in death with pity smiled,
Shed his crimson blood abroad,
Lends man to God.

Faithful friend! on thee I call,
By day, by night, my all in all.
Thy name, sweet Jesus, brings relief,
And stays my grief.

ANOTHER HYMN—LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Oh, my soul, be steady, be steady, be not unsteady!
The sea of love is come!
The name of Jesus bears thee over.
Oh, my soul, there is no Saviour but Jesus.

CHORUS. Oh, my soul! See!
There is no Saviour but Jesus.

In some places, numerous individuals have openly renounced caste, and become nominal Christians, but without indicating or professing a change of heart. These form a class at once encouraging and troublesome—encouraging, because they have broken from a fatal thralldom, and placed themselves and their children in the way of religious instruction—troublesome, because while they come, in some degree, under the control of the missionary, they are not reclaimed even to a strict morality, and are naturally regarded by the heathen as exemplifying our religion.

In a few cases, the native Christians have been gathered into villages, together with others, who, for various reasons, have renounced idolatry. One of these is near Serampore, superintended by the missionaries there; another is at Luk-yan-ti-pore, thirty-five miles south of Calcutta; another at Kharee, fifteen miles farther south. The two latter are under the superintendence of the Rev. George Pearce, of Seebpore, and contain 170 families. It is but eight years since any of these people professed Christianity, and the baptised now amount to about fifty. The Rev. Mr De Monte, an East Indian, and three native preachers, have the immediate charge, Mr Pearce visiting them once a month. The most promising children are taken to the Seebpore and Howrah boarding-schools, where about ninety of both sexes, who of course are all nominal Christians, are now receiving a regular course of mental and moral culture. Persons who join these villages, under a nominal profession of Christianity, are received and treated as catechumens. They are required to promise obedience to certain rules respecting fornication, theft, fighting, attendance on public worship, abstaining from heathen rites, observance of the Sabbath, &c. Themselves and their children are thus brought immediately under the eye of a Christian teacher and the means of grace. None are baptised but on a satisfactory evidence of conversion to God.

Besides the stations in connection with the Baptist missionaries, there are similar villages patronised by other sects, namely, Ram Makal Choke, and Gangaree, under Mr Piffard, of the London Missionary Society; Nursider Choke, under Mr Robinson; Jhan-jara, under Mr Jones; Ban-i-pore, under Mr Driberg; and Budg-Budg, under Mr Sandys; the three latter in connection with the church of England. The whole number of converts at these stations I could not learn, but am assured that it exceeds 2000. The degree of knowledge and piety must be small among converts possessing so few and recent means of spiritual improvement, exposed to so many snares, trained from infancy to every vice, and belonging, for the most part, to the lowest classes. Still there is an evident superiority, on the side of even the nominal Christians.

Christianity is certainly gaining a footing among the natives of Bengal, though the rate of advancement is slow. There is the fullest evidence that the Hindu system has received, in this presidency at least, a great check. Few of the numerous individuals who have received education in the missionary and government schools, retain confidence in the system of their fathers. This class of persons is now rapidly multiplying, and the standard of their education becoming more elevated. A smattering of geography and astronomy is itself sufficient to break the power of the prevailing belief on the mind of the pupil. The preaching of missionaries,

the distribution of bibles and tracts, and the natural inquiries elicited by the presence of so many intelligent foreigners professing Christianity, have tended to diffuse still more widely the knowledge and claims of true religion. Multitudes are convinced that their system is wrong, who are yet retained in the ranks of idolatry or Mahometanism by a fear lest possibly the faith of their fathers may be best for them, and a want of principle, sufficient to encounter opposition and suffering. But their stated observances are coldly rendered; their children are not brought up with the old enthusiasm for the national faith; and a thousand acts and expressions apprise those children of their parents' true sentiments. These, together with the numerous youths who are receiving education from Europeans, already form a considerable body of the rising generation. Loosed, in a good degree, from the intellectual bondage which has gripped preceding generations, and prepared, in various other ways, to hear preaching with profit, they form an increasing class, to which the friends of truth may look with hope.

Brahmins are not venerated as heretofore. Though thousands still find a luxurious competency in the offerings of the people, thousands more are compelled to pursue callings which throw them into society divested of their aristocratic exclusiveness and spiritual influence. I have often seen the sacred thread over the shoulders of common sepoys, market-men, mechanics, and door-keepers. Enjoying many advantages, and given to polygamy, they multiply faster than the herd, who are pinched for subsistence, and often suffer from actual famine. Such increase must, of itself, tend to the reduction of their supposed sacredness of character.

The name of Serampore is so intimately associated with the history of modern missions, especially those of the Baptist denomination, that I of course spent some time there. A pleasant ride of fifteen miles brought me to Barrackpore, a military station on the river side opposite to Serampore, and the seat of the governor-general's country residence. The road is bordered with fine trees the whole distance, and the country, as far as the eye can reach, is in high cultivation. Many labourers were ploughing—an operation which stirs up but a couple of inches of soil, and would call forth the surprise and contempt of a New-England farmer. The plough costs but fifty cents, and the miniature oxen which draw it but five dollars the pair. The latter are generally marked all over with lines and circles, burnt upon their skin. The view of Serampore from the river is exceedingly attractive. The same architecture which prevails at Calcutta gives the houses the appearance of elegant marble villas; and the huge college, with its superb columns, confers dignity on the whole scene. The river is here about eight hundred or a thousand yards wide, placid, and full of boats.

The population of Serampore is 15,000. About 100 of the houses are designed for Europeans, but nearly half of them are empty. I was kindly received by the venerable survivor of that noble triumvirate, which will never be forgotten while missions retain an advocate. Though in his sixty-ninth year, Dr Marshman's eye is not dim, nor his step slow. He leads the singing at family worship, with a clear and full voice; preaches with energy; walks rapidly several miles every morning, and devotes as many hours every day to study, as at any former period. His school for boys, and Mrs Marshman's for girls, are continued, though less lucrative than hitherto, from the number of similar ones now established in the country.

Every walk through the town and its environs, presents objects which awaken tender and serious thought. There is the Ghaut, where, thirty-six years ago, Marshman and his family landed, friendless, and discouraged by the opposition of the Company's government. There, twenty-four years ago, landed Harriet Newell and Ann H. Judson, whose feet now tread the starry plain. And up those steps, for many years, missionaries of all names and parties have ascended, to receive a fraternal welcome to India.

Close by are part of the foundations of the houses of Carey and Ward, long since overturned by the encroachments of the river. Farther down is the printing-office, whence so many thousands of thousands of portions of the word of God, in languages spoken by *more than half the pagan world*, have been produced. Still farther is the college, a superb and vast edifice, the principal hall of which is said to be the largest in India. It is a chaste and noble building, constructed of the most durable materials throughout. The staircases are of ornamental cast iron, imported from England at great expense. Its library is exceedingly valuable, and contains the immense collection of dried botanic specimens by Dr Carey. Connected with the institution are about 100 pupils, but for the most part young, and studying only preparatory branches. At this time there are but two regular students in the college proper. The building was erected when there were no similar institutions in India, and shows the capacious plans and noble spirit of its founders. But the starting up of so many schools of similar character, and other causes, have prevented the expected accession of students. There is reason to hope that the active operation of the numerous elementary schools in the vicinity, will ere long create a race of scholars prepared to proceed in the elevated course of studies intended to be here pursued.

In the rear of the college are two professors' houses, in one of which Carey spent his last years. The room in which he died called up indescribable sensations, and I trust wrought improvement upon my spirit. Behind is the extensive botanic garden, where that wonderful man, by way of relaxation, gathered a vast collection of trees, flowers, fruits, and vegetables, from every part of India, and from whence he diffused a taste for natural science which is now yielding invaluable results.

A handsome church was built in the town, by the Danish government, many years ago; but no chaplain has ever been appointed, and the missionaries have always officiated there. They have, besides this, a commodious chapel of their own, where worship is performed on week days and Sunday evenings, and a considerable church of natives. A mile and a half from town is another.

A little to the north of the town, in a calm and retired spot, is the mission grave-yard, surrounded with palm groves. It contains about an acre, enclosed with a good brick wall; and along its nice gravel walks are mahogany trees, set at proper distances. The monument for Ward is a circular pavilion, beautiful and chaste, with a suitable inscription on one side, read from within. Carey's is a plain cenotaph, built many years ago for some of his family, and now bearing additional inscriptions for himself and his widow. His own epitaph, by his express direction, is merely this:—

WILLIAM CAREY.

BORN 17TH OF AUGUST, 1761.

DIED 9TH OF JUNE, 1834.

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

Mrs Carey, his third wife, died about a year after her husband. Mr Ward's widow survived him ten years. Carey's son is now a missionary in the upper provinces. Ward left two daughters, both of whom are pious, and have been married several years.

This mission was commenced in 1793. Its history is too well known to leave me the necessity of describing it, or dwelling on its fruits. It was the commencement of those grand operations, which we trust the church will never relinquish till the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord. With the exception of what had been done in the Tamil and Malayalam languages, the whole of India was then entirely destitute of the Scriptures in their vernacular tongues. Few in number, and sustained by their own resources, the missionaries have given the world the whole Bible in Sanscrit, Chinese, Bengalee, Hindu, Marhatta, Oriya, Sikh, Pushtu or Afghan, Cashmere, and Assamee; and the new Tes-

tament in the Gujeratee, Kunkun, Multanee, Bikaneer, Bhugulund, Maruar, Nepaul, Harotee, Kanoja, Mugudh, Oojuy-i-ne, Jumbo, Bhutneer, Munipore, Bruj, Kemaon, Shree-nagur, and Palpa; besides portions of the New Testament in various other languages. Some of these versions have been repeatedly revised, and successive editions printed.

There are now eighteen mission stations, and twenty-two churches, connected with Serampore; at which are labouring five Europeans, and twenty-two Indo-Britons, with twenty-five native preachers and catechists. Of the eleven members which constituted the first church in India, Mr Marshman and wife alone remain.

The late transfer of the printing-office and steam paper-mill, to Mr John C. Marshman, has been matter of much discussion, and seems not clearly understood. The explanation given me on the spot amounted to this: Some years before Dr Carey's death, the concern was deemed bankrupt. The printing-office, paper-mill, and other property, valued at about 126,000 rupees, was made over, in fee-simple, to Mr J. C. Marshman, in consideration of his assuming all the debts. To whom these debts are due, and for what, and what portion has been paid, were not mentioned, and I felt unauthorised to ask. It is much to be regretted that this transfer was not made public till so long after its execution, and till Carey was no more. No one could so satisfactorily have explained the matter to the public. The controversy is now useless as a question of property. The lots and buildings are reduced to a value almost nominal. Since the place ceased to be an asylum for debtors, who fled hither from the British territories, it has constantly decayed. At this moment, Mr J. C. Marshman is about to remove the printing-office to a new building of his own, not on the Society's land, and the old office is almost a ruin. One dwelling-house, now in good order, and valuable, is nearly the sum of all the English Society's acknowledged property.

One thing is certain—that there have seldom appeared men so disinterested as Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Carey received, for upwards of thirty years, more than 500 dollars a-month, as professor to the College of Fort William, and Bengalee translator to government. Ward earned equally large sums in the printing-office, as did Mr and Mrs Marshman by their school. Yet, as Dr. Marshman assured me, they ate at a common table, and drew from the common fund only the paltry sum of twelve rupees per month each! The rest went for the support of out-stations, casting types, and the translating and printing of the sacred Scriptures. The expense of the Chinese version alone, for pundits, types, &c., exceeded 100,000 dollars!

The agreement made at an early period by the Serampore brethren, one with another, and published to the world, is worthy of all praise; especially the following extract: "Let us give ourselves up unreservedly to this glorious cause. Let us never think that our time, our gifts, our strength, our families, or even the clothes we wear, are our own. Let us sanctify them all to God and his cause. Oh that he may sanctify us for his work! Let us for ever shut out the idea of laying up a covey for ourselves or our children. If we give up the resolution which was formed on the subject of private trade when we first united at Serampore, the mission is from that hour a lost cause. A worldly spirit, quarrels, and every evil work, will succeed, the moment it is admitted that each brother may do something on his own account. Woe to that man who shall ever make the smallest movement towards such a measure! Let us continually watch against a worldly spirit, and cultivate a Christian indifference towards every indulgence. Rather let us bear hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and endeavour to learn in every state to be content."

Never were there more laborious men than the Serampore missionaries, and never shall we see stronger temptations to amass wealth relinquished for the cause of Christ. The arrangement for drawing six dollars a-month for personal expenses was discontinued in 1817,

and each drew what he needed; but neither of them laid up property for himself. Carey died without leaving his widow any thing. Ward left only about 5000 dollars, the proceeds of his *private* property, put to interest on his first leaving England. Marshman is known to be poor; and his style of living, now at least, is more frugal than that of almost any other missionary I saw in Hindustan. Many of his measures are generally disapproved, but his diligence and true greatness must stand confessed. It cannot be said the glory of Serampore is departed. Though it has now become a mere unit among missions, its history will ever be one of the brightest pages in the records of modern benevolence. The benefits it has produced are lasting as the world. It has been swallowed up in more diffused endeavours, like the morning star giving place to day, swallowed up in brighter light.

CHAPTER II.

Madras. Catamarans. Difficulty of Landing. Black Town. Esplanade. Population. Illustrations of Scripture. State of Religion. Catholics. Telugos. Travelling by Palankeen. Pondicherry. Cuddalore. Tranquebar. Combaconum. Tanjore. Kohlhoff. Swartz. Trichinopoly. Heber. Seringham. Slavery in Hindustan. Idolatry supported by Government. Brahmins and Brahminism. Progressive Poverty of the Country. Modern languages of Hindustan.

A VOYAGE of fourteen days in a small trading vessel, without a white face in it but my own, brought me to anchor in the roads of Madras, January 26, 1837. It was a fortnight of great discomfort; but I could not waive my rule of going in the first vessel when my work at any place was done. Generally, if an opportunity is allowed to pass in India, weeks, and even months, elapse before the occurrence of another. Our captain, in this case, was a quiet native of Chittagong, and, though he had no means of ascertaining longitude, made a short and safe voyage by dead reckoning. By taking such a vessel instead of an European, I saved three-fourths of the customary price of passage.

There being no indentation of the coast, nor any island to break off the sea, a heavy swell rolls in throughout the year. Vessels anchor in the open roads; the large ones keeping a mile or two from shore. The swell keeps them pitching and rolling as uncomfortably as when at sea. The danger is so great, during the south-west monsoon, that vessels are not allowed to lie here for several months in the year, and the anchorage seems deserted. Cargoes are loaded and unloaded, by boats adapted for passing through the surf. Among the first objects that struck me, were the *catamarans*, gliding in every direction. These are exactly like a New England stone-sled. Three flattened timbers, eight or ten feet long, are tied together horizontally, and sharpened a little at the point. One or two men propel it with a paddle flattened at both ends, and dip first on one side, and then on the other. They sit on the calves of their legs, with the toes inward, and in this position, which is the only one the case admits, they often remain for hours. The water, of course, comes up between the timbers, and washes over the little raft, so that the men are kept wet to the middle. If they would carry any articles dry, which is seldom attempted, they construct a high pile of bushes in the centre. When no boat could live five minutes, these catamarans go about in perfect safety. The men are often washed off, but instantly leap on again without alarm. A water-proof cap, for the carriage of letters to and from newly-arrived vessels, is almost their only article of dress. The rest is but a strip of cotton cloth, two or three inches wide, fastened, front and rear, to a twine tied round the loins.

Landing seemed so difficult, though the weather was fine, that it was hard to conceive how goods could be conveyed without getting wet. Yet these boatmen do it, and display energy and skill scarcely to be surpassed. Keeping time to a rude tune, they now take long pulls, and now short ones, as the waves run past; they at

length push the boat forward on a foaming surf, and she is thrown upon the beach. As it recedes, some jump out with the ropes, and at every returning wave get her a little higher, till she lies still upon the sand. The operation is sufficiently disagreeable, especially to the timid. The passenger is not only almost thrown from his seat by the heavy and repeated striking of the boat upon the beach, but is generally well sprinkled by the breakers dashing against her before she can be hauled up sufficiently. The boats are large and deep, made, without ribs or timbers, of thin wide planks, warped by fire to a proper shape, and fastened together by strong twine. Against the seams, straw and mud are fastened strongly by the twine which ties the planks together. No nails are used, for none could keep a boat together with such thumping.

The city presents from the sea nothing to create large expectations. Only a few public buildings are visible, and not much of the town, as the site is quite level. It is, however, a noble city, and has many fine streets. The Black town, so called from the colour of the natives who reside there, is well laid out, and is defended by a substantial brick wall. The houses are far better, on the whole, than those of the natives in Calcutta. Though there are not so many fine residences of rich Baboos as in that city, there are some scarcely surpassed in elegance by any in America.

A space of several miles in the rear of the Black town is occupied by the Europeans. Their houses are not placed in rows, but scattered about, and embosomed in gardens and shrubbery. Trees are planted in rows along the principal avenues, and the number of pleasant drives surpasses those of any city I have yet seen in the east.

The fort is on the shore south of the Black town, with a large open space between, reserved as an esplanade. On the margin of this opening, next to the sea, and also below the fort, is the fashionable evening drive. Here, weary of lassitude or labour, come all the gentry to enjoy the freshness and glory of sunset. The rushing of the ceaseless surf, the numerous vessels of varied make, the cool sea-breeze, the majestic ocean, the wide sweep of western sky, the superb equipages, the cheerful faces, and the cordial greetings—make it every way charming. In going to “the course,” you meet, along the less pretending roads, merchants on their camels, Arabs on their steeds, Burmans and Moguls on their ponies, native gentlemen in their handsome bullock

and neck to a breadth of several inches. The keeper sometimes ceased his music and irritated the creature with his hand; which it bit violently, but without injury, its fangs having been extracted.

These men are often employed to draw forth from their holes snakes which infest gardens and old buildings. Playing on their flageolet, they pass round the suspected places, and if serpents be there, are sure to bring them forth. Without permitting the music to cease, an attendant seizes the snake by the tail, and whirls it round so rapidly that it cannot bite; sliding one hand up gradually, till he gets it firmly by the neck; then, taking a little stone or shell, he crushes out the fangs, and puts it in his basket or bosom, and carries it away. The transaction forcibly reminds one of the passage, Psalm lviii. 5, which compares the wicked, who persist in their ways in spite of counsel or entreaty, to serpents that will not be charmed. This text, as well as Jeremiah viii. 17, where Jehovah threatens to send among Israel “serpents which will not be charmed,” shows that the trade of these men is of no recent date.

The population of Madras, including all the villages within several miles, is generally reckoned at 420,000. But a census made in 1823 gave only 27,000 houses. This, at seven inhabitants to a house, would make the population about 190,000. Large spaces, even within the walls, are wholly vacant. Allowing for houses omitted in the census, the population is perhaps 200,000. There are populous villages in the neighbourhood, containing 100,000 more. One of the most striking peculiarities in the town is the universality with which males and females, old and young, bear upon their foreheads, arms, and breasts, the marks peculiar to their religion, or sect of it.* Some have a red or blue spot on their forehead; others blue, red, white, or yellow perpendicular lines; others horizontal lines. Some, in addition to these, have ashes or clay rubbed in lines on their arms and breast. I could not help recurring continually to that text (Deuteronomy xxxii. 5), “Their spot is not the spot of his children.” The allusion is doubtless to a similar custom. The highest classes wear much the same, but of far costlier materials.

Men of distinction have servants running before, and at least two always run beside the carriage. Even persons on horseback are never without one of these runners, who are called *syce*. It is astonishing how long these men, accustomed to the business from childhood, can endure. The rider never slacks his pace on their account, and they keep up during the whole drive. For a long time, the sight of these poor men destroyed the pleasure of my rides. They, however, do nothing else, and their labour, on the whole, is certainly far less than that of a mechanic with us.

The incident of Elijah running before the chariot of Ahab (1 Kings xviii. 46), has been continually brought to recollection by this custom, wherever I have been in India. He had assumed an attitude of great grandeur, in mocking the national faith before the king, and

* Those know little of the world, who advance the existence of sects as an objection to Christianity. Over all Hither India, the same books are held sacred, yet the community is divided into many sects, holding their preferences with bitter zeal and exclusiveness. Brahma has no followers, because, as the supreme God, he is above all concern with mortals. Vishnu and Siva have each their sects, and even these are far from harmony. The worshippers of Vishnu are divided into twenty sects; those of Siva into nine. There are four sects who adore Doorga, and ten devoted to various other objects, which, with some subdivisions, swell the number of Hindu sects to nearly seventy! Collisions among these are perpetual and rancorous. At Hurdwar, and many other places, scenes of violence and bloodshed invariably occur at the great annual festivals. The feuds of similar kind which prevail among Mussulmans, are well known, and the bloody character of their conflicts. It was thus also with Jews. Even the followers of Zoroaster are stated by Gibbon to have been divided into seventy sects, in the time of Artaxerxes. The truth is, man will have diversity of opinions, to the extent that opinion is free. Despotism alone makes unity in such matters



Hindu Gentleman's Carriage.

carriages; while the sircars, &c., are drawn by a single ox, in an indescribable sort of wheelbarrow, or are borne in palankeens.

While in this city, famous for snake-charmers, I sent for some to show me their skill. They brought a boa constrictor and several cobra de capels; the latter being, as is known, highly venomous, and generally fatal. They were in shallow baskets, coiled up as close as possible. The keeper had a simple flageolet; on hearing a few notes of which, the snake gracefully erected half its length, and spread out its beautiful head

denouncing his sins before all the people; and, after so long a famine, he had now been praying for rain, and already the heavy thunder announced rescue to a starving nation. But in all these honours was he proud? Was he disposed to refuse his lawful king the proper homage of a subject? He would let all Israel see how he honoured the ruler of his people, and how far he was from vain-glory amid such triumphs. Gathering his robes about him, therefore, and mixing with those who ran before the king, he did nothing out of the way, nothing for effect, nothing in the least supernatural; but testified, in the happiest manner, not merely his own humility, but that even a wicked king had ceremonial claims which a good subject should not deny.

My stay in Madras extended from January 26 till March 17, 1837, including journeys into the interior. The weather during this period was truly delightful. Instead of remarks resulting from my own experience, I transcribe a table, showing the highest and lowest state of the thermometer, and the mean temperature, for every month in the year:—

January.	Max. 86.	Min. 65.	Mean height, 75.5.
February.	87.	66.	77.4.
March.	90.	69.	80.7.
April.	94.	75.	83.7.
May.	90.	76.	86.
June.	96.	79.	88.4.
July.	95.	73.	85.
August.	93.	72.	84.6.
September.	92.	72.	83.
October.	91.	70.	82.
November.	87.	67.	78.
December.	84.	65.	76.

The state of religious feeling in Madras, at this time at least, is little better than in Calcutta. The concert of prayer, which is held, *unitedly*, at different churches in rotation, was held, while I was there, at the Scotch Kirk. One city minister only was present, and but thirty-five other persons, though the evening was delightful. The services were just those of public worship, so that it could not with propriety be called a *prayer-meeting*. But religion seems to be exerting its blessed influence in the city more and more, and recently there have been among the troops in the fort some forty or fifty cases of conversion.

I was happy to find several Sunday schools, though only that of the Wesleyans seems flourishing.

This city is the seat of several missions, by various societies in England and America. There are Episcopal, Scotch, Independent, and Wesleyan churches, with excellent places of worship, where pastors are regularly settled, who conduct services in the English language. Besides the bishops and six Company's chaplains, there are fifteen missionaries, Episcopal, Scotch, Wesleyan, and American, besides several who support themselves, and are not connected with any board. Of all the regular missionaries, there are but three who are devoted wholly to the natives. The rest preach in English, or take charge of schools, printing, agencies, &c. There are also in Madras fourteen Catholic priests, and congregations of Armenians, Jews, &c. Some thousands of native youth are gathered into schools under missionary superintendence, and several printing establishments are owned by the missionary boards. The language of the region is Tamul, and in this there are printed the whole Old and New Testaments, and 200 tracts, besides the Pilgrim's Progress, Ayah and her Lady, Swartz's Dialogues, &c. Many of these publications, however, need revision, and many are wanted on other subjects.

As regards Christianity among the natives, Madras is behind Calcutta. I inquired of several ministers, and most of the missionaries, but no one knew the state or number of native converts. The nominal Christians are few. As to real converts, one missionary thought there were but two or three in the whole city and suburbs! Another thought there were not half a dozen at the utmost. No one supposed there were more than that number. Some hundreds have been baptised, with

their children, and many have grown up who were baptised in infancy; but the conduct of this body is not always honourable to the cause. Of the Catholics, there are some thousands; but they are distinguished from the heathen, it is said, not by better morals or manners, but only by not smearing their bodies and faces with idolatrous marks.

I had the pleasure of attending the anniversary meetings of the Wesleyan Mission, the Madras Bible Society, &c. They brought me into a pleasing acquaintance with many missionaries from distant stations, and thus enabled me to enlarge my stock of official memoranda.

I was particularly pleased with the Wesleyan plan of having a second anniversary for the natives, in which the services and speeches were in Tamul. The body of the chapel, cleared of the settees, was well filled with natives, who sat, after their fashion, on the floor. They behaved with perfect decorum, and listened with attention. It certainly is a plan happily calculated to enlighten and improve the converts, while it instructs and informs the heathen.

A case has recently occurred, which has excited a great interest among the natives, far and near. Arumuga Tambiran (literally, the six-faced god), a distinguished devotee, has been converted to Christianity. He is now very old, having been for fifty years a prominent pilgrim and teacher. Dressed in a yellow robe, the sacred beads round his neck, smeared with ashes and clay, and bearing the various insignia of his high station, he made pilgrimages to many and distant places of distinguished sanctity, and was every where received with profound veneration. Eleven others, who had begun this course with him, had died. Scarcely any man, far and near, stood so high as Arumuga. His very appellation—*Tambiran*—struck awe to the bosom of every Hindu, for “Tambirans rank higher than Brahmins, and inferior only to the invisible gods.”* His public baptism, last August, has created a strong sensation through the entire peninsula. Being a poet, he has written several pieces, which have been printed in large quantities, and are sought after with great avidity; this being the style of the sacred books. His case, however, is an additional evidence, that though the people are disposed to ask if any of the great have believed in Christ, yet that such an event has little other visible effect than transient wonder.

It was my intention to proceed immediately to Chicacole, and settle with Mr Day his future position. But, on taking steps for a dāk to that place, I learned that Mr Day was daily expected at Madras. This report afterwards proved to be erroneous; but the repose which it gave me was very providential, as my health, which had been declining continually for some weeks, now became so poor that I should have been arrested on the way.

The ministers and missionaries of the city urge Mr Day's location here. This opinion, which had been previously expressed by various brethren in Burmah and Bengal, I now adopted as my own, for reasons which it is not important to rehearse. Mr Day had previously resolved to leave Chicacole; and on communicating my opinion, it met his cordial approbation, and he immediately prepared to embark for Madras, with his family.

Learning that Telooagoos abound in Southern India, and anxious not only to learn about them, but to measure the degree of the missionaries' success in a region where Ziegenbalg, Swartz, and others had laboured for more than a century, I availed myself of the time which would intervene before Mr Day's arrival, to make an excursion to Tanjore and Trichinopoly, through the districts of Chingleput and South Arcot. Instead of leaving the reader to pick out detached remarks, scattered through the journal of this tour, I will, while speaking of Telooagoos and their new missionary, throw

* Dr Francis Buchanan.

together such facts respecting them as seem to be requisite here.

This people, whose name is often written *Telinga*, or *Kalinga*, are generally called, by European writers, *Gentoos*; but this name is unknown, I believe, to any Indian language. They occupy a considerable part of Hindustan, but have now no country entirely to themselves, or bearing their name. The region where theirs is the prevailing spoken language, is about 500 miles long and 200 wide, embracing all the Northern Circars, a large part of the Nizam's dominions, the districts of Cudapah and Bellary, and all the northern part of the Carnatic. The political divisions of the Teloo-goo country are Ganjam, Vizagapatam, Rajamundry, Masulapatam or Bunder, and Guntoor.

Teloo-goo families and villages are scattered over the whole of India, between the above-described region and Cape Comorin, and are particularly numerous in the Mysore and Tanjore countries. The sea-coast, from Pulicat to Ganjam, is chiefly occupied by Teloo-goods.

The largest Teloo-goo city is Masulapatam, which has a population of 80,000. The next largest are Nellore, Guntoor, Vizagapatam, Chicacole, Burhampore, and Ganjam. The latter cities have each about 12,000 inhabitants.

In Madras, one-sixth of the population are reckoned to be Teloo-goods. They are scattered over all the city, but some streets are almost wholly inhabited by them, and in the suburb Wonarapetta are about 15,000, settled together. Most of them, however, understand Tamul, as well as Teloo-goo: some read in Tamul, and not in their own language.

The number of Teloo-goods is not known. There are probably about 8,000,000, of which 1,000,000 are Mahometans.

Of this nation was the dynasty which, before the Mahratta conquest, ruled the whole region of Madura, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly, besides their peculiar country. In these districts, many of the rich chitty, or merchant caste, are Teloo-goods at this day.

It is remarkable, that in Japan, and the islands of the China Sea, the only name for India is *Telinga*, or, as they pronounce it, *Kalinga*. It is always so called in their ancient books, and the introduction of Hinduism into their country is ascribed to the Kalings. As it would appear, from the history of Java, that a considerable emigration from the Coromandel coast occurred in the thirteenth century, it is not improbable that at that period the Telinga or Teloo-goo dynasty was in its glory. Another, and still stronger indication, is found in the fact that the Telinga calendar, which differs from that which prevails in the Deccan, and Hindustan generally, is precisely the calendar of the Javanese.

Their religion is Brahminism, and the system of caste is in full force. Their principal classes are Brahmins, Chetries, Vysias, Shoodras, and Pariahs. These are subdivided into distinct castes. Of Brahmins, there are four castes; of Chetries, three; of Vysias, three; of Shoodras, eighty-five; and some even among the miserable Pariahs. Some of these are again subdivided, as, for instance, of that class of Shoodras who cultivate the ground, there are no less than twenty castes! Every separate trade and calling is a caste. The children of a barber must not marry the children of a washerman, or any but of the barber calling; so of smiths, carpenters, &c.

All classes pay the parents for their wife. The gift of a wealthy Brahmin is about half a pound of gold, and some other things. Even a poor Pariah must give ten rupees. When a man is too poor to pay a wife's price, he goes out to beg, saying, "I want to marry such a girl; give me some money." Poor Brahmins do this most frequently, and are insolently importunate. Polygamy is practised by nearly all who can afford it. It is believed that their religious system is on the wane, and, whether from poverty or neglect, it is certain that no new temples have been built for many years.

The first effort in India of the London Missionary Society, was made in favour of the Teloo-goods; but the measure has not been pursued with ardour. In 1805, Messrs Cram and Des Gran arrived at Vizagapatam, but they both died soon. In 1819, Messrs Gordon and Lee, from the same society, arrived, and some time afterwards, Messrs Pritchard and Dawson.

After the death of Mr Dawson, the station was vacant till early in 1834, when Mr Gordon, son of the late missionary, returned from England, whither he had been sent for education, and assumed the operations. In November 1834, the Rev. Edward Porter joined the mission, but has laboured a good deal of his time among the English.

There are now in this field four ordained missionaries from the London Missionary Society, and Mr Day from America. Four other pious and active gentlemen, unconnected with any missionary society, are acquiring the language, and have devoted themselves to the good of this people. One excellent native convert, Poor-shu'-them, is ordained, and labours extensively. Besides these, several Tamul missionaries speak Teloo-goo, and do something in the way of giving tracts, &c. The London missionaries have published an appeal for aid, in which they state that there are not less than 300 Teloo-goo towns, where missionaries might be advantageously settled under the full protection of the British government.

There are six schools connected with the mission at Vizagapatam, containing 250 pupils. This department of effort has been maintained from the beginning, but neither this nor any other has been apparently made the means of conversion; and though thirty years have elapsed, no poor Teloo-goo has at this station been brought to a saving acceptance of the Lord Jesus. The lives of those brethren who have laboured here, have, however, not been spent in vain; they have done much in preparing translations and tracts, and have doubtless sowed seed, from which others will reap, that "both may rejoice together."

At Chittoor, there are about fifty Teloo-goo families, who have become nominal Christians. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are Teloo-goods.

At Cudapah, the London Missionary Society have another station, occupied by the Rev. Mr Howell, an Indo-Briton. He has baptised 150 persons (adults and children), and settled them on lands owned by the mission. The houses cost eight or ten rupees each. Each family is expected to pay its own taxes, and support itself. He has three schools; one for Christian children, and two for heathen. A few of the baptised, probably twenty, Mr Howell hopes, are really converted. The rules binding on nominal Christians, are—to attend worship every morning and evening at the school-house; to attend public worship on Sunday, and two evenings in the week; to settle their disputes before a committee of five brethren, and not go to law; to send their children to school, &c.

At Bellary, in the northern part of Mysore, a mission was begun, in 1810, by the London Missionary Society. Strictly, this is a Canarese mission; but the Rev. Mr Reed has acquired an extensive knowledge of the Teloo-goo language, and has translated and written in it to some extent. He occasionally labours personally among the Teloo-goods, who form about a third of the citizens.

The whole Bible is translated into Teloo-goo; and the New Testament, Genesis, Exodus, Psalms, and Isaiah, are printed. The remainder of the Old Testament will be printed at the London Missionary Society's press at Bellary, but how soon is uncertain. Thirty tracts are printed, but some of them are very poor. A large supply might be advantageously distributed, but the Tract Society of Madras is feeble, even with considerable aid from the parent society in London.

The language is confessedly difficult of acquisition, but has many beauties, and bears a strong resemblance to the Sanscrit. Missionaries now have the aid of an excellent grammar and dictionary, besides translations of Scripture and tracts. Two translations have been

made of the New Testament, one by the Serampore missionaries, and the other by Mr Pritchard, of the London Missionary Society.

The only mode of inland travelling in India is by palankeen; and, in the hot season, at night only. Bungalows are built by government, on some principal roads, where travellers may spend the day, and where a servant is retained, who gets what you require to eat. They are generally comfortable brick houses, having several apartments, and furnished with chairs, tables, and sometimes bedsteads.

In this part of India, a "set of bearers" consists of twelve men; ten to carry the palankeen, one coolie to carry the baggage, and a musalche. Six bearers carry at a time, and four trot along to take their turns, and relieve the others, about every quarter of a mile. The coolie carries the baggage in tin boxes, made for the purpose, called *banguy* boxes, suspended from a pole on the shoulder. The *musalche*, or torch-bearer, has a hard roll of rags, four or five feet long, as thick as one's wrist, and oil in a copper goblet, with a very small mouth. When he trims his lamp, he has only to knock off the snuff against a tree, and pour on a little more oil—a process which reminds one constantly of the parable of the virgins. Every traveller is obliged to have his own palankeen, in which he takes his carpet bag and some books, &c., hanging on the outside his tea-kettle, hat-box, and goblet of drinking-water. Notwithstanding the loss of time incurred by changing hands so frequently, your speed averages about four miles an hour; often more. In travelling post, as I did, fresh bearers are had every twelve or fifteen miles. By starting when the sun gets low, and not stopping till eight or nine o'clock next morning, you may go sixty or seventy miles of a night. On roads where no bearers are posted, and where special expedition is not wanted, a single set of bearers is employed, who go journeys of any length, and average thirty miles a-day, travelling either in the day or night, as you prefer. I chose to travel by night, not only because the sun was oppressive during the day, but because it prevented loss of time, and gave me the day to be with missionaries at the different stations.

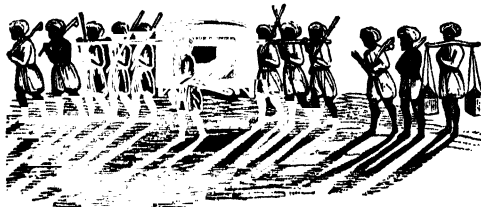
On two or three occasions I was obliged to spend the day at bungalows, and greatly enjoyed the cool quietude of these resting-places. The solitude was delightful and refreshing to my spirit, as well as advantageous in enabling me to bring up arrears in my memorandums.

This mode of conveyance has indeed the advantage of a recumbent posture; but the motion was to me excessively wearisome, and, with some bearers, even painful. I liked a palankeen in Calcutta very well, where the bearers are accomplished, and the distances short. But this hasty journey of 500 miles wore me out, so that I could scarcely stand. The expense with post-bearers is twenty five cents per mile, which, though dear for the traveller, is an extremely small sum to be divided among fourteen men, who have also to walk back again; making their pay but about a cent per mile for each, for very severe labour. To take one set of bearers for a whole journey costs less.

Leaving Madras, February 13, 1837, I proceeded from forty to sixty miles each night. The road led through Villackerry, Calabaucom, Trepaloor, Allatoor, Maubiliveram, Sadras, Alumparva, Canjimere, Collacoom, Pondicherry, Cuddalore, Poondiacoom, Chilumbrum, Sheally, Myaveram, Trivellunga, Combacom, Paupanassum, and numerous smaller towns; and across the rivers Paular, or Palaur, Cunnabaur, Gaddelum, Pettanaur, Vellaar, Coleroon, Cavery, &c. Several of these are mouths of the Cavery.

The first stage kept us along the seaside, every surge laving the bearers' feet, and my old acquaintance, ocean, the only object of my regard. The rest of the way is through a wild and poor country, though with many towns and villages. Immediately around Pondicherry, and all the country from thence to Tanjore, is a garden.

From Tanjore to Trichinopoly is a desert, which extends in a broad stripe to Cape Comorin. The district of country through which this road carried me, forms the central portion of the Carnatic, and comprehends the former dominions of the nabob of Arcot. It came under the British power in 1801.



Palankeen Travelling.

A few hours were devoted to a rapid survey of Pondicherry, reputed to be much the handsomest town in India. No native huts disfigure the streets, as these are all placed separately in the suburbs. There is but little business now done here, and but one foreign vessel lay in the roadstead. The Jesuits have a college and a church here, and the Capuchins a church. Many of the natives have adopted the Catholic faith; but it has done little for their improvement. The French are prohibited by treaty from keeping many troops, and the whole city looks silent and languishing.

Cuddalore, on the Panaur, fifty-two miles from Pondicherry, is the first station on this route where there are English. It is one of the great stations where soldiers are placed, who, from having married native women, or other causes, choose to remain in the country after serving out their time, or becoming invalids. A few effective troops also are stationed here. The Episcopal chaplain, the Rev. Mr Hollowell, received me with great kindness, in the absence of the missionary. The invalids and pensioners are obliged to attend worship, and with the gentry, form a large and attentive congregation. The missionary, the Rev. Mr Jones, devotes himself to the natives. This was a station of the Christian Knowledge Society so early as 1737, but has not been constantly occupied. Mr Jones arrived in 1834, and is able to preach in the vernacular. He found Mr Rosen's church, and ten schools, which Mr Hollowell had superintended for five years. He has baptised some adults and many children, and increased the number of schools. One of these is for girls. The whole now contain 540 children. Mr Jones has two Tamil services on the Sabbath, and two in the week. The congregation consists chiefly of nominal Christians. They amount to more than 300, among whom are many of the native wives of European soldiers.

Though I passed within an hour or two of Tranquebar, it seemed of no use to visit it, as there is now almost no visible effect of missionary labour there. Nor is there any missionary, the last one having accepted the office of chaplain to government. A few of the schools are continued by government; but there are only 300 nominal Christians, and the mission is entirely relinquished. The causes of this total abrogation of a long-established mission deserve investigation. Abundant materials exist as to the history of the men and measures; and the question is of great importance. It is the opinion of some of the best-informed persons in that region, that many of the missionaries have been unconverted men. If such be the fact, the wonder ceases.

A more beautiful country than that from Cuddalore to Tanjore can hardly be imagined. The dense population and rich soil give their energies to each other, and produce a scene of surpassing loveliness. But the taxes, and other causes, keep down the labourers to a state below that of southern slaves. The labour of carrying agriculture to perfection, under a cloudless sky, wholly by artificial irrigation, is of course immense. The water is obtained, either from the river by small canals, or from tanks and wells by *pecottas*.

The mechanism for the latter mode is simple and easy. A pole, like that to New England wells, is fixed on an upright beam, and worked by two men, one of whom walks a few steps backwards and forwards on the pole, and the other guides the bucket. The same plan is common in all parts of India. The water rushes through troughs into channels, which lead to every bed. Another man passes along the field or garden, and, after suffering a proper quantity of water to flow upon a bed, scrapes with his hand a little soil into that channel, and leads the water into another—passing thus from bed to bed, till the whole is watered. The services of a watering-pot would be wholly inadequate in a climate so hot, and without rain.

Such a practice is doubtless alluded to, Prov. xxi. 1, where it is said of God's easy control of human hearts, that "he turneth them as the rivers [rivulets] of water."

As there is always power enough in a tropical sun to produce vegetation, moisture alone is necessary to constant cropping. Districts, therefore, furnished as this is, with tanks and rivers, present continually all the varieties of seasons in Europe. The eye wanders over large fields, in some parts of which men are ploughing, in others planting, and in others harvesting, at the same time. Each field is divided, as in our own rice-growing districts, into small compartments, separated by a narrow mound of earth about a foot high. On any one of these the water is turned at pleasure, while the rest are dry; and every stage of the process, and of the growth of the grain, is seen at once. Most of the lands are cropped twice a-year; sometimes with rice, but more frequently with rice first, and then some other grain or pulse.

The scene is beautiful; but squalid poverty and miserable mendicants constantly obtrude, and remind one of Pope's lines—

"In vain kind seasons swell the teeming grain;
Soft showers distil, and suns grow warm in vain:
The swain, with tears, his frustrate labour yields,
And, furnished, dies amidst his ripened fields."

At Combaconum I found a London missionary, Mr Nimmo, successor to Mr Crisp. The city contains 40,000 inhabitants, and was the capital of the ancient Chola dynasty, from which the whole coast of Coromandel (corruption of *Cholamandel*) received its name. It is distinguished among Hindus for its sanctity, and is one of idolatry's strongest holds in Southern India; though missionary labours have here been carried forward by Protestants for more than seventy years. Great numbers of the inhabitants are of the Brahmin caste. The pagodas, gateways, and tanks, are very fine.

The chief cause of the celebrity of this seat of idolatry is the general belief that one of its great tanks is filled, every twelfth year, by the waters of the Ganges, which enter by a subterranean passage. Thousands of people, unable to go so far as Bengal, rush hither, from all parts of Southern India, at these favoured times, and bring vast profit to the Brahmins. The efficacy of the water is deemed sufficient, at these times, to wash away, from all who bathe in it, all manner of sin and impurity, even though contracted in many former transmigrations. Papists are numerous in this region, and add much to the difficulties of a missionary.

The station has not been without fruit; and some souls have evidently been born of God. The Danish missionaries at one time had a congregation of 500 persons. But, among other causes, frequent intermissions of labour, by the death or removal of the missionary, have been very pernicious. Mr Nimmo settled here in 1833, and has 200 nominal Christians (that is, baptised persons) under his care, and a church of twelve members. Besides the chapel in the city, he has three others in the vicinity, and employs five readers, mostly from Tanjore. He has twelve small schools, eight of which are maintained by friends on the spot. Only four of his teachers are Christians. The Rev. Mr Combs, from Tanjore, is about to settle in this city.

At Tanjore, a hearty welcome awaited me to the house of the venerable Kohlhoff, the protégé, friend, and fellow-labourer of Swartz. For more than fifty years he has been a missionary. I was charmed with his purity and simplicity of character, and enjoyed, during three days spent under his hospitable roof, not only a valuable opportunity of acquiring authentic knowledge of the history of missions in this region, but the deductions of his own long experience and observation, and many delightful facts respecting the private life of Swartz.

The city is the residence of the rajah, who still reigns over the kingdom of Tanjore, paying three-fifths of the revenues to the Company. He is son of Serfojee, the rajah who was brought up by Swartz, and who so sincerely loved that admirable man. His residence is within the fortress, which is reputed to be very strong, and which contains not only the palace, but a population of many thousands.

The district of Tanjore was never actually occupied by Mahometans; therefore the Hindu structures remained uninjured, and the religious revenues were not sequestered. Thus it is, that in no part of India does the Brahminical faith show itself more imposingly. Almost every village has its brick pagoda and lofty gateway, covered with statues in mortar. Brahmins hold all the power, are the chief landholders, and fill almost every lucrative office.

Swartz lived within the fort, where both his dwelling-house and church yet stand. The former is almost a ruin, but is used as a school-room. It consists merely of three small rooms, raised a little from the ground. Similar humility and moderation are displayed in the house he afterwards built, within the yard of his church. The church is well built and handsome, and, having been lately repaired, at much expense, by the rajah, is likely to last for ages. It is of little service, as but two or three Christian families live within the fort. To these, however, a catechist preaches every Sabbath. Swartz's pulpit remains unaltered; and in the wall, at the opposite side, is the marble tablet by Flaxman, representing his last moments, with the faithful Geriké at his head, and the affectionate rajah and others by his side. Oh that this spacious church may again contain such audiences as listened to its blessed founder!

In visiting these interesting spots, we passed the rajah's palace, and saw his tigers, &c., kept for show. He had gone to a distant part of the fort, and we therefore witnessed his displays of royalty. The cavalcade was resting near the gate of the inner fortress, where he had entered. It consisted of a score of war elephants, caparisoned, a troop mounted on camels, and a small park of artillery. Men and beasts looked dirty and shabby, and all the pomp seemed poverty-struck. The dens of the wild beasts, originally elegant, and each having a fine tank of brick and mortar, where the animals might bathe at pleasure, were dilapidated, and the handsome iron balustrade nearly mouldered away.

We passed on to the huge pagodas, extensive gardens, and paved yards, devoted to the national superstition. Here, too, idolatry has made one of its "high-places." Though all is grand and large, quietude and decay seem to be nearly in possession. A few fat supercilious Brahmins stalked along the deserted walks; but, except at certain seasons, worshippers are few. The traces of recent repair are few and partial. Other shrines in the city are more readily reached, and thither the crowds repair.

The city itself seems flourishing. It is regularly built, and is said to contain a greater proportion of good houses than any other native city in Southern India.

The first visit of a Christian teacher to this important city and province, was that of Pressier, from Tranquebar, in 1728; but he was not allowed to preach except at his own residence, and remained but a short time. The next effort was made by Wiedenbrock, in 1753. He accompanied an embassy of the government of Tranquebar to the rajah, and staid but twelve days. His diary, preserved in the mission library, states that he

had some little opportunity of declaring the system of salvation before the assembled court, in reply to questions from the rajah.

The first regular missionary efforts were made by Swartz and Klein, who began in 1762 their labours at Trichinopoly, making occasional visits to Tanjore. Ten years afterwards, Swartz removed hither, and the mission may be said to have been commenced. The blessings which attended his efforts may be seen in his memoir. Oh that his spirit had descended on all his successors! 2000 persons embraced a profession of Christianity under Swartz, many of whom, no doubt, were truly pious. But he allowed them to retain caste, and the sad consequences of his so doing are felt to this day. Caste is not even yet wholly done away among the Christians, and its injurious effects are many.

In the province, mostly collected in villages, there are now about 4000 Protestant Christians. Of course, among such a population, a missionary enjoys many of the advantages of a pastor in our own country. It secures, too, to those who may choose to abandon idolatry, the means of subsistence. The children are brought up in the knowledge of the true God; and various other benefits accrue. Still it is doubtful whether the evils do not overbalance the advantages. The baptising of such as embrace Christianity, without becoming pious, and of receiving to the Lord's supper all such as exhibit a due measure of outward rectitude, and possess a certain knowledge of the standards of the church, confounds the church and the world in the sight of the heathen, keeps down the standard of piety, brings forth unconverted assistants, and makes church business a matter of civil police. This mode of conducting missions has now been long tried, and is practised by nearly all the missionaries in India, except those of the Baptist persuasion, and those from America. It deserves the serious consideration of the friends at home. Out of the 734 communicants belonging to the Tanjore mission, a very small part are deemed pious; nor can many, even of the native assistants, lay claim to this character. Tyerman and Bennett affirm that "no vital religion is found in any of the preachers or native Christians."

The present missionaries at Tanjore are Mr Kohloff (Lutheran), and Messrs Calthorpe and Brotherton (Episcopal). All are in connection with the Christian Knowledge Society. The two latter are young, and have but just arrived. The mission, as a whole, wears an encouraging aspect. Three of the native preachers have received ordination, two of whom are evidently converted men. One of these, Visavarnaden (mentioned in Mr Hough's reply to Abbe Dubois) is still active and faithful, though nearly sixty. His labours have been particularly blessed.

The schools, to which government contributes 100 pagodas [more than 300 dollars] per month, are in active operation. This allowance, with the avails of Swartz's bequests, nearly supports the whole mission, with the exception of the salaries of Messrs Brotherton and Calthorpe. The whole number of catechists and schoolmasters is seventy-eight. These come monthly to the mission-house, where their reports are received, and where they are catechised and otherwise instructed. The whole number of scholars is about 1000, of whom 60 are boarded in the mission compound. The houses for the missionaries, the schools, &c., are excellent and ample. These, with the church now used, are in a pleasant suburb, composed, in a considerable measure, of the native Christians.

Worship is maintained in the church on Sundays, both in English and Tamul. No audience could behave more properly than did the poor natives. Their knowledge of Christianity, however, is very small. It will probably be long before heathen churches will possess the measure of light, zeal, and devotion, which are often seen in more favoured lands.

Behind the pulpit is the grave of Swartz, marked by a flat slab, with an inscription in English poetry, ascribed to the rajah, his friend. The lines are affecting; and the spot will ever be, to the Christian, hallowed

ground. Fragrant and blessed will the memory of this holy man be, while earth stands. How glorious is the society of heaven becoming! How blessed it will be to meet there all the good who ever lived, and none but such!

There are about 12,000 Romanists in the province, and in the city about 400. Their priests are generally of the Jesuit order, from Goa. Within a few years, a large party have come over to Protestantism.

The country between Tanjore and Trichinopoly is almost a desert, and I could not place a relay of bearers on the road. One set of men bore me the whole distance, thirty-eight miles, between nine o'clock in the evening and sunrise next morning, without apparent fatigue. This is the customary arrangement.

Trichinopoly, once the capital of a small kingdom, stands on the Cavéry river, and is strongly fortified. It has a population of 80,000 souls. None of that importance is now attached to this stronghold, which made it the theatre of such sanguinary conflicts, between the English and French, from 1751 to 1755. The Company maintain now five or six full regiments of troops here; but chiefly for the salubrity of the spot, and its ready intercourse with other points on the peninsula.

The mission here was begun by Swartz in 1762, and he laboured in this field ten years. Since that period it has not been constantly occupied, and previous to 1827 there had been no missionary here for ten years! The injury of these repeated intermissions has been very great. The Rev. Mr Schreivogel now has charge, but the work moves on languidly. There are about 500 nominal Christians, some of them the descendants of Swartz's followers; but very few give evidence of piety. One of my informants thought there might be forty; but another, who had better means of knowing, could not make out ten.

✓ The church and mansion-house of Swartz are within the fort. The former is still used; the latter is empty, and going to ruin. Here, as at Tanjore, it was sweet to linger in the rooms where he prayed, studied, and reposed; to handle his books; to look abroad on the objects on which his eye had rested; and to console myself with the thought, that though so vastly his inferior, and so unworthy of his society, I belong to that company of redeemed ones, among whom he is conspicuous. What a goodly fellowship! How will that company rejoice and shine, when the memory and the works of the wicked shall have perished for ever!

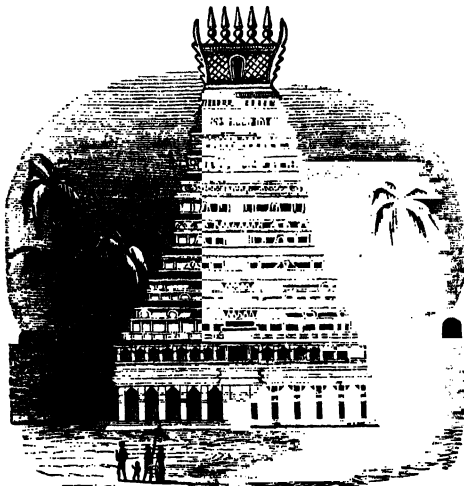
The last days of Heber were spent laboriously in this city; and here, "as a thief in the night," his hour came. Though his published "Travels in India," contain little or nothing to indicate piety, yet no one can follow in his steps, as I have done, without hearing enough to prove that he walked with God. I stood over his grave in the church, and surveyed the bath from whence his lifeless body was taken,* with feelings of sacred brotherhood. Up to the period of Bishop Heber's visit, in 1826, all the missionary operations of this region were maintained by the British Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. Since that time, this society takes charge of all the schools; and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel assumes the support of the missionaries. ✓

Being within five miles of the famous pagoda at Seringham, I of course made an excursion thither. It is the most distinguished of the renowned seven; and the expectation of seeing it induced me to omit any remarks on those of Combaconum and Chillumbrum. Hindu architecture is too uniform for numerous descriptions of it to be either interesting or useful.

This proud monument of Hindu art, wealth, and

* He had gone into a large and deep cold bath, which he had before used; and, remaining longer than common, his servant entered, and found him a corpse at the bottom. As he could swim, it was thought he had fallen in an apoplexy.

superstition, stands on an island, made by the Cavéry river dividing itself into two branches, and forming a junction again a few miles below. The *sanctum sanctorum* of the numerous structures around, is scarcely larger than a native's hut, but is highly gilded, and in some parts gilded. It is enclosed within seven successive walls, 120 yards apart; the outer wall being four miles in circumference. These walls are of great strength, twenty-five feet high, and besides common gateways, have *twenty* stupendous towers or pagodas over as many entrances. One of these is here delineated, and furnishes a fair specimen not only of the twenty here, but of similar structures throughout India.



Seringham Gateway.

A multitude of sacred edifices are scattered about, among which are some vast halls. The flat roof of one of these is supported by a *thousand* slender pillars of carved granite. The pavements, stairs, and lower parts of the buildings generally, are of red and grey granite and sienite. The rough slabs had evidently been split, in the manner now practised in New England. I was surprised to find that what is thought among us to be a modern invention, had been practised here for ages.

Griffins and tigers, gods and men, tolerably sculptured, adorned various parts; and the trumpery of display days, with the cars on which the idols are drawn forth, stood in the bye-places. We saw no one performing any kind of worship.

The intervals between the walls are occupied by streets of well-built houses, and present the common aspect of a busy town. The population is about 8000. Persons of all grades and occupations reside here, and carry on their business. A very large proportion are Brahmins. The other inhabitants seemed chiefly to subsist by little shops, in which are sold the various articles connected with the idolatry of the place. They made no objection to selling me unconsecrated idols, and whatever else I chose.

A singular aspect is given to the place, by scores if not hundreds of huge monkeys, which are seen at every glance. They are held sacred to Hunimaun, the divine ape, who conquered Ceylon for Rama. Of course they are not only unmolested, but well fed, and multiply without restriction. They looked on us from every wall, and frolicked on the trees, the images, and carved sides of the towers, often coming within a yard of us without the semblance of fear. They are by no means peculiar to this temple, but abound in most Hindu sacred places, and for the same reason.

Pilgrims from all parts of India resort to this place for absolution from their sins; and as none come without an offering, the Brahmins live in voluptuous ease. The establishment receives also from the Company an

annual stipend, stated by Hamilton to be 15,600 pagodas (27,300 dollars). Still their rapacity is insatiate. A half dozen of them, pretending to act as guides, followed us every where, begging with insolent pertinacity. With idolators, as with Papists, clerical mendicancy is regarded as a virtue rather than a fault.

The number of slaves in the Carnatic, Mysore, and Malabar, is said to be greater than in most other parts of India, and embraces nearly the whole of the Pundum Bundam caste. The whole number in British India has never been ascertained, but is supposed, by the best informed persons I was able to consult, to be, on an average, *at least* one in eight, that is, about *ten millions*. Many consider them twice as numerous. The number is kept up not only by propagation, but the sale of children by their parents. Manumissions, however, are frequent among the opulent in the northern provinces. Forbes says, "I believe most of the tribes of Pooleahs and Pariars in Malabar are considered as slaves. The number of poor people who come down to Anjengo, and the other seaports, from the inland countries, during a famine, either to sell themselves or dispose of their children as slaves, is astonishing. During the rainy season, even when there is no uncommon scarcity, many are weekly brought down from the mountains to be sold on the coasts. They do not appear to think it so great a hardship as we imagine."

It is strange that the British public should be so slow to open their eyes to this great subject. For twenty years appeals and pamphlets have frequently appeared. In 1828, a volume of 1000 pages of parliamentary documents on East India slavery was printed; and within four or five years some strenuous efforts have been made to call attention to this enormity; but as yet, nothing has been done to purpose. Surely the zeal which has achieved the freedom of a few hundred thousand slaves in the West Indies will now be exerted in behalf of *twenty-five times the number* in the East.

The countenance and support given by government to the prevailing forms of religion is a weighty subject, and calls for the solemn consideration of British Christians. I cannot but sympathise deeply with the missionaries in the trials and obstructions they meet on this account. They have little doubt but that the pernicious influence of the Brahmins would wither, and their system lose its power, if government did not render it aid, both by open countenance and direct taxation.

An extreme fear of creating political disturbances, if efforts were made to convert the natives to Christianity, seems to have possessed the Company's government from the beginning. Hence the refusal at first to allow missionary effort. Hence Chamberlain, though in the service of her royal highness the Begaum, was deemed pestilent for preaching at a fair, and her majesty was reluctantly obliged to send him down to Calcutta. Happily, the little band that found a refuge under the Danish flag at Serampore, lived to prove, practically, that such fears are groundless.

But though the government now permits and protects missionary effort, it has not wholly lost its early fears; and these, together with a desire to be strictly neutral, lead to measures directly favourable to idolatry. It levies and collects the revenues for supporting Brahmins and temples, as the former rulers did; thus virtually making idolatry and Mahometanism the established religions of the country! The annual allowance from the public treasury for the support of the temple of Juggernaut, is 56,000 rupees (about 26,000 dollars), and many other temples have allowances equally liberal. C. Buller, in his letter to the Court of Directors on this subject, says, "Large pensions, in land and money, are allowed by our government, in all parts of the country, for keeping up the religious institutions both of Hindus and Mahometans." Lord William Bentinck, governor-general of India, under date of August 1835, speaking of the tax laid on pilgrims, which yields the Company

a handsome revenue, says, "As long as we maintain, most properly, in my opinion, the different establishments belonging to the Mahometan and Hindu religions, we need not much scruple about the tax in question."

In the district of Tinnevely, an examination on this subject was made by Mr T., who found 2783 temples, and 9799 petty kovils, of male and female deities, and some inferior religious stations; making a total of 14,851 places of idolatrous worship. The total charge of these on the government amounts to £30,000 sterling (about 145,000 dollars) per annum!

Besides this regular support, there are numerous other modes in which the national systems are countenanced. Mr Rhenius has stated, that in 1831 government contributed 40,000 rupees towards the performance of a certain ceremony in the temple at Tinnevely, and to repair the idol's car! At the principal festivals guns are fired by national ships, and by the Company's troops, and the military bands of music are loaned to grace the occasions. Thus *Christian* soldiers are compelled to do honour to the false prophet and to dumb idols! A letter of the Rev. William Fyvie, dated Surat, September 1, 1836, published in an English periodical, mentions one of these cases, which are constantly occurring in every part of India. It was the annual *cocoa-nut day*—a festival in which cocoa-nuts are thrown into the river as offerings. "This Hindu festival was ushered in by a salute of guns from the honourable Company's ship, lying in the river opposite to Surat. The castle guns fired a salute at the same time. About four P. M., after the Brahmin had consecrated the cocoa-nut with prayers, the European magistrate presented the offering to the river, amidst the poojas (worship) of the Brahmins and other Hindus present. While this vain and idle ceremony was going forward, the ship before alluded to first moved down and then up the river, displaying her colours and firing salutes. The British flag was waving on Surat Castle all the day, in honour of the festival. In this way our rulers and their agents directly and publicly countenance idolatry and superstition in this place. The new moon, excepting twice in the year, when the Mussulmans are mourning, is regularly saluted by five guns, to please the Mahometans. 2000 rupees are annually given to the same people by government to assist them in the celebration of their Eeds (festivals). When shall these practices be brought to a perpetual end?"

Various idolatrous temples and gateways have been built or repaired by government. Vast sums have been spent on colleges and schools for the inculcation of heathen and Mahometan doctrines and customs. By these same laws and customs British judges and magistrates regulate their decisions, instead of the pure and equitable laws of their own land, and of the Christian Scriptures! When the cars of certain gods are to be drawn in public procession, there has been for some years back, in various places, a deficiency of people. In such cases, the officers of government send out magistrates, and constables, or peons, who with whips and rattans beat the wretched people, and force them to quit their work and drag at the ropes! Mr Pegg, formerly a Baptist missionary at Cuttack, has fully shown in a pamphlet on the pilgrim tax system, published in England in 1835, that the temple of Juggernaut, of which we hear so much, is wholly supported by the British government; and that a large premium is paid by the government to "pilgrim hunters," who pass throughout the land, enticing persons to make a pilgrimage to the idol, and receive twenty per cent. of the tax laid upon them! In regard to these agents, "The Friend of India" very forcibly observes, "We have a body of *idol missionaries*, far exceeding in number all the Christian missionaries, perhaps, in the world, going forth, from year to year, to propagate delusion, and proclaim (what perhaps not one of them believes) the transcendent efficacy of beholding a log of wood; and all this through a perversion of British humanity and good faith, paid from year to year, by the officers of a Christian and a British government."

Until lately, the appointment of native Christians to any office, however low, was wholly prohibited. That prohibition is now removed; but as the local officers are not bound to employ them, and the general feeling is against them, they are still excluded. How impressively does this speak to the natives, that their rulers do not want them to become Christians! I have heard several officers declare, that a man who would change his religion is not worthy of confidence! After many inquiries, I could never find any one who knew of a Christian sepoy being ever raised above the ranks.

Corporeal punishment has been abolished in all the native regiments. Recently a native drummer committed an offence which formerly was punished with flogging. The question was started, whether this man, being a Christian, came under the new law. The decision was, that he was not a native in the eye of the law, and he was made to undergo the lash! I take this fact from the Calcutta newspapers of the day.

Public offices are closed entirely on various native festivals; but on the Christian Sabbath, native officers and servants, and many Europeans, are employed as usual. I have been in no part of the Company's territories where public works, carried on by native labourers, are not continued on the Lord's day.

By Mahometan and Hindu laws of inheritance, the son who changes his religion loses patrimony. British judges, therefore, deciding by these laws, are compelled to turn the convert from his home a beggar. The very records of these courts are *inscribed to Shree, to Ganesha*, and other false gods. Brahmins and others have been appointed and employed by government to make intercessions and invocations to pagan gods for rain, and for fair weather! It is so customary for British officers to subscribe to one Hindu and one Mahometan festival annually, that some who recently declined, from conscientious scruples, gave great offence to their superiors.

I speak in no spirit of bitterness in narrating these facts. The government has, in the main, good intentions, I have no doubt; and, next to the profit of the Company, and the preservation of these countries to Britain, desires the well-being of the people.

Two incidents have just occurred which will be likely to attract attention. Mr Casamajor, a distinguished civilian, has resigned his appointment, rather than collect revenues for the support of idolatry. Of course, those who hold similar appointments are anxious to quiet their consciences and sustain their reputation; and a thousand arguments are brought forward against Mr Casamajor's course. The present commander-in-chief on the Madras presidency, principled against countenancing idolatry, yet not able to forbid the attendance of troops on festive occasions, which is a government regulation, issued a circular forbidding the music to accompany them. This order has created him much trouble. Sir F. Adam, the governor, repeatedly and positively required him to issue a countermanning order. This Sir P. Maitland would not do, choosing rather that the governor in council, who has the power, should himself countermann the order. After some days of sharp contest, the governor's time to embark for England arrived, and nothing was done.

Facts on the subject have for many years been constantly laid before parliament, and the court of directors of the East India Company and the British public been widely appealed to by powerful pens. We may therefore cherish the hopes expressed by the editor of the *Bombay Oriental Spectator*.

"We trust that the time is now at hand when our rulers will cease to be the bankers and factors of the idols and their prototypes, the abortions of those who became 'vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened'; when they will no longer grace heathen and Mahometan revelries by attendance, and participation in their unholy rites and ceremonies, nor rend the heavens and provoke the thunders of Omni-

potence by firing salutes in their honour ; when they will suffer no document dedicated to 'the lord of devils,* or profaning the name of Jehovah,† to leave the public offices ; when they will cease to appeal to the 'vanities of the heathen' for rain and fruitful seasons ; when they will neither in respect 'make mention of the name of heathen gods, nor cause to swear by them,‡ nor regulate the affairs of their worship, nor settle the rank of their deluded votaries ; and when they will no longer bewilder the minds of the 'twice-born' youth by the exploded and absurd science of the Vedas and Purānas, taught in Sunscrit colleges, and qualify them for dexterously poisoning the souls of the people throughout the length and breadth of the land, by compositions prepared under the auspices of the great destroyer. We hope, we say, that this, the most happy day which India has seen, and the prelude of one still more glorious, will speedily arrive ; and we invoke the blessing of God on all, in India and Britain, who, by remonstrance with man, and prayer to God, may seek to hasten it."

My personal knowledge of Hindustan and the Hindus, though too limited to authorise me to pronounce new opinions, is abundantly sufficient to satisfy me of the truth of portraits drawn by others. I read much on both sides, and constantly marked whatever tended to show up the native character, and the tendency of Brahminism, and at every step was more and more confirmed in the opinion of Lord Teimmouth, whose personal knowledge of India was so extensive, that "the Gentoos are as degenerate, crafty, superstitious, litigious, and wretched a people, as any in the known world, and especially the common run of Brahmins," and of Claudius Buchanan, who pronounced the Hindus to be "destitute of honesty, truth, and justice ;" and of Sir James Macintosh (quoting Sir William Jones's opinion as his own), who, among the evidences of their depravity, speaks of "the general prevalence of perjury, which is, perhaps, a more certain sign of the general dissolution of moral principle than other daring and ferocious crimes, and much more horrible to the imagination." Of the same mind with these distinguished men is Forbes, author of the "Oriental Memoirs," already several times quoted. He says, "I cannot praise a religion which encourages thousands, perhaps millions, of idle vagabonds, who practise no virtue ; but under the mask of piety, with a sort of stoical apathy and pharisaical zeal, undergo needless austerities and penances near their celebrated temples, or pervade the provinces of Hindustan, singly, and in large bodies, to make depredation on the hard-earned property of the poor villagers, and violate the chastity of their wives and daughters, under a cloak of sanctity and religious perfection."

I will only add the very temperate remarks of the celebrated Wilkes.§ "The Hindu character, like all others, is of a mixed nature ; but it is composed of strange and contradictory elements. The man who may be safely trusted for uniformly unfolding the whole truth to an European in whom he reposes confidence, may be expected to equivocate, and even to contradict, every word he has said, if called on to repeat it in the presence of a third person, whom he either fears or suspects ; and in one of these descriptions he usually includes all strangers. The same individual, who, from pique, and often without any intelligible motive, will perjure himself without shame or compunction at a public trial, is faithful, kind, and respectable, in the intercourse of society."

Were all such testimony rejected as partial or vindictive, the fine rhapsodies on Hindu innocence and happiness would be exploded by the slightest inspection of their declared religion. The utter contrariety of the whole system to all mildness, purity, benevolence, and peace, may be seen on opening any of their sacred books.

* Ganesh.

† Or Hu.

‡ Josh. xxlii. 7.

§ History of Mysore.

"The abode of the chandalas must be out of the town ; they must not have the use of entire vessels ; their sole wealth must be dogs and asses ; their clothes must be mantles of the deceased ; their dishes for food, broken pots ; their ornaments, rusty iron ; and continually must they roam from place to place. Let food be given to them in potsherd, but not by the hands of the giver ; and let them not walk by night in cities or towns."

In the code of Menu, it is declared, that if one of the Shoodra caste reads the Vedas, or listens to them, heated oil, wax, or tin, shall be poured into his ears, and the orifice stopped up. And if a Shoodra gets by heart any of the Vedas, though he may not have seen the book, he shall be put to death. The same code affirms, that the only things in which Shoodras, and other low castes, need be instructed, is the superiority of Brahmins, and that the great means of obtaining favour from the gods is giving them charity.

The following turgid and shocking account of the Brahmins is quoted from their own Ramayana :—

"Even he who cannot be slain by the ponderous arms of Indra, nor by those of Kali, nor by the terrible Chackra of Vishnu, shall be destroyed if a Brahmin curse him, as if he were consumed by fire." In other parts, brahminical potency (almost it may be said omnipotency) is strongly enforced.

"Let not a king, although in greatest distress for money, provoke Brahmins to anger, by taking their property ; for, once enraged, they could immediately, by sacrifices and imprecations, destroy him, with his troops, elephants, horses, and cars."

"Who, without perishing, could provoke these holy men, by whose ancestors, under Brahma, the all-devouring fire was created ; the sea, with waters not drinkable ; and the moon with its wane and increase?" "What prince could gain wealth by oppressing those who, if angry, could frame other worlds, and legions of worlds—could give being to new gods and mortals? When a Brahmin springs to light, he is born above the world ; the chief of all creatures ; assigned to guard the treasury of duties, religious and civil."



Brahmin.

"He who through ignorance of the law, sheds blood from the body of a Brahmin not engaged in battle, as many particles of dust as the blood shall roll up from the ground, so many years shall the shedder of that blood be mangled by other animals in his next birth ; or so many thousand years shall the shedder of that blood be tormented in hell."

The accompanying picture of a Brahmin shows the marks of clay, &c., on his forehead and breast. In his hands he holds a native book.

All the writers I have been able to consult, and most of my friends in various parts of Hindustan, declare India to be in a state of progressive poverty and depression. The following observation of Hamilton embodies the general idea. After stating many facts, and adducing public records to prove his assertion, and remarking that the nature of the connection which binds the country to Britain will sufficiently account for this tendency to deterioration, without resorting to local mismanagement, he says—"All the offices of emolument, civil and military, and the highest lines of commerce, are in the hands of strangers, who, after a temporary residence, depart with the capital they have accumulated. Under native rulers, even the extortions of rapacity, and the drains of tribute, returned into circulation, and promoted in some form, territorial industry. Under its present constitution, the result—

tance, or rather tribute to Britain, carries off every year a large share of the produce, for which nothing is returned.*

It may be interesting to some, and seems necessary in order to give a general idea of British operations in India, to state the salaries of a few of the government officers. From these the general scale of salaries may be deduced:—The governor-general receives 250,000 rupees per annum; members of council (each) 100,000; judge of native supreme court 50,000; members of head board of revenue 50,000; secretaries to government of India (each) 50,000; salt agents from 50,000 to 56,000; commissioner of revenue 36,000; secretaries to government of Bengal (each) 36,000; judge of a zillah or city 30,000.

While such salaries are paid to the civil servants of the Company, they are by no means niggardly to their military officers; and when it is recollected that they maintain constantly a standing army of 200,000 men; that the military pensions are already enormous, that the recruiting and bringing to India of each British soldier costs the Company on an average 500 dollars; that all the clothing and equipments of the army, and most of the luxuries of the officers and gentry, are manufactured in England, and that every expense of the Company, to say nothing of profits, must be drawn from the natives, we can scarcely wonder that the country should be gradually sinking into desperate poverty. Tennent, author of "Thoughts on British Influence in India," estimates the annual savings of the Company's servants, sent home to England, at 10,000,000 of dollars.

From time immemorial, the land has constituted the chief source of revenue in India; and for plain and obvious reasons. The habits of the great body of the people are simple and uniform; their diet is spare, and confined generally to a few articles of the first necessity; their clothing is scanty and mean; their habitations poor and unfurnished; what we term luxuries are confined to the opulent few. In all this the keen eye of the financier sees nothing to touch, and he is compelled to have recourse to the expedient of taxing produce in the aggregate.

The government share of rice crops is, on an average, about fifty per cent. ! But the mode of collection causes the cultivator to pay about three-fourths of his crop. The public treasury is replenished by monopolies; duties on exports and imports, for the most part heavy; licences for the sale of arrack and toddy; stamps; fees on judicial proceedings; &c. The entire revenue of the Company is probably about a *hundred millions* of dollars.

But the taxes on India are nothing compared with the oppressions and miseries inflicted by her religion. No statistics can measure these—no eloquence describe them. They must be seen to be understood. In vain poets describe her citron breezes and palmy woods, her consecrated rivers, balsamic gums, fragrant spices, and trickling manna. One wide-spread shade rests on the scene. It is the kingdom of the god of this world—an empire where darkness reigns, and the shadow of death. At every glance, one is reminded of the prophet's forcible description of a people who have forsaken God—"They hunt every man his brother with a net; that they may do evil with both hands, earnestly; the prince asketh, and the judge asketh a reward; and the great man uttereth his mischievous desire; so they wrap it up. The best of them is as a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge." (Micah vii. 3, 4.)

The following are the modern or living languages of Hindustan:—Hindustanee, Bengalee, Cashmerian, Dogura, Ooch, Sindy, Cutch, Gujeratty, Concan, Punjaub, Bicanere, Marwar, Jeypore, Odeypore, Harowty, Malwa, Bruj, Bundelcund, Mahratta, Magadha, Koshala, Maithila, Nepaul, Orissa, Telooogo, Carnata, and Tamul. Except the Hindustanee, which is the universal language of intercourse, all these are local.

CHAPTER III.

Voyage to Singapore. Coasters. Prices of Passage in India. Straits of Malacca. Harbour and Town of Singapore. Climate. Productions. Commerce. Islamism. Population. Moral Character of Population. Orang Louts. Chinese Wedding. Missionary Operations. Malacca. History of the Settlement. Extent. Population. Progress of Christianity. Anglo-Chinese College. Common Schools. Malay Peninsula. Origin of Malay Race. Divisions. Keda. Perack. Salengore. Johore. Rumbou. Pahang. Tringano. Calantan Patani. Ligore. Character of Malays. Slavery. Language.

MARCH 18, 1837.—*Agath* at sea. The lapse of ten days since Mr Day's arrival enabled me to arrange with him various plans of action, and to feel, on leaving Madras, that my work there was done. I had already procured him a house and some furniture in the midst of Telooogo people, and near to the residence of George Vansomerin, Esq., than whom he could not have a warmer friend; so that he entered at once on house-keeping, and his knowledge of the language will enable him at once to commence some parts of his work. Few are the missions blessed with so devoted a missionary, and few are the missionaries blessed with so devoted a wife.

The "*Thames*," in which I this day embarked for Singapore, is one of the huge vessels lately belonging to the East India Company, and has now a cargo of 1700 tons. The ample decks, the cleanliness, the little motion given by the sea, the size of my cabin, the excellent table, and all other circumstances, form an agreeable contrast to the small coasters, in which all my voyages in these seas have, with one exception, been made. I feel truly thankful for this relief. Continued inconvenience, and exposure for so many months, and especially my inland journey to Trichinopoly, had seriously impaired the small stock of health with which I left home, and made me doubtful of living to return. The truly paternal hospitalities of Mr Vansomerin and family in Madras have set me up, and my present voyage is carrying on the improvement. As the rest of my tour will be performed in large vessels, I now set forward, not only with a fair prospect of finishing the work assigned me, but of regaining established health.

In taking my leave, as I hope, of "*country vessels*," as the coasters are called, I will just "*show up*" a fair average of their *comforts*, drawn from my experience in seven such voyages. By this plan, I shall not hurt the feelings of any of those captains whose eye may meet these pages, and at the same time avoid telling the same story "*with variations*" seven times over.

You find, on getting aboard, a cabin five or six feet square, and are fortunate if in it you can stand erect, and still more so if it have a port-hole, or any ventilation, except through the scuttle by which you enter. Here you eat with the captain, or perhaps off a stinking hen-coop on deck. There can be no awning on deck, because it would be in the way of the boom; so that you stay below, while the sun blazes on the plank over your head, and keeps the thermometer in the cabin about blood heat. Your mattress is laid on a locker at night, and rolled up in the day. Perhaps you may be able to swing it. The seams on deck, neglected and parched up during a six months' dry season, let the salt water on you in rapid drops when the decks are washed. If it be rainy season, your confinement below is scarcely less unpleasant. Trunks and small stores must occupy the margin of the cabin, or be stowed where you cannot come at them. If you attempt to write, three times a-day you must huddle together your papers, that the trunk or table may be spread for meals; or if you eat on deck, and so have uninterrupted use of the table, the heat and motion make study difficult. Your cooking is by no means scientific. The fowls, sometimes without the privilege of a coop, and lying on the deck tied by the legs, "*get no better very fast*." The smallness of the vessel makes her toss about most uncomfortably, when a larger vessel would be quite still; so that if you take any thing out of its place, it must be

* Walter Hamilton's Gazetteer of India.

"choked" again with care, or it will "fetch way." As to walking the deck, there is hardly room to turn; and if there be, you must have either the sun or dew upon you. But your worse time is at night. Several must sleep in the tiny cabin; and the heavy damp air, coming down the gangway, gives you rheumatism, without producing ventilation. You perspire at every pore till nature is exhausted, and you sleep from very inanition.

There are other disagreeables, which, though worse, are happily not quite so common. Some of the captains have no means of ascertaining latitude, and still fewer their longitude. Sometimes there is no chart on board. The cables, anchors, and general inventory, are apt to be poor. Vessels in the habit of carrying rice, timber, stick-lac, &c., have always mice, cockroaches, centipedes, scorpions, and ants, in great abundance. In one of my voyages I killed nearly thirty scorpions in the cabin, and in another, eight or ten centipedes. Thrice, on taking out of my trunk a clean shirt, I found a centipede* in its folds. Large winged cockroaches infest all Indian vessels: but in some they creep about in every direction, day and night. I had one full specimen of this. Such crowds lighted upon the dinner-table, that we could hardly tell meat from potatoes. To drive them away and eat at the same time was impossible, for they would keep off a dish no longer than it was agitated. The captain and I just dined patiently, each contenting himself with being able to keep them out of his own plate. At night they swarmed in thousands on the boards and on the bed, eating our fingers and toes to the quick. A hundred oranges, tied up in a bag, had not been on board thirty-six hours, before it was found that these cormorants had left nothing but the skin. It was a bag full of hollow globes! Uncomfortable and confined as were the voyages up and down rivers, in Burman canoes, they were every way more pleasant than these little voyages at sea.

These things ought not, perhaps, in strictness, to be called hardships, but they are inconveniences, which I found tended rapidly to make me old, and convince me that voyages of this sort cannot be a wise resort for invalid missionaries. I might indeed have gone more comfortably, had I chartered for myself some proper craft, or waited for larger vessels; but I could not think of so greatly increasing the expense, or prolonging my absence. Those who pass only between great seaports, may generally, with some delay, obtain good vessels, and the usual marine comforts.

The prices paid for passages in India are startling to an American, accustomed to cheap locomotion. In general, they are two or three times dearer in proportion to distance, than those of our splendid New York and Liverpool packet-ships. Freight is charged at rates equally exorbitant. Even at these prices, the accommodations between unfrequented ports are generally much worse than our little coasting packets.

The passage through the Strait of Malacca furnishes much to interest the lover of wild scenery. Lofty islands, covered with forests perpetually verdant, are continually in sight. Equatorial temperature spreads its delightful uniformity, and a smooth sea imparts feelings of safety. Heavy squalls, however, often occur from the west, which the people here call *Sumatras*. One is constantly reminded of being in the region of the Malays, by the recurrence of the name *Pulo*, which is their name for "island."

The whole strait has long been notorious for piracy, and shocking instances of it are even now often committed on small vessels. Malays are far from considering piracy dishonourable, and many of their princes openly engage in it. Their old romances and traditions constantly refer to such cruises, and invest them with all the glories of a crusade. According to their Mahometan notions, no doom is too bad for "infidel dogs," so

that Christians and pagans are robbed, murdered, or enslaved, without compunction. Whatever else of the Koran their sheiks may conceal, they take abundant pains to proclaim the decrees of merit for the foe of infidels.

where we arrived April 19, 1837, lies in latitude $1^{\circ} 17'$, longitude $103^{\circ} 51'$. The harbour can scarcely be surpassed for extent, safety, and beauty. Lofty islands keep the water perpetually smooth, and seem to lock it in on every side. The town has not an imposing appearance from the anchorage, but the fine hill in the rear, covered with vigorous grass, is a charming object to one coming from other parts of India at the close of the warm season, and who has scarcely seen grass for six months.

Numerous vessels, of various uncouth shapes, lie at anchor, while more numerous boats ply in every direction over the still surface. The aspect along shore is busy, and the few European houses handsome and oriental. The settlement was made here at the suggestion of Sir Stamford Raffles, in 1819. The next year it was declared a free port, and in 1825 its sovereignty was confirmed to Britain by the Dutch government, which held claims upon it, and by the sultan of Johore, within whose territory it is embraced. The latter had a pension of about 24,000 Spanish dollars per annum settled upon him. Captain Alexander Hamilton says, that at his visit in 1703, the then sultan "made me a present of the island of Sincapure; but I told him it could be of no use to a private person." A miserable village of fishermen and pirates was at that time the only remains of what was, some centuries before, a flourishing Malay city, engrossing the commerce of these seas.

The lapse of more than a month, in daily expectation of a vessel for Siam, my next point of destination, gave me leisure to become acquainted with the place, and to learn from the best sources what is known of the tribes occupying the peninsula and adjacent archipelago.

Singapore is divided from the southern point of the Malay peninsula by a strait, in some places not over a quarter of a mile wide, but formerly the highway of ships passing to and from the China seas. The island is of unequal breadth, twenty-seven miles long, and containing about 275 square miles. A very considerable part has not yet been explored by the English, and is probably uninhabited. Some twenty or thirty other small islands adjacent belong to Singapore, but they are mostly uninhabited. The town is on the south side of the island, and the direct track of vessels to and from the China seas is within the roads of the harbour. It is surrounded by abrupt red sandstone hills, enclosing small, sterile, marshy valleys. The highest of these hills is computed to be 350 feet high. On some of them are gentlemen's residences, but the rest are rugged and dreary. The plain on the southern side is a low sandy marsh, presenting those successive ridges which indicate that the sea, at no very distant period, has dammed itself out. Though without rivers, the island is well watered, and has some boatable brooks and small nullas, extending a few miles into the interior. One of these, navigable for a mile or two by large boats, passes through the heart of the town, and greatly contributes to the convenience of commerce.

The town is more attractive than it seems to be from the harbour, and some parts are really beautiful; but Martin, in his "British Colonies," has drawn upon imagination in making his picture. Instead of the houses being "generally of stone," with "superb granite stairs," neither one nor the other can be found in the city! The best houses are of brick, and will not compare with many in Calcutta and Madras.

Lying almost under the equator, the variation of seasons is scarcely perceptible. The heat is the same night and day all the year round; seldom greater than eighty-nine degrees, or less than seventy-five. A fresh breeze is always felt, though there is no very regular monsoon. There is no rainy season, but a cloudy atmosphere prevails a good deal, and a fine shower falls

* These are generally about two inches long, and the thickness of a pipe stem. The bite is never fatal, but more venomous than our spiders.

almost every day in the year. Such causes give an energy to both animal and vegetable life scarcely found in other latitudes. Plants of innumerable varieties crowd the forest, rendering human entrance impossible; and myriads of insects and reptiles people both land and water. Corals, madrepores, and mollusca, charm by their novelty, beauty, and simplicity, and excite admiration of him who causes the earth to teem with happy existence, and with evidences of infinite wisdom and goodness. One of these curious productions, a species of alcyonum, called "Neptune's cup," is said to be found nowhere else. It is a beautiful, tough, hard, sponge-like goblet, capable often of holding from one to two bushels.

A more delightful climate there is not probably on earth. Storms and hurricanes are rare, though showers occur almost daily.

The following table is constructed from precise meteorological observations for the year 1835:—

	G. A. M.	3 P. M.	8 P. M.	Fall of Rain.
January	- 78	80	83	18 inches 8 tenths.
February	- 79	85	82	1 .. 5 ..
March	- 78	84	80	10 .. 8 ..
April	- 80	84	82	3 .. 2 ..
May	- 80	84	82	5 .. 0 ..
June	- 81	84	82	6 .. 5 ..
July	- 80	87	82	4 .. 6 ..
August	- 79	82	82	6 .. 9 ..
September	- 82	84	81	3 .. 0 ..
October	- 80	83	82	10 .. 8 ..
November	- 79	82	80	7 .. 4 ..
December	- 77	80	79	20 .. 7 ..

The reader will do well to examine this table closely, and mark how little is the variation of temperature, either between day and night or the different months. I have omitted the maximum and minimum, and will only remark, the greatest cold known in the year is about seventy-three degrees, and the greatest heat eighty-eight! The total fall of rain in a year averages about 100 inches; which, though much greater than in most parts of the world, is but half that of Rangoon.

Every species of tropical production would probably thrive here, but the English have occupied it too short a time to make fruits abundant. For mangoes, durians, and all the finer fruits, they depend on Malacca. Experiments are now in progress for raising the sugarcane and nutmeg on an extensive scale; but the latter, at least, will require eight or ten years before the result is decided. I visited some of the nutmeg plantations. The tree is of moderate size, and the fruit very like the peach. Outside is pulp, a third of an inch thick, then the mace, spread over a thin round shell, and inside that shell the nutmeg. When ripe, the pulp opens.

Almost the only products for export are gambier, sago, and agar-agar. Gambier, or catechu (formerly called terra japonica, from its being supposed to be an earth, and coming from Japan), is produced by boiling the leaves of a species of *uncaria*, and inspissating the decoction. It is used for chewing, with betel-nut, over all the east; and exported largely to England for tanning leather. Sago is brought in a crude state, resembling sour arrow-root, from many islands, and is here refined and granulated for the foreign market. There are eight or ten sago refineries at Singapore, some of which I visited. The price of the prepared article here is generally about two cents a pound. Most of the powder, or crude sago, is brought from Borneo, and the islands round Sumatra. It is the pith of a species of palm-tree. A good tree is said to yield about 2000 pounds. Agar-agar (*fucus saccharinus*) is a seaweed abundant along the shores of the islands, chiefly exported in a dry state to China, where it is converted into a rich jelly for the table, and sizing for cotton goods and paper.

The commerce of Singapore consists in buying and selling the commodities of different parts of the world. The imports for consumption are very trifling, and, as has been stated, little is produced for exportation; but almost every article of Indian, Chinese, and European

industry, passes through the hands of the merchants. Native vessels, from every part of the archipelago, find here a market, and obtain their supplies. A large part of these are manned by Bugis, who are the maritime men of the islands. They come in prows carrying from ten to 100 tons, and carrying from twenty to sixty men. They begin to arrive in September, and to depart in December. The whole number in a year is about 200; having in them, men and women, at least 20,000 persons. The name *Bugis* properly belongs to one tribe, on the Island of Celebes, but is generally applied to the traders from every part of Celebes, from the coasts of Borneo, and from Booton, Bali, Lombok, and Sumbawe.

The commerce of the countries in and around the China Sea, would form an important and interesting theme for the political economist. From the elegant and civilised Chinese to the wildest tribes which roam the interior of the most unknown islands, all are animated and benefited by an honourable commerce, which existed for ages before the European found his way into these seas. The savage Batta collects camphor; the Daya and Harafoora gather diamonds and gold; the Sulu dives for pearl; the Malay explores his lonely shores for edible birds' nests, or gathers the nutmeg and the clove, or sweeps the shore for tripang and agar-agar; the Bugis acts both as merchant and mariner, bearing these gatherings from port to port; the Sumatran furnishes pepper for all the world; the more civilised Japanese smelts ores, and constructs articles of elegant utility; the still more refined Chinese gives impulse to the whole by his luxury and his capital; while the western world shares the precious commodities, and returns the thousand productions of more perfect sciences and arts. This vast, populous, and favoured portion of the earth, is that which the ancients, even so late as the time of Constantine, regarded as untenable by man; inhabited only by satyrs, centaurs, headless monsters, and human pigmies.*

The extensive prevalence of Islamism among the islanders is another subject yet untouched by the historian, and well worthy of investigation. We are accustomed to ascribe the triumphs of the false prophet almost wholly to his arms. But here, the sword has not made way for his doctrine. At this very day, while Christianity waits to send forth her teachers, the Mussulman, without support and without delay, insinuates his faith, and idolators turn in tribes. While in Singapore, I saw not less than 200 of these islanders, then on their pilgrimage to Mecca.

The present population of Singapore amounts to 30,000, of which there are only 7229 females. Of Europeans there are 105 males and 36 females; Malays, 5122 males, 4510 females; Chinese, 12,870 males, 879 females; Klings, 2246 males, 102 females. The rest are Bugis, Balinese, Bengalese, Negroes, Javanese, Arabs, &c.; with a few Indo-Britons, Armenians, &c. I saw one or two of the Papua, or negro race of the Indian islands. They resemble the African negro in every particular, but are smaller. To account for the existence of two races so perfectly distinct as the black and brown population of these islands, has not been successfully attempted.

The growth of the place has not been equal to the expectations originally cherished by Sir Stamford Raffles, its founder. Within the first two years of its settlement by the English, no less than 2889 vessels entered and cleared from the port; of which 383 were owned and commanded by Europeans. Their united tonnage was 161,000 tons! During the same period, the value of merchandise, arrived and cleared in native craft, was about 5,000,000 of dollars, and in ships about 3,000,000 more, making about 8,000,000 as the capital turned. It has not grown for some years at a similar rate, if at all; and it is quite uncertain whether the place can become of much greater importance, till the

* See Pliny and Strabo; Homer's *Iliad*, book iii.; and a learned note in Robertson's *America*, vol. i.

various tribes in these seas become more civilised and numerous, and consume foreign products more largely.

As in every other part of India, each class of community preserves the costume, manners, and religion of its ancestry. This has long ceased to look odd to me. It requires but a short residence in the country to get accustomed to every sort of fashion in dress and cast of countenance.

The striking disproportion of females, who are but about one-fourth of the population, is owing partly to the laws of China, which forbid the emigration of women, and partly to those circumstances which make the male sex preponderate in all new colonies, and purely commercial places.

In going through one part of the town, during business hours, one feels himself to be in a Chinese city. Almost every respectable native he sees is Chinese; almost every shop, ware-room, and trade, is carried on by the Chinese; the hucksters, coolies, travelling cooks, and cries common in a great city, are Chinese. In fact, we may almost call Singapore itself a Chinese city; inasmuch as the bulk of the inhabitants are Chinese, and nearly all the wealth and influence, next to the British, is in their hands. A large part of the Klings and Bengalese are hostlers, servants, washermen, &c., to Europeans; and the Malays and Bugis occupy portions of the city by themselves.

As to the moral character of this mixed population, it is difficult to obtain accordant testimony. Some gentlemen in Singapore considered the morals of the people at large quite equal to those of similar sized towns in Europe. Others regarded them as far worse. Certainly opium-smoking, gambling, and uncleanness, are quite prevalent.

Among the population of Singapore is a very large number of those wretched Malays called Orang lout, or "men of the water;" and sometimes Orang salat, or "men of the straits." Without any home on shore, they are born and die on miserable boats, scarcely large enough for a man to lie down in at his ease. Roaming about for fish and coarse fruits, they pick up shells and coral for sale, and sometimes are sufficiently successful in fishing to barter with landmen for sago, clothes, or a little rice. They procure sago at about half a cent a pound, or less, so that the whole expense of a common family of Orang louts does not exceed two dollars a month. The agricultural Malays of the straits are a grade higher in civilisation, but deeply degraded. They contrive to live by the soil, or by bringing in wood; but scarcely one acquires the least skill in any sort of trade. The average height of Malay men is five feet three and a half inches.

A Chinese population of so many thousands gave me many opportunities of observing the manners of this singular people. One of these was a wedding, to which I had the pleasure of being invited, through the kind offices of Mr Ballistier, our American consul, to whom I was much indebted in other respects. As I had no hope of such an opportunity in China, I gladly availed myself of this. The family of the bride being wealthy, the room containing the family altar was decorated both with costliness and taste. The "*Jos*" was delineated in a large picture surrounded by ornamental paper-hangings. Huge wax candles, delicate tapers, and suspended lamps, of elegantly painted glass, shed around their formal light, though it was broad day. On the altar, or table, before the idol, were trays of silver and rich porcelain, filled with offerings of sweetmeats and flowers, while burning sandal-wood and agillocha diffused a pleasing fragrance.

After the elders had performed their devotions, the bride came slowly in, supported by attendants, and went through tedious gestures and genuflections before the idol, without raising her eyes from the ground, or speaking. Her robe was both gorgeous and graceful, covering her in loose folds so completely, that neither her feet nor hands could be seen. Besides the numerous ornaments and jewels which bound up her profuse hair,

she wore several heavy necklaces of sparkling jewels, apparently artificial. When she had finished, an elder placed on her head a thick veil, and she returned to her apartment. We now waited for the bridegroom, who "tarried" a little, and the interval was enlivened by tea, sweetmeats, betel-nut, &c. Three bands of music, European, Malay, and Javanese, sent sounds of gladness through the halls and corridors; the friends passed about with smiles and greetings; the children, in their gay apparel, danced joyously, they knew not why;—all was natural and pleasing, except the slow and extravagant movements of a Javanese dancing-girl, who, in a corner of the porch, earned her pay, little regarded.

At length it was heralded, "the bridegroom cometh," and immediately many "went forth to meet him." He came with friends and a priest, preceded by another band of music. His devotions before the *Jos* were much sooner and more slightly done than those of the lady; and he sat down with the priest, and a friend or two, in front of the altar, where had been placed chairs, covered for the occasion with loose drapery of embroidered velvet. Refreshments were handed, till a movement from within announced the approach of the bride, and all eyes were turned to meet her. She advanced very slowly to the centre, veiled, as when she retired, and, after a few gestures by each towards the other, the happy pair sat down together, her face still invisible. Refreshments again entered, and each partook, but with evident agitation and constraint. Presently, she retired to her chamber, followed by the bridegroom, and most of the guests dispersed; but we were permitted, with some particular friends, to enter with them. It was doubtless a handsome room in Chinese estimation, but its decorations would scarcely please a Western eye. The bedstead resembled a latticed arbour; and from the roof within was suspended a beautiful lamp of chased silver, burning with a feeble light. Standing in the middle of the room, they renewed their bowing, and passing from side to side, with a gravity and tediousness almost ludicrous, till he finished the ceremony by approaching and lifting the veil from her head. We were told that till then he had never seen her! She blushed, and sat without raising her eyes; but, alas for the romance of the thing—she was ugly! A leisurely repast followed, shared by themselves alone, and probably forming the ratifying feature of the solemnity, as in Burmah. Fifty dishes or more were before them, a few of which they tasted with silver forks; but of course the occasion was too ethereal to be substantiated by veritable eating and drinking. When they rose from the table, the bridegroom, aided by his servant, removed his outer robe, which had been worn as a dress of ceremony, and threw it on the bed, as if marking it for his own. Then, advancing respectfully to the bride, her attendant raised the folds of her dress, and he unclasped the cincture of the garment beneath. This act, so gentle, delicate, and significant, closed the ceremonial. He then returned to his own house till evening, and every guest retired—a capital system, allowing the bride some repose, after the trying and tiresome ceremonies she had performed. This was about four o'clock. In the evening a sumptuous entertainment was given to the friends of both parties, after which the bridegroom remained as a son at home.

More refined deportment cannot be, than was exhibited by all parties on this occasion. The guests were not all at one table, nor even in one room; but many tables were spread, each accommodating five or six persons, and all diverse in their viands. Servants were numerous, the silver and porcelain handsome, the deportment of the guests unexceptionable, and sobriety universal. Every thing testified the high claim of the Chinese to the character of a civilised people.

I readily accepted an invitation, a few evenings afterwards, to an entertainment at the same house. Order, delicacy, abundance, and elegance, reigned throughout. Of course many of the dishes were new to me, but there were many also in exact English style. Among the

novelties I tried sharks' fins, birds' nests, fish-maws, and Biche-de-mer. I think an unprejudiced taste would pronounce them good, but only that of a Chinese would consider them delicacies.

From the first settlement of Singapore by the British, operations for the moral and religious improvement of the natives have been carried on. Translations into Malay, and the printing and distribution of tracts and Scriptures, engrossed most of the time of early missionaries. In this department a good deal has been done, but, so far as can now be seen, with very little success. Great efforts have been made also in the way of schools; not only by the missionaries, but by the British residents, and the government. The latter has allowed, from the public treasury, 100 dollars per month. Several Chinese schools, and still more Malay ones, have been constantly maintained. The principal authorities have at times exerted their influence to induce the people to send their children, and even gone from house to house to procure scholars. A multitude of children have been in the schools, first and last; and some hundreds have received more or less instruction. But it has been found impossible to secure the attendance of scholars for more than a few months; and almost none have learned to read. What is more lamentable, no case of conversion has occurred among the pupils.

No place in the east offers greater facilities for tract-distribution, or a greater variety of nations and languages accessible; and perhaps at no point has this species of labour been carried to greater extent. Thousands and tens of thousands of tracts and portions of Scripture have been given away. Not only have the Malay inhabitants been fully supplied, but thousands of Bugis, Javanese, Sumatrans, Chinese, Mussulmans, Arabs, Kelingas, Balinese, &c. So early as 1830, the Singapore Christian Union reported that "in Singapore and neighbourhood our friends have gone round, half a dozen times, passing from house to house, and scattering tracts abundantly." Ever since, it has been vigorously continued.

Not a single Malay in Singapore has made even a nominal profession of Christianity, nor are there any hopeful catechumens. For a long time past, no one competent in the language has resided here; so that the only missionary efforts are the distribution of tracts, and some unpromising schools. Indeed, this has been very much the case from the beginning, as previous missionaries were chiefly devoted to these labours and to authorship, and very little has been done in the way of direct preaching. The history of this mission, now twenty years old, is an item of consequence, in our reasoning upon the modes of missionary labour.

The Catholics have two churches here—a French and a Portuguese; with several priests. They not only take charge of those of their faith who reside here, but have brought over a number of Malays, Chinese, and others, and have full audiences on Sundays. Popish missionaries through India, so far as I could learn, are men of good morals. They live far more humbly than any other missionaries, and mix much with their people. Their stipend, in all cases which came to my knowledge, is 100 dollars per annum. Their converts are taught, from the first, to contribute to the support of religion, and their teachers, being unmarried, have few wants which these cannot supply.

The Singapore Institution, founded by Sir Stamford Raffles in 1823, has maintained a feeble existence, but is now likely to be put on a footing of vigour and expansiveness. A new building, large and commodious, has been prepared for it, to which it will soon be removed, after which its course of study will be more collegiate, and the number of its pupils increased.

Singapore has, from the first, been a station of the London Missionary Society. It became a station of the American Board of Commissioners in 1834, and is now occupied by Messrs Tracey, Dickinson, Hope, Travelli, and North, from that society—the three former giving themselves to Chinese, and the others to Malay. Mr

North is a practical printer, and has charge of a well-built and amply furnished printing-office. These missionaries have all been here so very short a time, that their chief occupation has been the acquisition of language. They have, however, a Malay and a Chinese school, and superintend the labours of a large number of Chinese printers, who have been constantly employed on the revised Chinese New Testament, and various tracts, by Mr Gutzlaff and others.

The Church Missionary Society have recently made this a station for the Chinese, and the American Baptist Board are about to do the same. The Rev. Mr Squier, from the former society, has been here a few months. While China remains inaccessible, missionaries for that country must prepare themselves in other places. Great commercial emporiums must be considered common ground to all persuasions of Christians, in their operations for the heathen; and in several instances, such as Calcutta, Bankok, Smyrna, &c., the missionaries of various sects live together in harmony and good understanding. In such places property is safe, the press free, workmen plenty, and exchanges easy, while uncertainties and delays in procuring paper and transmitting books are avoided.

A little country brig, of thirty or forty tons, carried me to Malacca in four days, and back to Singapore in six, allowing me a stay of one week. The steam-boat demanded 100 dollars, while this vessel would take me for fifteen; and I could not forbear, by the choosing the latter both ways, to save 170 dollars. But sorrow to the man who goes often in country brigs! We were crowded with Chinamen and Klings; and though the accommodations did very well for their habits, they ill accorded with mine. Noise, stench, and heat, ruled by day, and confinement, dampness, and vermin, by night. My camp chair was the only seat; and as there was no table, I ate from a board on my knees. But eating was a brief business; for boiled rice, and dried fish-roe, all day and every day, furnished no temptation to gastronomic excess. There were indeed lots of stews for the Chinamen, to which I was quite welcome; but either their smell or their looks satisfied me to keep to the salt fish-roe, for in them there could be "no mistake."

Through the prompt and abundant hospitalities of the British resident and his lady, whose house, carriages, and attentions, were put at my fullest service, and the kind communicativeness of the missionaries, I was able, during the week, to see and hear all that concerned my official objects.

The city of Malacca, formerly embraced within the kingdom of Johore, was taken possession of by Portugal in 1511; but her authority was never well established in the interior, and the possession neither benefited her commerce nor enhanced her dignity. It was held by the Portuguese till 1641, when it was taken by the Dutch. It was, after two years, taken by the English, in 1660 reverted again to the Dutch, and finally passed over to the English in 1825, and so remains. Why this location of the settlement was chosen, it is difficult to imagine, unless because it was previously the chief town of the sovereignty of Johore. The harbour is very bad, being on the outside a mere roadstead, and all within so shallow, that ships cannot approach the town nearer than three or four miles. At low water the sands are bare, a mile from shore. The trifling river, on which the town stands, keeps open a narrow boatable channel to the town, when the tide is out. The location is eminently salubrious; but the commerce, which once made this place so conspicuous, has passed to Penang and Singapore. I found only a small cutter, like our own, lying at anchor, and was told there was seldom more at one time.

The view of the town from the water is picturesque and attractive. An old fort and church in ruins occupy the prominent elevation, while handsome houses, fronted by great trees, extend along the shore. The roads are finely Macadamised with a ferruginous clay, soft when first dug out, but very hard after exposure to the air.

The district of Malacca extends about forty miles along the coast, from Salengore to Moar, and inland to Rumbou, about thirty miles. The population within these limits amounts to 22,000, of which much the larger part reside in the town and suburbs. The Chinese form about one-fourth of the whole; the rest are Malays, Klings, Arabs, &c. About 500,000 pounds of tin, and the same quantity of pepper, are annually produced and exported; besides some gold, preserved fruits, and smaller articles. Rice is not raised in sufficient quantity for consumption.

The city continues, fallen as are its fortunes, to be head-quarters to the military force, in the straits. The officers of six companies of native troops, and the usual civilians, make a pleasant circle of English society; which brings with it, as usual, all the artisans and shops necessary for a missionary's convenience. Living is remarkably cheap; and as to fruits, no place on earth, perhaps, transcends it in number or excellence. A gentleman, not long ago, disposed to see how many varieties were in season at once, ordered his Kansuma to procure all that might be in the bazaar; and the result was a dessert comprising *seventy-two* different fruits. Few places in India have such a variety of agreeable drives, and, perhaps, none a more salubrious and pleasant climate. It, however, is fast fading away. The stillness of death reigns through the streets; and even the laborious Chinese seem here to catch the general spirit of quiescence. If the military head-quarters should be removed to Singapore, as is not improbable, it will scarcely hold a place among English settlements.

The reproach which attaches to the European colonial system in India lies strongly on this city. For three centuries Christians have ruled here, yet we look in vain for evidences of an amelioration in the general condition of the people. Their troops have maintained rule, and their tax-gatherers have scraped revenues, but our holy faith is not yet established; nay, scarcely can even a nominal Christian be found among the Malay inhabitants.

The class called Portuguese* amounts to 2000 souls, and are, for the most part, very ignorant and degraded. One-tenth of these are professed Protestants, probably the fruit of intermarriages with the Dutch in former times. The want of any minister to baptise, marry, visit, and instruct, this class of persons, and the ignorance and poverty of most of them, have caused a continual falling away, for a series of years, to the Romish church. They certainly deserve a larger share of attention than they seem to receive. A regular service is held for them on Sabbath afternoons, and schools are open for their children; but a pastor of their own caste, and daily ministerial services, are indispensably wanted.

The late Sir Stamford Raffles, who took the deepest interest in the welfare of these regions, at that time under his control, remarks—"In our present settlement of Malacca, the impossibility of procuring servants for wages, compels almost every person to have recourse to slaves, and a considerable proportion of these are pagans, being chiefly Battas from the centre of Sumatra, Balis from Bali, Dayaks from Borneo, besides natives of Timor, and the more easterly islands. Of all these that fall into the hands of the English, there is perhaps not a single one that becomes a Christian; but the whole of them become Moslems, and despise and hate their masters as infidels! Such is the woeful effect of our supineness and indifference, which, if they should extend to the east, would certainly not tend to the progress of general improvement among the Malays."

I was glad to spend as much of my time as possible with the Rev. Mr Dyer, lately removed here from

Penang. He is far advanced in the Chinese language, and preaches fluently, but has devoted most of his time, for some years, to the preparation of a font of Chinese metallic type. Wholly untaught, he has devised his own way, with great labour and patience, and has now, nearly completed, punches and matrices for a beautiful font, which is to embrace 3000 characters. Each punch costs about fifty cents. The size is three times larger than that of Marshall's Bible,* and will be useful chiefly in the text of commentaries and sheet tracts.

The mission to Malacca was commenced in 1815 by Milne, who immediately established a Chinese school, took charge of the Reformed Dutch church, and commenced the "Chinese Magazine." Mr Milne brought with him from Canton a Chinese teacher and printers; and next year Leang Afa, the teacher, professed the Christian faith. He was then thirty-three years old, and has ever since maintained a holy and diligent career. I saw much of him at Singapore, and derived from him many valuable facts. In 1817, Messrs Medhurst and Slater arrived, and an English periodical, called the "Indo-Chinese Gleaner," was established. Mr Slater, after a year, went to devote himself to the Chinese in Batavia. In 1818, Messrs Ince and Milton came, and assumed so much care of the schools, as to leave Milne more at liberty to pursue the translation of certain parts of Scripture agreed on between him and Morrison. In 1818, Dr Morrison founded the "Anglo-Chinese College," giving from his own purse about 6000 dollars, and obtaining large assistance from various quarters. In 1820, Messrs Fleming and Huttman arrived, and, the year following, Mr Humphreys; and in the next year Collie was added, and Milne died. The subsequent history of the mission is known to the readers of missionary magazines.

During the above period, several other brethren settled in Malacca, to devote themselves to the Malays, by whom large schools were established. At the period of Messrs Tyerman and Bennett's visit in 1826, the Chinese schools contained 250 boys, and the college 20. No instance of the conversion of pupils had then occurred.

Malacca is chiefly conspicuous in the missionary world for its college. It has ample buildings and highly improved grounds, with about 10,000 dollars at interest. The location is within the city, on the margin of the sea, and was granted it by government. There have presided over it, in succession, Milne, Humphreys, Collie, Kidd, Tomlin, and Evans. The last arrived in 1833.

Like other "colleges" in the east, it is rather an elementary school. The pupils are taught from the alphabet upwards, and retire from a full course with a decent knowledge of English, and the common rudiments of science. About sixty or seventy thus educated have left the institution, who generally reside in the straits, employed as porters, runners, and under-clerks. I could not learn that any of them are more than nominal Christians. Until lately, the school has for some years been very small, but it is now increased to above seventy, of all ages, from six or seven years upwards. Mr Evans not only has large experience in teaching, but is a skilful financier; and the prospect of utility was never so great as at present. He has lately baptised several pupils, on their fully embracing the Christian system, some of whom he hopes are truly pious. The whole cost of an in-door student, including food, apparel, washing, &c., is four dollars per month.

The system of common schools has been largely pursued by the London Missionary Society for twenty years. By the kindness of Mr and Mrs G., I was able to visit most of them. They form a curious variety—Chinese, Malay, Tamil, Portuguese, and English; some for boys, and some for girls; and numbering in the whole not less than 800 pupils. The resident English

* This cognomen is assumed by every man in India, black, brown, or red, native or mixed, who aims at superiority over the general mass, and can contrive to wear a hat and trousers. As to any descent from Portuguese parents, it is, in thousands of cases, utterly out of the question.

* This Bible is partly printed with metallic type, invented by Lawson, of Serampore, about twenty years ago, and used from that time successfully.

have not only liberally contributed to the expense, and shared the labour of management, but have been unceasing in their pains to gather and encourage scholars. Little benefit has resulted in comparison to the means and the money employed. I regretted to see so much charity-money bestowed on *Portuguese* schools. The cause of benevolence is not concerned to perpetuate this language in the east; and the spoken language is so corrupt that the pure *Portuguese* learned at school is almost useless. It has not been possible to obtain in this language a proper supply even of school-books; much less will the pupils find valuable reading, even if they become able to understand it. Nearly 300 pupils, the descendants of Chinese fathers married to Malays, &c., study Chinese. No objection is made by these parents to the use of Christian school-books, nor to the pupils attending worship on the Sabbath, and other religious services.

A number of German brethren have recently settled at Malacca to labour for the Malays, some of which are supported by individuals in England and elsewhere. The school formed by Mr Tomlin (and still principally supported by him), for all sorts of boys to be taught in English, is still maintained, taught by one of these. Its plan is happy, and many have learned not only the English language, but the rudiments of geography, grammar, arithmetic, &c.

As to conversions to Christianity, Malacca has few instances—so few as to call for anxious inquiry. As to the natives, it remains a moral wilderness. The schools, so vigorously and so long maintained, have not been prolific of spiritual good. Thousands who have attended them are now heads of families, and ample time has elapsed to allow the efforts to show mature results; but no Malay Christian that I could learn, is to be found in the place! Even the Protestant, *Portuguese*, and Dutch inhabitants, have diminished in number.

The Malay race is classed by itself, in geographies, as the fifth great division of the human family; but with what propriety I do not see. They have certainly no peculiarity of form or feature to entitle them to this distinction, and history, so far from furnishing a claim, shows them to be a mixed race of comparatively recent origin.

The original country of the Malays is not known. The evidence is in favour of Sumatra. Both at Celebes and Sumatra there are prevalent traditions, which assign the period of their origin to the middle of the twelfth century. About that time, a celebrated chief of Celebes went on an exploring and trading voyage to the westward, from whence he had occasionally seen natives. In the course of the expedition he put into a river of Sumatra, where a large number of his followers absconded in a body, and passing into the interior, settled the region of Men-an-ká-bo. Obtaining wives from the adjacent tribes, and possessing more civilisation, they gradually formed a new race and rose to dominion. Most of them had been slaves obtained from the Moluccas, and employed as wood-cutters and drudges to the fleet. Hence they were called Malays, from *mala*, to bring, and *aya*, wood. Sir Stamford Raffles affirms, that to this day the people of Celebes look with great contempt on Malays, and are in the habit of repeating the origin of the name. A general similarity between the Malays and the inhabitants of the Moluccas has been often remarked; and, what is more remarkable, the Malay language is spoken more purely in the Moluccas than on the Malay peninsula.

If this origin of the Malays be true, it accounts for the similarity which has been remarked between them and several of the tribes of the archipelago, such as the Eidahans and Dayas of Borneo; the Sabanos of Magindano; the Tagats and Pampangos of the Manillas; and the Biscayans of the Philippines.

On the arrival of the Arabs in Sumatra, the Moslem faith rapidly supplanted paganism, and this by proselytism, not by force. Whether their language had before

been reduced to writing, is not clear; but it now was written in the Arabic characters, which continue to be used. Since the introduction of European influence, the Roman alphabet is becoming prevalent, and the larger part of those who can read, do so in that character.

The new nation extended their conquests and colonies till all Sumatra yielded them feudal homage. In the thirteenth century they passed over to the peninsula, and took or built Malacca and Singapore. Gradually extending their dominions and colonies, the chief seat of their power was transferred to the new territory; and the chiefs of Sumatra began to throw off their yoke. Proceeding to acquire power and numbers, they at length not only regained Sumatra, but conquered the Sunda, Philippine, and Molucca islands, with many smaller groups, and are now found in all these regions, as well as Borneo, Luetonia, and many other islands; but without any centre of unity or power, without literature, freedom, or civilisation. They have sunk to insignificance, and are apparently still sinking in national character.

To elucidate and establish the filiation of the Malays, and many of their neighbour tribes, a full comparison of the languages of Farther India is greatly wanted. Dr John published a work on this subject, but it is much too imperfect to be of any value. No one man can do more than *contribute* to the undertaking. The Rev. Mr Brown, missionary at Sudiya, in Assam, is making exertions to obtain comparative vocabularies of as many of the eastern languages as possible, and, we presume, will succeed in presenting a valuable contribution towards this desideratum.

At what period the people of Menangkabo embraced the doctrines of the prophet, does not appear. The conversion of Malacca and Acheen took place in the thirteenth century, but it is uncertain whether Menangkabo was converted previous to this date, although the religion is said to have been preached at Sumatra as early as the twelfth century. About A. D. 1160, a colony issued from the interior of Sumatra and established themselves at Singapore, where a line of Hindu princes continued to reign until 1276. Whatever may, in more remote times, have been the nature of the intercourse between foreign nations and Menangkabo itself, we know that Singapore, during the period noticed, was an extensively maritime and commercial state, and, at the time when the *Portuguese* settled at Malacca, embraced the largest portion of the commerce between the Bay of Bengal and the China Sea.

The Malay peninsula (called by the natives *Tanah Malayu*—"the land of the Malays") is the only great country wholly occupied by this race, and is now divided into the kingdoms of Keda, Perak, and Salengore in the west; Johore in the south; Pahang, Tringano, Calantan, Patini, and Ligore, in the east. There are states in the interior less known; namely; Rumbo, Johole, Jompole, Gominchi, Sungie-Oojong, Serimenanti, Nanning Ulu, Calang, Jellye, Jellaboo, Segament, Kemoung, &c. Some of these are divided into separate tribes; as, for instance, Jellaboo consists of the tribes of Bodoanda, Tannah-dottar, Muncul, and Battu-Balang. Serimenanti embraces twelve tribes, though the population does not exceed 10,000. Sungie-Oojong, Johole, Serimenanti, and Rumbo, are called "Menangkabo states." The entire population is very small, some of the states numbering not more than 2000 souls. The whole peninsula, except Rumbo and Johore, is claimed by Siam; but many of the tribes are independent, and of others the subjection is but nominal.

Scattered over the peninsula, without specific districts and locations, are several wild tribes, of whom almost nothing is known. East of Malacca are Udai, Sak-kye, and Rayet-Utan, and some negro tribes. These all go under the name of *Orang-Benua*, or country-people. These have each a language or dialect, but largely tinged with Malay. Farther north, on the mountains, are negro tribes, but evidently distinct from the Afri-

can race. Of these tribes we hope soon to know more. They seem to be a distinct variety of the human race, differing both from the African and the Papuan of New Guinea, and inferior to both. The average height of the men is about four feet eight inches. These Malay ne-*groes* are thinly spread over a considerable district, in and in the rear of Malacca, and thence northward to Mergui, amounting in the whole to but few thousands. There are at least five tribes of them—the *Joc-oons*, *Sa-mangs*, *Oo-dees*, *Sak-ais*, and *Ry-ots*. All of them are much below the Malays, and some scarcely above the apes, dwelling in trees and clefts of the mountain. A few have learned a little Malay, and occasionally venture among adjacent tribes to purchase tobacco and utensils; but of letters they know nothing, nor have any religious observances been discovered among them. Their only weapon is the sumpit, a small hollow cane, about eight feet long, through which they blow short arrows, often poisoned at the tip. One of these, together with the quiver full of poisoned arrows, was presented to me by the British resident at Malacca. The sumpit is somewhat ornamented, but as a warlike weapon is quite insignificant.

I cannot insert a tenth part of the memoranda, gained from travellers and merchants, respecting the different principalities of the Malay peninsula. A few geographical notes for the use of those who would closely survey the world as a missionary field, I feel bound to insert.

Of MALACCA I have already spoken.

KEDA, generally written Queda, is divided from Siam by the Langa river, in lat. $6^{\circ} 50'$; and from Perak, on the south, by Kurao river, in about lat. $5^{\circ} 30'$. It extends from the seaboard but nine or ten miles, but embraces several large islands. Many rivers enter the ocean along its coast, some four or five of which are large for a little way. The population does not exceed 200,000, embracing four classes—the Malays, Siamese, Samsams (or Mahometan aborigines), and Samangs.* The latter resemble the Rayet-Utans, farther south, in the region of Rumbö; but their complexion is darker, and hair generally curled. From the earliest knowledge of Europeans, it has been tributary to Siam. But "it does not appear, either by writings or tradition, that Queda was ever governed by the Siamese laws or customs. There would then have been some remains, had there been any affinity between them. The people of Queda are Mahometans; their letters Arabic, and their language Jawee; their kings originally from Menangkabo, on Sumatra. But, as Queda was very near Ligore, a province of Siam, they sent, every third year, a gold and silver tree, as a token of homage to Ligore. This was done to preserve a good correspondence; for at this period the Siamese were very rich and numerous, but no warriors, and a considerable trade was carried on between Ligore and Queda. After the destruction of Siam, the king of Ava demanded the token of homage from Queda, and received the gold and silver tree: when Pia Tach drove away the Burmans, and built a new metropolis, the king of Queda sent the trees to Siam, and has kept peace with both; paying homage sometimes to one, sometimes to the other, and often to both."†

The British province of Penang was given by the raja of Johore in 1785 to Captain T. Light, as a marriage portion with his daughter. Captain Light transferred it to the East India Company, which received also a section of territory on the mainland, now called Wellesley Province, and allowed the raja 10,000 dollars. The city of Keda stands at the mouth of an inconsiderable river, in lat. $6^{\circ} 5'$.

PERAK is bounded by Keda on the north, and by the brook Runkup, which divides it from Salengore, on the south, making about 100 miles of sea-coast. The nominal boundary to the west is Tringano; but the

central region is little known, and the frontier indistinct. The population, exclusive of tribes in this central region, is 35,000. But little of the land is cultivated, the inhabitants depending on the sale of tin, and on fishing, for the purchase of rice and other necessities. Nearly all the people are slaves, and perhaps not one in 500 can read.

This country was, for 150 years, under the Dutch. No trace of them remains but some ruins of forts on one of the Dinding islands, and on the adjacent coast.

SALENGORE is divided from Perak by the brook above named, which enters the sea about lat. $3^{\circ} 59'$, a little to the north of a larger stream called the Bernam. It extends along the coast about 100 miles, but has a very trifling population. Some Bugis from Celebes have held the government for half a century past. The people are notorious for piracy, man-stealing, and ferocity. The town of Salengore has but about 400 inhabitants.

JOHORE embraces the whole point of the peninsula below lat. $2^{\circ} 10'$, and all the contiguous islands in the Straits of Malacca and China Sea as far as the Natunas. It formerly extended much farther north. Some of these islands are from five to ten miles in diameter; but most of them are small, and too sterile to be inhabited. The province seems to have gradually diminished, in consequence and populousness, since Europeans first knew it. Its numerous inlets and harbours afford shelter to swarms of pirates, the fear of which has destroyed the native trade which once enriched the province. Among western Malays, the term *Johore* is synonymous with pirate. The city of Johore, to which the raja resorted when driven by the Portuguese from Malacca, lies ten miles up a river of the same name, which opens at the eastward of Singapore island. It is no longer the residence of the raja, and is now a miserable fishing village, of about thirty houses. It is, however, the only place where, at present, a mission could be established. The surrounding country is champaign and fertile, but scarcely inhabited.

Singapore island was purchased from the sultan of Johore, at an enormous price; and a pension is still paid him of two or three thousand dollars a-month. He is, however, strongly suspected of being prominently concerned in the piracies of his subjects. Former sultans, coveting foreign commerce, had sought to have a colony of the English on Singapore island. Captain Alexander Hamilton declares that the whole island was offered to him as a free gift.

RUMBÖ is the only important inland state. It lies back of Malacca, about sixty miles from the coast, but the boundaries are not settled. The population does not exceed 10,000. The people are quiet industrious agriculturists, strikingly diverse from the daring inhabitants of the coast. Their dialect has the peculiarity, among other particulars, of substituting *o* for *a* in all terminations. Besides the Malays, who occupy the fertile portions of country and bear rule, several of the Orang-Benua, or country people, are scattered over the rugged sides of the mountains, preserving their clanships inviolate, and speaking each a several language. It is doubtful whether a foreigner could reside in Rumbö during the rains; but missionaries might be stationed at Malacca, and spend the dry season on the hills, as those of Tavoy do among the Karens.

PAHANG extends from Johore to Kamamang, in latitude $4^{\circ} 15'$, and is supposed to contain about 50,000 souls. It produces annually about 100,000 pounds of tin. The Chinese who procure it spend the entire proceeds in opium, of which they consume annually about twenty-five chests. The chief town lies on the Pahang river, and is a wretched place, of 8000 or 10,000 inhabitants, of which 200 are Chinese, mostly opium-smokers, and degraded. It has constant intercourse with Singapore, and would be a healthy position for a missionary. The interior is wholly unknown, and very thinly peopled.

TRINGANO extends from Kamamang to the river Bæut, which divides it from Calantan; and extends

* Descendants of the intermarriages of Malays and aborigines.

† Grieg's Report to Sir S. Raffles.

from the China Sea on the east to Perak on the west. It is a champaign country, of low hills, producing a great variety of delicious fruits. The Siamese do not send governors or make laws, but are content with the annual present of a gold and silver tree, and the acknowledgment of vassalage. The population is about 40,000. The principal product is tin, of which they gather annually about 600,000 pounds. The men not only wear a krees, like other Malays, but often two, and sometimes a sword also; quarrelling much, and working little. Their women do most of the business, and Chinese work the mines.

The town of Tringano is at the mouth of the river of the same name, at the head of a shallow bay. Ships may approach within two miles. The river is not so wide as that of Pahang. The town is ill laid out, and dirty, but contains nearly half the population of the state. In the time of Captain Hamilton's visit (1720) it contained 1000 houses, about half of which were Chinese. About 3000 Chinese occupy a quarter to themselves. The only brick buildings are a mosque and a custom-house, neither of which are respectable. The country has long enjoyed foreign commerce, and the rulers are intelligent. The present sultan or raja is friendly to foreigners, and anxious to have them settle there. He would probably receive and protect missionaries, except they were Dutch.

CALANTAN extends from the Basut to the Barana river, being the next petty state north of Tringano. It is probably more populous than Pahang or Tringano, but has never been explored by foreigners. Siam has allowed them to retain their native princes, and make their own laws, and this right is now guaranteed by the treaty between Siam and England. More than 1,000,000 pounds of tin are annually exported, besides a considerable amount of gold, most of which is carried to Singapore in prows. The city is close to the sea, but several miles from the mouth of the river on which it stands. The position is salubrious at all seasons, and foreigners are safe under the present government. Inter-course with Singapore is not unfrequent.

PATANI extends from Calantan to about latitude 8° north, and is divided from Keda on the west by high mountains. It was once the most populous and well-cultivated part of the peninsula, yielding much tin, gold, grain, and salt. The English had a factory here so long ago as 1612, and James I. sent the queen a letter and presents. It was for 100 years the chief port in these seas for Surat shipping, and maintained a trade not only with Western India, England, and Portugal, but with Goa, Malabar, the Coromandel coast, Siam, Cambodia, and China. Their commerce attracted pirates from Borneo and Johore, and gradually failed. Few traces now remain of its ancient prosperity. A few years since, the district fell under the displeasure of Siam, and war ensued, which was terminated by the present Prah Klang, who, in 1824, laid waste the country, and brought away all the inhabitants he could find. These were distributed to the principal families in Bangkok as slaves, and this fine region now lies almost depopulated and desert.

LIGORE.—This part of the peninsula is rather a section of Siam than a tributary. The governor is a Siamese, appointed by the king. His authority extends to the border of Penang, and since the devastation of Patani, that district is part of his territory.

The Siamese call this country *Lacon*. Its only seaport is the city of Ligore, which for a long time enjoyed a large foreign commerce. The Dutch had a good brick factory here, and resident agents, in all the early part of last century. The foreign trade is extinct, but the town is still flourishing, and keeps up trade with all the chief places in the Gulf of Siam.

The dialect resembles that of Keda, and seems to be corrupt Siamese, scarcely intelligible to the people of Bangkok.

All these provinces are, we hope, soon to receive the gospel; but at present only Pahang and Tringano offer positions for new missions, and these by no means

promising. Whoever commences in these places should first learn Malay, and commence the mission unmarried.

The Malays are every where Mahometans. The period of their becoming so must be placed near the commencement of their existence as a nation on Sumatra, but is not known with exactness. Wherever they have spread, they exhibit a vigorous spirit of proselytism; and even where force has never been attempted, they have drawn many thousand pagans to the worship of the true God.

Commercial and piratical in their character and aims, they have seldom settled far from coasts and harbours, so that the language does not prevail among interior tribes, either on the peninsula or the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Over these tribes they claim some authority, and take precedence by superiority of civilisation, but their language, manners, and government, remain unchanged.

A general character can hardly be assigned to a people scattered over so many countries, and intermingled every where with indigenous tribes. They have generally been set down as distinguished for villainess and treachery. This opinion has doubtless been derived from mariners; for till recently few others knew much about them, and the piratical tribes alone have brought themselves into general notice. It cannot be denied, however, that European and American captains on the coast of Sumatra and elsewhere, have, by their frauds and oppressions, contributed not a little to drive these people to make reprisals.

Disregard of human life, revenge, idleness, and piracy, may perhaps be considered common to Malays. The universal practice of going armed, makes thoughts of murder familiar. The right of private revenge is universally admitted even by the chiefs, and the taking of life may be atoned for by a small sum of money. Treachery has been considered the leading trait of Malay character, but probably the idea is exaggerated. Their religion teaches them, like other Mussulmans, to use treachery and violence towards infidels. But there is full reason to believe, that in intercourse with each other, domestic and private virtues prevail to as great an extent as among other heathen. As to piracy, it is deemed not only a pure and chivalrous occupation, but religiously meritorious. It is carried on by prince, people, and priest, and is not less a matter of pride than of rapacity.

In the arts of peace they are greatly inferior to their neighbours of Java, Japan, Cochinchina, and Siam. They have even less mechanical ingenuity and skill than the Bugis. No portion of the Malays are much civilised, and some are truly savage. The feudal system prevails every where in all its integrity. The chiefs claim the time and services of the people at any time, and for any purpose, warlike or peaceful.

In no part of the east is slavery more common than among the Malays. Not only do princes sell their vassals, often without fault, parents their children, and debtors their creditors, but a *slave trade* is kept up with activity both by sea and land, and in various places. One of the chief resorts for this purpose, on the west coast of Sumatra, is Pulo Nias, the largest and most populous island of that region. The Acheens, and several other maritime tribes, both in Sumatra and elsewhere, have for many years been systematic and vigorous in this horrid business. Sir Stamford Raffles took measures to collect authentic and exact statements, on which the British government might act, but left the island before much was done, and the effort has not been renewed. A late writer in a Singapore newspaper says—"Board any of the numerous prows between Nias and Acheen, and you will not fail to find young men and women, either kidnapped or purchased from the petty rajas, who obtained them by similar means, or more frequently by the laws which give in pledge to creditors the bodies of debtors." Such slaves are often

seen exposed for sale in the villages of Sumatra. The permission of this traffic is a deep disgrace to the Dutch authorities on that island, who have power to prevent, or at least greatly to curtail it. It is generally asserted in the straits that Dutchmen themselves engage in this trade, and it is certain that they are often slave-holders.

The whole mass of the common people are virtually slaves, under the native governments. Every chief not only consumes the labour or the property of his people at pleasure, but sells the services or the persons of his vassals to whoever will purchase them.

Such as desire to read further in regard to the natives of the Malay peninsula, may consult Blancard, *Commerce des Indes*; Valentyn, *Oud und Nieu Ostindien*; Van Wurmb, *Memoire de Batavia*; Popham's *Prince of Wales's Island*; Asiatic Researches; Marsden's *Sumatra*; and Crawford's *Indian Archipelago*.

The Malays have long had missionaries, few of whom have done much in the way of preaching. Preparing and distributing the Scriptures and tracts, have engrossed most of them. No less than seven versions of the Malay Scriptures have been printed; and so early as 1820, Dr Milne stated that forty-two Christian books had been prepared. Many thousands of these have been distributed; but, so far as I can learn, with scarcely any perceptible benefit. I did not hear of a single Malay convert on the whole peninsula. In examining into the reasons for this failure, two considerations occur, which sufficiently account for the want of conversions, in the case of those who have been devoted to making and distributing books, rather than preaching the word. The books are not intelligible to the generality even of good readers; and the number of those who can read and understand a book on an unaccustomed subject (except those taught in missionary schools), is probably not much more than one in 500.

Schools, also, have from the beginning engaged, to a considerable extent, the attention of Malay missionaries; and the English residents at Penang, Malacca, and Singapore, have strenuously aided. But the jealousy of the Hadjees, which cannot be overcome, the difficulty of retaining pupils long enough to acquire any valuable knowledge, the habits learned by the children at home, and the cessation of all literary pursuits from the time of leaving school, have almost neutralised the benefits conferred. Very few of the pupils have so much as learned to read well in their own language, and still fewer received such an education as some of the Bengal schools confer.

The Malay language is allowed, by all who attempt it, to be an easy language to acquire. This is doubtless true, to a certain extent. It has no sounds difficult for Europeans to pronounce; its construction is exceedingly simple, and its words are few. There is no change made in words to express number, person, gender, mood, and time; and the same word is often used as a noun, adjective, verb, and adverb. Even the tenses to verbs are seldom varied. Hence, so much as is necessary for common purposes is soon learned. But whoever would speak on literary or religious subjects, finds great difficulties. The absence of grammatical inflections and particles creates great ambiguity, and makes the meaning so dependent on the juxtaposition of words, as to make great skill necessary to propriety in discoursing on any critical or novel subject. Besides this, the language is so poor in abstract terms as to make it impossible to avoid using a host of new words. These are adopted by one from the English, another from the Arabic, another from the Greek, and another from the Portuguese, according to the learning or fancy of his teacher.

In translating the Scriptures, it has been most common to adopt from the Arabic; and sometimes, I am told, this class of words amounts to *one fifth of the whole*! It may easily be conceived that, as these must be, in general, the very words which give meaning to the whole sentence, the mere Malay reader is utterly unable to

understand the book. It would be well if only one-fifth of the words were other than pure Malay; but Walter Hamilton, in his *East India Gazetteer*, states that, after repeated trials, one hundred words in a Malay book were found, on an average, to contain twenty-seven primitive Malayan, fifty Polynesian, sixteen Sanscrit, and seven Arabic; leaving thus only one quarter of the words proper Malayan!

The preparation of books ought certainly not to be made prominent, in a case like this, but rather the preaching of the gospel. The poverty of the language, and the necessity of using new terms, though embarrassing in oral communication, is much more so in writing. In speaking, explanations may be made; sentences may be uttered in half a dozen different ways, and truth effectually imparted. Thus, in time, the way will be prepared for books, which will be hastened by a proper attention to schools.

CHAPTER IV.

Take leave of British India. European Manners. Voyage to Bangkok. River Melnam. Puknam. Audience with the Governor. Situation of Bangkok. Floating Houses. General Appearance. Visit to the Pra Klang; Servile Forms of Politeness. Chow Fah; Singular Custom. Pra Nai Wai. Pra Amramole. Present of an Elephant; of a Cochinchinese Slave. Population of Bangkok. Police of the City. Climate. Wata. Houses. Streets. Bridges. Somona Codom. History of Siam. Extent of the Empire. Population. Personal Appearance of Siamese. Dress. Amusements. Military Force. Commerce. Prices of Provision. Fruits. Currency. Character. Degree of Civilization. Slavery. Language. Establishment of the Mission. Mission Premises. Worship. Converts. Bangkok a Station for the Chinese. Distribution of Scriptures. Need of more Labourers. Constitution of a Church. Harmony of Sects. Roman Catholics.

As I am now taking my leave of British Indian society, and have but slightly alluded to the mode of living, it is incumbent on me to say a few words on that point. The houses are large and airy, with whitewashed walls; the floors are matted; as little furniture as possible kept in any room; and punkas depend from every ceiling. Every bed has its mosquito curtain of gauze, which is tied up during the day, and let down about sunset, before the insects get abroad. A taper, in a tumbler of oil, burns all night in each room, by which, before day-dawn, you dress negligently for the morning drive. At dawn,* a servant brings a cup of coffee, with a slice of dry toast, and announces that the horses are ready. An hour's ride brings you home again, and you shave, bathe, dress, and read, &c., till breakfast, which is at ten o'clock. Here the family meet, and enjoy social intercourse during a leisurely repast, when they separate again, the gentlemen to their place of business, and the ladies to their domestic employments. Calls of ceremony are made about noon; always, of course, in some close carriage, to avoid the sun. About one or two o'clock comes tiffin, or lunch, as we say, consisting of plantains and other fruits, with nice bread and butter and water, bottles of which have been cooled in tubs of moist saltpetre.

Merchants, and gentlemen whose business is at a distance from their dwelling, do not come home to this meal, but have it brought to them. As to dinner, there is a diversity, the plainer sort taking it at five o'clock, and then riding out; the more fashionable riding first, and dining about half-past seven or eight. But the sunset drive all regard as indispensable. Indeed, European life in India seems a constant struggle to keep off death. The standing and favourite dish, both at breakfast and dinner, is rice and curry; the former boiled plain and dry, the latter consisting of prawns, fish, or fowl, stewed with abundant gravy, seasoned almost to burning heat, with ground chillies, ginger, and onions. Instead of water, the curry is mixed with the expressed

* It will be recollected, that between the tropics the sun always rises about six o'clock.

juice of rasped cocoa-nuts. The dinner is generally sumptuous, and the etiquette quite ceremonious, but far removed from stiffness and reserve. The waving punka overhead entirely prevents discomfort on account of the heat. So far as my experience goes, English society in India is far more intelligent and agreeable than among the same grade in England, perhaps because they are all travellers; and travelling not only instructs and polishes, but tends strongly to promote liberal and enlarged feelings. After dinner, music and rational conversation fill up the evening, and all retire in good season. A cup of tea is generally handed round in the course of the evening, but spirituous liquors are sinking into disuse.

Missionaries in Hindustan live in a similar manner, only as much more plainly as ministers in this country live more plain than their wealthy parishioners. The missionaries in Burmah have breakfast and dinner earlier, and omit tea. They do not keep horses, and take their morning and evening exercise on foot. They seldom get any other meat than fowl, or any other vegetables than rice, sweet potatoes, stewed cucumbers, and pumpkins. Plantains are often fried or roasted, and are very fine. At stations where there are English officers, there are always bakers and herdmen, who daily furnish excellent bread, and plenty of butter and milk.

Leaving Singapore on the 24th of May 1837, I arrived off the river of Siam, without accident, in eleven days. We came to anchor on the edge of the bar, amid numerous junks just leaving Siam, but could scarcely discern the low shore, distant fifteen or sixteen miles. The river, called by the natives *Avinam*, or "mother of waters," is difficult to find, as the coast is a dead level, scarcely above low-water mark. The bar is ten or twelve miles broad, with but one and a half fathom's water at low tide, and extending many miles east and west. Vessels, therefore, can pass and repass with only part of their load. Even thus lightened, they generally ground once or twice, but the bottom being soft mud, except at its outer edge, they sustain no injury. The south-west monsoon, concentrating here as in the end of a funnel, raises a heavy sea, and makes it a wild place for vessels to remain, as they must for several weeks. Formerly, ships trading to the Meinam river anchored in the fine harbour of Ko-ci-chang island, where wood and water are easily procured; but the great distance renders it inconvenient. A small fleet, however, in possession of that cluster of islands could effectually blockade Bangkok, and cut off all its commerce.

Taking a seat with the captain in the pinnace at dawn of day, on the 4th of June, we crossed the bar in about three hours, scarcely discerning the mouth of the river till we were in it. I looked in vain along the beach for the *nocto*,* said to be taller than the ostrich. The mouth of the river is about a mile and a half wide, and presents nothing but gloomy mangroves, the deadly silence of which was only broken by the occasional screams of unseen birds. The region is precisely similar to the Sunderbunds of the Ganges.

We had scarcely ascended a mile, before there came on one of those violent squalls of wind and rain common here at this season. On every side had been seen boats; but now, in a minute or two, they were either upset, or, being near the shore, had run aground for safety. Being in the mid-channel for the benefit of the tide, we were near being overturned. As we dashed on before it, using every effort to reduce sail, and expecting at least to lose the mast, we passed some of the natives swimming with perfect coolness beside their boats, and preparing to right them. It was difficult to feel that we must not stay to aid them, but the offer would have been matter of ridicule.

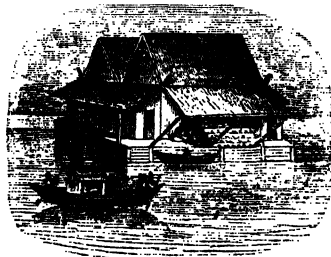
Three miles above the mouth of the river, we reached the town of Paknam, where all foreigners are required to stop and report themselves. The first impressions of Siamese towns were by no means exhilarating. Led

through rain and mud, along narrow, filthy passages, called streets, and a stinking bazaar, we reached the mean and dirty house of the governor of the province. The hall of audience presented a burlesque on official pomp. It was a large room open in front, with part of the floor raised, as usual, a few feet, destitute of carpet or matting. From the lofty ceiling hung an odd diversity of small chandeliers, apparently never used, and against the very tops of the pillars stood Dutch and Chinese mirrors, leaning forward, in which one sees himself drawn out into more shapes than Proteus ever knew. Chinese paper-hangings and pictures, neither new nor nice, covered most of the rest of the roof and walls; the whole grim with dust and smoke. His lordship, perfectly naked, except the cloth round his loins, sat on a mat, leaning on a triangular pillow, covered with morocco. The attendants crouched as before the highest monarch, and we alone dared to assume any position by which the head should be more elevated than his. A multitude of questions were asked, respecting the ship's size, cargo, armament, crew, &c., and my name, office, countries I had seen, objects in coming to Siam, and intended length of stay; all which were carefully written down to be forwarded post haste to Bangkok.

Preferring exposure to the rain, in the open pinnace, to our catechetical tedium, we embarked as soon as released, and arrived at Bangkok (distant about twenty-five miles) a little after dark. At Paknam, and several places above, are forts on well-selected points, and somewhat in European construction. Most of the way, the shores are uninhabited, and appear to be in process of being redeemed from the sea, the high tide laying them under water. Almost the only growth, at first, is the attap, or dennee, called by Siamese *chak* (*Cocos-nypa*), and of which the best thatch is made; and the mangrove (*Rhisaphora*), in several varieties. This latter plant grows over all the east, on the boundary between salt and fresh water, and sometimes in the salt water itself, and is a principal agent in extending the deltas of great rivers. It grows down to low-water mark, its thick strong roots resisting almost any wave. The fruit, club-shaped, and a foot long, bending down the branch to which it hangs, reaches the earth, vegetates, and forms an arch. These arches, roots, branches, and strong stems, obstructing all currents, the quiet water deposits its sediment, and earth gains on ocean.

The latter half of the way presents almost a continued succession of houses, embowered in a dense growth of various palms and other fruit-trees. Behind, as I afterwards found, are rich and extensive paddy-fields. The river at the mouth is, perhaps, two miles wide, but half way up lessens to one, and at Bangkok to less than half a mile.

Bangkok is about twenty-five miles from the sea; latitude $13^{\circ} 58'$, longitude $100^{\circ} 34'$. It covers a considerable island in the river, and extends along both shores for several miles above and below. Its aspect differs from that of any other city, and but for its novelty, would be rather repulsive. Little is seen on ascending the river but a row of floating houses on each side,



Floating House.

small and mean; most of them open in front, and containing a little shop. The goods are arranged on a

* So called by the Siamese, from *noct*, great, and *to*, a bird.

succession of shelves, like stairs, to the height of about three feet, and the shopman sits alongside on the floor, as seen in the picture. The front of the centre part, or shop, opens with hinges at the top, and is propped up in the day-time with a bamboo, making a good awning. The sides and rear of the building are occupied by the family. The whole stands on a raft of large bamboos, which is renewed every two or three years. They are kept in place, not by anchors, but by large poles on each side, driven into the muddy bottom.

The Chinese junks, which make annual voyages to Bangkok, had not all gone when I arrived (early in June), and a large number lay moored in the mid-river; some of great size, probably 800 or 900 tons. A few handsome pagodas, and other sacred edifices, rise from what seems to be a forest, but is in reality a great city. Innumerable boats, of every size, move about the river. The larger ones are at once boat, dwelling-house, and shop. The smallest are scarcely so large as a coffin. Hucksters, and retailers of all sorts, ply about with their wares exhibited on the deck of their batteau; one person paddling at each end, generally a woman. Cargo-boats, yawls, sampans, pleasure-boats, &c., make up a scene of extraordinary variety, animation, and novelty. Canals and ditches, navigable a part of every tide, are ramified in all directions, and reach almost every house. The river is the highway, the canal, the exchange, the market, and the pleasure-ground.

It was always interesting to see how a little good nature prevented all confusion and danger. No one resents occasional concussions. Smaller boats always give place to larger. The paddles, held perpendicularly, occupy much less space than oars, and all ply with consummate dexterity. If a man or woman be knocked into the water, there is a laugh on both sides, and no one is alarmed. If a skiff is upset, the boatmen soon hold it edgewise, and, with a sudden toss, throw it up into the air. It comes down quite dry, and they get in and proceed as if nothing had happened. Even children of five and six years push about, wholly alone, in boats not much larger than themselves, with the edge hardly two inches above the water. I sometimes saw these overset; but no one offered assistance, and the child showed no apprehension. On one occasion, as I was passing up the river, a little girl, of six or seven years, coming suddenly out of a little passage between two houses, struck her skiff so hard against my boat, that hers was upset, and she was thrown off several feet, while her little paddle flew in an opposite direction. She looked for a moment perfectly amazed, and then burst out into a fit of laughter! My boatmen never thought of stopping, and I soon perceived, on looking back, that she had recovered her paddle, and was swimming behind her boat, still upside down, pushing it towards the shore. A case of drowning is seldom heard of.

The memoranda sent up by the governor of Paknam to the Pra Klang, or minister of foreign affairs, produced me an early invitation, through one of his writers, to call and see him. As soon as the ship came up the river, and put me in possession of proper clothes and a present, Mr Jones and myself waited on him, at an hour agreed upon.

The great man, the apartment, and the ceremonies, differed little from the scene at Paknam, except in being more respectable. His lordship seemed about fifty years old, and possessed that important item of honourable distinction in the east—corpulence. His entire dress being only a cotton *pa-nome*, or wrapper round the loins, corpulence seemed any thing but attractive in this case. He held his present office during the embassies of Colonel Burney and Major Crawford from England, and of Mr Roberts from our country, and is certainly a clever and enlightened man.

We were not required to take off our shoes, or hold down our heads; but those in attendance, among whom were native princes and a Portuguese interpreter, crawled about on hands and knees, with demonstrations of the deepest homage.

My reception was kind, frank, and respectful. He put many questions respecting my age, clerical rank, objects in coming, what other countries I had ever seen, what I saw and heard among great men at Ava, the condition of Burmah, probable successor to the throne, &c. He had heard, but in a very vague manner, of the death of the Burman king, and was delighted to obtain information from one who had so lately visited Ava. The answers were all written down by a secretary, and read over to him to be sure of their exactness. They were probably to be communicated to the king. Fruits, sweetmeats, and cheroots, were frequently handed; and for drink, tea in little cups, and the juice of pine-apples in flowing bumpers. How dignified, rational, and virtuous, such beverages, compared to the spirituous potations demanded by the hospitalities of more civilised races! I found it difficult to introduce religious subjects, except to present him thanks, on behalf of our Board, for his kindness and protection to the missionaries, which, though scanty, has been valuable; and to descant a little on the nature of true religion, and the policy and justice of free toleration.

I discovered none of that dislike of Burmah, which Crawford mentions as so great that any allusion to that country was a breach of politeness. On the contrary, my having recently spent several months there, and seen "the great government men," led to numerous questions, not only now but at each succeeding audience.

At a subsequent visit, I saw my first Siamese acquaintance, the governor of Paknam, submitting to the same servilities. Before the king, this lordly Pra Klang, himself and the highest nobles, creep as abject as the poor slaves do here. With us an inferior *stands*; but in Burmah and Siam he seats himself if we stand, squats if we sit, and leans down on his elbows if we sit on the floor. To hold the head higher than a superior or equal is an affront. Hence, when the servants bring in refreshments, they are obliged to place the waiter on the floor, as soon as they reach the apartment where the master and guests are, and come in crawling on their elbows and bellies, shoving the refreshments before them. I always observed the attendants on the young nobles walk about on their knees, to avoid the elevation of their heads above that of the young master.

There was less of dignity and intelligence displayed by Siamese nobles than I met with in those of Burmah. The magnitude and value of the diamonds and rubies I had seen in Burmah, in what country I had seen the best, and the exact size and hue of the young white elephant I had seen at Madras, seemed topics of primary interest! The Pra Klang produced some of his gems, which were indeed of astonishing size and brilliancy. A full band of Siamese music played during the interview, at a little distance, in a manner far from disagreeable.

Subsequent visits introduced me to Chow Fah Noi, or his royal highness Prince Momfanoi, Pra Nai Wai, Pra Am-ra-mo-le, &c. The circumstances did not so differ from those to the Pra Klang, as to afford new views of national character, and I therefore offer no description. One of the present king's sons, and other "nobles," as they are called, visited the mission-house during my stay, but neither in dress, deportment, intellect, nor information, inspired the least respect. Mr Hunter, the only European merchant in Siam, offered to introduce me to the king, but for various reasons I thought it inexpedient.

Chow Fah Noi is the probable successor to the throne, and in fact is now entitled to it, rather than the present monarch, who is an illegitimate son. Should he assume the government, Siam must advance from her present lowliness and semi-civilisation. No man in the kingdom is so qualified to govern well. His naturally fine mind is enlarged and improved by intercourse with foreigners, by the perusal of English works, by studying Euclid and Newton, by freeing himself from a bigoted attachment to Buddhism, by candidly recognising our superiority, and a readiness to adopt our arts. He

understands the use of the sextant and chronometer, and was anxious for the latest nautical almanack, which I promised to send him. His little daughters, accustomed to the sight of foreigners, so far from showing any signs of fear, always came to sit upon my lap, though the yellow cosmetic on their limbs was sure to be transferred in part to my dress. One of them took pride in repeating to me a few words of English, and the other took care to display her power of projecting the elbow forward. This singular custom, as has been mentioned, prevails in Burmah, and is deemed very genteel.

Pra Nai Wai (or Koon Sit, as his late title was) is son of the Pra Klang, and resembles Chow Fah in many points both of character and attainments, but does not speak English so well. They are intimate friends, and will probably rise together. His influence must prove auspicious to the best interests of his country.

Pra Amramole is superior of a principal monastery, and finishes the list of Siamese who understand English. Gutzlaff speaks much of him, in his journal, as his *pupil*. He reads English, but does not speak it, and has, in addition to the extensive and costly library of his institution, many good English books, maps, &c. I greatly admired his pure and simple manners, and extraordinary good sense. His knowledge of the system of Christianity is not small. He has read our Scriptures, and heard much of them explained and enforced by Gutzlaff, Jones, and others, but, alas! he remains a heathen.

None of these distinguished personages manifested any other than the most friendly feelings. On making my farewell visit to the Pra Klang, I noticed some slaves pushing a young elephant through the gate into the yard in front of the audience-hall. He was just weaned, and came reluctantly but gently into the midst of the prostrate crowd, manifesting no dislike to the strange costume of Mr Jones and myself. When I had caressed him a moment, and admired his smooth glossy skin, I was told that he was a present for me! What could I do! The vessel had dropped down, and passed the bar, and it was too late now to get water or provisions for such a passenger. Fearful of giving offence by refusing so great an honour (for only nobles are allowed to own and use elephants), I showed why it was not now convenient to take him, and begged that they would give me, instead, an *ankus*, or elephant-hook, such as is used in Siam. The poor little elephant was accordingly withdrawn, and the hook sent to my boat. I brought it home as a keepsake and curiosity. But it is a formidable instrument. The iron head or hook weighs four and a quarter pounds, fastened to a handle of very heavy wood, about four feet long. A blow might be struck with such an instrument which would break any elephant's skull.

The most interesting gift was a slave-boy, about fifteen years of age, brought from Cochin-China, a prisoner of war. The king had given him, with others, to Prai Nai Wai, who, finding him to be a boy of uncommon cleverness, had lent him to the Rev. Mr Jones, that he might learn English. Having noticed him in that family, and hoping that he might, at some future day, carry the gospel to Cochin-China, or at least prove a blessing to Siam, I asked the prince, his master, to set him free, that he might return with me to America, and receive a trade and education. He chose not to set him free, lest it might offend the king, but gave him to me before witnesses. After accompanying me to Singapore, Malacca, and China, he came home with me to the United States, and is now engaged in acquiring the trade of a carpenter. If it should hereafter seem proper, he will be sent to an academy a few years, before he returns to Bangkok.

Few places have their population so variously estimated as Bangkok. Gutzlaff makes it 410,000; a writer in the Singapore Chronicle 150,000; Crawford, very trustworthy in his statistics, 50,000; Hamilton, from 30,000 to 40,000. Mr Tomlin makes the whole Siamese

population 8000; but Mr Abeel computes the priests alone at 10,000. I took some pains on the subject, inquiring of the chief men, counting the houses in some sections, ascertaining the real number of priests, &c., and am of opinion that the city and immediate suburbs contain at the most about 100,000 souls. Within the walls there cannot be more than 3000 or 4000 people. The 350,000 Chinese, who have, by Gutzlaff and others, been set down to Bangkok, I was assured by several of the princes, is the sum of all such residents in the kingdom. In the city and vicinity are probably,

Chinese and descendants	- - -	60,000
Siamese	- - -	30,000
Cochin-Chinese, Peguans, Tavoyers, Malays,		
Portuguese, &c.	- - -	10,000
		100,000

There is, however, no mode of ascertaining the true census, and every traveller will make his own guess.

The number of Chinamen increases, though a large part of them go back to their country after a few years. Loubiere, who visited Siam in 1677, estimated all the Chinese then in the country at 3000 or 4000. The price of their passage is but six or eight dollars, and it is thought that 1000 emigrants arrive annually. The variety of their dialects drives them to clan-like associations, which not only keep them reserved and cold towards each other, but often engage them in injurious animosities. The three principal classes speak respectively the Mandareen, Canton, and Tay-chew dialects; the latter being much the most numerous.

The city has no mayor, and little police of any kind. Each great man exercises supreme power over his slaves, which often amount to several thousand. Each class of foreigners have their head man, before whom causes are heard. There is little litigation among the Siamese. No one dare carry a complaint to a ruler without a bribe; and most persons choose rather to suffer indignities and injuries than complain. Gambling prevails to a frightful extent, especially among the Chinese. The licensing and management of the "hells" is farmed out by government to an individual, who is said to pay about 33,000 dollars per annum for the privilege. He generally grows rich on his bargain, though his income is only an eighth of all sums won. Opium-smoking is very common, and the practice increasing.

The climate of Bangkok may be called hot, but as pleasant and salubrious, probably, as almost any city in the east. The suite of Mr Crawford, when here as English ambassador, amounted to 130 persons. They were very inconveniently lodged, and their stay was during the four worst months of the year; yet no death, or even indisposition occurred, except a casualty.

November, December, January, and February, are the winter months. March, April, and May, are hot. The rains begin the last of May, and continue through September, and occasionally till the beginning of November. Even in the height of the wet season, it seldom rains so much and so long as to be tedious. In the beginning and close of the season, most of every day is fine, and often several days successively. It is, on the whole, a very pleasant part of the year. The following is an abstract from a register kept for one year by Dr Bradley:—

Cool season.—Mean temperature of November, 79.51; do. of December, 77.83; do. of January, 79.86; do. of February, 80.77. Mean temperature of cool season, 78.99.

Hot season.—Mean temperature of March, 84.38; do. of April, 86.33; do. of May, 84.58. Mean temperature of hot season, 85.09.

Wet season.—Mean temperature of June, 84.78; do. of July, 83.76; do. of August, 84.02; do. of September, 83.62; do. of October, 83.29. Mean temperature of wet season, 83.95.

Mean temperature of the year, 82.57. Mean range of thermometer, about 13 degrees.

The sacred places in Bangkok are called *Wats*. They

consist of a spacious grove, containing pagodas, temples, image-houses, dwellings for the priests, and various minor structures used in particular observances. The pagodas do not differ greatly from those of Burmah, but are smaller and less numerous. The priests' residences are generally less sumptuous than those of Ava, but are oftener built of brick, and have tiled roofs. I saw some not only well furnished, but elegant, and as imposing as carving and gilding, in bad taste, can make them.

In and around Bankok are more than 100 Wats, occupying all the best locations. As some of them embrace several acres, they cover no small part of the site of the city, and are the only pleasant parts of it. Paved and shady walks, clean courts, and fragrant shrubberies, form a strong contrast to the vile odours, rude paths, and spreading mud, encountered every where else. The style of building and decoration is in all more or less Chinese, but generally with incongruous additions of Portuguese, Siamese, or Peguan artists. Griffins, balustrades, granite flagging, &c., imported from China, are found in the best Wats. Most of the buildings are of brick, plastered on the outside, and wrought into an absurd mosaic, with Chinese and Liver-pool cups, plates and dishes of all sizes, broken and whole, so set in as to form flowers and figures! A more grotesque mosaic there could not be.

One trace of Egyptian architecture is universally found, both in sacred and private structures; namely, in the tapering shape of doors and windows. Pagodas here, as elsewhere, are plainly of the family of the pyramids. The Burmans make stupendous pagodas and monasteries, while the image-houses and zayats are comparatively small, and often trifling. On the contrary, the Siamese construct trifling pagodas, and small and detached priests' houses, and bestow their wealth and labour in erecting vast image-houses or temples. These are made beautiful to Siamese taste, by pillars, gilding, historical paintings, and Chinese tinsel. If ever Christianity become prevalent in this country, it will find in these structures an ample supply of churches.

One cannot avoid contrasting the size and costliness of the sacred edifices with the meanness of the city in other respects. The houses are small and rude, and the streets in general nothing more than foot-paths, overgrown with bushes, bamboos, and palms. Every species of filth and offal is thrown among these bushes; and the state of the air may be supposed. Every few rods, a canal or ditch is to be crossed; and a log, or plank or two, without a handrail, is generally the only bridge; those of the principal thoroughfares are better, but none are good or neat. Of the numerous canals, not one is walled up or planked, except sometimes to secure a Wat. Most of them are left bare at half-tide, presenting a loathsome slime, and filling the air with stench, besides being useless half the time. Not an effort seems to be made by the authorities to improve the city. Hindus make tanks, wells, bridges, and choultries, for the public good; but no such efforts are known in Siam. Such works are so much less meritorious, according to Boodhism, than the erection of sacred edifices and supporting priests, that private munificence is led by superstition thus to expend itself; and the rulers are too selfish to supply the deficiency.

Several writers speak of the Siamese worshipping a god called Somona Kodom. Among others is Finlayson, who attempts to translate the name, and says, "The founder of the Siamese religion has various names, one of which is *Somona Codom*, that is, '*He who steals cattle*.'" How he got this interpretation he does not say. The American ambassador, Roberts, adopts the same mistake. He says, "*Somona Kodom*, the cattle-stealer, a Singalese, was the missionary who first propagated this religion in these parts." *Somona Codom* is but another name for Gaudama, and the Siamese have no other deity. Their language having no letter *g*, *c* is substituted; and as final vowels are generally omitted, Gaudama becomes Caudam, or Codom. *Somona* is merely a title, and means "priest"—the priest Codom.

In the word *Boodha*, they change *b* into *p* and *d* into *t*, making it *Pootah*, or *P'hūta*. They generally write it *Fra Pootah Chow*, or the "Lord God Boodh."

The Siamese call themselves *Tai* (pronounced *tie*); the Shyans they call *Tai-Yai*, or "the Great Tai." By the Burmans, Siam is called *Yudia*, from the name of the former metropolis, and the people they call *Yudia Shyan*, or *Yudias*. The Assamese, the Shyans, and the Siamese, evidently spring from a common stock; the Shyans probably being the parent. Their existence, as an independent people, is probably of no very ancient date. They have history carrying back its dates to the time of Somona Codom, B. C. 544; but their credible records reach only to about 1850, at which time Ayuthia, the old capital, seems to have been founded. Before this, their capital was Lakontai, in the Laos country. They seem to have been at one time subject to Camboja, as is declared in the records of that country. The fact that the Cambojan language was once that of the court, and remains so to a considerable extent, tends to confirm this position.

The region of Siam seems to have been known to the early Romans. There are good reasons for supposing it to be the country called *Sinx*, by Ptolemy and Cosmas, though that term may include also Camboja and China.

The first notice of Siam, by European writers, is an account of an overland expedition against Malacca in 1502. Crawford states that, from 1567 to 1596, Siam was subject to Burmah. In 1612, an English ship ascended the river to A-yūt-lia, then the metropolis. Nine years afterwards, the Franciscans and Dominicans introduced Popery. In 1683, Phaulcon, an enterprising Greek, became prime minister, and introduced a respect for European customs and nations, but was cut off before he had accomplished any great improvements in society. In 1687, the misconduct of some English merchants at Mergui, ended in their being massacred; and in the following year, some who had settled at Ayuthia were expelled the kingdom. Contests for the throne distracted the country from 1690 till 1759; and during this interval, namely, about 1750, Alompra, the victorious founder of the present Burman dynasty, seized Mergui, Tavoy, and Martaban, and overran the whole valley of the Meinam. During the war, some of the principal citizens moved to Chantabon, a province on the east side of the Gulf of Siam, and thus escaped the presence and exactions of the Burman armies. Among these was P'ye-ya-tak, son of a wealthy Chinaman by a native woman, who gradually gathered followers, and made successful resistance to the new dynasty, till at length he drove the Burmans from the country, and assumed the throne. With a view to commerce, he made Bankok the metropolis, instead of Ayuthia, and, after a successful reign, died in 1782.

The kingdom is now larger and in a better state than ever before. The Tenasserim provinces are indeed lost; but it has acquired Keda, Patani, Ligore, and most of the Malay peninsula. It has recently acquired one of the most valuable and fertile sections of Camboja; embracing the rich province of Bata-bang. The present boundary in that direction is on the Camboja river, extending from about lat. 12° to 14° north. Including the districts just named, Siam extends from 7° to 19° of north latitude, bounded by the Tenasserim provinces on the west, Burman Lao and China on the north, Cochinchina on the east, and the Gulf of Siam on the south. The extreme length is about 800 miles, and the average breadth about 100.

The population of Siam is probably about 3,000,000. Of these about 800,000 are Shyans, 195,000 Malays, and 450,000 Chinese, leaving the number of proper Siamese, 1,500,000.

In 1750, the whole population was computed by the French missionaries at 1,900,000. Our late ambassador to Siam, Mr Roberts, estimates the proper Siamese at 1,600,000; Siamese Laos, 1,200,000; Chinese, 500,000, Malays, 320,000.

The country is described by Mr Gutzlaff as one of

the most fertile in Asia, and by the *Encyclopædia Americana* as very mountainous. Both statements are true in part. The Meinam valley, nowhere over fifty miles wide, the district of Chantabon, recently taken from Cambuja, and some other level spots, are exceedingly productive. But most of the empire is mountainous, poor, and scarcely inhabited.

In personal appearance they come behind any nation I have yet seen, especially the women. Among the thousands of those that came under my notice, I never saw one who was comely. The men are often good-looking. The national characteristics seem to be a broad and flat face, long and square lower jaw, large mouth, thick lips, small nose, forehead very broad and low, cheek bones prominent. A striking peculiarity is the size of the back part of the jaw, the bone and flesh projecting laterally, as if the parotid glands were swollen. The average height of the men is five feet two inches. Both sexes wear the hair close, except on the top of the head, from the forehead to the crown, where it is about two inches long, and, being kept stroked back, stands erect. The rest is kept shaved by men, and cut pretty close by women. As the shaving is not often done, it is generally difficult to tell a man from a woman. The principal mark is, that a woman has a line round the edge of the top-knot, made by plucking out a breadth of two or three hairs, so as to show the white skin. Only those who are nice about their persons, however, take this trouble. Roberts declares, in his Embassy to the East, that he never could tell a man from a woman when numbers were seated together.

The raiment of both sexes is alike; consisting of a cloth wrapped round the loins, with the end passed between the thighs, and tucked in at the small of the back. It descends below the knees, and is generally of printed cotton. At a distance it resembles trousers. Young women, and those of the richer sort, wear also a narrow kerchief, or scarf, crossed on the breast, and passing under the arms.

Unlike most Asiatics, the Siamese reject ornaments in the nose or ears, but are fond of bangles, bracelets, necklaces, and finger-rings. Turbans are not used; but in the sun a light hat made of palm-leaves, precisely in the shape of a large inverted milk-pan, is set upon the head by an elastic bamboo frame, which holds it up several inches, and permits the air to pass between. Neither sex tattoo any part of their bodies, deeming it a mark of barbarism. The universal mode of carrying small children, as in every other part of the east visited by me, is astride on the loins. It certainly is more easy thus to carry a heavy child than in the arms, at least when the infant is divested of all raiment.

Cock-fighting, and flying kites, are prominent amusements. In the two latter, princes and priests, both old and young, engage with delight. They have also a small pugnacious species of fish, the fighting of which is a very admired pastime.

In regard to buildings, food, agriculture, education, literature, medical practice, priesthood, religion, crimes, punishments, government, laws, marriage, divorce, burial, and many other topics, the statements made respecting Burmah apply so nearly as to make further remarks in this place unnecessary.

They have no standing army, but every able-bodied male is liable at any time to be called into the field by the mere will of his chief. The king has, for a good many years, made large annual purchases of muskets, which must amount now to more than 80,000 stand. Of cannon they have plenty. They make good brass cannon, some of them very large, but seldom have proper carriages. At Bangkok there is the semblance of a respectable navy, consisting of scores of war junks, galleys, and other vessels of various sizes, built on the Cochinchinese model, and mounting heavy guns. But the Siamese are no sailors; and when brought into service, these vessels are manned by the promiscuous populace, and officered by Chinese or other foreigners. No crews are now attached to their vessels, and they

stand in rude wet-docks, covered by regular ship-houses, as in our navy-yards.

The commerce of Siam has narrowly escaped the fate of that of Tringano, Batani, &c. Hamilton states that he visited Siam in 1719, "on the foundation of a treaty of commerce, made in 1684, between King Charles and the King of Siam's ambassadors in London." His ship went up to Ayuthia, leaving the guns "at Bangkok, a castle about half way up the river." The Dutch trade must even then have been considerable, as they had a factory about a mile below Ayuthia, and a resident company of merchants. It appears that, long previous to the said treaty with England, some British merchants had a factory near Ayuthia; but a quarrel with the governor who commanded in 1684, resulted in their expulsion, and only within about twenty years has that trade regularly recommenced. American, Dutch, and Bombay vessels, now resort to Bangkok; and though the trade is not likely soon to be large or important, it will probably be steady. A new treaty of commerce was made with England in 1826, and another with the United States in 1833.

The number of Chinese junks regularly trading to this city, cannot be less than 200 annually. Many of them are of 500 or 600 tons, and some are not less than 1000. Thirty or more trade to Canton and vicinity; nearly as many are from Hainan; and the rest from other places. 70 or 80 sometimes lie in the river at a time. Some of these vessels are owned by Siamese, and still more by Chinamen, residing in Bangkok; but the crews are never Siamese. None of the larger ones make more than one voyage a-year, going in one monsoon, and returning in the other. Most of them arrive in December and January, and depart in May and June. Numerous prows and small junks keep up a constant intercourse with the coasts of the Gulf of Siam, and principal neighbouring islands.* Two or three Siamese ships, built on the European model, trade to Singapore. Cochinchinese vessels were formerly numerous; but the late war has suppressed that trade, for a time at least. An artificial canal, kept in good order, connected with the Cambuja river, brings some trade from that direction. Bangkok has certainly the largest commerce, next to Canton, of any place in the world, not inhabited by white men.

During the presence of the junks in the river, the city exhibits a very active scene of buying and selling, many of them retailing their cargo from the vessel. The shops furnish, at all times, almost every article demanded by European or Indian customs.

The total value of exports per annum from Bangkok, is not less than 5,000,000 of dollars. The chief articles are sugar, sapan wood, tin, timber, rice, stick-lac, gamboge, benzoin,† ivory, pepper, and cotton; and small quantities of betel-nut, dried fish, lead, gold, silver, gems, tomback,‡ shagreen skins, and buffalo horns. The export price of sugar is about four cents a pound.

The imports are arms, ammunition, anchors, piece goods, cutlery, crockery, mirrors, and many other productions, for European, Chinese, and other foreign consumption.

Sugar, the principal export, is wholly made by Chinamen, and most of the other staples are the fruits of their industry. Indeed, to these emigrants Siam owes much of what elevates her from among barbarians; not only in commerce, manufactures, and improved husbandry, but in domestic habits.

The Siamese have coined money, but use cowries for very small change. The coins are merely a small bar of silver, turned in at the ends so as to resemble a bullet, and stamped with a small die on one side. 400

* The chief of these are, on the eastern shore, Banplasot, Banpakung, Banpra, Banpomung, Rayong-Patthe, Chantabon, and Kokung; and on the western side, Ligore, Sangora, Champon, Kalantan, Tringano, Talung, Patani, and Pahang.

† Crude frankincense, sometimes called *Benjamin*.

‡ Native copper with a small mixture of gold.

cowries make 1 p'hai; 2 p'hai 1 songp'hai; 2 songp'hai 1 fuang; 2 fuangs 1 saloong; 4 saloongs 1 b'itor tical; 4 ticals 1 tamloong; 20 tamloongs, 1 chang.

The two last are nominal. They sometimes have a gold fuang, equal to eight ticals. The tical, assayed at the mint of Calcutta, yielded about one rupee three and a half annas, equal to 2s. 6d. sterling, or about sixty cents of American money.

For weights they use the catty and picul. The catty is double that of the Chinese, but the picul is the same.

Living is not dear, as the following prices show:—Servants' wages, per month, 3 dollars; fuel, 500 small sticks for 1 dollar; fowls, each, 5 to 10 cents; ducks, each, 10 to 15 cents; pork, per pound, 7 to 8 cents; butter (made in the family); lard, same price as pork; oil, for lamps and cooking, per gallon, 30 to 40 cents; rice, per pound, 1 cent; milk, per quart, 8 to 10 cents; sugar, per pound, 5 cents; tea, per pound, 30 to 40 cents; pine-apples, per 100, 70 to 100 cents; oranges, per 100, 30 to 60 cents; cocoa-nuts, for curry, per 100, 18 to 30 cents; common labourers, per month, 1 dollar 50 cents.

No part of the east is more celebrated for the abundance and quality of its fruits. Here are united the fruits of China, the Indian islands, Hither India, and tropical America. During my stay, the mango, mangosteen, durian, rambutan, pomegranate, guava, pineapple, and, I presume, fifty other fruits, were in season. About taste there is no disputing. Many Europeans disparage Oriental fruits, but I deem them incomparably superior to those of high latitudes, to say nothing of their vast variety, and their being enjoyed every day in the year.

I learned nothing, during my seven weeks' residence in Siam, to induce me to dissent from the character hitherto given to this people by all travellers. They are crafty, mean, ignorant, concealed, slothful, servile, rapacious, and cruel. As to truth, "the way of it is not known." No one blushes at being detected in a fraud, or a falsehood, and few seem superior to a bribe. Quarrels are common, but as no one is allowed to go armed, they seldom result in mischief. They are cowardly, and shrink from an air of resolution in a foreigner. The Abbé Gervaise said of them, a century ago, that "though as enemies they are not dangerous, as friends they cannot be trusted."

But "God made man upright," and the fall has not obliterated all semblance of good from any portion of the human race. The Siamese have some redeeming traits. They are exceedingly fond of their offspring, and cherish reverence to parents almost equal to that of the Chinese. They are temperate, inquisitive, and, except on great provocation, gentle. Women are not reduced, on the whole, below their proper level; for, though custom forbids them to rank with men in some things, yet in others they are allowed an influence greater than is accorded them with us. They are always their husbands' cash-keepers; they do most of the buying and selling, and are not made to share as largely in laborious drudgery as in most countries of Europe.

The Siamese are certainly a grade lower in civilisation than the Burmans. They make none of those beautiful cottons and silks which the Burmans wear, and are destitute of several other arts and handicrafts common in that country. For utensils of brass, iron, and porcelain, and almost every prevailing luxury, they depend on China. Even the coarse brown pottery is made chiefly by Peguans. Malte-Brun mistakes in attributing to them skill in jewellery and miniature painting. In the first they are more clumsy than Burmans, and in the second horrible.

Still the Siamese are much above the semi-barbarians of the Malay states, and the islands of the adjacent seas. They produce a surplus of sundry articles for exportation, and they have an important and well-conducted foreign commerce. Their religious edifices show sur-

plus resources in subsistence and labour, which barbarous tribes never possess. The government, though despotic and ill arranged, is regular and firm, conferring many advantages upon society. In music, they use the same instruments as the Burmans, and excel even the Javanese. I have often listened with pleasure both to single instruments and full bands. Their houses, dress, habits, and entire condition of the nation, are those of a people far above the rudest forms of human society. Such considerations as these give them a dignified position in the grade of nations, and will give momentum to their influence in behalf of Christianity, when they shall have "turned to the Lord."

Slavery prevails in Siam. Many chiefs have hundreds, and some of them thousands. In war, the chief objects are prisoners and plunder. They have almost depopulated some conquered districts, to bring the people to Siam. Around Bankok are whole villages of Peguans and others taken in war. Their national history mentioned above, states that in one of the wars with the Shyans of Zemmái, they took 120,000 captives.

At all times, a slave-trade is carried on along the Burman frontier by wild tribes, who find a ready market for any Burmans or Karens they may catch. Persons are daily sold into hopeless slavery by their creditors, for, once sold, they have no means of paying the debt but by getting a new master. Men may sell their wives, parents, and children, at pleasure, and often sell themselves.

How large a proportion of the people are slaves, no one could help me to guess. It is probably much greater in and around the metropolis than elsewhere. With many of those kept about the person of the master, the slavery is almost nominal, but in most cases it is severe. A common custom is for the master not to support the servant, but to allow him two or three months in a year to work for himself, to obtain food and clothes for the rest of the year. Often they are hired out by the year, receiving food and clothes, but no part of the wages. Children inherit their parents' bondage. As in Burmah, debtor slaves are entitled to freedom on presentation of the amount due, which, however, being generally borrowed, only secures a change of masters.

The Siamese language is exceedingly simple in its construction, and is doubtless an original. It is destitute of terminations to signify gender, number, person, mood, or tense. A few particles supply the place of these, but they are almost universally omitted, not only in conversation but by the best writers. This renders it easy to learn, but often ambiguous, and makes a considerable knowledge of the language necessary to carry on nice discussions. Foreigners soon acquire it sufficiently for the common purposes of life. The Chinese, being of various dialects, use it in intercourse with each other, as more convenient than their own, and their wives being Siamese, the progeny speak it as their mother tongue.

Except as improved from other tongues, the language is monosyllabic. Many terms which seem to be dissyllables, are only words joined. Thus, *namta*, "tears," is from *nam*, water, and *ta*, the eye. *Lukwai*, "fruit," is from *luk*, offspring, and *wai*, wood. Many words, particularly in the language of the upper classes, are from the Cambojan. This is a polysyllabic language, and abounds more in complicated combinations of consonants. Terms to express mental operations, and all religious technicalities, are from the Pali,* which is also polysyllabic. These terms undergo various changes, the most common of which is the contraction of the two last syllables into one.

The languages of Siam, Assam, and the Shyans, are essentially the same, but which dialect is primitive is not known. Our missionaries at Sudiya and Bankok, and those soon to go to Zemmái, will be able to investigate the origin and capacities of this language, which,

* Pronounced by Siamese *Balce*.

being one of the chief in Farther India, deserves more attention than it has yet received. Captain Low published, in 1808, a Siamese grammar, but he had never been in the country, and has fallen into so many errors that the missionaries deem his work nearly useless.

The form of the characters differs little from the Pali. There are thirty-four consonants, only five of which are regularly used as final, and twelve vowels, with several diacritical marks. It has intonations like the Chinese, which makes the difficulty of speaking well much greater than that of learning it. Thus, *ma*, according to its tone, signifies "come," "a dog," and "a horse." *Ha* means "to seek," "ghost," "five." *Kow* means "to enter;" "rice," "a horn," "a mountain," "he," "she," "it," and "them."

The Catholics of Bangkok use the Roman alphabet in writing Siamese. I noticed also that the Pra Klang's secretary wrote in that character. Chow Fah Yai, eldest legitimate son of the late king, and who retired to a convent rather than contend for the throne, has not only written but printed Siamese in our letters. He has a press made by himself, and types, most of which, probably, were obtained from Italy, through the Catholic priests. It is certainly of great consequence to follow up this beginning. If the number of Siamese who can read be as small as now appears, there will be a necessity for Christian philanthropy to raise up readers, as well as proper books, and these may be better taught in the Roman characters than any other.

The Baptist Board of Foreign Missions established the mission to Siam in 1833. Mr Gutzlaff had visited Bangkok in 1828, and remained about three years, but was twice away to Singapore, and studied the Chinese language principally. Mr Tomlin, the London Society's Missionary at Singapore, made a visit with Mr Gutzlaff, and remained eight months. He afterwards came with Mr Abeel, and both remained six months. Mr Abeel made a second visit of six months, and then returned in ill health to America. None of these brethren contemplated a permanent residence in Siam, and in the report of their first six months' labours, Messrs Gutzlaff and Tomlin called upon the Baptist brethren to "pass the boundary line of Burmah, and come forward to Siam." Mr Tomlin also wrote urgently to Maulmain for a brother to be sent at once. He considered the Baptist Board called upon more than any other to establish a mission here, not only because their stations in Burmah were but a few days' march from Bangkok, but because they had begun with the Shyans, whose language was so similar, and a large part of whom belonged to Siam. The project was seriously entertained by our Board, when Mr Jones was appointed in 1829; but it was left to be decided by the brethren at Maulmain. Mr Jones was designated by them to this service, and sailed from Burmah for Bangkok in September 1832. He found the station had been wholly vacant for six months, and he remained entirely alone for sixteen months longer. In the meantime, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (without knowing of the movement from Burmah) resolved to make Bangkok one of their stations, and Messrs Johnson and Robinson were sent out, who arrived about the 1st of August 1834. Dr Bradley, from the same society, arrived the next year. Mr J. studies the Chinese, and the two others Siamese.

Mr and Mrs Jones may be said to have mastered the Siamese language, and can freely impart to the people the knowledge of the truth. Mr Jones has translated Matthew, Acts, and part of Luke, and Mr Judson's tracts—"Balance," "Catechism," and "Summary of Christian Religion," and prepared a tract on astronomy, and a brief grammar. Matthew, Acts, the Catechism, and the Summary, have been printed and distributed; besides sheet tracts, containing the ten commandments, the sermon on the mount, &c. Two school-books for Siamese have also been printed. Mrs Jones has prepared the History of Joseph, of Nebuchadnezzar, and other reading books, together with a copious dictionary,

in Siamese and English, which future students may copy to their great advantage.

Mr Davenport superintends the printing, and studies the language. The issues of the office, within the year, have been 13,124 books, containing 1,439,720 pages, comprising the Summary of Religion; Acts of the Apostles; Ten Commandments, with explanations; Scripture Parables; A broad-sheet Parable; First Lessons in English and Siamese; Lessons in Arithmetic; Lessons in English; and several publications in Chinese.

It has been found impossible to have satisfactory schools in this city. By no device can the scholars be retained long enough to imbibe any useful measure of knowledge. During the period of their continuance, they cannot be made to attend regularly. A few have lately been redeemed from slavery, and will be thoroughly instructed. But the cost of children is from forty-eight to sixty, and for an adult about 100 dollars; so that this mode of obtaining scholars cannot be extensively pursued. Chinese scholars may be had with somewhat less difficulty.

Mrs Davenport, besides her daily studies, has a school of twelve or fifteen children, which Mrs Jones daily opens with prayer and religious instruction in Siamese. Such of them as are not Catholics, with a few others, are formed into a Sunday school.

The mission premises, although pleasantly and healthfully situated, are so confined in space as to be very inconvenient. The land, too, is only hired, and with no assurance of permanence. The buildings consist of three dwelling-houses, a printing-office, fifty-two feet by twenty, and a small fire-proof building for paper, books, &c. The dwelling-houses are similar to those of natives in construction, only larger, and cost each about 300 dollars. There is scarcely any possibility of walking for exercise in or around Bangkok, from the bad state of the streets, so that the missionaries are obliged to content themselves, for the most part, with being rowed upon the river to get a little fresh air.

The printing-office in charge of Mr Davenport has one press, which has been kept in constant operation since October 1836, and another is now on the way. Nine of the natives are learning the business, besides some engaged in the bindery. There are several small fonts of English letter, one of Siamese, and one of Chinese. With the latter, some extracts from the Bible will be printed as broad-sheet tracts, and other works where a large type is wanted, but a smaller one is ordered from Serampore for the printing of common books. A set of blocks for Milne's tract, called "The Two Friends," has been procured, and some Chinese workmen are constantly engaged in working off impressions. Some others will soon be issued in the same manner.

Regular public worship on Sundays has not been commenced in Siamese. Mr Jones spends part of his Sundays in visiting the Wats; preaching to such as he can gather there, and distributing portions of Scripture. I of course accompanied him; anxious here, as in every other place, to see missionary services performed in all its modes. Though I have accompanied many brethren in this highway, open-air preaching, I have seldom described these occasions, partly because they are so often narrated in the journals of missionaries, and partly because I am anxious to maintain the greatest brevity. The plan pursued in this city grows out of the nature of the service, and is not materially different from that pursued by various other missionaries. Things take just that course which they would in our own cities, if a respectable foreigner were to go about the streets and public places to disseminate a new religion. Generally, the audiences are poor people; objections are raised, and disputes often ensue; sometimes only two or three can be induced to give their attention; at others, a little crowd gathers, and listens with interest. The fruits of these exertions in Bangkok do not yet appear, but we must watch unto prayer. As the time has now come to make efforts for a permanent

congregation on the mission premises, happier results may be expected. When it is recollected that we have only Mr J. who can preach in Siamese, and that Mr D.'s engagements in the printing-office obstruct his acquisition of the language, it is evidently of great consequence to re-enforce speedily this branch of the mission.*

Of the various individuals mentioned as encouraging, in the published journals of Messrs Gutzlaff and Tomlina, none have continued so. None attend worship, or seem particularly friendly to the missionaries. Bunty, who was baptised by Mr Jones in 1833, and who for a while seemed a true disciple, grew cold, and about a year ago left the ministry to go into business, not without bitter feelings against the missionaries. He led away another disciple, who has now fallen into the deadly habit of opium-smoking. Of the six Chinese who have been baptised, three have died under the observation of the missionaries, giving full evidence of triumphing over the last enemy. Of the two who remain, one is an intelligent but poor old man, whose three sons not only attend the public service on Sabbath and unite daily with their father in family worship, but have ceased to make offerings to idols. The other is in bad health, but exceedingly useful by his holy example, a great comfort to Mr Dean, and a cheering token of future ingatherings.

Both the Baptist Board and the American Board of Commissioners make this a station for efforts upon the Chinese. With a population of this description in and near the city, amounting to half a million, and at least eight or nine thousand Chinese sailors, arriving annually and remaining many weeks, there can be no lack of scope. The whole number of many tribes, who enjoy strong missionary establishments, is not half so great as that of the Chinese in this region. Nor are the circumstances more discouraging than in average cases.

Mr Dean, of the Baptist Board, gives himself to the Tay-chew dialect, which has never been attempted by any other. He is as yet, of course, but a student in the language, but has attained such a knowledge of it, that with the help of his teacher he conducts worship every morning for the benefit of the block-printers and others on the premises, and on Sundays has a regular audience of forty or fifty persons. He has considerable knowledge of medicine, and is daily engaged in practice. About twenty or thirty patients, mostly Chinese, meet daily in his porch at four o'clock—chiefly cases of ulcers and wounds. Before opening the dispensary, he holds worship with them, and gives tracts. Some come several days' journey, and remain till cured. When the junks are in the river, his number is often much larger. Mr Johnson, of the American Board, pursues the study of the Hokkén or Fokien dialect.

*The distribution of Scriptures and tracts may be carried to almost any extent in Bangkok, both to Chinese and natives. A very small proportion, however, can read intelligently. Even of this small number, few can understand more than the plainest narratives.

It seems of little use to give books profusely, without abundant personal preaching. In China, where missionaries may not live, and in Burmah Proper, or other countries, from whence they may at any moment be expelled, a liberal dispensation of books seems called for. But in general the direct preaching of the gospel cannot be advantageously deferred, after books have been so far diffused as to excite a spirit of inquiry, and a general knowledge of the missionary's objects. The full power of the press will be best seen in its following the preacher. The people are then made capable of understanding what before would be as unintelligible to them as the book of Isaiah was to the eunuch before Philip instructed him. It is quite evident, too, that the apostles proceeded in this manner.

No place is, on the whole, so favourable for diffusing Christian books into China as Bangkok, as is evident

from the statements I have made touching the trade by junks. It is important, however, to make the publications more idiomatic and intelligible before we spend heavy sums of money in this work.

There should be at least eight Chinese missionaries in Siam, without reference to supplying China itself hereafter. Each of the four principal dialects, namely, Mandareen, Canton, Tay-chew, and Hainan, should have two brethren, that a single death may not abolish a whole department. The adjacent villages, and even some of the ports in the Gulf of Siam, would engage their attention in part. The junks would not only supply opportunities for sending into China any number of tracts, but regular congregations, for several months together. The great difficulty in multiplying missionaries at this point, is the refusal of government to allow them to rent or purchase land for residences.

It has been erroneously supposed, that from Bangkok direct overland intercourse might be had with the frontier of China. No part of the Siam frontier approaches China within less than about 300 miles. The intervening space is inhabited by various tribes, living insulated from each other, and is traversed by mountains probably not passable by caravans. Zemmái is the nearest point to Bangkok, from whence the western borders of China may be approached, and that station must necessarily depend upon Maulmain, in Burmah, both for epistolary intercourse with America, and supplies of clothing, printing paper, &c.

Deeming it important to form the brothers and sisters of this station into a regular church of our Lord Jesus Christ, I convened them in council, and, after full consideration, it was unanimously resolved upon. After devoting a day to fasting and prayer, and drawing out, in full, the platform of doctrine and discipline, I proceeded, on the following Sabbath, to preach and perform the appropriate solemnities. Nine persons,* of whom two were the Chinamen already mentioned, formed the material of the church. In the after part of the day I administered the Lord's supper to this precious band of pioneers. The text was, "From the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the Righteous One." It suggested topics of joy and hope, in the contemplation of which all our hearts overflowed with pleasure. Most of the brethren and sisters were accomplished singers, and our voices sounded to each other like almost celestial music. The strange and depressing sensations of being at the utmost possible earthly distance from those we love, gave place to pleasure, on hearing in our own language the praises of the Lord. The sad "Farewell for ever" to the sacred fraternities of home, lost half its bitterness while partaking of church privileges and communion with Christians from our own land and of our own persuasion. The promises of God, touching the triumphs of his truth, shone with tenfold brightness amid the gloom and thick darkness of a pagan land, where yet hope has little encouragement in the things that are seen. The visible encouragements to faith in the presence of two Chinese, gave distinctness and glow to our visions of hope. Our souls magnified the Lord, and our spirits rejoiced in God our Saviour.

The first Lord's day in July 1837, was, by this solemn event, rendered memorable in the history of Siam, as the birth-day of the first Protestant church of Christ in the kingdom. It was indeed a small room, and a small company, but an occasion full of present benediction and future promise. Hereafter centennial jubilees will celebrate the event, sacred orators dwell on it with glowing tongue, and unborn generations bless the auspicious hour. The "little one will become a thousand," and the day of small things give place to periods of power, extension, and triumph.

I was happy to find the brethren of the two missions

* Two of these are already gone up on high—the Rev. Mr Reed and Mrs Jones; but Messrs Slafter and Goddard, who, with their wives, sailed from Boston in 1838, will more than make the number good.

* Mr and Mrs Slafter left Boston, as missionaries to the Siamese, in 1838.

in Bangkok living not only in Christian unity and peace, but personal friendship. Their worship in English, both on Lord's days and week evenings, is held together. So far as I could learn, their Christian intercourse, except at the Lord's supper, is like attached members of the same church.

The same is happily the case at some other places where missionaries of different sects labour together. Party differences look small to those who stand on missionary ground. A feeble labourer on the field of paganism harbours no jealousy, lest the wide harvest will be reaped ere he can snatch his sheaves. He would not prefer the field to lie waste, if those of his shibboleth do not till it. He would not lose the noblest aim of the church rather than have it attained by persuasions not quite so pure in faith or practice as his own. In the advanced camp of the Lord's hosts, there will be the same preferences and conscientious competitions which exist at home. But as yet none have betrayed the cause to the enemy, by allowing sectarian preferences to engross their strength, and engage them in contentions with their friends.

The Papal church has maintained missions in Siam for 170 years. The adherents, in the whole country, amount to 2240, including about 800 Cochinese, recently arrived. There is a congregation at Ayuthia, another at Chantabon, and three at Bangkok. Many of these are descendants of Portuguese who lived with native women, and some few are converts from Buddhism. In civil condition they are below the Siamese. No part of the population of Bangkok are more degraded. Their children are not taught; their manners are not improved; their knowledge of Christianity is very small; and, as a body, they are neither industrious, cleanly, nor moral. Processions, guns, drums, bells, and crackers, distinguish their holidays, in much the same manner as those of the heathen around them. During my stay in Bangkok, a priest, newly arrived in the country, died at some days' distance on a journey. His body was brought to the city and carried in procession, first at one of their places of worship, and then at the others, with nearly such ceremonies as mark the burial of a Buddhist priest.

The entire salary of a Catholic priest is 100 dollars per annum; not only here but wherever else I have been in India.

CHAPTER V.

Voyage to Canton. China Sea. Mouth of Pearl River. Outside Pilots. Lintin. Bocca Tigris. Whampoa. Innumerable Boats. Evidences of dense Population. Dollar Boat. River Scenery. Population of Canton. Foreign Factories or Hongas. Walks in the Suburbs. Streets. Shops. Vacant Spaces. Placards. Perambulatory Trades. Booksellers. Circulating Libraries. Map of the World. Beggars. Small-footed Women. Trades. Labour-saving Machinery. Chinese Piety. Tombs. Visit to a Hong Merchant. Restrictions on Foreigners. Temples. Priests and Nuns. Pagodas. Chinese Sects. Introduction of Buddhism. Jos. State of Morals in the Foreign Society. Opium Trade. Missionaries. Dr Parker's Hospital. Macao. Appearance from Harbour. In a state of Decline. Missionaries. Mr Gutzlaff. Voyages along the Coast. Interesting School. How far China is open to Missionaries. Dr Colledge's Hospital.

THE pain of frequently parting from missionaries and other friends, to meet no more on earth, has been no small part of the trials of this long and wearisome tour. In leaving Bangkok, the case was peculiar. Mr Jones had received baptism at my hands; he had been called to the ministry in my church; and under my roof he and his wife had their last home in the United States. Their feeble health and oppressive labours impressed on me the conviction that their labours on earth, important as they are, will not be much longer enjoyed. Two of the others and their wives had been my fellow passengers from the United States. To part with them cheerfully was a duty, but the lonesome hours of ship-board kept fresh for many days the sadness.

A long and tedious passage from Bangkok to Singapore is always expected against the monsoon. Some ships have been six or seven weeks. One vessel with missionaries, after being out forty-two days, was obliged to return and wait for the change of monsoon. I was favoured to get down in twenty-six days without accident. Our ship also staid at Bangkok a month less than is usual; so that I saved, in the whole trip, at least three months. The Rev. Mr Robinson, whom I left at Singapore anxious to return to Bangkok, but not then quite ready, was still there, and found no opportunity for the next five months.

My stay, this time, in Singapore, amounted to but a few days, as I availed myself of the first vessel for Canton. I embarked in the Jessie Logan on the 21st of September 1837, with a prospect of a tedious passage, as the monsoon was changing. We were happily disappointed, and reached China on the 16th of October. Rains and squalls, however, rendered the voyage comfortable, and my want of an amanuensis rendered it difficult either to improve or beguile the time.

The China Sea has an extraordinary number of shoals and petty islands, making its navigation unpleasant and dangerous, except when the monsoon enables a vessel to proceed through the centre. The boundary of the sea on the eastward is a succession of large islands, scarcely known by name, even to the well educated in our country. It seems reserved for missionary enterprise to bring to light the numbers and condition of mankind in Luçonia, Palawan, the Baihee, Babuyanes, and Busvigan clusters, Mindoro, Balabac, Banguey, Borneo, &c., besides the multitude of the other Philippines, the Moluccas, the Bandu and Aroo archipelagoes, &c. Oh, how long must it be ere the tardy and stinted charities of God's people shall spread Christian teachers over all these seas!

Approaching the coast of China in a day literally cloudless, the fine headlands of the vast entrance of the Choo-Keang, or Pearl River, wore their best attractions. No river in the world, it is said, is so easily found and entered as this. No bar obstructs its entrance. No alluvial deposits spread dangerous flats along the shores. Scores of small but lofty islands afford at once distinct landmarks, and a choice of channels. The entrance, thus marked and defended, extends nearly sixty miles along the coast from east to west; and for nearly forty miles towards Canton, the river preserves an average breadth of fifteen miles. At that point, called by Europeans the Bogue, or Bocca Tigris, the breadth is two miles, divided in the centre by an island. This is considered by the Chinese the entrance of the river, and is defended by several forts of no great strength.

We were boarded, many miles from land, by fishermen offering to act as pilots, and by one of them was conducted to our anchorage, while his boat went to Macao for the usual permit to proceed up the river, and the inner pilot. These boats, though *outré* to us, are admirably constructed of pine, decked, and schooner-rigged. Under the deck they keep provisions, water, &c., and sleep in bad weather. On the quarter they put up, in fine weather, a slight house of bamboo and mats. The sight of these men was not novel to me, as I had already mixed with so many in Burnah, Singapore, and Siam. Their costume is a pair of very wide blue nankeen trousers, reaching but little below the knee, without buttons or flaps. Its diameter at the waist would embrace a barrel, so that they take a turn in the waistband, and tuck in the ends, which keeps them on. Of labourers at work this is the whole dress: when not employed they add a glazed cotton jacket, reaching to the loins, with very wide sleeves. The dress of the genteel classes is not transcended in beauty, costliness, or delicacy, by that of similar classes in any country upon earth.

Lintin is an island, nearly in the centre of the outer harbour, and, though large, has few inhabitants, and is noted only as the theatre of the execrable opium-smuggling. Sheltered by its dreary heights lay the "receiving ships," which take the drug from vessels

as they arrive, and get rid of it by means of native fast boats.

At the extreme western side of the entrance, twenty miles distant from Kintin, is the city of Macao, occupying the extreme south point of Heangshan island. From thence to Canton is an inner passage, chiefly used by native boats.

Fifteen miles below Canton is Whampoa, beyond which foreign ships are not allowed to proceed. The anchorage extends two or three miles, along a reach of the river, lying east and west. In ordinary shipping seasons, 100 or more vessels ride here, chiefly English and American. Owing to the recent commercial embarrassments, there were at this time but about twenty-five. Innumerable sampans, occupied by marketmen, fishermen, fruiterers, washerwomen, &c., with the ships' boats, and here and there the ornamented barge of a mandareen, or a huge crowded passage-boat, kept the scene busy and cheerful. Whampoa is a considerable village, on an island of the same name. Its chief business is connected with the supply of vessels and the smuggling of opium.

Boats lie before the town, literally in thousands, and almost every one the permanent habitation of a family. The occupancy of these boats by a family, so far from preventing active employment, seems rather a qualification. The wife steers, while the husband rows, aided by children of both sexes, if they have any. Such as are not quite old enough to row, play about the boat with a great gourd fastened to their waist behind to secure them from drowning, in case they fall overboard. Those a little younger are carefully tethered, so that they have the entire use of the deck, but cannot pass the gunwale. If there be an infant, it is fastened on the mother's back like a knapsack, without appearing to impede her motions or be annoyed by them. Any one conversant with boatmen about other seaports of the east, or even in our own country, cannot fail to be struck with the superiority of these. Their dress, the structure and appointments of their boats, their quiet, order, industry, and good manners, are worthy of all imitation.

The published accounts of the populousness of China are strongly brought to mind when one looks around on these boats, and on the green fields and barren islands which make up the scene from the deck of the ship. Every level spot is subdued for paddy, and the sides of every desolate island exhibit not only patches of cultivation, but houses and even villages. The same impression is created by a host of fishing-smacks, which sweep the waters of the vast harbour. They literally swarm. I have stood and counted 200 at a time from the deck of the ship.

From Whampoa to Canton, the boats of foreign ships are allowed to pass up and down without examination at the custom-houses. Passengers, however, generally use native boats, called "dollar-boats," as affording better shelter and more conveniences.

I found mine to be exceedingly neat, clean, and commodious; divided into three compartments; the centre being handsomely panelled and roofed, so as to form a nice cabin, with lockers, windows, &c. Here I was placed with such of my trunks as I needed, and, though long since hardened to the sensations of a foreigner, felt a little more foreign than usual. In one corner of my cabin was "Jos," in grim dumbness, pointing upwards with his finger, and looking as fat and contented as Falstaff. Before him smoked tapers of sandal-wood powder, and round about were inscriptions on red paper. His little closet or shrine had latticed doors to keep him from harm, and was the most ornamented part of the boat. Behind, sheltered by a roof, which upon occasion could slide over that of the cabin, was the kitchen and pantry. Here the wife, with an infant on her back, steered and sculled; at the same time watching her dinner and a youngster or two. Forward of the cabin, a flat deck, extending beyond the bows, and of the same width as the boat, afforded ample space to two carmen, who sat on stools about six inches high. Between

them and the cabin was a small veranda, on one side of which stood the ever-steaming tea-kettle and cups; and on the other the neatly lackered tray of joe-sticks or slow matches, from which ever and anon they lighted their cheroots. The men were stout, though short, and pulled with vigour, sheltering their naked backs with a broad palm-leaf hat. We passed hundreds of boats built and manned in precisely the same manner.

The scenery of the river, though monotonous, is attractive. On each side are rich rice-fields, with villages embosomed among orange-trees, lichis, and palms; while the rugged hills in the rear, irreclaimable even by Chinese industry, are dotted with tombs. Some fine pagodas are visible most of the way. The dikes are for the most part paved with excellent stone masonry, and planted with oranges, lichis, and bananas.

Just before reaching the city is the anchorage of junks or native vessels trading to Canton, and of an imperial fleet. The latter may create a smile, but can awaken no terror. A little farther on, other trading-boats of large size lie in hundreds. Then come long rows of floating houses, and these, with every sort of boat, increase in number as you advance, till it becomes difficult and even dangerous, to thread the maze with a row-boat.

Arriving at length opposite Kwang-tung, or, as we call it, Canton, nothing is seen of the city except the river-suburbs and portions of the wall. Here boats of every description, and small junks, are so crowded together, that the utmost skill, as well as caution, is required, in order to avoid disaster. Cables stretch out from a hundred junks; huge tea-boats, of fifty or sixty tons, lie side to side, scores in a row. Dwelling-houses of elegant and convenient construction, built on scows, are disposed in regular streets of great length. Mandareen boats, with gorgeous and beautiful ornaments and fleet as the wind, move slowly round, acting as a river police. Boats from the European ships, floating tradesmen, mechanics, hucksters, shopkeepers, and thousands that seem to be mere dwellings, are multiplied on every side; so busy, so noisy, so crowded, so strange, that it seems as if one had suddenly dropped upon another planet; and a man must be vain indeed who does not feel himself an insignificant unit among such legions of busy ones, who merely regard him as a foreigner.

It is computed that 84,000 families live in boats at Canton, and that the whole population of the city and suburbs is about 1,000,000.

The sails of a Chinese junk are of mat; three little cabins, each just large enough to contain a man at his length, occupy the stern; over the side hang the hen-coops; a great eye glares upon the bow, and a snake beneath warns you of the "touch-me-not" pugnacity of the crew. I saw many of these both at Bankok and Singapore; and off the mouth of the Hoogly passed several which had ventured even to that distance.

In all other parts of the east, Europeans bear themselves so haughtily before the natives, and so transcend them in wealth, luxury, and intellect, that the contrast at Canton is most striking. Here are generally about 300 foreigners permanently resident, and often more, kept so completely under, that they may neither bring their wives nor take native ladies, nor build, buy, ride, row, or walk, without restrictions; wholly forbidden to enter the gates of the city, and cooped up in a spot which would be considered in Calcutta or Madras barely large enough for one good dwelling and compound. The foreign factories, or hong, are thirteen in number, under the names of different nations, but occupied somewhat promiscuously by the merchants and shopkeepers. They form a close front along the river, about 300 yards in length, with an open space towards the water, which is here about a quarter of a mile wide. The buildings extend towards the rear about 200 yards. Each hong is divided into several separate portions, entered by a narrow alley, which passes through to the rear, and is thus made to consist of five or six ten-

ments, generally three stories high. The heat, smoke, noise, and dreariness of the interior of this mass of buildings, with the total absence of female society, gives it, in no small degree, the aspect of a prison. The front rooms, however, are pleasant, and some of them have fine promenades on the roof. An open space in front, about one hundred yards long and fifty wide, serves both as a wharf and a promenade. But the first of these uses obstructs it for the other; to say nothing of barbers, cooks, pedlars, clothes-menders, coolies, and boatmen, who crowd it most of the day.

I was kindly made welcome to the American hong, or, as the Chinese call it, the "hong of extensive fountains," where at the table of the American missionaries, and of Messrs Oliphant and Co., I enjoyed, for several weeks, daily opportunities of acquiring authentic information, on all the points which concern my agency.

Fortunately for me, there existed, during my stay in Canton, no particular jealousy of foreigners. Accompanying the missionaries and other gentlemen in their daily walks for exercise, I was enabled to ramble not only over all the suburbs, but among the villages and fields adjacent. We were not specially ill treated, but I have nowhere else found quite so much scorn and rudeness. Nearly all the time, some of the youngsters would be calling out as we passed, "Foreign devils!" "barbarians!" "red-bristled devils!"—often adding obscene expressions, and sometimes throwing light missiles; all which the parents seemed to think very clever. Often, indeed, they would direct the attention of very small children to us, and teach them to rail. Our clerical profession seemed known to many; and these would shout "Story-telling devils!" "lie-preaching devils!" In streets much frequented by foreigners, these things rarely occurred, but in others we attracted general attention; and if we stopped for a few moments, a crowd would immediately choke up the street. Sometimes Dr Parker's patients would recognise him, and we would be asked to sit down; tea and pipes would be offered, and a strong sense of confidence and gratitude manifested. But the crowd would soon become disagreeable, and we were glad to pass on to get fresh air, and to exempt our friends from annoyance.

The width of the streets is seldom more than four or five feet, and often less. The houses rarely exceed one story high; and, except on business streets, all the better ones are invisible, being built, like those of Paris, within a walled enclosure. The streets are all flagged with large slabs of smooth stone, principally granite. The breadth excludes wheel carriages, of course, and the only vehicles are sedan chairs, which are constantly gliding along at a very rapid rate; those for ladies being closed with blinds, or gauze, but not so as to prevent the occupant from looking through. As these chairs, or loaded coolies, come rushing along, a perpetual shouting is kept up to clear the way; and unless you jump to the wall or into a shop, you are rudely jostled, for though they are polite and kind, their headway and heavy burden render it impossible to make sudden pauses. As to walking arm in arm, it is quite out of the question. I saw none of the unbroken ranges of piazza spoken of by geographers; but in some places mats are spread across the street, which exclude the sun. The end of each street has a strong gate, which is shut up at night, chiefly for security against thieves.

The shops are often truly beautiful, but the greater number are occupied as well by the workmen as the wares. Such minute subdivision of callings I have seen nowhere else. Not only are trades subdivided into the most minute branches, but the shops are often limited to one or two species of goods. Some of those which I entered would vie with those of London for style and amount of capital invested. In each, the idol has a handsome and conspicuous situation. As Chinese is read perpendicularly, the sign-boards are suspended downward, and are thus well adapted to narrow streets. They are generally beautifully executed, and often, after announcing the name and occupation, close with sage sentences; such as, "Gossiping and long sitting injure

business;" "No credit given; former customers have inspired caution."

The vacant places present a mixture of incongruities—attractive, pitiable, shocking, and ludicrous. Here is a doctor, surrounded by roots, spreading his plaster on a man's shin; there is an astrologer, disclosing fortunes. Here is a group of happy children, purchasing smoking comfits; and there is a meat stall, surrounded by stout fellows, swallowing pork stews. Here are some hungry mendicants, gloating upon the dainties; and close by are some of their fraternity, unable any longer even to ask charity, lying unheeded, to die of hunger. Mountebanks, clothes-dealers, musical beggars, petty auctioneers, gamblers, &c., make up the discordant aggregate.

At these openings, and other conspicuous places, placards cover the walls; and as with us, quack medicines, government proclamations, and business cards, were the principal. Some were novel, and showed the want of newspapers, namely, lampoons and criticisms on public men. Some of these were intrepid and severe, but none seemed gross and libellous. Alas, that our country should be so much behind China in the treatment of official characters!

Many trades are here perambulatory, which are so nowhere else. Among these moving mechanics I noticed barbers, coopers, tinnmen, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and tailors, besides a medley of fruiterers, hucksters, fish-mongers, confectioners, pedlars, rat-catchers, pastry-cooks, butchers, picture-men, and I know not what. The throng and confusion of these narrow streets is thus much increased, while their various bells, drums, gongs, and cries, keep up a perpetual din.

In these walks I observed, what I believe is not to be seen in any part of India, regular native booksellers. They generally display a considerable assortment of works, at astonishingly cheap prices. The moral tendency of these works is said to be in general good, but the intellectual benefit is small. This was often illustrated by the close proximity of some grey-bearded fortune-teller, with five times the custom of his literary neighbour. I was often amused to see the ludicrous gravity with which these men of destiny drew wonder and cash from their gaping patients, and to mark the diversified countenances of those who retired. The doleful, drawmouth visage, or the arch chuckle and rubbed hands, plainly told which had received "dampers," and which brought off animating assurances. As usual, these worshippers of fortune seemed to be those she had hitherto least favoured.

Besides, the bookstores are circulating libraries, in the literal sense of the term; that is, the librarian, having his books arranged in two neat cases, bears them on a pole across his shoulder from customer to customer. Some of these have several thousand books; but the greater part being in the hands of borrowers, his burden is not excessive.

A tolerable idea of Chinese geography may be gathered from a glance at their maps. Mr Gutzlaff was kind enough to present me with one of the world, and to translate many of the names. It is two feet wide by three and a half high, and is almost covered with China! In the left hand corner, at the top, is a sea, three inches square, in which are delineated, as small islands, Europe, England, France, Holland, Portugal, and Africa. Holland is as large as all the rest, and Africa is not so big as the end of one's little finger! The northern frontier is Russia, very large.

The left corner, at the bottom, is occupied by "the western ocean," as it is called, containing the Malay peninsula pretty well defined. Along the bottom are Camboja, Cochin-China, &c., represented as moderate-sized islands, and on the right is Formosa, larger than all the rest put together. Various other countries are shown as small islands. I should have given an engraving of this curious map, but that a true reduction to the size of a page would have left out most of these altogether! The surrounding ocean is represented in huge waves, with smooth passages, or high-

ways, branching off to the different countries, or islands, as they represent them. They suppose that ships which keep along these highways go safely, but if they, through ignorance or stress of weather, diverge, they soon get among these awful billows, and are lost!

The beggars are very numerous and pitiable. They are seldom obtrusive, but a donation to one will bring several upon you, and keep you annoyed for many paces. In streets so narrow, they cannot of course be allowed to sit or lie down. The open spaces near temples and other public places afford the only chance for them to rest, and here many of them, utterly houseless, lie down and die. In one of these openings, not fifty feet square, I have seen six or eight of these unhappy beings at a time breathing their last, covered only with an old mat, such as comes round goods. Many who walk about have merely such a mat, fastened round their loins by a wooden pin. With such shelter only do they pass the night upon the earth or pavement, and always after a cold night some are found dead. There seems to be no particular want of charity among those who are able to give, but the evil lies too deep for casual gifts to cure. Such as are not too sick to go about, are sure of something daily, for custom gives them a right to enter any place, and makes it disgraceful to send them away empty. They are obliged to depart, however, with the gift even of a single cash, and are often kept waiting a long time. I have often, as I passed, admired the patience both of the beggar and the shopmen. Many of them carry small cymbals, or two pieces of bamboo, with which they keep time, at a deafening rate, to a plaintive drawl. The shopman stands the racket as long as he can, or till a customer comes in, when he throws them the cash, and they are bound to go. If he give soon, the place is but so much the sooner filled by another.

Distressing as are the sights of mendicity in Canton, they are less so than I have seen in some other cities, especially Dublin and Turin; and almost all are either blind or evidently sick, which is far from being the case either in Ireland or Italy.

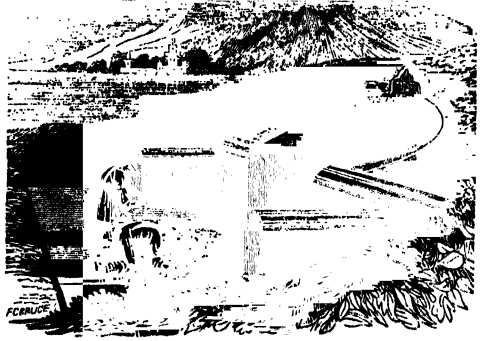
I had supposed that small-footed women, being of the genteel circles, would not often be seen. Instead of this, large numbers of them, evidently poor, and often extremely so, are met with in every street. Many of these, doubtless, have been reduced from competency; but many are the offspring of persons who, from fondness or ambition, had brought up their children in a manner beyond their station in life. The smallest shoes and models shown in America are no exaggerations. All, indeed, are not equally compressed, but often the foot of an adult does not exceed four inches in length, and from a breadth of two and a half inches at the heel tapers to a perfect point. They walk precisely as a person would do on two wooden legs. Other poor women often go barefoot, but these never. Either the appearance of such a foot is too bad, or the toes, turned under, are too tender. Many of these victims of a false pride sit in open spaces, as public menders of old clothes. A passenger can thus get a patch or a button set on, while he waits—a custom which might usefully be introduced among us.

We rail at the Chinese for compressed feet with little reason, so long as we persist in compressing the waist. Nor are we wholly exempt from the folly of crushing the feet also. Our easiest shoes, though less absurd than the Chinese, are by no means patterned from nature.

I enjoyed, in walking with Mr Bridgman, what few foreigners do—the advantage of an interpreter. I was thus enabled to stop at many places, witnessing various Chinese arts, and conversing freely with the operatives. Many of these occupations are known among us, but in every case they seem to be carried on by an unique method. I was surprised to find labour-saving machinery employed to a considerable extent. One instance pleased me exceedingly, namely, a bellows for blowing glass, which almost entirely saved the workman's lungs. In every establishment, whether of an artist, mechanic, or tradesman, we were received with great civility, and generally offered some slight refreshment.

One of our walks was to the place of execution, which in China is generally done by beheading. It is part of a populous street, thirty or forty feet wide just at that point, and a common thoroughfare. On one side is a high blank wall, and on the other is a row of potteries. The drying wares are spread over a considerable part of the space, bringing strongly to mind the bloody potter's field of the New Testament. A narrow shed, twelve or fifteen feet long, stood against the wall, with shelves of open bamboo. Lifting up an old mat with my cane, there lay a row of heads, apparently three or four days old. On the ground in a corner were a few skulls, nearly bleached by time. Executions occur here every few days, and with very little notice or formality. The poor culprit kneels on the ground, his long queue is twisted up into a knot upon his head, he puts his palms together in a posture of obeisance, and leaning forward, one stroke severs his head from his body. The remains are generally allowed to be removed by friends.

The Chinese bury their dead, and are very careful of the tombs of ancestors. To these they often resort to make prayer and offerings; and so long as there are male descendants, they are kept in repair. Their mode of constructing them is peculiar, invariable, and so unlike any others in the world, that a picture alone can explain.



Chinese Tomb.

They cover many acres of ground near Singapore, Malacca, and other cities where Chinamen are numerous and land plenty; and even in China engross much space, but generally only rocky or barren spots, incapable of other uses.

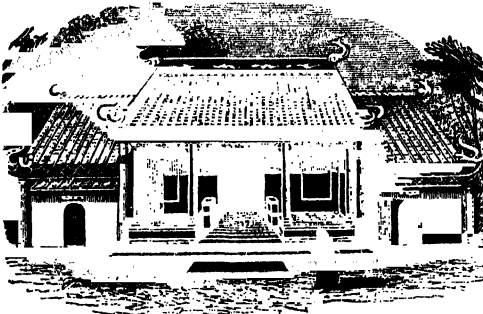
The cheapness and frivolity, as well as the universality of Chinese piety, was every evening forced upon our observation, whether we returned on foot or by boat. Not a family on shore or afloat is without its little altar, nor does a sun set without each being lighted up with tapers, and incensed with fragrant matches. Besides the gaudy domestic altar, with its flaunting mottoes and varied tinsel, nearly every house has a little niche in the wall, near the ground, inscribed with sacred characters, where also tapers and joss-sticks are burned. The air is thus loaded every twilight with sandal-wood smoke. Here and there you see men making additional offerings, by setting on fire articles of gilded paper, or making libations before the shrine. These vespers being finished, the Chinaman's religion is complete for that day; and he retires to pleasure or repose, with the full comfort of self-righteousness.

It is so unpopular to be familiar with foreigners, that an opportunity of visiting the private houses of respectable Chinese is rarely enjoyed by transient sojourners in Canton. One of the principal hong merchants, being particularly indebted to Dr Parker for removing a polypus, and at the same time a man of uncommon independence, I was glad to embrace a proposal to visit him. Dr Parker having announced our desire, we received a very cordial invitation. The house stands in a crowded suburb; nothing being visible from the street but a wall of the ordinary height. Passing

through a vestibule, attended by porters, we were ushered into a large and handsome hall, where the old gentleman soon joined us. His dress was negligent, but costly, and resembled that of the mandareen figures in our tea-shops. He saluted us in English, and the conversation was so maintained. After a little, he invited us to see his establishment, and kindly accompanied us. I was soon bewildered in passing through halls, rooms, and passages; crossing little courtyards and bridges; now looking at scores of gold-fish in a tank, and now sitting in a rustic summer-house on the top of an artificial cliff; now admiring whole beds of china asters in full bloom, and now engrossed with large aviaries or grotesque bee-hives. Here were miniature grottoes, and there were jets of water. Here were stunted forest-trees and porcelain beasts, and there was a lake and a fancy skiff. Yet the whole was compressed into a space not larger than is occupied by some mansions in the middle of our large cities.

There was not that quaint absurdity about all this, that books and pictures had led me to suppose. True, it was exceedingly artificial, and thoroughly Chinese; but there were taste and beauty in it all. Why should we break down all tastes to one standard! He that can only be pleased in a given way, is ill fitted to travel; and I am sure any one not predetermined to condemn, would admire and enjoy the grounds of Tinquan.

The style of the rooms pleased me less. They were numerous, but all furnished in the same manner, and most of them small. Besides gorgeous Chinese lanterns, hung Dutch, English, and Chinese chandeliers, of every size and pattern. Italian oil-paintings, Chinese hangings, French clocks, Geneva boxes, British plate, &c. &c., adorned the same rooms, strewed with natural curiosities, wax fruits, models, and costly trifles, from every part of the world.



Chinese Temple.

There are 124 temples in Canton, besides the numerous public altars seen in the streets. I saw the principal ones without the walls, which are said not to be inferior, on the whole, to those within. They strikingly resemble the monasteries of Europe. The handsomest is one of the Buddhists, in the suburb of Honan, on the opposite side of the river. Being accompanied by Messrs Bridgman, Parker, and Morrison, who were acquainted with the superior, I was not only shown every part by his order, but had the pleasure of his society for an hour. Cloisters, corridors, courtyards, chapels, image-houses, and various offices, are scattered, with little regard to order, over a space of five or six acres. Priests, with shaven crowns and rosaries, loitered about; but I never saw common people come to worship either at this or other establishments. Some of the priests occupied small and mean apartments; but those of the superior are spacious, and furnished not only with the ordinary conveniences, but with chandeliers, mirrors, pictures, &c., and with an extensive library. The buildings are chiefly of brick, one story high, the walks handsomely flagged, and the courtyard ornamented with large trees, or beautiful parterres of flowers. The printing-office contains stereotype plates enough to load a small vessel, so arranged as that every

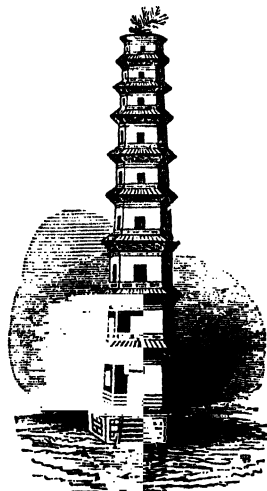
work is readily accessible. The principal apartment or temple is about 100 feet square, with the usual images, &c. We attended here to witness the regular evening service. It seemed to create little interest, for out of 160 resident priests, there were but fifty present; and these uttered their repetitions with the most obvious indifference. Their prayers are in Pali ostensibly, but I am told not truly, as their mode of writing renders it utterly unintelligible to any one. They keep time by striking a wooden drum, and occasionally a bell. At a certain stage of the process, the whole company formed into single file, and marched round the hall, without ceasing their repetitions. This gave us a full view of their countenances; and so far as these indicated, a more stupid set could not be picked out in all Canton. I have already remarked this characteristic of the Buddhist priesthood in other countries, and am confirmed in the belief of its being attributable to the character of their religion, and the nature of their duties.

Instead of the humble dress of Burman and Siam priests, these wear as handsome as they can get, with shoes and stockings. What is worse, some are in rags, barefoot, and squalid, with apparent poverty. They have, however, a common refectory, where I presume all fare alike. The buildings were erected at different times by the munificence of individuals, and by the revenues of the establishment, which amount to about 8000 dollars per annum.

While we walked over the premises, the superior had prepared us a repast of sweetmeats and fruits, to which he sat down with us. His manners were easy and elegant, his dress unostentatious, and his countenance full of intelligence and mildness. His age is but thirty-eight. We of course endeavoured to make the visit profitable to him. My heart yearned over him; and when he assured me that he meant to visit America in a year or two, I was happy to promise him a most cordial reception. Priests may leave the country and return, without the restraints which make it dangerous to others.

The whole number of priests in Canton is estimated at 2000; of nuns, 1000. The annual expense of the 124 temples is 250,000 dollars. An equal sum is required for the periodical festivals. Half a million, annually paid in one city for religion, by pagans! And the whole amount which all Christendom gives for pagans in a year is but six times as much!

I saw no pagodas at any of these establishments. They generally stand on some hill alone. Unlike the cones or pyramids of Burmah, these rise like shot-towers, with successive stories, marked by a cornice or



Chinese Pagoda.

narrow pent-house. The top is often covered deeply with earth, from which shrubs shoot up, and form a romantic finish, as is the case with that here repre-

sented. There are but two within the city. One, called Kwa-ta, or adorned pagoda, has nine stories, and is 170 feet high, octagonal. The other, called Kwang-ta, or unadorned pagoda, is 160 feet high. The first was built about 1300 years ago; the latter during the Tang dynasty, which closed A.D. 906. I believe they are not resorted to for devotional purposes, at least not commonly. As crosses are planted in some countries to mark the right of possession, so these huge and durable monuments seem only to mark a country swayed by him who claims "the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them." How artfully, in ten thousand forms, does he, in every pagan land, confirm and perpetuate his rule! But his time is short.

The Chinese are divided into three sects, namely, those of Ju-kea-su, Taou, and Boodh.

The Jukeasuits are the followers of Kong-foo-tze, or, as the Jesuits Latinize it, Confucius, who flourished about 560 years before Christ, and was therefore contemporary with Pythagoras. He was of royal descent, and a mandareen, but early resigned official life, and devoted himself to literature, morals, and political economy. Reducing the maxims of former sages to order, he added valuable extracts from current works, and prudent sayings of his own, and produced a digest which continues to be the *ultima thule* of Chinese piety. Travelling extensively as a popular lecturer, and sustained, not less by his high birth and eloquent address, than by the excellence of his doctrines, he soon founded a sect which became virtually the state religion. It is, however, much less intolerantly maintained than either Popery or Protestantism, where united with the state. The other religions are allowed, and sometimes fostered. Great officers, and even the emperor himself, build and endow Boodhist and Taouist temples.

The system of Confucius is highly extolled by European writers, and most extravagantly by Chinese. As accounts of it are accessible to all readers, I need not stop to describe it. He seems to have regarded religion less than politics, and the burden of his works relates to social virtues, civil government, and adherence to ancestral habits.

The sect of Taou (literally *reason*) was founded by Laou-Keum, a contemporary and rival of Confucius. His followers may be called the mystics of China. They profess alchemy, assume mysterious airs, read destinies on the palms, and make great pretensions to deep research and superior light. Their practical works contain, in general, the same laudable precepts which distinguish the system of the Jukeasu.



The Chinese Boodh.

The third sect follow Fo-e, sometimes spelled Fohi. Fo-e is said to be the old orthography of *Fuh*, which is the Chinese abbreviation of *Fuh-ta*, or Boodha. The Boodhism of China is the same as that of Burmah, which has been sufficiently described. The system is certainly far older than either of the others. It is gene-

rally supposed to have been introduced about A.D. 70. Kempfer dates the introduction about A.D. 518, when "Darma, a great saint, came from the west, and laid the foundation," &c. Chinese historians agree that the worship of Fohi was originally brought from India. Sir William Jones says confidently, "Boodh was unquestionably the Fo-e of China."

This sect probably embraces one-third of the entire population. The government acts with indecision towards it, at one time denouncing it as dangerous, and at another contributing to its support. Mr Gutzlaff saw at Pooto some placards calling on the people, in the name of the emperor, to repair to the Boodhist temple of that place, in order to propitiate Heaven for a fruitful spring. The priests are numerous, but not greatly respected. I saw some of them in the streets daily. A few were exceedingly well dressed, but generally they were both shabby and dirty, sometimes quite ragged.

The idol differs somewhat from that of the Burmans and Siamese. The above is an exact delineation of a large image, or Jos, which I obtained from Mr Roberts at Macao, and is now in the Baptist Missionary Rooms, Boston.

The state of morals among the English and other foreigners here, is delightfully superior to that of other places I have seen in the east. A particular vice, so notorious elsewhere, is indeed effectually prevented by the Chinese police. But in other respects the superiority is manifest. The Sabbath is well observed; and sobriety, temperance, and industry, distinguish a society which, but for the exclusion of females, would be excellent. Of course, the total absence of mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters, prevents any man from feeling at home in Canton; and few stay longer than they can help.

The British and American gentlemen, besides supporting the hospital, have formed two societies for the good of China, namely, the "Morrison Education Society," and the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." Both are yet in incipient stages. Their designs are fully described in the Chinese Repository. Another measure is gradually ripening for execution, namely, the establishment of a Medical Missionary Society, which promises effectually to try an experiment on which the hearts of many friends of China are strongly set. The object of this society will be to encourage medical gentlemen to come and practise gratuitously among the Chinese.*

The great blot on foreigners at Canton, though not on all, is the opium trade. That men of correct moral sensibilities and enlightened minds should be so blinded by custom or desire of gain as to engage in this business, is amazing. A smuggler in Canton is no more honourable than a smuggler on any other coast; in some respects less so. There is less chivalry, hardihood, fatigue, exposure, and inducement, than in the case of a poor man who braves both the war of elements and legal penalty, to obtain subsistence for his family. Here, among a peaceable, and perhaps timid people, they incur no personal hazards, and set at defiance edicts and officers. No other smuggling introduces an article so deadly and demoralising. The victims of it daily meet the smuggler's eyes, and are among the patients resorting to the hospital he helps to support.

* A Medical Missionary Society, with the above object, was formed in Canton early in 1838. It does not purpose to pay the salary of medical men, but to receive such as may be sent by missionary boards, or come at their own cost, and to furnish them with hospitals, medicines, attendants, &c. It will establish libraries and museums, and take every proper measure to spread the benefits of rational medicine and surgery among the Chinese; in the hope of thus paving the way for the relaxation of those laws, customs, and prejudices, which now exclude the Christian missionary. Of this society, T. R. Colledge, Esq., is president. The society has already received cash subscriptions to the amount of 9936 dollars, chiefly from the English and American gentlemen on the spot.

So well do they know the moral and physical evils of opium, that not one of them ventures on the habit of using it himself.

In this, as in other cases, magnitude gives dignity and sanction to the operation. No other smuggling is on so grand a scale. The annual sale amounts to a sum equal to the entire revenue of the United States, and to the whole value of teas exported to England and America! At this very time, though efforts so extraordinary and persevering have been put forth by the Chinese government to stop this infernal traffic, there are *twenty-four* opium ships on the coast. We have little reason to wonder at the reluctance of China to extend her intercourse with foreigners. Nearly the whole of such intercourse brings upon her pestilence, poverty, crime, and disturbance.

No person can describe the horrors of the opium trade. The drug is produced by compulsion, accompanied with miseries to the cultivators as great as slaves endure in any part of the earth. The prices paid to the producer scarcely sustain life, and are many per cent. less than the article produces in China. The whole process of carrying and vending is an enormous infringement of the laws of nations, and such as would immediately produce a declaration of war by any European power—the grandest and grossest smuggling trade on the globe! The influence of the drug on China is more awful and extensive than that of rum in any country, and worse to its victims than any outward slavery. That the government of British India should be the prime abettors of this abominable traffic, is one of the grand wonders of the nineteenth century. The proud escutcheon of the nation which declaims against the slave-trade, is thus made to bear a blot broader and darker than any other in the Christian world.

A subsequent chapter on missions to the Chinese shows what missionaries have laboured for this people, at different points, and who are now thus engaged. It is sufficient, therefore, here to notice those in Canton; namely, Messrs Bridgman and Parker. Mr Bridgman has not yet become able to preach in Chinese, but is making very rapid progress, and has acquired such a knowledge of the *written* language as to be able with critical ability to assist in the revision of the Holy Scriptures, now in progress at Singapore. He has also some promising Chinese boys under his daily instruction. His other engagements, besides the study of the language, are, editing the Chinese Repository, and preaching in English.

Dr Parker has from his arrival been engrossed with medical practice, for which purpose he was sent out. His hospital was commenced in November 1835, chiefly for diseases of the eye. Resident foreigners wholly support the establishment (except Dr Parker's salary), at an expense of about 1600 dollars per annum. Not only do crowds of patients with diseased eyes resort to him, but many others, only a selection of which can receive his attention.

Up to the present period, 4400 persons have been treated. The cases are described, and in some instances the treatment and results, in Dr Parker's regular quarterly reports. His labours are severe, but his health and spirits good. A satisfactory proof of his skill is found in the friendship and encomiums of seven or eight English physicians, residing at Canton and Macao, some of whom attend him on every operation day, rendering valuable aid, and highly applauding his operations and treatment. He has three native students of medicine who receive careful instruction, literary as well as medical, and through whom incalculable blessings may flow to this people.

There is no Chinese convert at Canton, nor religious services in that language, nor giving of tracts. Even conversation with patients in the hospital is ventured upon with caution. A linguist is stationed there by the local authorities, who narrowly watches every transaction. The missionaries fully believe that frequency or a little indiscretion would at once break up the institution, and perhaps cause them to be driven away.

How far the labours of these excellent brethren are to prepare the way for Christianity, or for future missionaries, is not clear. They are certainly earning for *themselves* the confidence and esteem of many individuals. But can they transfer these to others? If successors keep equally quiet in respect to religion, they will remain unmolested, without reference to the present missionaries. If they do not, these will furnish no precedent, and their character no protection: opposition might be expected, as heretofore, and the work must be commenced in fact anew.

Ten days out of my thirty in China were consumed in a visit to Macao. That it was my last point of observation, made me acquainted with Gutzlaff, and would show me Popery under a new phase, gave peculiar interest to the visit.

The sailing distance from Canton is about seventy miles. Small packet-boats, with a deck, ply regularly between the two places, which stop a few minutes at Lintin, and consume generally about twenty-four hours in the passage.

The crowds of boats and junks near Canton, the long line of English and American shipping in Whampoa Reach, the forts, towers, cultivation, and fishermen, on the way to Lintin, and the romantic islands and promontories between that place and Macao, render the voyage, under favourable circumstances, instructing and pleasant.

Macao, seen from the harbour, wears an aspect of great beauty and dignity. The crescent curve of the shore, unbroken by any wharf or jetty, whitened by the foamy surf and sloping sand: the front range of well-built houses; the town, rising behind on different hills; and the bold ridges on either side—make a scene rarely surpassed. But the shipping lie at the back of the town; not a movement of commerce is to be seen; a few sepoys seem to be the only moving objects; and as you land from the little sampan, sensations of desolation are scarcely to be suppressed. The first walk through the town dissipates all the poetic anticipations awakened by a view from the harbour. Narrow streets, ill-built houses, beggarly shops, and the total absence of the appearance of business, create a strong sense of desolation; and a few promenades leave you nothing new to see.

Decline seems stamped on every thing, civil and religious. Instead of its former population of 20,000 Portuguese and other foreigners, it has now but 4300. Its extensive commerce is almost annihilated. Several of the large churches are either in ruins or used for barracks. Few of the houses are kept in perfect repair, and the streets are no longer thronged with busy passengers. The churches are still numerous and noble; and evidence is every moment present that you are in a Papal town. The bells ring often every day; processions, with crucifixes and lighted candles, go and come; and priests, with black frocks and cocked hats, are seen in the streets.

The town is built on two ridges, forming a triangle, of which the hypotenuse is the secure inner harbour, where all the shipping lie, but which is gradually filling up. The whole site is but a section of a promontory extending to the southward from the large island of Heang-shan. A wall, built across the entire breadth, only 1700 yards from the extreme south point, effectually restricts foreigners to the limits assigned them, and enables the Chinese, by stopping the supply of provisions, always to bring the Portuguese to terms, if difficulties occur. A great majority of the inhabitants, even within the Portuguese limits, are Chinese. They have their bazaar, their temples, their commerce, and even their custom-house, and seem to be virtually rulers of the place.

For more than three centuries (that is, since 1537) have the Portuguese occupied Macao. The history of the place, during this long interval, is interesting in various respects, but I can attempt no sketch of it here. It forms not only a veritable and practical comment on Popery, but shows it up in an important aspect; namely,

as having both power and prevalence in the midst of a pagan land. It also exhibits political and commercial mistakes worthy to be scanned and weighed by statesmen.

I of course found the Baptist brethren, Shuck and Roberts, only students; so that, as to them, there was neither much for me to arrange nor learn. But though they have so recently arrived, I was assured by a competent judge that their progress in the language was very honourable to themselves. Mr Shuck studies the Mandareen dialect, preparatory to assuming some post on the western frontier of China; and Mr Roberts that of Macao, intending to make this his permanent position. I was happy to make arrangements with Mr Gutzlaff to devote a few hours a-week to their instruction.

Mr Williams, a printer in the service of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is stationed here. He has charge of the Honourable East India Company's printing-office, and has been employed on Medhurst's Dictionary, &c. The magistrates totally prohibit the printing of bibles and tracts in Macao, so that he is at present left to prosecute his studies in the language. This office contains two fonts of Chinese character, and some English. One is of very large size, each type weighing one tael and two mace, or about an ounce and a half. Each type was engraved by itself, and cost, for cutting and metal, about seven cents. The font has but one type in each character, so that it can be of no use unless in reprinting a dictionary; 17,000 of these types have been lost, and 27,000 yet remain. The font was made at vast expense by the East India Company, for printing Morrison's great Chinese Dictionary.

The other font is of the size called "Columbian," and, like the first, was cut upon blank faces, and not cast. It contains 30,000 characters, averaging but two types for each; so that, like the other, it cannot be used in printing ordinary books.

With Mr Williams is residing G. T. Lay, Esq., an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose recent visits to Borneo, Celebes, Ternate, and other islands in these seas, enabled him to give me light on several subjects respecting which books left me in the dark. Mr Lay is distinguished as a naturalist, as well as for an extraordinary facility in acquiring languages; and his researches among these comparatively unknown tribes cannot fail to benefit both science and religion.

Mr Gutzlaff welcomed me with all possible cordiality, and our previous correspondence paved the way for business, without circumlocution or formality. He is a Prussian, about thirty-four years of age, small, dark hair and eyes, in fine health, of great activity, and sprightly in all his motions. His office of interpreter to the superintendent of trade seldom makes demands on his time, while its ample salary furnishes him the means of much good. No man is more devoted to the cause of Christ, and few so laborious, as his *ten* voyages along the coast since his arrival in 1831 amply testify. His chief employment at present is the preparation of tracts, and of a new version of the Scriptures, with the help of Marshman's and Morrison's versions.

I of course spent many hours with him, listening, note-book in hand, to his opinions, observations, difficulties, desires, and purposes, and his comments on mine. Without the least apparent reserve, and with exceeding earnestness and animation, he passed on from subject to subject, at the table, in the garden, and by the way-side. All was of China. Not an inquiry had he to make of where I had been, or what was doing elsewhere. Not a moment did common-place matters come up. His mind, full of one grand theme, seemed to flow over spontaneously every moment. Though unable to adopt his judgment on many points, I could not but admire his zeal, piety, diligence, and hope.

His darling plan is the multiplication of voyages along the coast for the distribution of tracts. He thinks he has in this way, himself, had access to 30,000,000 of people, and cherishes the most animated expectations

from a large employment of this method. But after listening with deep attention to all his remarks on this important theme, I could not adopt his conclusions. The distribution of tracts can only be of use on a large scale in preparing the way for living teachers. This has been done sufficiently, so far as regards the coast; and we must continue to do *occasionally* till teachers be admitted to residence. But to make it an end instead of a means—to pour annually millions of tracts along the same line of coast—to go in face of prohibitory edicts, and only as protected by cannon—and to be at the expense of both tracts and voyage, while so many of the books are yet scarcely intelligible—is at best but a very imperfect mode of conducting a mission.

Mrs Gutzlaff is an English lady, without children of her own, and has taken twenty little pagan girls into her house, where they receive every advantage, in school and out. They are allowed to come into the parlour, and are in all respects put upon the footing of pupils in our best boarding-schools. Among them are two little blind girls, of good parts. As I caressed the poor little orphans, heard their hymns and portions of Scripture, saw them read from the New England raised letter-books, and marked the deep and tender interest of Mrs Gutzlaff on their behalf, my heart rejoiced in God. Oh, how blessed and bright would this dark world become, if only the spirit of our glorious Redeemer were diffused abroad! What sweet intercourse of sympathy, generosity, love, and gratitude, would gladden life's roughest passages!

There is no body of native Christians in Macao, nor any Protestant convert but a poor gardener, baptised by Mr Shuck not long since. I accompanied Mr Gutzlaff on the first Sunday of November, to the houses of some Chinamen, with whom he conversed in a manner that showed he was no stranger to their doors. In the evening, as is his custom, he preached in English to the patients of the Marine Hospital, and a few friends; but it was evident this was not his forte. There can be held no regular meetings for Chinese, nor any open preaching, and only a scanty and cautious distribution of tracts. Mr Gutzlaff's usefulness, therefore, can extend little beyond his study and his scholars, except when on his favourite excursions along the coast.

The next evening was the concert of prayer, held at the house of C. W. K., Esq., a pious American of the firm of Oliphant and Co. We numbered but eight; yet the occasion, the place, and the circumstances of the people around us, gave deep interest to a meeting always dear to a Christian. Alas! that so many churches lose the pleasure and benefit of this hallowed evening; to say nothing of the duty of praying, "Thy kingdom come."

T. R. Colledge, Esq., of this place, an eminent and humane surgeon in his majesty's service, on joining the East India Company's establishment in 1827, immediately began a system of gratuitous practice for the Chinese, particularly in diseases of the eye. The first year his own resources supplied the funds; but in the next friends contributed, and as confidence among the Chinese increased, patients multiplied, and a regular hospital was opened, where patients from a distance were accommodated. Up to 1833, 4000 patients were relieved. At that time the retirement of a medical officer threw upon Dr Colledge such an increase of duty that the hospital was suspended. The institution, however, had so won the favour of all classes, that a very large and well-adapted house has been purchased for a permanent establishment, capable of accommodating several hundred persons.

Mr Gutzlaff's published letters have widely diffused his favourite position that "China is open." He still maintains this position, though others have risen to controvert it. To me it seems, that whether it is open to the *settlement* of missionaries is a matter to be decided only by experiment; to make which, there are not more than himself and three other missionaries sufficiently versed in the language. Little good could come of an attempt of this kind, made by a man unable to

teach the people, or to explain himself before a magistrate. The worst that would probably happen to a proper man making the trial, would be to be placed in a sedan chair, and transmitted to Macao. How far the sea-board is open to the *distribution of tracts*, is ascertained; that is, they may be given away in any quantity, if a ship be at hand to protect the operation. For want of such a vessel, 170 large boxes of tracts have now for months been lying in a receiving ship at Lintin, and which dare not be landed either at Canton or Macao.

I am not only persuaded that at this moment China is *not* open to the settlement of Christian teachers, but satisfied that Protestants are far from being ready to have it open. With three or four men able to preach in Chinese, what could Christendom do! Nothing, after locating these, with each 100,000,000 for his district, but what she can do now—set apart more men to study the language. It is a great mercy that China should be shut at present to Christian teachers. Were it otherwise, Protestants are without persons to send; while Popish priests abound in the east, and would instantly enter in great numbers, making the field worse for us, if possible, than now.

CHAPTER VI.

Embark for home. Straits of Gaspar and Sunda. Petty Monsoon. Cape of Good Hope. Remarkable Phenomenon. St Helena. False alarm. Slave trade. Landing at Newport. Summary. Reflections.

BESIDES the sweets of being "homeward bound," the voyage from the east is, in many respects, pleasanter than the outward, especially when we embark in the fall. The winds are almost all fair; the distance is much^{*} less; the repeated sight of land breaks up the dreary monotony of four or five months' passage; and vessels generally touch at the Cape of Good Hope, or St Helena, which adds a large amount of interesting information, and furnishes refreshments to sustain both health and spirits.

The stagnation of trade is now so complete (November 1837), that but one vessel is loading at Canton for the United States, and no other expected to sail for six or eight weeks, if so soon. She belongs to Messrs Brown and Ives of Providence, and in her I take passage, grateful for an opportunity to depart when my business is finished.

Leaving Macao November 24th, we came down the coast of Cochín-China, between the Natunna and Anamba groups of islands, and passing in sight of Middle Island, St Julien, St Esprit, St Barbe, &c., reached the Straits of Gaspar in ten days. Here we saw Banca, Pulo Lat, and other islands. A day or two more brought to view the beautiful heights of Sumatra, along which we coasted to the Straits of Sunda, surrounded by noble scenery. The mountains of Java and Sumatra, the fine peaks of Cockatoo and Prince's islands, the numerous minor islands, the quiet seas, and the glorious skies, make it one of the most interesting passages I know.

Leaving Java head December 7th, we took the petty monsoon,* and hauled close upon it, to latitude 16° south, where we reached the regular south-east trade, and rolled before it more than 4000 miles in about a month. On the 17th of January 1838, we came in sight of Africa, and sailed for two days close along the sublime outline of the mountains which form the "Cape of Storms." The winds here are almost always ahead for homeward vessels, which therefore hug the shore, for the benefit of the westerly current; but we were favoured with a gentle fair wind all the way round to Table Bay.

* The petty monsoon is a remarkable intrusion on the south-east trade wind. It exists six months in the year; namely, from November till May, between latitude 2 degrees and 10 degrees south, and extending from Madagascar to Java. It is sometimes broader. We had it as far as latitude 16 degrees. It generally blows fresh, and often in squalls.

No sooner had we dropped anchor off Cape Town, on the morning of the 19th, than I hastened ashore to make the best of the time the ship remained to fill up her water and procure stores. Dr Phillips, the well-known and venerable superintendent of the London Missionary Society's stations in South Africa, had not yet returned from his visit to England, but I found Mrs P. abundantly able to supply his place. Her complete knowledge of the details of every station, and striking energy of character, charmed me exceedingly. Making me welcome to her home, she patiently suffered herself to be plied with questions, and, on my retiring for the night, furnished documents to read, calculated to be highly useful to me as a manager of missionary operations.

The Rev. Mr Locke, Mr Phillip's substitute, gave me his time when Mrs P. could not, so that, whether walking or sitting, my pencil had no rest. Long practice has served to stereotype my questions, so that when I fall among such as can inform, the work of gathering facts, dates, and numbers, is plain, if not easy.

Few places can be more beautifully situated than Cape Town. The city occupies a gentle acclivity, on the east side of the bay; scattered villas are sprinkled over the adjacent shores, and in the rear, upon moderate hills, are pleasant country seats, embosomed among vineyards and fruit-trees. Behind all, distant but a mile, is the steep wall-like front of Table Mountain, rising nearly 4000 feet almost perpendicularly, without a tree or scarcely a shrub to hide the frowning rocks. In the placid bay about twenty vessels were lying at anchor, of which no less than eight were American. There is a small fort, and some other defences, but none which would be of any avail against an enemy which might land elsewhere and take these batteries in the rear.

The streets of the city are regularly laid out and well built, but narrow. The population is about 25,000, the great majority of which are negroes and mulattoes. These swarm about the town, their wretched trousers and jackets contrasting very disadvantageously with the graceful and snow-white drapery of servants in India.

It is the middle of January (1838), and here, the height of summer. The markets abound with grapes, peaches, apricots, apples, plums, figs, oranges, lemons, strawberries, mulberries, melons, &c., at very low rates. Our supply of oranges from China had just run out, so that such an opportunity of replacing our antiscorbutic luxuries was most welcome. The vineyards are not trellised like the Italian, or tied to stakes like the German, but suffered to grow alone, like currant bushes. This plan is probably necessary, on account of the fierce winds which often prevail, but as it suffers many of the grapes to lie on the ground, is perhaps the cause of the earthy taste of the common Cape wines.

There are at Cape Town two Episcopal ministers, four Dutch, two Lutheran, one Scotch, two Independent, two Methodist, one supported by the South African Missionary Society, and four engaged wholly or partially in schools or secular business, making eighteen. The following list of charitable and religious institutions, though perhaps incomplete, will show that Christians here are not unmindful of the calls of enlightened philanthropy:—Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; South African Missionary Society, instituted 1799; Auxiliary London Missionary Society; Auxiliary Wesleyan Missionary Society; Bible Union, instituted 1818; Infant School Society, with three schools; three schools on the British system; Ladies' Benevolent Society; Tract and Book Society; Orphan Asylum; Sick and Burial Society; Widows' and Old Women's Society; School of Industry for girls; and ten Sunday schools, containing about 1500 scholars.

Had the Dutch, who settled this colony nearly 200 years ago, been as zealous for the conversion of the natives as they were for the introduction of their language, there would no doubt have been a far different state of things among that part of the population.

But though Dutch is now the vernacular of all the negroes in this part of the continent, Christianity is the religion of comparatively few, while more than 9000 have adopted the faith of the false prophet. Indeed, it is affirmed that they rather preferred that the Hot-tentots should become Mussulmans, being unwilling that their slaves should acquire such a ground of familiarity as would be produced by a common Christianity! Even now, a large number of blacks annually go over to Mahometanism.

On leaving the Cape of Good Hope, a delightful breeze from the south-east brought us at once into the regular trade-wind, so that we scarcely started tack or sheet till off St Helena on the 31st of January. Squalls and calms, produced by the proximity of this lofty island, kept us near it for twenty-four hours, making us familiar with its gloomy outline, and allowing us leisure to philosophise on the fate of bloody men. Heavy clouds lowered on its summits, while dreariness and solitude seemed the only tenants of its worthless valleys. May ambitious rulers never forget the impressive lesson of St Helena's exiled emperor! We left the island to the westward, and catching "the trade" again, reached the equator in about twenty days. He who most dislikes the sea, must love it in the south-east trade-wind. Such skies, such air, such gentle waters, such quiet in the ship, such glorious nights, such security from all shoals and coasts, and such steady progress, make up the very poetry of life upon the sea.

The north-east trade met us south of the line, blowing with double the force of the other. Its haziness prevented my noticing at what latitude the Magellan clouds ceased to be visible. We however saw them till within two or three degrees of the equator. They appeared then about 15° above the horizon. Since leaving the Cape, the thermometer has ranged about 80° to 85° in the cabin.

For a number of days after crossing the line, we noticed a fine yellowish sand deposited on every part of the vessel and rigging. It could be wiped from the decks like dust from a table. This of course was from the coast of Africa, above 1000 miles distant! I am told this phenomenon is not uncommon, but do not recollect to have seen it noticed in books.

In the latitude of the West Indies, a suspicious-looking schooner came in sight, and leaving her course, boarded a vessel a few miles ahead. Soon after, she bore for another; changing her course again, came down upon us, and ranged alongside at musket shot distance. She carried the flag of Donna Maria, was of the fastest model, too small to be engaged in commerce, and had other indications of being a pirate. It seemed evident, too, she had no particular course, for she had been boxing about since daylight. To be captured, and perhaps murdered, was now a reasonable expectation, and I began to think this book would never see the light. After sailing with us a while before the wind, keeping us in constant expectation of a shot, she sheared to, and an officer in half uniform hailed us, saying, "With your leave, we will come on board." Of course it was of no use to resist, and our captain sulkily hauled up his courses. We were somewhat relieved by seeing her boat shove off with but a small crew. Our ladder and man-ropes were put over the side, and presently a ruffian-looking man, with side arms, stood upon our deck. We stood ready to learn our fate, but he seemed in no hurry to announce it. However, after looking about at every thing, and asking our cargo, destination, &c., he settled our surmises by saying, that he wished merely to know his longitude!

The schooner was a slave, recently captured off Jamaica by a British cruiser, and this personage was prize-master. The slaves had been apprenticed on the island by government, as is the custom in such cases, and the vessel was on her way to Sierra Leone to be condemned, having the late captain and one or two of the crew on board. Being destitute of a chronometer, he took this opportunity to ascertain his position, by comparing the reckoning of the vessels in sight. The

vessel was about eighty tons burden (not so large as many of our river sloops), and when taken, had on board 326 slaves. Between her decks was but two feet four inches, so that the unhappy negroes could scarcely sit upright. They were stowed in a solid mass, in a sitting posture, amidst filth and stenches so horrid, that the place was insupportable for days after they were removed. These vessels are generally fitted out at Havana, and if they escape capture one voyage out of four, the profits are abundant. As the officers and crew are not punished, much less the merchant, there is no want of tools for this infernal business. As soon as the vessel is condemned at Sierra Leone, she is sold by auction, and not being wanted there, the captain himself becomes the purchaser, and with all his irons, gratings, and other apparatus, already on board, passes down the coast, takes in another cargo, and tries his chance again.

Lord Brougham has affirmed, in a late speech in parliament, that 185 slave-vessels were fitted out from Havana in the year 1835; and that in 1836, the number of slaves imported into that single city exceeded 28,000. In the month of December 1836, two vessels arrived at Rio Janeiro, one of which brought 500 slaves, and the other 780. The average import of slaves into Rio is about 53,000. In 1837, there were imported into one city of Brazil 45,000 slaves. It has been recently published, without contradiction, that nearly 200 slave voyages are made from Cuba every year, and that many of these are owned by Englishmen and Americans. It is to be feared that this awful business is now conducted almost as extensively as at any former period.

On the 25th of March 1838, the shores of my native country once more received me, having made the voyage in 120 days, without disaster. I have abstained from speaking of dangers, escapes, hardships, and inconveniences, except where they might make the reader better acquainted with the country or people through which I was passing; but an open acknowledgment is now due to the Father of mercies, and to my friends whose prayers were not intermitted. In the east, opportunities of going from port to port are often not to be had for months; yet I was never hurried from any place till my work was done, nor in a single instance detained uselessly. During an absence from the United States of two years and a half, I made nineteen voyages by sea (which consumed 464 days), fourteen voyages by rivers, and a land journey of 500 miles, besides smaller trips by land and water. The whole distance travelled, including actual courses at sea, is somewhat more than 53,000 miles. In all these wanderings, often in dangerous and ill-fitted vessels, and regions unhealthy or infested with robbers, I was never hurt nor molested, nor was any person hurt or taken sick where I was. In one of these journeys, it will be recollected, I was supposed to be armed with a pair of horse pistols, for which I afterwards found I had no bullets. On all other occasions, I went without the semblance of a weapon, except a cane.

The entire expense of my mission, including voyages out and home, presents to chiefs, purchase of curiosities for missionary rooms, and salary, amounts to about 5000 dollars—scarcely half of the sum I had supposed would be requisite. Part of this may be regarded as falling within the usual expenses of the Board, as on all occasions I acted the part of a missionary, by preaching through interpreters, conducting the services of native assistants, and distributing Christian books.

The wide field gone over in my weary way is now traced, and thousands of facts concerning it are fairly spread out. Much more remains unsaid; but nothing is kept back which would materially alter the nature of the reader's impressions. Deeply conscious of the imperfections which have attended the discharge of this engagement, I am, nevertheless, cheered by the fullest conviction that such an agency was essential to the welfare and vigour of the mission; that no part of my life has so effectually promoted the blessed cause for which

alone it is desirable to live; and that the divine presence and aid were never more manifestly vouchsafed upon

it only remains for me to declare my deep and solemn conviction that the missionary enterprise is of God. All I have seen, read, and heard, has served to impress me more and more with the rectitude, practicability, and usefulness of the work. Our duty, as revealed in Scripture, is illustrated and urged in every part of the field. The missionaries, as a body, are holy and diligent men. I have satisfied myself that the translations are continually improving; that the tracts are orthodox and scriptural; and that a large part of them are intelligible to the natives. Evidences of the divine favour are visible, and are numerated in a subsequent chapter, though not completely, yet so abundantly as that unprejudiced Christians must deem them encouraging.

The personal examination of numerous missionary stations in the east (some of them the seat of several distinct bodies of missionaries); a minute knowledge of many adjacent ones; a personal acquaintance with nearly ninety ordained missionaries—Episcopalian, Lutheran, Scotch, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Independent, Congregational, and Baptist, besides wives, assistants, and native helpers; visits to schools and the houses of converts; seeing many heathen in their native state; witnessing much missionary labour; attending committees, conferences, prayer-meetings, and catechisings; and almost confining my reading to this subject for three years—has satisfied me that the measure of missionary success is equal to just expectations. The particular grounds of this decision will be found briefly spread out in Chapter III. of the 4 Dissertations."

Opportunities of usefulness are more extended than ever before. There are not only more presses and more missionaries, but better tracts; more of the Scriptures are translated; more of our brethren understand the languages where they are; the native assistants know more of the plan of salvation; and the schools are better conducted.

Our incentives to increased action are very strong. Many young men of great promise, who have devoted themselves to missionary work, are deterred from presenting themselves to the societies, because of the uncertainty when they can be sent out, if at all. This ought very seriously to engage the attention of the churches. Men are prepared and willing to go, and

the church does not supply the means. In the mean time, promising fields remain unoccupied; a proper division of labour is not effected at existing stations; and at some points the whole labour and expense, and the entire services of some missionaries, are in danger of being lost, for want of men to take the place of those now engaged, in case of sickness or death. In some instances, there are for a whole nation but one missionary.

Our visible encouragements are greater than at any former period. The number of converts within the year 1837, connected with missions from the United States, exceeds the whole number of converts, during the first twenty years of the existence of missionary operations. In the same missions, religious truth is now being printed in nearly sixty languages, and at the rate of millions of pages per annum.

Reader, could you have stood with me over the graves of Swartz, Carey, Boardman, or Heber, or could you stand beside the departing ship, where weeping parents give up dear children to many hardships, and to be seen no more, how would your sacrifices appear in the comparison? What are you doing for the spread of Christianity which compares with these; or with the widow's mite, which was "all her living?" Oh, examine this matter. The blood of the heathen may be on your soul. Have you properly satisfied yourself that it is not your duty "to go to the heathen?" Are you sure you are not required to give more to this cause? If it be the duty of some to go abroad, and of others to give up their sons and daughters, what ought you to do? Must the whole body of Christians do their duty? or will the services of a part excuse the remainder? Either those who go on missions are egregiously misled, and might without guilt have remained at home, enjoying all the sweets of civilised society, religious privileges, and family intercourse, or you are fatally deluded in supposing that you acquit yourselves of all obligation by paying a paltry dollar or two, per annum or per month. What shall be said, then, of those who do not contribute towards spreading the knowledge of God and truth among the nations, so much as the price of a gewgaw, or a ribbon, in a whole year? Oh Lord, lay not this sin to thy people's charge! Let thy church arise and shine, that the Gentiles may come to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising.

DISSERTATIONS, TABLES, &c.

CHAPTER I.

MISSIONS TO THE CHINESE.

Stations now occupied. Sudiya. Mogoung. Bamoo. Umerapoor. Zemmal. Pontiana. Sambas. Banca. Other Bodies of Chinese. Versions of the Holy Scriptures. Proportion of Chinese who can read. The importance of distributing Tracts and Bibles overrated. Comparison of the modes of Printing. Difficulty of the Language. Dictionaries, Grammars, &c. Present Missionaries to the Chinese. Other Sinologues. Number of Converts. Best Authors on China.

THE accounts given of Canton and Macao in a preceding chapter show to what extent those cities can be regarded as missionary stations, and how little prospect there is of an early toleration to missionary efforts in China Proper. Hence the necessity of establishing missions for this people in other places, where they are found residing in large numbers. Stations now exist only at Canton, Macao, Malacca, Singapore, and Bankok, of which I have detailed the facts; and Batavia, which I did not visit. Penang has been occupied by Mr Dyer, but he is now of Malacca. The general and deep inter-

est felt by the Christian public on behalf of the Chinese, induces me to present, at one view, the other points which seem now to invite missionaries. Others have been named which I know to be unsuitable; there may be some of which I know nothing.

By placing missionaries at these places we carry the gospel to the Chinese, though not to China. Besides the numerous body of permanent residents, are thousands who return to their own country after amassing a competency; and thousands who never cease to be citizens of China, come and return annually in the junks and caravans. Tracts may be sent by such to every part of the coast. Converts may be made at such stations, who shall become at no distant period the best of missionaries to their own land; a quiet abode is secured where the Holy Scriptures may be translated; schools may be taught; and many other services rendered, formed in

1. SUDIYA, a station of the American Baptist Board in Upper Assam, on a branch of the Burampootee. Several missionaries and a printing establishment are

DISSERTATIONS, TABLES, &c.

located here, prosecuting labours among the tribes of the vicinity.

The frontier of China is not now accessible from Sudiya. Some rude tribes of Singphos intervene, who preserve their independence, and render travelling by this route highly dangerous. British influence, however, seems fast extending in that direction, and a free intercourse for whites may ere long be secured.

Some of the chiefs, for an established compensation, grant a free passage and escort to an annual caravan of Chinese to Thibet. It generally amounts to about 600 persons, who collect on the borders of Yunnan, and proceed to Lassa, making the journey in six weeks. Credible natives affirm that a good road extends the whole distance from Lassa to Pekin, and that letters are carried from one capital to the other in twenty days.

We may hope that Christian zeal will soon make this road and this caravan the means of conveying divine truth to China. Perhaps even now the caravan might sometimes be reached from Sudiya, for the distribution of tracts.

2. MO-GOUNG, or MONG-MAORONG, is a large fortified city, on a branch of the Irrawaddy river, about 25° 20', inhabited chiefly by Shyans, Chinese, and Singphos. It is said by some to be the ancient capital of the kingdom of Bong, but whether there ever was such a kingdom is not clear. It is more probable that Mogoung was at an early period a part of the Tai or Shyan country, and the metropolis of the northern section. Good roads, for horses or bullocks, extend in various directions, particularly to Assam, Yunnan, and Bamoo. The trade to China is almost equal to that of the latter city. The resident Chinese are of a respectable class. The contiguity of the famous amber mines* brings numerous merchants from Yunnan, Munipore, and other adjacent countries. The traders from China stay some weeks, and generally return from year to year; so that successive instructions might be given them.

Beesa, called by the Burmans *Bejanoung*, and by the Shyans *Hukung*, is but about eighty miles, north by west, from Mogoung. This is one of the principal Singphoo cities, between which and Sudiya there is constant and free intercourse. I had the pleasure of meeting at Ava the famous Duffa Gam, prince of the Beesa Singphos, who assured me that missionaries to his country should be well received and protected. He imparted many of the facts I now give respecting that part of Burmah and its various tribes.

3. BAMOO.—This city (lat. 24° 17' north, long. 96° 55' east) lies on the Irrawaddy river, near the junction of the Tapan, or Bamoo, or Pinlang river, which comes in from China. It is called by Hamilton *Bhamo*, and by some writers *Bamau*. The old town stood on this branch, but the modern one is a mile below. The present population is 14,000, of whom one-tenth are Chinese. Each side of the river, for miles above and below, presents the appearance of a continued village; and the surrounding country is one of the most wealthy and populous portions of the Burman empire. About twenty-five miles to the southward, but much more by the course of the river, is the confluence of the Lung-Shun, which also rises in China, and which, as well as the Bamoo, affords a boat navigation into Yunnan during the rainy season. Boats come up from Ava in twelve days; and when the waters are high, vessels of 150 tons may proceed 130 miles farther.

A great trade is carried on from Bamoo to China, part of it *en route* to Ava. From five to six thousand Chinamen arrive every cold season from Yunnan, causing a resort at the same time of traders from all parts of Burmah and Munipore. This intercourse was found existing when Europeans first visited the country, and the Portuguese are said to have established factors here in the sixteenth century.

As the caravans travel in the dry season, they proceed by land, crossing several ridges of mountains, and

a country occupied by Shyans, to Santa; from whence they disperse. Santa, though in China Proper, is peopled principally by Shyans, who are also numerous in most other parts of Yunnan. They spread also over all the country eastward of Bamoo, and are called by the Burmans *Tarouk*, or Chinese Shyans. A large part of them speak Chinese.

Bamoo would be a more pleasant location than either Rangoon or Ava, except for its distance from the sea-board. The people are more refined than in most parts of Burmah, dress more completely, live in large comfortable houses, have peaceful habits, and seem particularly intelligent. The Chinese occupy a part of the city to themselves, chiefly one wide, clean street. They have about a hundred shops, built of blue brick and tiled, and a handsome temple. The Shyan quarter contains 800 houses, well built, chiefly of wood. Most of the streets are paved, and all have fine shade-trees. The vicinity is highly improved; and Mr Kincaid speaks of an iron suspension bridge.

Besides its reference to China, this is obviously an important point for a mission, not only to the Burmans and Shyans, but the Kah-Kyens. Large numbers also of Assamese, Singphos, Muniporeans, Yos, and others, resorting here for trade, demand attention. At least four missionaries, one for Chinese, one for Shyans, one for Burmans, and one for the Kah-Kyens, are wanted here; or more properly two missionaries to each of these classes. It is not certain that operations, or even a residence there, would now be permitted, but every day increases the probability.

4. UMERAPOORA, six miles above Ava, and formerly the metropolis of Burmah, has a population of about 10,000 Chinese, mostly married to Burman females. It is also the resort of many young men from China, who remain only a few years. During all the dry season, small caravans arrive every few weeks, amounting, in the whole, to several thousand in a season. The route is principally through Thencee, in about latitude 22° 40', longitude 98° 10', said by natives to contain 3000 houses, and destined I hope, at no distant period, to be a missionary station. By the caravan, a regular communication with Ava could be maintained. Near the city are extensive sugar plantations wrought by Chinese, and furnishing a considerable quantity for different parts of the country.

Many considerations invite to the early location of a missionary at this city, who should acquire the dialect spoken in Yunnan* and the west of China, and be prepared to cross the frontier at the first favourable moment. A good teacher, if not procurable in the place, might probably be obtained easily from the caravans. Among the traders are educated men, who would gladly engage for two or three years at the usual wages. The city itself furnishes ample scope for the labours of several missionaries to the Chinese, and the government would not probably offer obstructions, as they permit all foreigners to exercise what religion they choose. Mr Kincaid has several times been invited to accompany the caravan to China, and promised every attention.

5. ZEMMAI, about 400 miles north from Bankok, is called by the natives as above, by the Siamese *Chang-mat*, or *Changmy*, by Loubiere *Chamé*, in Modern Universal History *Jangoma*, and in Malte Brun's atlas *Shaimai*. It contains 25,000 inhabitants, and is the residence of the prince or chobwaw of all the southern Laos. The river Meinam is navigable thus far for boats.

Part of what is now Siam appears to have formerly belonged to this district, and formed an independent kingdom, but the period of the dismemberment and reduction of their country does not appear. For several

* The price of the best kind, on the spot, is about three shillings sterling or seventy cents a pound.

* The province of Yunnan, of which mention is made so often, is one of the fairest and most populous in all China, and forms the eastern boundary of Burmah. Du Halde sets down its population at 8,000,000, and that of Sechuen, the adjacent province, at 27,000,000. Gutzlaff, from the government census, gives Yunnan 15,000,000 and Sechuen 21,000,000.

generations, they have been alternately tributary to Siam and Burmah. At present they are virtually independent, but pay a nominal homage to both countries.

Very considerable intercourse is kept up by caravans with China. These go and come during six months of the year in small companies, making an aggregate of several thousand men, each trader having twelve or fifteen loaded mules or ponies; and sometimes elephants are employed. A large male elephant costs 250 dollars, and carries about 1200 pounds. A small female costs about 40 dollars, and carries one-third the weight. The route is over mountains and deserts, and is performed with difficulty.

Zemmai has the advantage of regular and frequent intercourse with Ava, Maulmain, and Bankok. Standing on a branch of the Meinam river, the intercourse with the latter city by boats is very considerable. The flood-tide not being felt much above Ayuthia, the voyage up occupies twenty-five days. Boats come down in less than half the time.

Dr Richardson of Maulmain has several times visited Zemmai, and has made valuable communications, respecting the route and inhabitants, to the supreme government of India. He met with no difficulty, and performed the journey in twenty-five days, travelling, as caravans generally do in these regions, about ten miles per day. Droves of bullocks have been several times brought hence to Maulmain for the troops, and the intercourse is likely to increase.

Merchants from Zemmai visit Ava every year, and sometimes civil and military officers. They reach Monay or Mong-ny (lat. 20° 40', long. 97° 40') in twenty days, and thence to Ava in fifteen more. Monay is a large city, and the seat of government for another division of Shyans. I met the governor, or chobwaw, in Ava, at the morning levee of the principal woongyee, who encouraged me to send missionaries to his people, and made many kind assurances.

Besides the claims of Zemmai as a station for the Chinese, it presents still more in relation to the natives. The whole country round is peopled with a density very uncommon in Farther India. Within a circle of fifty miles are the cities of Lagoung, Moungpai, and Moungnam, each with 20,000 inhabitants; Labong, with 14,000; and several smaller cities. The people are mild, humane, intelligent, and prosperous. Opium-smoking and gambling are almost unknown. Almost every article wanted by a missionary can be had in the bazaars, and at low rates. A fat cow costs but one dollar.

The tracts in course of publication at Sudiya would probably be intelligible to the people of Zemmai and vicinity. Four unmarried men are urgently needed at this station; two for the Shyans, and two for the Chinese.

6. PONTIANA, on the west side of the island of Borneo, stands on a river of the same name, nearly under the equator. Being a Dutch settlement, protection and the comforts of civilised life are secured to the missionary. Its distance from Batavia is 400 miles, and from Singapore 300; the trade with each place being constant, both in native and European vessels.

The city contains only about 300 Chinese, but in the interior are 30,000, engaged in working the gold and other mines. There were formerly Catholic priests here, but they have left no proselytes. This station is salubrious, safe, accessible, cheap, and every way promising. Numerous junks constantly trade from here to different ports on the coast of China, by which any quantity of tracts may be distributed.

7. SAMRAS stands on the same side of Borneo, about eighty miles northward of Pontiana. As a position for a Chinese missionary, it resembles Pontiana in all important respects. There are about fifty Dutch inhabitants, and many Malays, Dayas, Bugis, &c. The Chinese in the city do not exceed 200, but there is another body of 40,000 in the rear. Like the others, they are nominally subject to the Dutch, because lying within territory claimed by them; but they pay no tax, justice is

administered by their own rulers, and they are in fact independent. They hold daily intercourse, by an inland route, with the above-named body of Chinese on the Pontiana river.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have stationed here the Rev. Messrs Arms and Robbins, as missionaries to the Dayas.* They commenced the study of that language, but finding the Malay would be more useful, have turned to that. The Daya language is divided into some thirty different dialects, none of which are reduced to writing, and is so poor in words, that the Scriptures could scarcely be made intelligible in a translation. As missionary zeal must create all the readers, it has been thought preferable to teach Malay, and give them a literature in that language. I am satisfied that it would be better to make English their learned language, rather than Malay. In this case, so soon as readers were raised up, they would have access to all literature and works of piety. In the other, ages must elapse before there can be a valuable literature in that language. The teaching to read is but a fraction of labour compared to enriching a language with valuable books.

8. BANCA is an island about 130 miles long, and 35 broad, lying in the strait of the same name. The inhabitants are Malays, Chinese, aboriginal mountaineers, and Orang Louts. The Malays are not very numerous, and prone to indolence. The tribes of the interior reside in a state of great rudeness and poverty. The Orang Louts, or "men of the sea," reside chiefly in little prowls along the coast, deriving their precarious subsistence from the waters. The Chinese are the strength of the colony, carrying on almost all the trades, but especially the operations of mining for tin. Their exact number is not ascertained, but they amount to many thousands, and keep up constant intercourse with their mother country.

This island is not deemed particularly unhealthy; and being in the very highway of commerce, offers many facilities for a Chinese mission.

Of Singapore and Bankok, as stations for missionaries to Chinese, I have spoken elsewhere. Penang has been occupied by the London Missionary Society, and may be resumed. It had, in 1836, 9000 Chinese inhabitants.

There are other large bodies of Chinese, with some of whom missionaries might probably be stationed. On the Island of Java are probably 200,000, 32,000 of which are in Batavia; on Bintang, 7000; on Sumatra, 3000. Trangano, Patani, and other towns on the east coast of Malaya, have each several hundred or more, but offer no encouragement at present as stations.

The facts exhibited in this sketch seem meagre, but comprise all the valuable result of diligent inquiries, omitting, however, what has been made public by others, or mentioned in other parts of this work.

So far as the salvation of the bulk of Chinese *resident* in foreign countries is concerned, the missionary in some of these places need not acquire their language. They consist, in great part, of the progeny of Chinamen married to natives, whose mother tongue, therefore, is the local language. Many of them, wearing the full Chinese costume, know nothing of that language. Most of them learn to speak it on common subjects, and some few are taught to read a little, but they could not be usefully addressed by a missionary in that language.

Perhaps the best plan would be, besides stationing missionaries (two or three in a place to learn the language, distribute tracts, &c.) at these various outposts, to collect a considerable number at some eligible point, say at Malacca or Singapore, where in classes, and under competent teachers, native and others, they might pursue their studies without the interruptions incident to the occupancy of a missionary station. Much money would thus be saved, as well as much time and

* This word is often written *Dayak*. But the final letter is a, gutturally and suddenly pronounced. The same is the case with *Pontiana*, *Batta*, and all that class of words.

much health. The ladies not keeping house, could study in class with their husbands. Persons of experience, observation, and ability in the language, would thus be raised up, qualified to assume all the practicable stations in China or out of it.

There are two entire versions of the Holy Scriptures in Chinese.—Marshman's of Serampore, in five vols. 8vo.; and Morrison and Milne's, in twenty-one vols. 8vo. The former was commenced about a year before Dr Morrison arrived in China; but both were finished and printed about the same time (1823), and have been largely distributed, in successive editions. Both versions are verbal and literal; so much so as to prove objectionable to present missionaries. Though not likely to be reprinted, they are eminently valuable, as the bases of a new version.

A third translation is in progress, by Messrs Medhurst and Gutzlaff. The New Testament, which was revised in concert with J. R. Morrison, Esq., and the Rev. Mr Bridgman, has been printed from blocks at Singapore, and lithographed at Batavia. It is in process of revision for a second edition. Genesis and Exodus are also in press, the Pentateuch ready, and the rest of the Old Testament in progress. Objections have been made to this version, as being too loose and paraphratical. The translators of course deny the charge, but the British and Foreign Bible Society have as yet withheld their aid. The character and attainments of the translators, and the immense advantage of having two distinct and independent versions before them, seem to authorise a confidence that it is a great improvement.

There have been printed in this language, besides the above-named editions of Scripture, about ninety-five different tracts, and twenty-five broad-sheets; amounting in all to about 2000 octavo pages of reading matter.

The number of portions of Scripture and tracts already distributed amounts probably to millions; but the exact quantity cannot be ascertained.

The distribution of Scriptures and tracts from out-stations, to be borne by trading junks to the coasts of China, is not unimportant, but has I think been over-rated. Christians seem disposed to regard our duty to China as likely to be accomplished cheaper and easier than it really is, and to hope that Bibles and tracts, with merely a few missionaries, will do the work. We are in danger, on the other hand, of being discouraged, because greater fruits have not resulted from all the labour and expense bestowed in this way. Two facts must be borne in mind—First, that few Chinamen can read understandingly; and, secondly, that our books and tracts have been for the most part so imperfect in their style, as to be far less likely to make a proper impression than a tract given in this country.

The ability to pronounce the characters, or rather some two or three hundred of them out of the many thousand, is very general. Hence a man taking a tract, will proudly begin to read off what he can, that is, call off the letters; but this does not prove him to understand one word of what he reads, as I have ascertained many times. He may not even understand a word when the book is correctly read to him. The written language and the spoken are in fact two different languages. After having questioned well-educated Chinese in various places, heard the opinions of judicious missionaries, and personally examined many through an interpreter, I am deliberately confident that not more than one Chinese man in fifty can read so as to understand the plainest book, and scarcely any females, except among the very highest classes.

A few instances of the difference between the written and spoken language will make this plain. In the Tay-chew dialect, the word *nang* means "man;" in the written language it is *chew*. *E* means "chair;" it is written *Ke*. *Leng* means "besides;" it is written *jing*. *Tuah* means "large;" in writing it is *ty*. *Au* means "to learn;" it is written *hack*. In the Hokkēn dialect, *naw lang* means "two men;" in writing it is *ye jeen*.

Ngeo lay means "brother;" in writing it is *baw*. Hence, when the Scriptures are read in Chinese worship, it is as necessary to go over it in the vulgar tongue as it was to the Jews to have a Chaldee paraphrase and interpretation.

It will naturally be asked, Why not translate the Scriptures and print tracts in each colloquial dialect? One reason is enough—There are no characters to express the words. Strange as it seems, there is no way of writing a multitude of words used every day by every body.

The advantages of book distribution are further abridged by the imperfections of style and manner, from which few of them are free. I am assured by missionaries, by Leang Afa, and by private Chinese gentlemen, that neither Marshman's nor Morrison's Bible is fully intelligible, much less attractive. The same is the case with many of the tracts; and some of them have been found wholly unworthy of circulation. Sufficient time has not elapsed to make the books accurate, intelligible, and idiomatic. The snatching away of shiploads can have had little other effect than to prepare the people to expect efforts to propagate Christianity, and to awaken inquiry. If these efforts are not soon made, the effects of what has been done may cease to be useful, and even become obstructive. Exertions therefore should at once be made by all Christian sects, to place men in safe and advantageous places to study the Chinese language.

It is known that the Chinese print from wooden blocks, and have possessed the art for 800 years. Some good judges still prefer this system for the printing of the Scriptures, and it certainly possesses advantages in some respects. The process is to write the words on thin paper, which is then pasted upon a proper block, and the cutter removes with a chisel all but the black face of the letter. It is thus a safe and simple mode of stereotyping. Alterations are made by cutting out the error, inserting a plug of wood, and engraving again the proper words. When the size of the letter is not very small, a set of blocks will give 20,000 perfect impressions; it may then be retouched at an expense of one-fifth the original cost, and give 5000 copies more. A small table, two or three simple brushes, and a little China or Indian ink, form all the apparatus necessary for printing from blocks. A set of blocks for the New Testament may be cut at Singapore for about 350 dollars. The expense of each copy complete, including paper and binding, is about fifty cents.

The use of moveable metallic type was introduced by Mr Lawson, of the Serampore mission, many years ago; and from such were Marshman's Bible and some other works printed. The great expense of cutting punches induced the Serampore printers to have the most rare letters cut on the face of blank types, so that out of 3000 letters only 1400 were cast from matrices. The work of completing punches for the whole has been lately resumed, and they will soon be able to cast all the required letters. The size is what our printers call "English," and is greatly admired by the natives.

The labours of Mr Dyer, now of Malacca, have been already mentioned in my journal of the visit to that city; and the character and extent of the fonts at Macao have been stated in the last chapter. M. Pauthier, at Paris, has cut punches, and cast a font about the size of that at Serampore. It is exceedingly beautiful, but somewhat strange to a Chinese eye, from the use of different punches to make the same matrix. It extends to about 9000 characters, and will no doubt prove an important aid to missionary operations.

A fair statement of the comparative advantages of block printing, lithography, and moveable type, is given in vol. iii. of the Chinese Repository. Stereotyping from wooden blocks has been done on a small scale in Boston, but is utterly out of the question. Many years must elapse before any version of Scripture, or other productions, will deserve such perpetuity. Stereotyping is never economical except where frequent and small editions of the same work are required.

Books can be manufactured by the Chinese method, at a cost not exceeding that of metallic type, besides saving the salary of an American or European printer.

The impression very generally prevails that almost insuperable difficulties lie in the way of the foreigner who attempts to learn Chinese. But the contrary opinion is maintained by various persons with whom I had conversation. The late superintendent of British trade, who resided many years at Canton, acquired great proficiency in the language, and has published the best general account of China now extant, says, "The rumoured difficulties attendant on the acquisition of Chinese, from the great number and variety of the characters, are the mere exaggerations of ignorance. The roots, or original characters, or what, by a species of analogy, may be called its alphabet, are only 214 in number, and might be reduced to a much smaller amount by a little dissection and analysis. To assert that there are so many thousand characters in the language, is very much the same thing as to say that there are so many thousand words in Johnson's Dictionary. Nor is a knowledge of the whole at all more necessary for every practical purpose, than it is to get all Johnson's Dictionary by heart in order to read and converse in English."

This opinion seems corroborated by several facts. In printing the entire Bible only about 3500 characters are required. Mr Dyer, in ascertaining the most important letters to be cast, caused a large quantity of Chinese histories, poems, and other books, to be examined, and found only 3200 characters employed. The Chinese penal code contains less than 2000 different words. The New Testament contains less than 3000. Of the 40,000 characters in Morrison's Dictionary, more than half are entirely obsolete, and most of the remainder very uncommon.

To gather a sufficient number of words, therefore, for all the ordinary labours of the missionary, cannot be difficult. To master the language fully, so as to write critically in it, must be exceedingly difficult. Dr Morrison, who probably proceeded farther in the acquisition of the language than any other European, always declared himself far from the goal. His advice to students is, not to undertake Chinese as though it is a *very easy* thing to acquire, nor be discouraged under an impression that the difficulty is *next to insurmountable*. Medhurst declares, that "the formidable obstacles which have frightened English students are considerably reduced by a comparison with our own language, and vanish entirely before the patient assiduity of the determined scholar." And Dr Marshman affirms that "the Chinese language is little less regular in its formation, and scarcely more difficult of acquisition, than the Sanscrit, the Greek, or even the Latin."

Helps to the study of Chinese are now somewhat numerous, though few are of much utility to a beginner. The following list is nearly or quite complete. Scarcely any of the works being procurable in the east, except at one or two places, missionaries should collect what they can before leaving home.

De Guigne, Dict. Chinois, 1813. French and Latin. One large folio of 1200 pages: contains 13,316 words.

Morrison's Chinese and English Dictionary, 6 vols. quarto. Part I. follows the imperial Chinese Dictionary, made in 1714, and contains 40,000 words. Part II. is a selection of 12,000 words, which alone are now used. Part III. is English and Chinese. This great work was printed at the expense of the East India Company, at their press in Macao, and cost £12,000. The first part was issued in 1816, and the last in 1823. It is for sale in London at sixty dollars per copy. One half of the edition, say 350 copies, remain on hand.

Medhurst's Dictionary of the Hokkēn or Fuhkēn dialect, in 1 vol. 4to., very valuable. The printing was begun at Macao in 1830, and finished in 1836. Three hundred copies only were printed, many of which are on hand. The cost of the edition, not including types, was 6000 dollars. It is sold at ten dollars per copy.

Gonçalves, a learned Catholic of Macao, has published a good Dictionary, Chinese-Portuguese and Portuguese-Chinese.

Premare, *Notitiae Ling. Sinicæ*, printed at Malacca, is valuable to beginners, though very imperfect.

Remusat, *Elements de la Gram. Chin.* Paris, 1822, is an improvement on Premare; but those who can afford it will do well to have both.

Marshman's Chinese Grammar is a learned and very practical treatise; valuable both to the beginner and the advanced student.

Morrison's Chinese Grammar is very brief, and has been superseded by the preceding works.

Gonçalves' Chinese Grammar is written in Portuguese, and is valuable.

Klaproth, *Chrestomathie Chinoise*, is one of the best elementary books a student can procure.

Besides missionaries, there are other gentlemen prosecuting Chinese literature, whose labours cannot fail to aid our holy cause. The list is not long, and deserves to be noted. The universities of Munich, Paris, and London, have each a professor of Chinese. F. C. Newman fills the first, M. Julien the second, and the Rev. S. Kidd, late missionary at Malacca, the third. M. Pauthier, at Paris, has furnished several translations. There are also Huttman, Manning, Davis, Staunton, and Thoms, in England; all of whom have published translations of Chinese works.

Several Chinese works have been published with translations, which offer great assistance to the student. I will name only such as can be readily procured.

M. Julien has given in French, "*Meng-tseū*, seu *Mencius*;" "*Blanche et Blue*;" and other pieces of light Chinese literature.

Remusat has published, in the same manner, the *Chung-yung*, one of "the four books" entitled "*L'Invariable Milieu*," also the "*Two Cousins*," and some others.

"The four books" are also given in English by the late Mr Collie of Malacca.

"The Sacred Edict," translated by Milne, is exceedingly useful; as the original, instead of the ancient and difficult style, is in the most modern colloquial diction.

The "*Study for Grown Persons*," a very famous classic, is published in English by Marshman in his "*Clavis*;" and very lately by Pauthier in French.

The "*Life and Works of Confucius*" were published by Marshman at Serampore in 1809; both the original and a translation.

The "*Chinese Dialogues*," by Morrison, have not only a literal rendering of every word, but a general rendering of each sentence, and the pronunciation given in Roman letters, according to the Mandereen dialect. They are an invaluable assistance.

The "*Life of Mencius*" is given in English by Milne. J. F. Davis, Esq., late superintendent of British trade at Canton, has published "*Chinese Novels and Tales*," "*The Happy Union*," "*Moral Maxims*," and some smaller pieces.

J. R. Morrison, Esq. recommends that the student, after mastering Remusat's Grammar and Klaproth's Chrestomathy, should study Marshman's Grammar and Morrison's Dialogues, and, after that, any of the rest he can procure. Davis's Moral Maxims are the best substitute for the Dialogues.

A multitude of works upon China are extant, both in Latin and several of the languages of Europe. Davis gives a catalogue of about sixty. The general reader will find the best and latest information in Macartney's Embassy, by Staunton; Barrow's China; Morrison's View; Abel's Narrative; Ellis's Journal; and superior to all, Davis's "*General Description of the Empire of China*." A large amount of interesting facts may be had also from the Chinese Gleaner, printed at Malacca from 1817 to 1821; The Royal Asiatic Society's Transactions, published at London after 1823; The Asiatic Society's Journal, printed at Calcutta; and the Chinese Repository, published at Canton since 1822.

No heathen nation has so little excuse for idolatry as China. Her civilisation and commerce ought to set her

above it. Her literature is far from contemptible, and stands distinguished from that of every other heathen people, in not being wrought up with mythological legends. The system is thus left to itself. The priesthood have less influence than in other countries, and are in many cases not above general contempt. There are diversities of faith, which should awaken a spirit of inquiry. Her learned men are fully aware that the nations who interchange commodities with her hold to the Divine Unity, and they should diligently investigate the evidences on so momentous a theme. But much more is she deprived of excuse by the fact, that from the earliest periods of the church messengers of salvation have been freely sent to her. The Tartar provinces were taught the truth by the first Nestorians. There are strong reasons for believing, that up to the eighth or ninth century the Syrian churches continued to send preachers into the heart of China. Under Innocent IV., in the thirteenth century, the Mongols were made acquainted with Christianity. When Portugal spread her power over the east, her ministers everywhere carried the knowledge of the true God; and every Catholic country in Europe furnished missionaries and money. Whatever may be said of the priests who from that time pressed the introduction of Christianity, and of the corruptions they mixed with it, still it was the glorious doctrine of the Divine Unity. The true God was set before them. Every part of the empire was pervaded by the discussion of the new faith. Prime ministers, princesses, queens, and emperors, became converts and patrons. Thousands and tens of thousands saw and acknowledged the truth. Numerous distinguished youth were taught and trained by a body of priests distinguished in all ages for learning and science. True, they were Jesuits; but that very many of them were holy and devoted men is proved by their pure lives, severe labours, innumerable privations, and serene martyrdom. The youth thus taught formed the flower of the country, and never could have divested themselves of the conviction of the folly of Buddhism. It was not till the comparatively late period of 1722, when the emperor Yung Ching set himself furiously to the work, that persecution became wholly destructive; nor was Christianity wholly put down, and the places of worship demolished, till the reign of Kea-king, who came to the throne in 1795. Even now there are Catholic Christians scattered over the country. Many of their priests remain, and almost every year fresh ones contrive to enter; while native preachers keep together, here and there, little bodies of disciples. Thus, almost without cessation, has China been summoned to forsake her abominations. Yet in no country is there a more universal and assiduous addictedness to the frivolous rites of their worthless superstition. It may be most truly said to her, in the language of Ezekiel, "Thou hast built unto thee eminent places, and hast made thee a high-place in every street."

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSIONARY FIELD IN AND AROUND BURMAH.

Burmah Proper. Peguans. Tenasserim Provinces. Arracanese. Karens. Shyans. Tounghoos. Twahs. Kaha. Wahs. Selongs. Karen-nees. Lowas. Eecabat-Kulas. Quas. Bonga. D'hanoos. Kadoos. Yaws. Engyees. Kyens. Paloungs. Kah-kyens. Singphoos. Phwoons. Kantees. Mumporeans. Kachars. Jyntees. Cossyas. Garrows. Tipperas. Lalongs. Nagas. Joomeas. Chakmas. Rajbungsees. Arings. Kookies. Kumaons. Mroonga. Kubos. Gorkas. Kirats. Bijnjes. Assamese. Meekirs. Abors. Meerees. Bor-Abors. Ahoms. Kolitas. Mishmees. Kantees. Bor-Kantees. Singphoos. Kunungs. Muttucks. Lapchas. Duffas. Akas. Kupa-chowas. Booteas. Tangkools. Kona. Anala. Poomras. Mueyols. Mumsangs. Murings. Luhoppas. Rumbos. Joholes. Jom-poles. Gominchis. Oojongs. Scrimenantis. Uluas. Calangs. Jellaboos. Segamets. Kemounga. Udaïs. Sakkyes. Utans. Jodecons. Semangs. Oodees. Sakais. Reyots. Simongs.

Roegas. Passes. Misoogs. Bibors. Barkans. Uniyas. Marchas. Jowaries. Suryabans. Kolboos. Longphoos. Champungs. Kapwis. Korengs.

To complete the foregoing notes on Burmah, and to show the extent and character of the missionary field, in and adjacent to this empire, the following sketch is submitted. With some exceptions, these tribes have been hitherto unknown; neither geographers nor missionaries having so much as given their names. My extended journeys brought me into contact either with the people themselves, or with persons who knew them, being neighbours; and constant inquiry has produced the following catalogue, which surprised the best informed persons in India to whom it was submitted. That a document, compiled, to a considerable extent, from natives unacquainted with geography, and unaccustomed to minute investigations, should be imperfect, is unavoidable. My object is to show the extent of the field and the necessity of more vigorous exertions; and this no mistake in detail can affect. My memorandums would furnish a much greater amount of information respecting the manners of several of these tribes, but the present purpose does not require further details.

1. BURMAH PROPER contains about 3,000,000 of inhabitants to whom the language is vernacular. Information as to these is so amply furnished in this work and missionary periodicals, that nothing need here be said. For these, there are at Ava, Messrs Kincaid and Simons, and at Rangoon, Messrs Webb and Howard. Stations might be formed at Sagaing, Umerapoora, Bamoo, Mogoung, Prome, Bassein, and other important places. At least ten missionaries are now needed for Burmah Proper.

2. THE PEGUANS, called by Burmans *Talains*, or *Talings*, and by themselves *Moons*, amount to more than 70,000 souls. Their language has been very much superseded by the Burman; the men speaking it in all their business, and most of such as learn to read, doing so in Burman. It will not be proper to expend missionary time and money in preserving it from extinction; but as many of the females speak only Peguan, and all can understand it better than Burman, it will be necessary to preach the gospel in their language, and perhaps print a few books. At least one missionary, therefore, is wanted to sustain and succeed Mr Haswell, who now occupies this department and is located at Amherst.

3. THE TENASSERIM PROVINCES (as the British possessions south of Rangoon are called) contain about 100,000 souls. For the *Burman* part of these, the labourers are Messrs Judson, Osgood, Hancock, and Bennett. Mr Judson is wholly engrossed with translations and tracts, and in the pastorship of the native church; Messrs Osgood and Hancock are printers; and Mr Bennett has full employ in the government school. There is therefore not a single effective out-door missionary to this whole people, nor one on the ground preparing to become so! Maulmain, Tavoy, and Mergui, should each immediately have a missionary devoted to public services.

4. IN ARRACAN, containing 300,000, there is only Mr Comstock, stationed at Kyouk Phyoou. The population is twice that of the Sandwich Islands. Ramree and Sandoway ought at once to be occupied. These stations should at least have two missionaries each. The Rev. Mr Ingalls is designated to one of them.

5. THE KA-RENS inhabit all the mountain regions of the southern and eastern portions of Burmah Proper, and all parts of the Tenasserim provinces, extending into the western portions of Siam, and thence northward among the Shyans. It is impossible to form a satisfactory estimate of their numbers. In the province of Tavoy, a British census makes the number 2500. Around Maulmain and Rangoon, there are perhaps 20,000 more. In Siam and Lao there are probably 10,000; making in all about 33,000.

There are known to be at least two different tribes, speaking diverse dialects, namely, the *Sgaws* or *Chogaws*, and the *Pos* or *Pgyos*. The former reside chiefly in

the Tenasserim provinces, and are called by the Burmans *Myet-ho*. Their language has been reduced to writing, in the Burman character, by Mr Wade. Among this tribe have occurred those triumphs of Christianity which have been so remarkable, and with which all the friends of missions are acquainted. The *Po* tribe (called by the Burmans *Myet-kyan*) reside in Pegu, and have adopted many of the words and habits of the Talains. With this tribe Miss Macomber has commenced labours.

Missionaries knew nothing more of these people than that there were such, until the visit of the sorcerer in April 1828. The heart of Boardman was immediately touched with sympathy, and his judgment convinced that Providence pointed them out as entitled to his future labours. An early visit to their jungle confirmed him in his decision; and thenceforth his life was spent in their cause. On his second tour, he was called from his labour, amid those touching scenes described in his memoir; having seen nearly seventy persons added to the church. He died February 11, 1831. Mr and Mrs Mason had joined the mission in the preceding January; and Mr and Mrs Wade, returning from America with Miss Gardner, were added in 1835.

The Tavoy station has hitherto been made almost wholly subservient to the interests of this people. God has opened among them an effectual door of entrance, and granted them the services of as devoted missionaries as have ever blessed a people. In July 1836, they had in charge five Karen churches, embracing nearly 350 members, more than 20 native assistants, about 200 inquirers connected with the several congregations, and 15 schools. Mr Abbott is now successfully labouring here with Mr Vinton.

There are three churches, not far from each other, about forty miles north of Rangoon; namely, *Mawbee*, *Yea-tho*, or *Ray-tho*, and *Poung-nen*, or *Ponan*. These have been founded wholly by native assistants, and have for several years walked steadfastly in the truth. They have endured the spoiling of their goods and cruel tortures, and live amid continual threats of violence from the Burman officers, but not one among several hundreds has drawn back through fear, though a few have relapsed into sin, as might be expected.

We have been perhaps too much disposed to esteem the importance of a mission in proportion to the amount of population. We ought rather to regard the indications of Providence. In this aspect, so far as I know, no other mission of modern times holds out such encouragements.

The several sections of Karens have each some peculiarities, but such general similarity that they may be described together.

Their houses are like the Burmans', only much higher from the ground; and as there is little distinction of rich or poor, the model, dimensions, and materials, differ but slightly. They cost only a few days' labour, and are admirably suited to the climate. One of the rooms has a hearth for cooking, made by laying earth in a shallow box. Chimneys are unknown; but the high roof and open floor prevent all inconvenience on account of smoke. Each has a veranda, or porch, raised to the same height as the floor of the house, where much of the laborious work is done. The loom, agricultural implements, &c., as well as the fowls and pigs, find a place under the house.

They cultivate the ground with more care and success than Burmans, and furnish no small part of the rice consumed in the country. Their instruments of tillage are, however, particularly rude. Having no plough, they are unable to prepare the soil for a second crop on account of its baking hard. Their custom is, therefore, to clear and burn over a new spot every year; which, being soft and light, and stimulated by the ashes left upon it, yields largely. Hence in part arises their habit of roving from place to place. They raise hogs and poultry in abundance, so that with honey (obtained plentifully from wild bees), fish, esculents, and indigenous fruits, they have no want of the

necessaries of life. Many of them are expert with the bow and arrow, and shoot guanas, monkeys, squirrels, and other game common in their forests. They seem to exempt nothing from their catalogue of meats. Animals which have died of themselves, or game killed with poisoned arrows, are not the less acceptable. When I have expressed disgust at the swollen and revolting condition of such meat, they seemed to wonder what could be the nature of my objections.

Their dress forms a more complete covering to the body than that of the Burmans, but is neither so graceful nor of so rich materials. The universal robe, for both sexes, is a strong cotton shirt, made loose, without sleeves, and descending a little below the knees. Women wear beneath this a petticoat, descending to the ankles, but young girls and old women dispense with this last garment. The women are distinguishable chiefly by their turban, which is made of a long, narrow, figured scarf, with the fringed ends thrown back, and falling gracefully on the shoulders.

They are exceedingly fond of ornaments, and wear a great variety on the neck, arms, and ankles. Some of these necklaces are made of the hard, dry wing of a magnificent beetle, found in their forests. A young lady, of special pretensions, will sometimes wear ten or fifteen necklaces of various kinds, often suspending a little bell to the longest, so that she has "music wherever she goes." They never wear silk, and seldom any foreign fabric except book muslin, which some of the men wear for turbans, in the same manner as the Burmans. Their ears are not only bored, but the aperture so stretched as to become, in many cases, capable of containing a cylinder the size of a dollar. When women have obtained an age when such ornaments cease to be valued, this great empty wrinkled aperture has a disagreeable aspect.

Their domestic manners are less exceptionable than those of most heathen. Truth, integrity, and hospitality, are universal. For a Karen to lie or cheat, is scarcely known. Females are in no respect degraded. They are neither secluded nor kept at an unseemly distance, nor required to perform labour beyond their strength, nor treated with severity. Polygamy, though allowed by the government under which they live, is accounted dishonourable, and seldom occurs. Their distinguishing vice is intemperance. Unrestrained by religious prohibitions, men, women, and children, use strong drink, and the miserable consequences are seen in every village. The Christians are of course emancipated from this baneful practice.

In musical taste and skill they excel all the other orientals with whom I became acquainted, although their instruments are few and rude. Young and old practise vocal music on all occasions, and the psalmody of the disciples is truly delightful. Every word in the language ending with a vowel, renders their versification peculiarly soft.

Their manufactures, though few, comprehend all the articles in use among themselves. Without the advantage of a regular loom, they make excellent cotton fabrics, often with beautiful figures. One end of the warp is fastened to a post of the house or a tree, and the other wrapped round the waist. A neat shuttle holds the woof, but the figures are interwoven with the fingers.

None of the tributaries to Burmah have been so oppressed as this inoffensive people. Their regular taxes amount to twelve or fifteen rupees annually for each family, besides which their goods are taken, without restraint, at any time; and where public labour is to be done, they are called out by hundreds, without compensation or provisions. Many die of fatigue and suffering on these occasions. They are, however, allowed to have their own head-men, who decide minor disputes, and may inflict minor punishments.

As to religion, the Karens may be almost said to have none. Individuals of course will have religious anxieties, and these make prayer and offerings to the *Nao-pu-ee*, or *Nats*. In ordinary times, they make

offerings to these of a little boiled rice laid on a board near the house.* In periods of distress, a hog is offered. The mode of doing this is to chase him round, beating him with clubs till nearly dead, and then dispatching him by thrusting a sharp stick down his throat. Though so little is done to propitiate the Nats, the fear of them is universal, and gives rise to a multitude of such stories as infest our nurseries. Through fear of them, most Karens "are all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Various traditions prevail among them which have a remarkable similarity to Scripture facts. The following is a specimen: "Our race began with a married pair, who lived in happy innocence and abundance. Mo-kaw-le, or the devil, attempted to seduce them to partake of certain food which they had been commanded not to eat. They both listened and argued for some time, till the man, indignant and out of patience, would hear no more, and rising up, went away. The woman continued to listen. Mokawle assured her that if she would take his advice, she should know all things, and be endued with ability to fly in the air, or penetrate into the depth of the earth. That she might prove the truth of what he said, he begged her just to taste the least morsel, and she would know for herself. She began to hesitate, and said, 'Shall we verily be able to fly?' Upon this, Mokawle redoubled his protestations of ardent good will, and repeated the most flattering assurances, till the woman ate. Mokawle then praised and cajoled her, till she was induced to go and find her husband. He yielded reluctantly, and after much coaxing. They realised none of the promised advantages, but felt no difference in themselves till next day, when God came and cursed them, saying, 'You shall become old; you shall be sick; you shall die.'"

The only religious teachers are a sort of prophets called *Bookhoos*, who predict events, and are greatly venerated by the people. They are always bards, singing with uncommon skill, sometimes extemporaneously, verses of their own composition. The uniform burden of the prophecies is the coming of a deliverer, who is to gather their scattered tribes, and restore them to security and independence.

Besides these is a set of wizards, called *Wees*, who are far less respectable, but more numerous, and more dreaded. *Bookhoos* frequently become *Wees*, but there are many *Wees* who are never *Bookhoos*. They pretend to cure diseases, to know men's thoughts, and to converse with the spirits. Their performances are fraught with awe and terror to a superstitious people. They begin with solemn and mysterious movements; presently their eyes roll wildly; then their body trembles; and at length every muscle is agitated; while with frantic looks and foaming mouth they utter oracles, or speak to a man's spirit and declare its responses.

Let us now turn to the rest of this great field, in no part of which, except at Assam, is there a single missionary of any persuasion!

6. The *SHYANS*, *Shans*, or *Laos*.—Geographers and historians know little of this numerous people, not even the number and location of their various tribes. The accounts of La Bissachere, Jarrie, Westhoff, Kempfer, and Marini, are rendered worthless by the contradictoriness of their statements, the confusion of their dissimilar orthography, and the changes which have occurred since their day.

No modern traveller has explored the country. Dr Richardson alone has seen any considerable part of it. He communicated many facts respecting the Shyans of the region of Zennai; but his whole account has been published in the *Asiatic Journal*, to which, if the reader please, he may refer. I spent many hours in examining intelligent officers and traders whom I met at different

places, and gathered some facts from the Shyan princes to whom Colonel Burney introduced me at Ava, but as memorandums became voluminous, they became also contradictory; so that, instead of giving an entire chapter on this people, as I had intended, I shall venture only a few paragraphs.

The Shyan or Lao country is bounded by Assam on the north, China on the east, Siam and Camboja on the south, and Burmah on the west. The entire length of the country is about 900 miles, and the greatest breadth about 400. The population is probably not much short of 3,000,000. *Shyan* is a Burman name, and *Lou*, or *Lao*, the Chinese, which is adopted by the Portuguese. They call themselves *Tay* (pronounced *Tia*), and their language often bears that name in books. They seem to be the parent stock of both Assamese and Siamese. Indeed, the name shows identity. Bengalees always put a vowel before every word, and make *m* and *n* convertible; so that *Shyan* becomes with them *A-syam*, which the English further altered to *Assam*. *Syam*, or *Siam*, is but another form of the same word.

The Shyans are divided into many tribes, and the language has a corresponding number of dialects. They have no alphabetical characters of their own; but a few individuals write their language in the Bengalee or Burman letters. The Roman letters have been wisely adopted by the missionaries at Sudiya. Readers will thus be more easily raised up, and vast expense saved to the mission. If the same plan be pursued in giving letters to the numerous tribes now to be mentioned, a happy uniformity in proper names, &c., will pervade all this region, and the diffusion of the Word hastened by many years.

It is impossible to enumerate the different tribes. Their chief designations seem to be from the regions they inhabit.

The *Cassay* or *Kathé Shyans* occupy a country sometimes called *Nora*, on the head waters of the Kyendween. The northern *Laos* inhabit the sources of the Meinam or Siam river. Their principal city is Kaintoun. The *Mrelap* or *Myelop Shyans* occupy the region between the upper part of the Irrawaddy and China, and are sometimes called *Shyan Waws*. Their chief towns are Momeit, Thennee, and Monay; from each of which are annual caravans to Ava. The *Tarouk* or *Chinese Shyans* reside chiefly in China. They are sometimes called *Ko-shyan-pye*, or the "nine-tribe Shyans." The *Yunshyans* appear to be the Jangomas of the Modern Universal History. Perhaps they are the same as the *Tarouk Shyans*. The *Zemmai Shyans* occupy the region round the city of that name, and are less connected with Burmah than with Siam. Their Chobwaw is in reality monarch, and holds a very dubious fealty to his more powerful neighbour. The city of Zemmai is on the head waters of the Meinam, fifteen days from Bangkok by boat. Dr Richardson speaks highly of the mildness, intelligence, and purity of the people, and of the pre-eminent salubrity of the climate. The *Lowa Shyans* are numerous scattered over the southern portion of the Lao country, and stand high for intelligence and prosperity. One of the Woongyees at Ava assured me there were no *Lowa Shyans*, but that the people so called are only *Lows*, scattered among *Shyans*, but I am led to believe he was mistaken. I saw at Maulmain some very intelligent traders who called themselves *Lowa Shyans*, and gave me a list of twelve or fifteen of their principal towns. The *Lenzens*, or *Southern Shyans*, border on Siam and Camboja, and seem to be the people called by old writers *Langchan* or *Vinchang*. They were conquered in 1829 by the Siamese, and their king carried in chains to Bangkok. Their chief town is Sandapuri.

The Shyans are in some respects a more interesting people and more civilised than the Burmans. Such of their manufactures as I saw were greatly superior, and the common dress is much more artificial and convenient. They wear round jackets, short full trousers, and broad-brimmed hats; dressing, in fact, much like the Chinese. Though occasionally reduced and over-

* The account of some individuals who worshipped a book, is familiar to the readers of missionary magazines and the memoir of Boardman. These were but a few families, and the rest of the Karens remained ignorant of such a faith. The word *Karen* is accented on the last syllable.

run by their neighbours, they have as yet maintained a virtual independence, and have to a great degree avoided those internal wars which have reduced the North American Indians to such weakness and diminution. Some of the tribes adhere to the ancient demon worship, but most of them have embraced Buddhism. Eight or ten missionaries might at once be settled advantageously in large cities, and would form an important advance upon China. One should be stationed at Ava or Umerapoora, where he would have access to very large numbers, and where his operations would probably create no displeasure on the part of the government.

7. The *TOUNG-THOOS* are sometimes called *Tampees*. A few reside in scattered villages on the Salween river, near Maulmain, but most of them to the northward. They amount probably to 20,000. The northern portions are said to have a written language, and books in the Burman character. The southern portion seem wholly ignorant of letters, except a few, who read and write Burman. Their name, which signifies "southern people," was probably given them about Ava. The name they themselves give their tribe is *Paho*, or *Pwo*. Thetong, or Tethong, seems to have been their ancient metropolis. They resemble Karens in migratory habits, dress, habitations, and customs, but hold themselves to be of a higher grade. They are given to trade, and travel extensively among the villages in the wilderness, selling ornaments and other articles of luxury. The upper portions of the tribe cultivate tea, cotton, and indigo. They raise also considerable *Nos* silk, feeding the worm on the plant called *Puja*.

8. The *TSWANS* reside north-east of Maulmain, and are considerably numerous. They are somewhat more civilised than Karens, and manufacture many articles requiring considerable skill.

9. The *KANS* inhabit the Siamese frontier, and are addicted to wandering, like the Karens. They were formerly numerous in Tavoy province, but the bulk of them went over to Siam when the English took the country. They are still numerous. Their language is unwritten. Partial vocabularies of the languages of the Karens, Lowas, and Kaks, are given in the Asiatic Researches, on the authority of Dr Buchanan Hamilton. It is not improbable that this is the tribe called *Lowas*, or possibly the people called *Lowa-kah*, found between Thennee and the Camboja river.

10. The *WAHS* are another wandering tribe, partly in the province of Mergui, but chiefly in Siam. They amount to about 12,000.

11. The *SE-LONGS*, or *Zaloungs*, inhabit islands of the Mergui archipelago, chiefly *Doug*, *Sule*, and *Lampee*. On each island is a distinct tribe, with a distinct dialect; but the language is essentially the same, and resembles the Malay more than any other. Few races of men are more degraded than these. Their numbers cannot be ascertained, as they fly into the mountains when strangers visit their shores. Their food is chiefly fish and shell-fish. In seeking this, they put up their wretched huts wherever they find a temporary supply, and spend much of their time in canoes, among the small uninhabited islands contiguous. A missionary or two for these tribes might reside at Mergui, and itinerate among them in the dry season. Their unsettled residences would preclude his having access to them at any one place, till converts were made and some village established.

12. The *KAREN-NES*, or "*Red Karens*," occupy the region directly east of Maulmain. They are more fair than Burmans, and their eyes generally light coloured; which is very rare in the east. They are not a tribe of Karens, as the name implies, but seem to be descended from the Shyans. The latter universally wear trousers of blue cotton; these wear the same garment, but always of a red colour; hence the name, probably given by some one who supposed them to be Karens. Their language contains a large mixture of Peguan words. They are remarkable for living in houses connected together, like a long shed. Sometimes 100 live under

one roof. They are without large cities, but have several villages of considerable size, and practise various mechanical arts with respectable success.

They are represented to be zealous Boodhists, and exceedingly savage. This character, however, is probably given them principally from their being addicted to man-stealing. Their practice is to seize defenceless Siamese, and sell them to the Burmans; and defenceless Burmans, and sell them to the Siamese. This trade is not now so earnestly pursued as formerly.

13. The *LAWAS* are in the extreme south-east, bordering on China and Siam. Whether they have a separate country, is uncertain. There are several large tribes of these; some tributary to Burmah, and some to Siam. Their entire number probably exceeds that of the Karens. It is probable they live among the Shyans as the Karens do among the Burmans; but their laws, religion, and customs, are wholly different. They are not Boodhists, but worship *Nats*, and offer bloody sacrifices. They not only use no idols, but reject them with great abhorrence, and break them. They seem to have no large cities. Their language seems to be corrupt Burman. They are obviously distinguished from the Shyans, as an inferior and less civilised race.

14. The *EC-CA-BAT KU-LAHS* are occasionally called *Myadoos*, from Myadoo, their chief city. They are found a little north of Moke-so-bo, or Mon-cha-boo, as Symes calls it. Some of them reside in the British territory, and are called *Cachars*. They are a very short race, nearly as black as Hindoos. Among them are a number of Peguan-Portuguese Christians, brought there and colonised in a former reign, most of whom are distinguished by the light colour of their eyes. The tribe is famous for silk manufactures. The dialect is peculiar, though essentially Burman. Burman books would answer for them, but few or none can read.

15. The *QUE*, or *Quays*.—Some of this people reside twelve or eighteen miles east of Umerapoora, and two clans on the west side of the Irrawaddy, towards the Kyendween. They have been a warlike, intelligent people, and very conspicuous in Burman history, though now but a few thousands. Their language is essentially Burman, but mixed with Peguan and Siamese. The Scriptures, as already printed, might probably suffice, though it would be necessary that a missionary should acquire their colloquial dialect. The chief Woongyee at Ava assured me that they have books in their own language, written, as he thought, in a character resembling Chinese.

16. The *BONGS* are a considerable race north of Ava. Their language and customs are peculiar; but neither their boundaries nor numbers are ascertained. Nor could I ascertain whether these are the remnants of the ancient kingdom of Bong, or whether they are the same with a tribe called Phwoon. It is indeed doubtful whether the kingdom of Bong, described by Pemberton and others, ever existed as an independent nation.

17. The *D'HAN-OOS* are found from 100 to 500 miles east of Ava. They have villages, but no distinct territory. Though not numerous, they are a thrifty, industrious people, and raise much of the tea which is brought to Ava. Their language is said to resemble the Tavoy dialect.

18. The *KA-DOOS* are scattered over the province of Mogoung, between the Irrawaddy and Kyendween rivers, chiefly between 24° and 26° of north latitude. They have their own villages and chiefs, and a distinct though unwritten language, but no separate territory. They are a quiet, industrious race. Their chief town is Penjala-Namo.

19. The *YAWS* are on the lower waters of the Kyendween, not far from Ava. The district is sometimes called *Yo*, or *Jo*. The language is essentially Burman, but spoken with a dialect intelligible only to themselves. Unlike the Burmans, they suffer their teeth to remain white, and the hair to flow loose. Most of the people are entirely without religion, like the Karens; the rest are Boodhists. They are an agricultural and pastoral

people, enjoying a country of extreme salubrity and fruitfulness. They manufacture sugar, and export it to other parts of the empire, and often resort to Ava for the purposes of trade.

20. *EN-GYEE*.—This tribe occupies the mountains towards Muniore, have a language of their own, unwritten, and are somewhat numerous.

21. The *KYKES* are sometimes called *Boo-as*, and sometimes *Na-gas*, and by the Burmans *Chins*. They occupy part of the Arracan and Muniore frontier, chiefly the mountains of the district of Kubo, and amount to about 50,000, divided into various tribes, as the *Changsel*, the *Kongju*, the *Chedon*, the *Kuporee*, &c. Some of the tribes are tributary to Burmah, others to the East India Company, and some are completely independent. Some tribes wear no other clothing than a thin board, fastened in front by a string round the loins. One tribe tattoo their women's faces in a horrible manner, of whom I have seen a number. They generally call themselves *Koloun*. Hamilton regards them as one of the original tribes of Farther India, and that, under various names, such as Karens, Kookies, Cosyans, &c., and in various stages of civilisation, they are spread, more or less, over this whole peninsula. Within the limits of Arracan are about 15,000, who might be reached through Akyab and Kyouk Phyo. A considerable village of these people stands at the entrance of the Oo-tha-long Nullah, ten days by water from Akyab. Many of them live in the intermediate space. The hill tribes are fierce, and dreaded by all their neighbours, but the lowlanders cultivate the earth peacefully, and have settled habitations. Those under Burman authority pay their tribute chiefly in ivory, wax, coarse cottons, ginger, and turmeric. They are greatly addicted to arrack extracted from rice. I have seen cloths and other articles made by them, which display excellent skill and taste. Their language is peculiar and unwritten, and the dialects of the different tribes vary considerably.

Of religion they know almost nothing, having scarcely any idea of a Supreme Being, and few superstitions of any kind. Some offer bloody sacrifices before a certain bush, and worship meteoric stones, talismans, and a god whom they call *A-po-ra-the*. The dead are burned, the bones, &c., of poor persons remaining around the pyre being buried on the spot, while those of the rich are carried to the great Kyoun-na-tine mountain, in the Arracan range. The father is expected to marry the widow of his son, and the son may marry any of his father's widows, except his own mother. Adultery is always punished with death.

22. The *PA-LOUNGS*, or *Polongs*, a numerous and intelligent race, reside between Bamoo and the Chinese frontier, having separate towns and villages among the Shyans, but with little if any territory exclusively their own. Some of their villages are interspersed among the Kah-kyens, and some are found almost as far south as Ava. They are a highland race, and find security in their mountains, both from Burmah and China, paying no tribute to either. They cultivate tea extensively, and export it, both dry and pickled. The men dress in Chinese fashion: women wear trousers, and a gown reaching to the knees, with sleeves. Their own language is unwritten, but many of the males can read Shyan. The language itself seems to be Shyan largely intermingled with Chinese, and pronounced so like Chinese that the true Shyans do not understand it.

23. The *KAH-KYENS*, a very large and numerous tribe, of Singphoo origin, extend from the Irrawaddy to China, and from Bamoo to Thibet. It is not certain whether they have a distinct territory. Many of them reside in the province of Bamoo, particularly in and around Mogoung, and are distinguished by tattooing the space between their eyes. The Singphoes are sometimes called *Kahkyens*, but always resent it. These and the Lawas seem to be included by Du Halde in his map, under the term *Lo-los*. Their language resembles the Burman, but as a people they are remarkably different from Chinese or Burmans. They are much less civilised than the tribes around them.

24. The *SING-PHOOS*, or *Sinkphoes*, called by Burmans *Thembas*, occupy both sides of the higher region of the Irrawaddy, and spread from the Pat-koi hills to China. Duffer Gám, their principal chief, assured me that they amount to at least 300,000 souls. They are divided into fifteen or twenty tribes, the principal of which are the *Meerip*, *Beesa*, *Lutong*, *Lapay*, and *Tesam*. Some tribes are under English authority, but more under Burman, and several are independent. The Burman governor resides at Toowah; but they have no large city. They trade with the Shyans at Mogoung, and the Burmans down the Kyendween, but chiefly with China. Their exports are gems, amber, noble serpentine, small dahs, and salt. They worship Nats, and cherish a great hatred to Boodhiam; but considerable numbers are annually proselytised by Brahmins from Bengal, who constantly make strong efforts for this purpose; and unless Christians act with vigour and promptitude, annually increasing numbers will go over to that dreadful system. Some of these tribes are among the finest races of men in all this part of the world. The language is unwritten.

25. The *PHWOONS*, or *Phwons*, occupy parts of the region round Mogoung. There are two tribes of this name, distinguished by the terms great and small; whose dialects differ from each other considerably, and from adjacent languages totally. They are a quiet, industrious, agricultural people. They build their houses not like the Burmans and Shyans, but like the people of the Kubo valley. They have no written character. They say their original country was to the north-east.

26. *KHAN-TEES*, spelled variously *Kangtees*, *Khantis*, *Kamptis*, and *Kantées*, are found on the west bank of the Irrawaddy, and are a numerous race. A small part of them only is subject to Burmah. Their language bears considerable affinity to the Burman, and is called *Tai*.

Adjacent to Burmah, but not tributary to it, are—

1. The *MUN-I-PORRANS*.—Their country has been so variously designated as to make great confusion in maps. By the Burmans their region is called *Kathay*; by the Assamese, *Mekley*; by the Kacherese, *Moglie*; and by the Shyans, *Cassay*. Some authors give them one of these names and some another, and some give them as separate countries. They hold a territory of about 7000 square miles; but the population, though known to be numerous, is not ascertained. It is at least 70,000. The great valley of Mun-i-pore is 2500 feet above the level of the sea, and eminently salubrious.

2. The *KA-CHARS*, or *Cachars*, are bounded north by Assam, east by Muniore, south by Tippera or Tripura, and west by Sylhet and Jynteah. Their language is peculiar. They came under British government in 1832, and are rapidly improving in their civil condition. Surrounded on three sides by high mountain ranges, the rains during the south-west monsoon are very violent; and the inhabitants are subject to ague, diarrhoea, dysentery, and fevers. The population is rated by some authors at 500,000, and by others different numbers, down to 8000. The principal place is Silchar, on the south side of the Barak river.

3. *JYN-TEAH*, or *Gentea*, lies between Kachar on the east, Assam on the north, and the Soormah river on the south, containing a population of 150,000, of whom the greater part are Mussulmans, and low caste Hindus of Bengal origin. Most of this territory is now annexed to the British dominions.

4. *COS-SY-AS*, or *Khasias*, who denominate themselves *Khyees*, occupy the mountains of Assam, Cachar, Sylhet, and the Garrows. The region is about seventy miles long, and fifty miles wide, containing 3500 square miles. They are a numerous race, divided into clans, such as the *Kyrin*, the *Churra*, the *Ramryee*, the *Nu-pung*, the *Muriow*, &c., and are distributed in considerable numbers among each of the tribes named above. The language in all is essentially the same. They retain

some of the forms of independence, but are under the supervision of a British "agent for Coosya affairs." Some attempts have been made by the Serampore missionaries to give them a written language in the Bengalee character, but nothing of consequence has yet been done. Their religion is impure Brahminism, which has not long been introduced.

5. The GAR-ROWS, or *Garos*, occupy the mountainous region of the same name, bounded north and west by the valley of the Burampooter, south by Sylhet, and east by Jynteah. They were formerly numerous, but have been reduced by their warlike habits. The skulls of enemies are highly valued, and kept as trophies. Their territory is about 130 miles long, by thirty or forty broad. They raise large quantities of cotton, and carry on a considerable trade with the English who now inhabit the country. Their houses are very comfortable, built on piles like the Burmans'. Women do much servile work, but have a voice in all public business, and possess their full share of influence. The language is stated to be simple and easy of acquisition, but is not reduced to writing. They have a religion of their own, but no priesthood. They worship *Sail Jung*, believe in transmigration, and make offerings, but have no temples. Brahminical doctrines are daily spreading amongst them, especially the more southern tribes. Polygamy is not practised. Their temper is said to be mild and gay, but they are much addicted to drunkenness. A mission to this people is earnestly called for by Captain Jenkins, and some others of our friends residing adjacent to them. If a brother were to engage on their behalf, he might reside for a year or two at Gowhatee, where every facility would be at hand in gaining the language. This field, however, is much less encouraging in its present aspect than many others mentioned in this paper.

6. The TIP-PE-RAS, or *Tripuras*. Their country is called by Bengalee *Tura*, or *Teura*, lying on the east bank of the Burampooter, between 24° and 27° north latitude. On the north, it has Sylhet; on the south, Chittagong. It comprehends 7000 square miles, and now forms part of Bengal. In this country are made the well-known cotton goods called *Baftas*, exported to every part of the world. They are a comparatively civilised people, amounting to 800,000 souls, a majority of whom profess Hinduism; the rest are Mussulmans. They build their houses like the Burmans. Some parts of the country are covered with jungle, and abound with elephants, but the rest is fertile, and well cultivated, and the people are not only attentive to agriculture, but to manufactures of various kinds, and to commerce. They are divided into three tribes, namely, *Tipperas*, properly so called, on the banks of the Gomuty; *Alinagar*, on the river Phani, or Fenny; and the *Reangon*, on the river Monu. All speak the same language, which is peculiar to themselves.

7. The LA-LONGS inhabit the low hills of the Jynteah country, especially a tract now annexed to the district of Noagong, and are estimated at above 20,000 souls.

They resemble the Meekeers in character, have no written language, scarcely any idea of a Supreme Being, and hardly the forms of any religion. Their region is very unhealthy to foreigners six months in a year, but the missionary could then reside at the adjacent and very healthy city of Noagong, where much of his work for them could be continued.

8. The NAG-AS are a very numerous people on the borders of Cachar, Manipore, and Assam. Their country belongs partly to one, and partly to the other of these states. They are called Nagas (literally "naked people") from their almost total want of dress. There are many clans or tribes of them, differing greatly in their measure of civilisation. The better sort dwell in compact villages of well-built houses on high hills, and are reported to be a very handsome and athletic race, active both in agriculture and merchandise. The religion of the more intelligent tribes is a rude sort of demonology, but they have no idea of a Supreme Being, or the nature of the soul. Some of these tribes

are in the lowest state of humanity. The Reverend Mr Rae, of the Serampore mission, has made extensive journeys among this people and the Meekeers, and published ample and interesting details.

9. The JOO-ME-AS reside chiefly in Chittagong, on a range of hilly country, on the head waters of the Kuladine, between the mountains and the plains. There are some tribes of them in Tippera, and some in Arracan. They cultivate hill rice and cotton. Their language is wholly unintelligible both to Mugs and Bengalee, and is unwritten. Their religion is an impure Boodhism. They remove their villages every year, and always cultivate new grounds. They pay tribute to the government at Chittagong, through a native Zemindar, who lives in considerable state at Bazileah, eastward of Chittagong, and calls himself raja.

10. The CHAK-MA tribe is allied to the Joomeas, and practise the same religion. They are wholly confined to the hilly interior of Chittagong, and are supposed to amount to about 17,000. They are considerably civilised, and some can read Bengalee, but generally write it in Burman character. A dialect of Bengalee is the common language, and their dress is quite that of Hindus. These and the Joomeas are a hardy and industrious people, and cut all the ship and furniture timber which is brought down Chittagong river. They are remarked also for intrepidity as hunters, and for general gentleness and probity of manners.

11. The RAJ-BUNG-SIES amount to full 30,000 souls, scattered in every direction over Chittagong, and occupying some places almost exclusively, such as Run-ga-heer and Sunka river. They are mostly Bengalee Boodhists, sprung from governing families of Arracanese, who being forced to abandon their country during former intestinal commotions, settled in Chittagong, and became naturalised. Their name signifies literally "children of princes." But though they hold themselves superior to Mugs, they are a very poor people, and many of them come down into the large towns to be servants. Their language is a corrupt Bengalee. They retain the Boodhist faith, and have a few priests and kyongs, but no pagodas.

12. The A-RINGS are a tribe wholly independent. They occupy spurs of the Youmadou mountains in the rear of the Kyens, and are known to amount to at least 30,000. They reside within the limits of Arracan, but are not enumerated in the census of that province. They bring into the plains cotton, ivory, and a little cloth, to barter for salt and gnappee. They are exceedingly addicted to intoxication. The liquor for this purpose is made of fermented rice, distilled with a rude apparatus of earthenware. Their language is peculiar and unwritten. They are not Boodhists, but worship Nats; paying, however, little attention to religious forms, and only when pressed by calamity.

13. The KOO-KIES, or *Kunghis*, called by the Burmans *Langeh*, and by the Bengalee *Lingta*, are a very numerous people, having at least 10,000 men capable of bearing arms. They occupy the region of the Barak and Koompty rivers, bordered, though indistinctly, by Kachher and Tipperah on the west, Chittagong on the south-west, and Burmah on the south-east. They are divided into at least ten tribes, bearing different names, but generally live at peace with each other. The dialects of these tribes are said to be so various as to be unintelligible to each other. They have no caste, and eat all kinds of flesh. Some of the tribes go nearly naked. In general they neglect agriculture, and depend on the game and fruits of the forest. By consequence, they all collect into villages, some of which are very large, and which they remove every few years. They believe in future rewards and punishments, and worship evil geni, whom they desire to propitiate. Some are found also in Chittagong. They are exceedingly savage and warlike; strangers cannot pass safely through their country, their heads being considered a great prize.* No young man can marry without pos-

* See *Annals of Oriental Literature*, Part III.; *Philosophical Journal*, vol. iv.

sessing one of these trophies. Some houses have many of them.

14. The KUM-A-ONS, or *Kumons*, occupy an area of about seven thousand square miles formerly subject to the Gorkas, extending from Rohilcund to the peaks of the Himalaya—a rugged and cold district, with little level arable land. The people are in a very rude state, labouring just enough to support nature. Some of them live in stone houses. The religion is Hinduism, and many of the people are Brahmins. This country was acquired by the British in 1815, and Almora, one of its towns, was made a sanitarium for the Company's servants in bad health. A good road extends from Rohilcund to Almora, through the Bamoury pass; and another from Hawellbaugh, a civil station of the East India Company. This country is largely described by Fullarton, Raper, and Dr F. Buchanan.

15. The MROONGS, or *Mroos*, occupy the country between the Kyens and the plains, from the Cosi to the Teesta, north of Rungpore district, and formerly belonging to Nepaul. From this region great quantities of timber are floated to Calcutta, chiefly the Saul tree. A number of this tribe, supposed to amount to five thousand, are found in Arracan, chiefly in the district of Akyah, and are as civilised as the people of the plains.

16. The KUBOS are of Shyan descent, and occupy the valley of the Munipore river, one of the tributaries of the Kyendween.

17. The GOR-KAS occupy a large region north of Nepaul, but a warmer and pleasanter country. It has many fine mountain streams, most of which combine in the Trisoolgunga. Gorkha, the former capital (lat. 27° 50', long. 84° 22'), forty-one miles west-north-west from Catmandoo, contains about one thousand houses, and Catmandoo, the present capital, twice that number. They conquered Nepaul in 1768, and became a powerful people, but are now under British rule.

18. The KIR-AUTS, evidently of Tartar origin, occupy a space between Nepaul and Bootan. They are now confined to the mountains, but formerly governed portions of Dinagore and Rungpore. Their religion is a negligent Boodhism; but since their subjection to the Gorkas, many have become Brahmists. They are not wholly illiterate, and write the language in the Nagree character. Individuals of this tribe are scattered over Bengal and Bahar, where they follow the life of gipsies, and wander about, preaching and telling fortunes. These are called *Kichacks*.

19. The BIJ-NEES occupy a province east of Assam, and speak the Bengalee language. They occupy both sides of the Burampooter, part of them being subject to the British, and part independent. It is an extensive, and much of it a beautiful country. The natives depend chiefly on agriculture, and have therefore stationary villages, many of which are much neater than those of Bengal. Some idea both of the agriculture and population of the district may be derived from the fact that, in 1809, taxes were collected by the raja from 32,400 ploughs. Bijnee, the capital, is situated twenty-five miles east from Goalpara (lat. 26° 29', long. 89° 47'), and is strongly fortified.

20. The A-SSAM-ESE occupy most of the valleys and fertile portions of the region called *Assam*, while other tribes, in general less civilised, occupy the hills and mountains, especially on the frontier. Their territory became a part of Burmah in 1821-2, but is now wholly under British control. They are very numerous, estimated by some authors at a million, and are so far civilised as to secure to a missionary the immediate prospect of usefulness.

A missionary to this people might very advantageously be at once settled at Jurhath, long the seat of the Assamese rajas, and regarded as the capital of Upper Assam. Another is wanted at Gowhatte, the capital of Lower Assam, and the residence of the British agent for this region—a station now held by Captain Jenkins, a warm philanthropist, who has not only invited missionaries to this region, and rendered them important

services, but has given more than a thousand dollars toward the operations of the American Baptist mission of Sudiya. Noagong, Gualpara, &c., are now ripe for missionary labour.

21. The MEE-KEERS, or *Mikirs*, occupy a part of Assam south of the Burampooter, and amount to at least twenty thousand. They are greatly addicted to drunkenness, but are simple, honest, industrious, and inoffensive. Some of late years have become Brahmists. They are a people in every respect prepared for missionary labour. The most inviting point for a station is No-a-gong. The Serampore missionaries were very anxious to establish a mission here, but relinquished the idea for want of means.

22. The A-BORS reside along the south side of the Himalaya Mountains, from long. 93° to long. 95°. A very numerous and somewhat civilised race, divided into various tribes, such as the *Padows*, *Salows*, *Meboos*, *Golmars*, *Mayings*, &c. Their country is cold and manners rude. They use, both in war and in the chase, arrows poisoned with Biss. The article is prepared from a fibrous root which they keep secret, and is sold in considerable quantities to neighbouring tribes. They regard no food impure but beef, and are addicted to strong drink. They worship a deity called *Ap-hoom*. They dress well. Some of them annually visit Sudiya. No written character.

23. The MEE-REES, or *Miris*, adjoin the Abors, and are wholly independent. They occupy a strip of level land extending along the right bank of the Burampooter from Assam to the Dihong river, which separates them from the Abors. They are few and degraded, but somewhat industrious. They raise some opium, and have a few manufactures. The head village is *Mot-gaon*. Their language is the same as that of the Abors. The missionaries for this tribe and the Duphas would probably reside at Bishnath (lat. 26° 40', long. 93° 12'), a British station on the Burampooter, and head-quarters of the Assam light infantry; or at Tizpore, on the north bank of the same river (lat. 26° 37', long. 92° 52'), where also are British officers and sepoy. The country between these stations is beautiful. On the west side of the Barelli river, which passes through this space, is a settlement of at least 400 families of Meerces; and on the east is the densely peopled district of Noa-dwar.

24. The BOR-ABORS, a powerful tribe occupying the loftier ranges between Sudiya and the Bonash river, extending to Thibet. The word *Bor* means *great*. The people call themselves *Padam*. These and the two last-named tribes are essentially one people, and speak the same language. They have no written characters, but the language is fluent, easy of pronunciation, and readily acquired by a foreigner. Missionaries might at first reside with the Meerces, either at the station mentioned above or on the Burampooter, opposite to Sudiya, where are many Meerces, and penetrate among the Abors and Borabors, as prudence might dictate.

25. The A-HOMS occupy the eastern parts of Assam, and speak the language of Bengal. Three-fourths of them are Brahmists. They are more numerous than some of the tribes which have been named above.

26. The KOL-I-TAS, or *Kulitas*, are scattered through the Rungpore district, and part of Assam. They speak Bengalee, and have adopted that religion. They are called by Hamilton a powerful, independent, and civilised nation.

27. The MISH-MEES occupy the sources of the Lohit and Dihong rivers, to the north-east of Sudiya—a lofty and very cold region. They are a very extensive race, possessing industrious habits, and more gentleness than mountaineers in general. Missionaries would be quite safe among them. None are found on the plains near Sudiya, but a constant succession of them visit that city for purposes of trade.

They are distinguished for hospitality. When a man kills a bullock, he invites his friends to partake; all the skulls are preserved in his house, as a proof of his hospitality, till he dies, when they are piled on his grave

as an honourable monument. One branch of the Mishmees are a good deal mixed among the Abors.

28. The KAN-TEES, descended from the Bor Kantees, inhabit a triangle near the sources of the Irrawaddy, bounded by the rivers Lohit and Dibong, and the mountains of the Mishmees. They are a very intelligent and numerous race, and have many large towns, among which Mun-lóng and Man-sai are the principal. The language is Shyan. The Rev. Messrs Brown and Cutter are now labouring at Sudiya for this tribe and others, and thus form the exception mentioned at the beginning of this article. Sudiya stands on the right bank of the Ku-nil, or Kundil nullah, six miles above its junction with the Lohit, and has 10,000 inhabitants. It is the advance British post on the north-east frontier, and has a military force and commissioner. The missionaries have reduced the language to writing, in the Roman character, and printed various elementary books.

29. The BOR-KANTEES reside between the eastern portion of Assam and the valley of the Irrawaddy. Their capital is Manchee, twelve days from Sudiya. A numerous and interesting people. Language is nearly allied to the Shyan.

30. The SING-PHOOS. Of this people there are large numbers under British sway in the neighbourhood of Sudiya. They are divided from the Burman Singphoos on the south by the Patkoi hills, and from the Bor Kantees on the east by the Langan mountains. On the west they are bounded by a line extended from Sudiya to the Patkoi range. They worship idols, and seem to have a religion mixed up of doctrines from their neighbours. An intelligent and enterprising race. No written character. The Singphoos are likely to be much better known from the fact that the tea plant, which the British are so anxious to cultivate in India, flourishes chiefly in their territory. A very inviting missionary station is found at Ningru, a beautiful village on the high bank of the Buri Dihing, three days south of Sudiya, and in the midst of a tea country. Missionaries might, however, advantageously remain a year or two at Sudiya, where are many Singphoos, and where advantages for acquiring the language would be greater than in the jungle. The language is said to be singularly difficult, and full of combinations of consonants, almost unmanageable to a foreigner.*

31. The KU-NUNGS, a wretched race, subject to the Kantees, somewhat numerous. Language not written. They occupy the mountains to the northward and eastward of the Hukung valley, towards Assam.

32. The MUT-TUCKS, a tribe on the eastern border of Assam, south of the Burampooter, numbering 25,000 men, besides women and children. Some of their villages contain 1000 houses each. It is probable they are the same people sometimes called also *Moo-a-maree-as*, *Morams*, and *Morahs*. Though occupying a region rendered cold by its elevation, they have many comforts, and are a highly thrifty and intelligent people.

33. The LAP-CHAS, or *Sikhims*, are separated from the Chinese dominions in Thibet by the Kha-wa Kar-pola ridge of the Himalaya. The eastern branch of the Teesta river separates them from the Deb Raja of Bootan; and to the west, the Konki river divides them from Nepal. The length of the district is about seventy miles, and the average breadth forty, almost all hilly. The proper name of this people is *Lapcha*; the term *Sikhims* being given them from the name of the capital. They are one of the most important tribes of the Nepal valley. They generally embrace the Buddhism of the Grand Lama, but they are very lax in their observance of it, killing animals and drinking to excess. They are intermixed very much with the Bootees. The unicorn, so long deemed fabulous, is said certainly to exist in this country. The region is under British influence, though virtually independent. The raja holds an intimate intercourse with Lassa and China.

34. The DUF-LAS, sometimes spelled *Duphlae*, and sometimes *Dupholas*; an independent tribe on the north border of Assam, westward of Bootan. They are a powerful tribe, and inhabit a region which, though hilly, is fruitful both in produce and game. They are considerably civilised, and carry on a brisk traffic with their neighbours.

35. The A-KAS border on the Dufias, and are also independent.

36. The CU-PA CHOWAS occupy a hilly range contiguous to the Akas.

37. The BOO-TEAS, an independent tribe, in the neighbourhood of the Akas and Dufias, occupying both sides of the great Himalaya range. Those on this side are tributary to the English, and those on the other side to some tribes of Tartars. They are evidently of Thibet origin, and the province was probably once part of that country. Much of the territory is above the line of perpetual snow. The villagers migrate to the valleys in October, and return in May. Their principal subsistence is derived from numerous flocks and herds. The villages are small and scattered. The religion is Lamaism.

Besides these there are several tribes less known, such as the Tangkools, the Kons, the Anals, the Poorums, Mueyols, Munsangs, Murings, and Luhoppas, all found on the mountain ranges to the eastward of Chittagong; the Rumbos, Joholes, Jompoles, Gominchis, Oojongs, Scrimenantis, Ulus, Calangs, Jellaboos, Segamets, Kemoungs, Udias, Sakkeys, Utans, Joccoons, Semangs, Oodees, Sakais, and Rayots, all on the Malay peninsula, having different languages, though more or less mixed with Malay; the Simongs, on the Yamunee river, the Reegas, Pasees, Mizongs, Bibors, and Barkans, all on the northern edge of Assam, towards the Lama country; the Uniyas, Marchas, Jowaries, and Suryabans, on the margin of the Himalaya, in the region of Niti Ghaut, and Sutuleje river; the Khoibus, Longpluss, Champungs, Kapwis, and Korengs, all occupying portions of the region of Assam.

Here, then, are twenty-six races of people in the Burman empire, and eighty in the immediate vicinity, making a *hundred and six*. The subdivision of many of these into tribes speaking different dialects, increases the number of distinct missions which demand to be commenced, to about 120. Further investigations in these regions will discover other tribes, equally entitled to missionary effort. If the survey were extended, so as to include the territories of the Grand Lama, where it is believed there is no missionary, we should enrol some sixteen or twenty tribes and dialects more.

Supposing the Baptist Board to be bound to supply only the field described in this paper, and which has hitherto been left to them, together with British and Proper Burmah, and to send only two missionaries to each language, what a mighty effort is required, compared to their present operations! Two hundred and forty men would be demanded immediately; and years must elapse before they could acquire their respective languages.

Should we at once enter upon these fields, and forestall the introduction of Hindu and Burman literature and superstition, we should gain much every way. As regards literature alone, promptitude is important. To *commence* this, among a rude but rising people, is to *save* mountains of obstacles in future efforts. *Heathen literature* is everywhere, and has always been, the *grand prop* of heathen religions. It was the curse of Chaldeas, of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, of Arabia. It is the curse of India, of Burmah, of China. The absence of it is the huge advantage of the Karens, and one great cause, under God, of missionary success with that people. The same advantage is now offered in relation to the tribes here described, but it cannot always continue. They will soon have Mahometan or Hindu legends and literature, if we give them not the truth.

These remarks are not at variance with the admitted fact that ignorance is a principal hindrance of Christianity. The educated heathen is as ignorant as the

* The Rev. Mr Brunson left America in 1837 to labour among this people. He has also interested himself for the Nagas.

uneducated; nay, his requisitions make him worse than ignorant. They fill him with error; they oppress him with stronger superstitions; they inflate him with pride, while they debase and harden his heart.

To give any people a written language, is not to divert the missionary from his proper work. It is a part of his work, and highly important. In accomplishing it, he gives more or less literature to the people; and this literature, being at the foundation of all their future improvements, and based not on false but on true philosophy, must even prove the handmaid to religion, to say nothing of still higher benefits gained by giving a people the written word of God. Two hundred and fifty or sixty men are wanted this moment to supply these new fields, and to reinforce the present missions in Burmah, even on the supposition that native preachers will be raised up in numbers equal to nearly all the demand for preaching.

Further remarks are unnecessary. The facts speak with sufficient eloquence. Where are the thousand young men in our churches? Will they all go to the law, to physic, to merchandise, to mechanics, or to the field, without once questioning the propriety of giving themselves to the holy ministry? Shall the heathen, the Jew, the Mussulman, and the Papist, have none of their sympathies? Must every view of a perishing world be shut from their eyes, while in their own land, and for their own ends, they seek domestic comforts, or amass property, or squabble in politics?

May those whose duty it is to embark in this blessed enterprise hear the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and without delay respond, "Here am I, send me!"

CHAPTER III.

ON THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS WHICH HAS ATTENDED MODERN MISSIONS.

Introduction. I. The number of Missionaries. II. The Kind of Labour performed: Preparatory; Collateral; Additional; Erroneous. III. Disadvantages of Modern Missionaries: Imperfect Knowledge of the Language; Poverty of the Languages themselves; Want of Familiarity with the Religion and People; Degraded State of the Natives; Inability to live as they live; Being Foreigners; the Structure of Society; the prevailing Philosophy; the presence of nominal Christians; Popery. IV. Efforts which do not reach the Field. V. The Amount accomplished; a large Force in the Field; Impediments removed; Translations made; Languages reduced to Writing; General Literature imparted; Tracts written; Grammars, Dictionaries, and other Helps prepared; Immense Distribution of Bibles and Tracts; Mechanical Facilities created; Schools established, and Youth already educated; Blessings of Christian Morality diffused; Idolatry in some places shaken; Effects on Europeans abroad; Actual Conversions. VI. Effects on the Churches at Home. Remarks.

MANY of the best friends of missions avow feelings of disappointment, in regard to the measure of success which has attended the enterprise. Considering the great efforts which have been made, they are ready to infer either that there is some radical error in the mode of operation, or that "the set time" to bring in the heathen has not yet come. At this we can scarcely wonder, when we consider the misstatements which are current, and the prevalent deficiency of information on this subject, even among religious persons, for want of reading missionary periodicals.

Those who stand aloof from the work, are still more disposed to regard it as a failure. Some are not backward to charge those who persist with fanaticism and folly; and a few go so far as to brand them with chicanery and corruption, and to declare their belief that most of the funds contributed for missions are retained by the hands through which they pass.

On the other hand, there are those who dwell always on animating prognostics and local successes. Reluctant to contemplate discouraging circumstances, they

anxiously exclude such details from what they say or publish, and at monthly concerts of prayer, or other public meetings, create an impression that the work is well nigh done, at least in some places. There is thus a danger of making contributions to missions the fruit rather of temporary emotion than habitual principle, and of graduating the measure of our duty more by the amount of success than the distinctness of injunction. And when, in a course of years, the expected results are not realised, there is a proneness to dejection and lassitude.

The writer cannot join with those whose tone is chiefly that of exultation. But he is persuaded that missions have succeeded, to a degree fully equal to the amount and kind of labour bestowed, and presents the following considerations to sustain this opinion.

Before proceeding to measure the absolute magnitude of what has been accomplished, it is necessary to consider the true amount of means employed, and the exact manner in which they have been applied.

I. *The number of missionaries, and the amount of time and energy they have had to bestow on their work.*

1. The English Baptist Missionary Society was formed in 1792; the London Missionary Society in 1795; the Scotch Missionary Society in 1796; the Church Missionary Society in 1800; the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1810; the Baptist Board in 1814; the Episcopal and the Methodist Missionary Societies in 1820.

Of course, the first years in each of these societies produced very few missionaries. By a careful analysis of all the missionary statistics within reach, it appears that, in 1810, the whole number of stations was twenty-nine; in 1820, fifty-seven; and at the present time, about 400. If we allow two missionaries to a station, it gives us, in 1810, fifty-eight; in 1820, 114; and at the present time 800. We thus perceive that we have proceeded but slowly to the present magnitude of our operations. One-half of the present number of missionaries have gone out within so recent a period as not yet to have acquired the languages of their people.

2. The lives of missionaries are shorter than those of ministers at home; not exceeding, probably, on an average, more than eight or nine years.

3. As the highest instances of longevity are found among those who gave themselves chiefly to translations and English preaching, the average life of such as were devoted to the immediate conversion of natives is still further lessened.

4. All those who died before they had been in the field four years, are to be presumed not to have become efficient preachers.

5. Three or four years are to be deducted from the brief span of all missionaries, as time spent chiefly in study.

6. Most missions have been carried forward in regions where the missionaries were robbed of one-fourth of their effective energy by climate. Combine all these considerations, and the absolute amount of direct efforts for the conversion of heathen is reduced to a very paltry sum.

Again: the calculations which have been made on the labours of the wives of missionaries, are, for the most part, much too large. Speeches, essays, and sermons, have described the public usefulness of females in glowing terms. It has even been declared, that on this account "almost all missionaries of the Protestant churches may count for two." The seclusion of women in certain countries has principally given rise to this opinion, as they can find access to their own sex in a manner not practicable to their husbands. But it must be considered that only in a part of the field are females rigidly secluded, and then only the higher classes, with which few missions have much to do. Few missionaries' wives have acquired the language to such an extent as to enable them to be useful in this way. Their opportunities for learning are by no means so good as those of their husbands. Household duties demand

some time; their minds have been less trained to the acquisition of language; and such as have children are greatly put back in their studies, and hindered from missionary work, if ever so familiar with the language. Among ourselves, we do not reckon ministers' wives as so many evangelists, when we compute the degree to which a state or county is supplied with the means of grace. Much less can we calculate upon the wives of missionaries. The helps and facilities enjoyed by a woman at home, who essays to do public good, are not found among the heathen. There, few nurses or servants can be trusted alone with children, even for an hour; the elder ones are not safe away at school, but must be about the mother, and taught wholly by herself a great task, which few mothers in America could add to their other cares. In sickness, she is not aided by a circle of kind friends, but must nurse her husband, her child, or her scholar, day by day, alone; destitute even of the aid which servants might render, could they fully understand her commands or customs. At home, a minister's wife does good chiefly through others, by setting in motion and keeping up plans which they can execute. But not so with the missionary's wife. She has around her no circle of active and unencumbered sisters to teach Sabbath schools, to form bible classes, or to constitute societies for good objects. All she does must be carried on, from beginning to end, by her own individual unassisted energies. She must find her principal sphere of usefulness in keeping her husband whole-hearted and happy; in being a good housewife; sustaining all the domestic cares; training up her children well; furnishing her husband prudent counsel and affectionate support; and setting before the heathen the sweet and impressive example of a well-ordered Christian family, and the elevated and purifying character of conjugal life, as regulated by the New Testament. As time and opportunity offer, she should diligently and thoroughly study the language. Then let her take every opportunity of conversing with such as come to the house, form a circle of acquaintance among the native females, and faithfully visit among them as a Christian teacher.

Unmarried females, and such as have no children, may generally be regarded as missionaries in the fullest sense. Some of these have maintained for years a course of public usefulness not inferior to their masculine fellow-labourers.

II. The kind of labour which has been performed.

1. Up to the present period, the principal portion of missionary labour has been preparatory.

He who views the lofty column is apt to forget how great have been the labours of the architect beneath the surface of the earth, and how widely the hidden foundations spread round beneath his feet. So when we survey the results of missions, most of the labour, though indispensable, is not now seen. Nor can any inspection of their present condition disclose the extent and variety of past labours.

We need not here stop to inquire whether missionaries have devoted too much time to translations, authorship, schools, secular business, or preaching in English. It is sufficient for the present argument that the major part of our efforts have been so expended. It is not possible to arrive at precision in regard to the exact proportion; but from careful inquiries, I am led to set down as preparatory three-fourths of the work done in India, much more as to China and Western Asia, and somewhat less in most other missions.

2. No small portion of time and energy has been spent on objects which may be called collateral.

A pastor at home looks for these labours to his church, and to benevolent societies. He has around him those who maintain Sunday schools, distribute bibles and tracts, sustain pecuniary agencies, hold meetings in private houses, visit the sick, maintain discipline, and perform a multitude of other services, which in a foreign land devolve on the missionary alone. The fraction of effort left, after making the deductions of the last head,

is therefore to be still further abridged, if we mean to measure missionaries by ministers at home.

3. He has many duties additional to those of a pastor in a Christian land.

In addition to all his studies and labours of a strictly missionary and evangelical character, he must erect places of worship, dwellings, and school-houses; employ and oversee native assistants and catechists; and send out agents with bibles and tracts. In the absence of physicians, friends, nurses, and trained servants, he must be surgeon, midwife, and nurse, in his own family. In many cases he must devote considerable time to the dispensing of medicine to the natives. He must be schoolmaster for his own children, as well as Sunday school teacher, and perhaps superintend native schools. Besides this list of duties, so large as almost to seem absurd, he must correspond with his friends at home, the Society, and fellow-missionaries; keep careful money accounts; and maintain a proper intercourse with Europeans around him.

4. Many missionaries have felt obliged to imitate the example of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, and of the Moravians generally, in devoting much time to raising pecuniary resources. While the public were but half awake to their duty, there was much reason for this. There are perhaps cases now where it is proper. I only name it as another deduction from our computation of the measure of means strictly spent in converting the heathen.

5. Much time and money have been expended erroneously, at least in several missions.

Shops, houses, mills, farms, machines, implements, fonts of type, and books, have been made unwisely, and relinquished, or made at too great a cost. The temporal affairs of the people have received too much attention. Periodical publications have entrenched on higher duties; translations have, in some cases been made prematurely; and in others great labour has been bestowed in making revisions which prove not to be improvements.

All this was to be expected. In labours not expressly patterned in the New Testament, we have no teacher but experience, whose instructions are always costly. No reasonable man could expect this item to be less than it is. Happily the pressure of such expenses has passed away with the period of our inexperience.

III. We will now glance at the disadvantages under which the best and purest missionary labour is exerted.

The bigotry, superstition, and sensuality of the heathen, their want of early training in the proper theory of religion, the absence of a correct moral sense, and similar disadvantages of great magnitude, not felt by ministers in a Christian land, will not be insisted upon; because they equally impeded the apostles, who nevertheless had great success. I intend only to name those which are peculiar to modern missionaries.

1. An imperfect knowledge of the language of the people.

Scarcely one missionary in twenty has become able to preach with entire fluency, and probably never one had such a knowledge of the language as inspiration gave. A great amount of preaching has been done through interpreters, and these often unconverted heathen, who could not give full force to themes they did not comprehend. Few can acquire such mastery of a foreign tongue as to express their thoughts with the glow and intensity of a native, even when the idiom and structure of the language is thoroughly understood.

An experienced missionary in Bengal assured me, that on an average not one-half of the sermons of missionaries who undertake to preach is understood. Dr Carey, in a letter of August 1809, states, that after by years of study he thought he had fully mastered the Bengalee, and had then preached it two full years, he discovered that he was not understood! Yet Dr Carey's teachers flattered him that he was understood perfectly. This is a very common deception of pundits and moonshees. In the opinion of one of the most ex-

periened missionaries in the Madras presidency, not one missionary in ten, out of those who live the longest, ever gets the language so as to be generally understood, except when declaring the simplest truths. This is a difficulty not to be removed. Merchants and traders may easily acquire the vocabulary of traffic and social life, and so do missionaries. They may go further, and be able to read or understand literary and historical subjects. But to have the ready command of words, on abstract theological subjects, and all the nice shades of meaning requisite to discuss accurately mental and moral subjects, can only be the work of many years of intense study and great practice.

2. There is a still greater difficulty in the poverty of the languages themselves.

For terms which are of primary importance in religious discourse, words must often be used which are either unmeaning, or foreign to the purpose, or inaccurate. It is not easy to exhibit this difficulty in its true magnitude to such as have not mixed with heathen. A few examples may, however, make the argument intelligible. Words equivalent to God, Lord, &c., must, in various languages, be those which the heathen apply to their idols, for there are no others. In Tamul, the word *pávum* (sin) signifies only "exposure to evil;" or simply "evil," whether natural or moral, and may be applied to a beast as well as a man. The word *padesuttam* (holiness) means "clearness." *Regeneration* is understood by a Hindu or Boodhist to mean "another birth" in this world, or "transmigration." The purposes of God they understand to be "fate." The word used in Bengalee for *holy* (d'hurma), sometimes means "merit" acquired by acts of religious worship, and sometimes "that which is agreeable to rule or custom." When the compound word *Holy Ghost* is translated, it becomes "Spirit of rule," or some phrase not more intelligible. In the Episcopal Liturgy in Bengalee, it is rendered "Spirit of existence" (*sadatma*); and Mr Yates, in his new version of the Scriptures, uses the word *pabitrú*, "clean." This last, while it avoids the hazard of conveying a wrong idea, and seems to be the best rendering, is yet evidently imperfect. In Siamese, the word most used for *sin* (*tót*) means either "guilt" or the "punishment of guilt," or simply "exposure to punishment." The best word the missionaries can get for *holy* is *boresui*, "purified," when people are spoken of; and *saksit*, or "Spirit having power of sanctity," when the Holy Ghost is meant. There is no Siamese word equivalent to *repent*, and a phrase is used signifying "to establish the mind anew," or "make new resolves." In Burman, there is no term equivalent to our *heaven*, and a word meaning "sky," or more properly "space," is used; nor any word for *angel*, and the rendering of that term has to be "sky-messenger;" nor any word for *condemn*, except the circumlocution "decide according to demerit, or sin," nor any word for *conscience*, *thank*, &c. &c. I might add scores of such cases, given me by missionaries. There is scarcely a theological term not subject to this difficulty.

For a multitude of our terms there is no word at all. Among these are not only theological terms, such as sanctification, gospel, evangelist, church, atonement, devil, &c., but the names of implements, animals, customs, clothing, and many other things, of which ignorant and remote tribes have never heard, and for which entirely new terms are obliged to be coined.

Let a man imagine how he would be embarrassed in reading a book, or hearing a discourse, in which he constantly met with Greek or Arabic terms, and words used in a sense differing more or less from that in which he understands them, and these often the principal terms in the sentence, and he may form some conception of this difficulty. Even the native assistant, preaching in his mother tongue, is not properly understood, for he must use these terms.

3. Want of familiarity with the system and sacred books to be encountered, and with national prejudices and modes of thinking.

For exposing with freedom, and attacking with power,

a popular belief, these are eminent disadvantages. Hence, in part, the superior success of native preachers. The apostles were native preachers almost wherever they went, and we see how largely they used their intimate knowledge of the national religion and habits of thinking, not only in disputations but in formal discourses and epistles. Many years must elapse before a missionary can attain this power, and then only by the wearisome perusal of many volumes of disgusting legends, as well as contact with natives in many ways, and for a long period.

4. The rudeness and ignorance of the people sought to be reclaimed.

Idolatry tends steadily downwards, and eighteen centuries have served to degrade the heathen far below the latest and most corrupt Greeks and Romans. When mankind began to fall away from the living God, there remained some knowledge of the proper attributes of Deity, and a comparative nobleness and purity in the human mind. But the objects of worship, the rites enjoined, and the character of the people, steadily sank lower and lower. Hence all nations refer to past ages as having greater purity and happiness than the present. Iniquitous oracles, abused asylums, horrid bacchanalia, and human sacrifices, were known, even in Greece and Rome, only to later generations. With all these abominations, they possessed no contemptible amount of arts, sciences, literature, and poetry. Syria, Macedonia, Greece, Italy, and Northern Africa, forming the field of the first missions, were the centre of civilisation and intelligence. The wide intercommunication maintained by travelling philosophers and marching armies, gave impulse to intellect, and disseminated knowledge. The Roman, the Greek, the Jew, the Egyptian, was far less of a brute than the savage or semi-civilised object of our philanthropy.

For a long period before the birth of Christ, a leaven of contempt for Pagan rites had been diffused by Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and others. Every century brought forth some such writers, and increased the effect of the former works. Socrates, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, and others, had by their orations stirred up the stagnation of the public mind. Euclid, Zeno, Epicurus, Apollonius, Archimedes, and Eratosthenes, led the select few to a noble expansion and activity of the intellectual powers. Afterwards came the satires and exposures of Horace, Lucian, and Juvenal, turning a strong tide of ridicule upon the prevailing mythology. To quote more names might seem pedantic; but there was then scarcely a department of learning without writers which, to this very day, maintain not only a place among our studies, but admiration and utility. Poetry, philosophy, history, eloquence, tragedy, mathematics, geography, botany, medicine, and morals, were all cultivated. Such was the state of mankind when Christ came; and while it would have allowed a new system of superstition or error little chance of prevalence, it made a happy preparation for Christianity. Not, indeed, that any of the philosophy agreed with it, or that any of the philosophers adopted it. "The wisdom of this world," then as now, deemed the cross "foolishness." But the people were trained to think, and both Jews and Pagans were capable of examining, and disposed to understand, the nature of the new religion.

The nations among whom missions are now conducted, are in general the reverse of all this. With them the human intellect has for ages been at a stand. Improvements in any thing are not imagined. Without valuable books, without a knowledge of other countries, without foreign commerce, without distant conquest, without the strife of theology, without political freedom, without public spirit—what is left for them, but listlessness, ignorance, and pride! Such of them as attempt study, learn only falsehood and folly, so that the more they learn, the less they know. Their history, chronology, geography, physics, astronomy, medicine, and theology, are so utterly wrong, that to fill the mind with them is worse than vacuity. This is true of the most civilised heathen of this day; and of

many parts of the missionary field, a much stronger picture might be drawn. Such indurated ignorance is incomparably worse to deal with than fine reasonings and false philosophy. What can argument do, if not understood? The edge of truth itself is turned by impenetrable dullness.

The depreciation of morals is as great as that of intellect. We look in vain even for Spartan or Roman virtue. Except perhaps among the Cretans, it is hardly probable that the first preachers anywhere encountered such a spirit of falsehood and deceit as distinguish the heathen now. Truth is utterly wanting. Man has no confidence in man. The morality is not only defective, it is perverted. Killing a cow or an insect is more shocking than the murder of an enemy; lying for a Brahmin is a virtue; stealing for real want is no sin: a few ceremonies or offerings expiate all crimes. Transmigration abolishes identity; for, if perfectly unconscious, in one state of existence, of all that transpired in previous ones, identity is virtually lost. Sin is reduced to a trifle, the conscience rendered invulnerable, generous sentiments extinguished, and the very presence and exhortations of the missionary engender a suspicion destructive to his success. His reasons for coming are not credited; and the fear of political treachery is added to a detestation of his creed. The best supposition they can make is, that he is seeking religious merit according to his own system, and careful, not so much for their conversion, as for his personal benefit in a future state.

5. Inability to live as the people live.

Except at a few points, the manners and customs are such that a missionary cannot adopt them without disadvantage. It has often been tried, to a greater or less degree; but always relinquished, for numerous good reasons which I cannot here stop to adduce. In some missions, the health and even the life of a missionary require him to live in a better house, and more expensively than the chiefs, or perhaps the king. The consequent evils may be partly conceived, by considering the effect with us of a minister living in a style superior to that of his richest hearers, without having any dependence on them for support. It is not the question here whether this evil may not be palliated in some places. It has existed as a disadvantage in many instances, and in many must probably always so remain.

6. The world is not now under a single government. The apostles were every where fellow-subjects, for the stupendous power of Rome presided over the known world. But the missionary is now a foreigner, living in foreign modes, holding his connections with foreign powers, and endeavouring to introduce a foreign religion. In one part of the field, he is either wondered at as a superior being, or feared as a political agent; and in the other, despised as coming from some barbarous island on the confines of creation. To be either a Roman or a Jew, secured to the first preachers a fraternity wherever they went. Our missionary finds none, till, by the blessing of God, he makes it. From some countries he is kept aloof by inexorable prohibitions; in some his life is unsafe; in some official obstructions are thrown in his way, so as almost to discourage effort; and in others, though protected by Christian rulers, he is almost precluded from usefulness by the influence of their example.

7. The structure of society.

At first, Christians could be tolerated even "in Cæsar's household," and retain offices civil and military. The persecutions were not so much by the people as the government, and the converts could prosecute their callings, whether as tanners, tent-makers, fishermen, or centurions. Now, the adamantine barrier of caste fences off into innumerable sections the two hundred millions of India; while all, from the highest to the lowest, unite against Christianity. The convert becomes an *outcast*, in such a sense of that word as Europeans cannot conceive. He is not only deprived of property, but torn from wife and children, and abandoned, without the means of subsistence. Unless the missionary de-

vise a mode of subsistence for him, he must starve. In addition to other evils, this state of things tends to keep off all who have property to lose, and draw together mendicants, idlers, and criminals, to profess Christianity for temporal ends.

Among Mahometans, Boodhists, and other Pagans, to become a Christian entails most of these trials, though in other forms. The convert is cast out as evil. His relations deny him, his business fails, his children are a bye-word, his rulers are displeased, and his life endangered.

Among still ruder nations, the distinction of tribes cuts up the human family into small, insulated portions, denying to each other common kindnesses. After spending many years to acquire a language, there are but a few thousands to whom it can be the medium of truth. Wars, wanderings, extreme poverty, and desperate degradation, seem to preclude the very hope of success.

8. The apostles were not every where met by a system of natural philosophy which directly contradicted all their teachings.

Wherever Christianity now goes, a new system of geography and astronomy must be adopted. It cannot be said that the missionary may pass by this topic, and only preach Christ crucified. His hearers will not let him pass it by. The country he professes to have left cannot exist by their system. The Shaster and the Bedagat must fall if his system be true. He will be attacked upon it. It will be regarded as a part of his religious belief, and he must clear away their cosmogony before he can build his faith.

With the few who can be so far educated as to understand and receive the Copernican system, this difficulty is converted into a facility. Such are at least rendered unbelievers in their own religion. But the mass of the people will long remain in the old belief, and as Christianity cannot wait to be preceded by schools, missionaries must meet this difficulty in all its strength.

9. The presence of nominally Christian countrymen.

These are now found almost everywhere; and too many of them, by their ungodly lives, present to the undistinguishing heathen a continual ground of objection. Their lewdness, extortions, oppressions, riotous living, desecration of the Sabbath, neglect of sacred things, direct opposition, and secret obstructions, wring the soul of the missionary, fill his way with thorns, and tend to nullify his greatest exertions.

Where Christian governments have borne rule, and where his own life has been most secure, he has found those very governments arrayed against his success. When Buchanan would have given forth information touching the abominations of Hinduism, not a journal in Calcutta dared publish his communications! When he made them from the pulpit, his friends were not allowed to publish the sermons. When he returned to England and published these things, his statements were denied and his character assailed. The East India Company long opposed the introduction of missionaries, or kept them under a surveillance which defeated their object. Had not the Danish settlement at Serampore afforded an asylum, till an experiment was made, evincive of the political harmlessness of evangelical labours among the natives, it is doubtful whether India would have been opened to this day. It is only necessary to refer to the periodical accounts, to the Calcutta newspapers, and to the occasional pamphlets of that time, to show how wilfully and effectively the messengers of mercy were hindered for many years, and how large deductions fall to be made on this account, from the fruits which might otherwise have been produced. Though the Indian government no longer exerts a direct opposition to missionaries, it does many things, some of which have been named in a previous chapter, to sustain Paganism and Mahometanism throughout its dominions.

The Dutch government has been even more inimical, and still maintains its hostility. When Mr Bruckner, after many years' labour, had translated the New Testament into Javanese, he went to Serampore, and at

great expense got types cast and printed it. But he no sooner returned (in 1832) and gave away a few copies, than the government seized the whole edition, and placed it in the public stores, from whence it has never been restored. I could mention other facts of a similar character. Their own chaplains and other clergy are under such restraints as tend to nullify or obstruct their labours to convert the natives.

The Spanish and Portuguese colonial governments in India have avowedly opposed us from the beginning, on the ground of our Protestantism. §

At some of the Sandwich Islands, among various tribes of American Indians, and in many other places where no governmental opposition has been made, the influence and example of unprincipled men, both residents and visitors, have been most distressing.*

In the most favourable aspect in which the missionary meets a Christian government in Pagan lands, he finds it a government of financial rapacity and military force. The natives cannot forget that the presence and power of the white man is the fruit and proof of their subjection and inferiority. Wherever he establishes his fort and his flag, it is to the subversion of their political and civil consequence. A distinguished British writer declares, that with the exception of the obstacles which the impolicy of Europeans themselves has created against the propagation of their religion, there exist no others. "In every country of the east, Christianity has been introduced to the people along with the inviolable and odious associates of unprincipled ambition and commercial rapacity."† Hence their expulsion from Japan, China, Tonquin, Cochinchina, and Camboja; and the precarious footing of missionaries in Siam, Burmah, and other places. "It must be confessed that if the beauty of Christianity has not convinced orientals, it is principally by reason of the bad opinions which the avarice, treachery, invasions, and tyranny of the Portuguese, and some other Christians in the Indies, have implanted in them."‡

10. The resistance made by Popery.

At a large proportion of the stations there are Papal establishments. At these the priests always, and the people often, are active and implacable opposers. The missionary's character and labours are misrepresented; his bibles and tracts are declared false and pernicious; and salvation, for him or his adherents, is pronounced impossible.

Worse than this is the contempt and aversion which they create towards the Christian name. Their proslaves are seldom less degraded and vicious than the heathen, and sometimes more so. "That they have not procured the exclusion of all missionaries, as they have from China and Japan, is because they are not sufficiently powerful to excite the action of government. So far as they have ability, it is exerted to keep Protestantism from Pagans.

IV. The effect of much of the efforts at home does not reach the field abroad.

Large sums have been spent in surveying the field, and sundry lives lost for want of a better acquaintance with the countries, climates, § natives, &c.

* Oh that immoral Christians living among idolaters and inimical rulers, would consider how much more reprehensible they are than those who of old professed to be his people, yet caused his name to be polluted among the Gentiles! In the days of Ezekiel, "They were dispersed through the countries; and when they entered unto the heathen, whither they went, they profaned my holy name when they said, We are the people of the Lord, and are gone forth out of his land. The heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes."—Ezek. xxxvi. 19-23. In the days of Paul, it was still their reproach, "Thou that makest thy boast of [possessing] the law, through breaking the law, dishonourst thou God? For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you."—Rom. ii. 23, 24.

† Crawford's Indian Archipelago, vol. ii. book 6, chap. 4.

‡ La Loubiere, Du Royaume de Siam, tom. i.

§ Men of the world exclaim against this; but they spend money

Large expenses of both time and money are incurred for agencies, secretaryships, travelling, clerk-hire, buildings, circulars, pamphlets, &c. Objections may lie against some of these cases, and certain details. But the main question of expediency and necessity remains clear. They yield no fruits in the foreign field, but without them a beginning could not be made. Christians were ignorant of the various subjects involved in the undertaking. They were both to be induced to move, and to be taught how; so that the whole energies of some have been absorbed in awakening the co-operation of others. For this there is no present remedy but in the continuance of these very expenses.* Even now, though thousands of pamphlets, reports, speeches, sermons, &c., have been distributed, thousands of addresses made, and thousands of committees and associations formed, there are multitudes who do not understand the movement. For want of more of this sort of expense and labour, thousands of sincere Christians have not been awakened to a proper consideration of the enterprises; and thousands, misjudging it, oppose.

In addition to these expenses, large sums are absorbed by the outfit, passages, and salaries, of missionaries who die before they acquire the language. Very costly libraries have to be furnished to stations where translations are in progress. Those who know the price of many necessary works in the learned languages, will feel the force of this consideration. This sort of expense, and all those connected with setting up a printing-office, must be renewed at every principal mission to be established.

The outlay for societies' houses, secretaries, treasurers, clerks, &c., will not increase in proportion to increased operations. Once properly organised, a set of officers can as well conduct a hundred missions as fifty. Experience will reduce many expenses, both abroad and at home. The houses, lands, presses, types, machinery, libraries, &c., now possessed, will remain as so much capital. Natives will soon learn to do printing, &c., and the cost of manipulations be reduced. The prices of passages will lessen, as facilities and improvements multiply. In short, every charge between

and life upon matters of infinitely less moment. They encounter the same perils in the same regions in pursuit of wealth, science, or fame, or perhaps prompted only by curiosity. Let but the efforts to discover the sources and course of the Niger be specified. In this one enterprise have perished Ledyard, Houghton, Park, Anderson, Horneman, Nichols, Roentgen, Tucker, Tudor, Cranch, Galway, Smith, Peddie, Kummer, Campbell, Stockie, Toole, Denham, Clapperton, Morrison, Pearce, Laing, and I know not how many more, all men of distinction and worth. With these have perished several hundred soldiers, scientific attendants, servants, &c. All these lives spent to discover the course of a river flowing through pestilential solitudes, and occupied by barbarous tribes! And for what purpose? To convey peace and eternal life to these benighted Africans? No. To add a few facts to science, and, peradventure, to open a new market for European manufactures! The settlement of many colonies, the attempts to discover a north-west passage, and a score of other such enterprises, might be named, which have involved greater loss of life than the whole missionary enterprise from the beginning.

* This item, though large, is apt to be overrated. At an early period of missionary operations, when the total receipts were small, and great personal efforts required to collect them, the proportion was greater than at present. The average income of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is about 260,000 dollars, and the average expenditures for agencies, salaries, travelling expenses of missionary candidates for examination, postages, rent, and other incidental expenses, about 20,000 dollars, being a fraction less than 8 per cent. The expenditure of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions is about 90,000 dollars, and the home expenses 7000 dollars, which is also a fraction less than 8 per cent. The proportion in other societies is probably about the same. Contributors ought certainly to feel gratified to know that they can collect their missionaries, place their donations abroad, and convert the money into bibles and tracts, at so small a charge as 8 cents on a dollar. Were the income of missionary societies doubled, the home charges would not be materially increased, as the present organisations would suffice.

the donor and his object may be expected to decrease. The churches will come to the work with more readiness; systematic contribution will succeed to desultory collections; few brethren will remain to be convinced and urged; and the apparatus of agencies will cease to be burdensome.

V. Let us now look at the amount which has been accomplished.

1. Numerous and formidable impediments have been removed.

Ignorance of the field, and of the nature of the work, have given way to knowledge and experience. An entrance and location among various strange nations has been effected. The difficulties of many languages are overcome. Several missionaries have attained, not merely a trader's fluency in the native tongues, but that minute and critical knowledge which is necessary to become authors, and to preach with advantage. Prejudices against Christianity have been overcome in many places. In some, the spirit of indifference has given way to a spirit of inquiry; and confidence in the missionary, and respect for the purity of his principles, have been created. Most missionaries who now go out, find brethren to welcome them, houses for their reception, and other facilities which do away no small amount of suffering, mistake, and delay. Had all our money effected only these preliminaries, it would not have been ill spent.

2. A great body of missionaries and native preachers are in actual service.

The reports of some societies do not distinguish between missionaries and assistants, printers, &c., so that it is not possible to state the precise number of each. It will not be far from the truth to say that there are 1000 ordained missionaries, fifty printers, 300 schoolmasters and assistants, and some hundred native preachers.

Of the ordained missionaries there are in Africa 128; other regions adjacent to the Mediterranean, fifty-three; Farther India, 168; Ceylon, twenty-eight; Indian Archipelago, Australia, &c., eighty-one; West Indies, 203; North American Indians, 118. To send out 1000 missionaries, and 350 printers, schoolmasters, &c., with their wives, at an average of 300 dollars for passage, and 200 dollars for outfit, has cost *one million three hundred thousand dollars*, to say nothing of the expense of their education and the cost of the native assistants. The labour of committees, correspondence, &c., in discovering, examining, preparing, and sending forth, this body of labourers, can only be appreciated by those who have been engaged in such services. A large proportion of these persons has been in the field long enough to develop their character and prove their suitability. Here is, then, another item sufficient of itself to reward all our exertions.

3. The word of God, in whole or in part, has been translated by modern missionaries into nearly 100 languages.

We ought to look steadily at this fact, till its difficulties, magnitude, and importance, are in some sort perceived. These translations, in many cases, have been made from the original tongues, with vast pains in collating versions, and after extensive reading in the sacred writings of the natives, to gather suitable words, true idioms, and general propriety.

Some of these versions have been printed in successive editions, each revised with a labour equal to that of the first translation. In several cases, different and independent translations have been made into the same language; thus furnishing multiplied materials for ultimately forming a satisfactory and established version.

These versions embrace the languages of *more than half the human family*, and some of them are among the most difficult in the world.

4. A considerable number of languages have been reduced to writing.

Strange sounds have been caught, orthography settled, parts of speech separated, and modes of construc-

tion determined. In doing this, it has been necessary to go into wearisome and perplexing examinations of native utterance; to collect, without helps, all the words of whole languages; and to study deeply the whole system of universal grammar, or structure of languages in general.

For some of these languages characters have been invented, in whole or in part. In most of them a considerable number of the people have been already taught to read, and an introduction is thus made to the increase of books, elevation of intellect, and extension of Christianity.

5. Missionaries have given to the heathen nearly all the useful literature they now enjoy.

With a few exceptions, they have been the introducers of the art of printing into all the Pagan nations where it now exists. Even in Hindustan, there had never been a book printed, in any of her numerous languages (except a Bengalee grammar, and one or two other works by the late Dr Wilkins), till the Baptist missionaries gave them the boon.

It is not necessary to give specifications to elucidate or amplify this argument. Every literary man, and every reader, of missionary intelligence, will at once think of various countries where the facts exist on which it is founded, and will perceive that this fruit of missions, though not directly evangelical, is highly important.*

6. Tracts and practical works have been produced in considerable variety.

In the Bengalee alone, there are *seventy-five* tracts, besides Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, Baxter's *Call*, Pilgrim's *Progress*, Janeway's *Token*, Evidences of Christianity, Commentaries on Mark and Romans, Young Henry, and some others. The Calcutta Tract Society has printed more than 6525 pages of tracts, equal to *twenty-two volumes* of 300 pages each. At Madras have been printed, in the Tamul language, *seventy-one* tracts, besides broad-sheets; at Jaffna *eighty* tracts, and at Travancore *fifty*, making in all over 200 publications in Tamul. About *fifty* tracts have been printed in the Malay; in the Chinese about a *hundred*, comprising 5863 pages, or twice the amount of pages in Morrison's Bible. In Burman there are *twenty-eight* tracts, making about 900 octavo pages; besides portions of Scripture in tract form. It would be tedious to make further specifications.

Among these publications are hymn-books, in several languages. Every one may conceive the difficulty of writing poetry in a foreign tongue, even if the metre and mode of versification resemble our own, the reverse of which is true of oriental languages. At most missions, the variety of hymns is now sufficient for public and private worship, and some advance has been made in teaching converts to sing. I could not explain, without too many words, the labour and difficulty of this work in both its departments.

All these works are to be enjoyed by future converts, to their more speedy and effectual growth in grace; and by future missionaries, in extending the knowledge and the arguments by which Christianity is to prevail.

The amount printed forms but a fraction of what has been made. Part of the rejected or postponed matter may yet be serviceable, but a large number of manuscripts made by beginners, though useful in their places as studies, will never be printed. The amount of life and labour expended in producing the reading matter now extant, is not easily conceived. It is a labour from which fruit can only now begin to be realised. The same noiseless, and for the time, ineffective labours, must be performed in all new missions, and continued to a great extent in the old ones; but so far as idiomatic, intelligible, and adapted works, have been prepared, it is work done for ever.

7. In nearly every mission there have been prepared a grammar, vocabulary, and dictionary.

* Our own biblical literature owes much to the researches of missionaries; not only for important illustrations from manners, customs, natural history, &c., but for criticism.

Rude and imperfect as some of these necessarily are, because in their first stages of preparation they furnish most desirable aid to beginners, saving not only months of labour, and much health and strength, to new missionaries, but forming the rudiments which future students will improve to completeness. Not a few of these helps have already advanced, under successive missionaries, to a good degree of perfection, and are among the noblest literary works of the day.

8. An amount literally incalculable of bibles and tracts has been put into circulation.

Making the fullest deduction for such of these as may have been destroyed, millions doubtless remain, to prove, as we may trust, seed sown in good ground.

I am not among those who seem to think that if Christian publications are scattered abroad, good *must* follow. But the records of bible and tract efforts most amply show that God smiles on this species of benevolence. Every annual report of these societies gives fresh facts, so that volumes might be filled with these alone. I give the following illustration, not because more striking than others which constantly occur, but because recent and unpublished. A young man came to the Baptist brethren in Cuttack, stating that in his own country, about six years before, he had received from some stranger, who wore a hat, a religious tract, which, almost without looking at, he placed in the bottom of his chest. Lately, a gentleman had come through the place, making a survey of the country. The *hat* this person wore reminded the youth that once a person with a hat gave him a tract. He brought it forth from his chest, and for the first time read it over. It proved the means of his awakening, and he persisted in his inquiries. Having unreservedly become a disciple of Christ, he had now made a long journey to join himself to his people. He was baptised, and returned, and is now a useful labourer in the missionary service.

9. Great mechanical facilities have been created.

Besides the presses employed on foreign languages by the bible and tract societies of Europe and America, there are now in full operation in heathen lands more than forty printing-offices belonging to missionary societies. Some of these have from five to ten presses, generally of the best construction. The fonts of type are numerous, and in many different characters. Each of these fonts has cost thousands of dollars, because, in addition to the usual expenses, there have to be incurred, in each case, the cutting of punches, sinking of matrices, and apparatus for casting. The alphabets, too, consist not of twenty-six letters, like ours, but often of a thousand or more, including symbols and compounds. In addition to all these facilities, we may enumerate school-houses, chapels, dwellings, libraries, apparatus, tools, globes, orreries, &c., at the different stations, and procured at an outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars. All of the printing offices have binderies, supplied with tools sufficient to do the work of the respective establishments.

Many natives, at the cost of much labour and time, have been trained to all the branches of mechanics connected with these offices. In bringing matters to their present position, the missionaries have not only been obliged to devise, teach, and oversee, but in many cases to perform every part of the manual labour. These services and expenses are not again to be performed in the same places. The costly scaffolding is up for large portions of the growing edifice, and future labour and money on those sections may go directly to the increase of the building.

Besides the property invested in these facilities, and forming a large available capital, we are to consider the savings which will be made hereafter, by the improvements which have been effected. This point may be made plain by a single specification. In 1805, the cost of printing a manuscript Chinese version of the New Testament, then existing in the British Museum, it was ascertained would be two guineas (ten dollars) per copy.*

* Owen's First Ten Years of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In 1832, Mr Hughes of Malacca wrote to the British and Foreign Bible Society,* that the cost of 100 copies of the whole bible, from the blocks, would be 104 dollars—a difference of about 3000 per cent.! Whenever punches and matrices have been made, the casting of type may hereafter be done at a comparatively cheap rate.

10. Schools of various grades are established, and a multitude of youth have received a Christian education.

To appreciate, in any proper degree, the magnitude of this result, it is necessary to consider the difficulties which have been overcome. In almost every case the first offers of gratuitous instruction are spurned. When at length a few pupils are obtained, priestly influence has often driven them away. When even this is overcome, the children are frequently too wayward and idle to continue at school. Our victory, therefore, over the prejudices and jealousy of parents, the influence of priests, and the frivolity of the children, is a great achievement. Now, in many places applicants are far more numerous than can be received, and nothing but want of funds precludes an almost unlimited extension of the system. Even Brahmins send their sons without hesitation.

I need not expatiate on all the probable effect of these schools, many of whose pupils are adults, and many more, who, though youths when at school, are adults now. They have diminished priestly influence by raising up an intelligent body of persons, who, though ever so humble, can and do argue triumphantly with the men who had before held the sway of great veneration. They have diffused a right knowledge of Christians and Christianity, overthrown erroneous systems of philosophy and nature, arrested floods of vice, prepared intelligent hearers of the gospel, proved the superiority of the missionary, and in many cases have been the means of genuine conversion.

Some of these are boarding-schools, where the pupils are wholly withdrawn from heathen influence. Some of them are for the children of native Christians, who receive at home impressions favourable to the permanency of those they receive at school. Some of them teach the higher branches, such as form a collegiate course with us. Some are taught in languages never before committed to writing, so that the pupils are the first of their tribes who have ever learned to read. Some of them are for females, in countries where the sex has ever been left in almost total ignorance.

The whole number of pupils who have received education, or are now in the schools, cannot be ascertained. From the statistics furnished on this head by some societies, and the imperfect returns of others, I set down the pupils now in missionary schools throughout the world at nearly 300,000.

11. The blessings of Christian morality have been widely diffused.

Some whole nations have adopted Christianity. In Greenland,† in Labrador, and in more than thirty islands of the Southern Seas, Paganism has ceased to be the national faith! These have become, in the customary sense, *Christian countries*. Instead of poverty, wars, and plunderings, are found plenty, peace, and security. Instead of murdered infants, neglected children, degraded wives, and burning widows, are seen domestic peace and social endearments. Instead of idleness, are the comforts of intelligent industry. Intellectual cultivation has supplanted brutal insensibility. Rulers and kings, laying aside ferocity and selfishness, are seen governing their people by bible laws, and anxious for the general good. Wherever even nominal Christianity takes root, through Protestant efforts, it produces more energy of character, milder manners, and purer morals, than has ever been shown under any form of Pagan or Mahometan influence. I confidently refer for proof to the Philippine Islands, to Amboyna, Bengal, and Ceylon.

* Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 1833.

† In Greenland there remained, in 1834, only one hundred and fifty heathen!

There are also in the midst of heathen lands, Christian villages and districts, shining as lights in dark places; such, for instance, as at Serampore, Luckan-
tiapore, Tanjore, Tenavely, Ceylon, Mata, and scores besides.

"Dialects unheard
At Babel, or at Jewish Pentecost,
Now first articulate divinely sounds,
And swell the universal anthem."

There are also single stations, where nominal Christians are reckoned by thousands. It is true, the degree to which the fruits of Christianity are produced, is not the same as in Christendom, where its influences are corroborated in a thousand ways, and matured upon successive generations. The conduct of these nominal ones is often a discouragement, and sometimes a disgrace. But the benefits preponderate. Children grow up among beneficial influences, and enlightened to know good from evil. Instead of a false, filthy, and damning mythology, commingling with their first and most lasting impressions, they are instructed and restrained by pure and blessed truth. The Sabbath is observed, and the same people assembling from week to week, afford an opportunity of impressing line upon line, precept upon precept; converts are not embarrassed for daily bread, nor scorned, abused, and abandoned by relations. Many formidable hindrances to conversion are thus removed. I need not expand this proposition. The reader will see, that among such a people the missionary labours with many advantages similar to those of a pastor in our own land.

12. In some places, the entire fabric of idolatry is shaken.

The knowledge of the one true God, and of salvation through his Son, has in several regions become general. Hundreds of the best informed persons openly ridicule and denounce the prevailing superstition, and thousands have their confidence in it weakened, if not destroyed. Conviction of the truth is established in the minds of multitudes who dare not openly confess it. Not a few of the converts have been from among the distinguished members of society, and even from the priesthood. Some of these have been so celebrated for sanctity, and so extensively known, as to have excited, by their conversion, a thrill of inquiry and alarm in all their vicinity. Education has emancipated thousands from the terrors of Paganism, who yet do not accept Christianity, nor consort with missionaries. Indeed, no man can be conversant with the heathen world, without perceiving that several large portions of the kingdom of darkness are on the eve of a religious and moral revolution.

This topic of encouragement is no doubt extravagantly enlarged upon by some. It has been assumed of countries where it is not true; and where it is true, the degree has been overrated. Still, it is one of the achievements of missions which the most scrupulous must admit. That it is found any where, and to any extent, is great encouragement; it is not only a blessing on past efforts, and the promise of a still greater, but a most animating facility and preparation for future exertion.

13. The effect of missions on the European population abroad.

Before this enterprise, there was, among those who resided in foreign lands, whether in public or private life, an almost universal enmity to religion. Carey said that when he arrived in Calcutta, he could hear of only three pious persons in India, excepting the four or five missionaries! Now, a considerable number, even among the highest ranks, in many parts of the east, openly serve God. Hundreds of soldiers, and many officers, have been converted under missionary labour. Places of worship are built, and the Sabbath observed, where Christians had long resided without giving any visible sign of their faith. Missions now have the countenance of a large number of gentlemen who make no profession of religion. Apologies for Paganism, and opposition to Christianity, are nearly silenced. In various

places, handsome contributions towards the schools, &c., are obtained from the officers and gentry on the spot.

On no theme do pious "old Indians" dwell with more fervour than this change in the religious character of Europeans since their arrival in the country. I might rehearse numerous facts given me by such, but space does not permit. It is sufficient to say that much obstruction is thus removed at certain points, and an encouraging amount of co-operation secured, which is annually increasing. Considering how large a part of the missionary field is under the dominion of Europeans, this single result of our past efforts is evidently of great consequence.

14. Lastly, and chiefly—souls have been converted to God.

Here is the great point. On this there can be no variety of sentiment, as to the value or the fruit, nor dispute as to the reality of its existence.

"Behold the midnight glory; worlds on worlds—
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze.
Ten thousand add. Add twice ten thousand more.
Then weigh the soul! One soul outweighs them all,
And calls the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation, poor."—YOUNG.

Converted heathen are already numbered by tens of thousands. I might fill many pages with proof of the sincerity of their conversion, from the sacrifices they make, and the lives they live. I examined diligently into this matter everywhere, and have copious details in my possession. But, adhering to the studied brevity of the other parts of this work, two or three specimens only will be given. Few Christians are aware of the extent to which such facts may be adduced. The various histories of missions are full of them.

In the last report of the London Missionary Society, it is stated that Narapot Singh, a native preacher, had, by his attachment to Christianity, sacrificed, for a period of twenty-four years, an estate of 8000 rupees per annum, making in the whole one hundred thousand dollars. And this is "all his living." For the entire period, he has endured continual poverty and toil. Many of the Burman and Karen disciples have literally "suffered the loss of all things," and it is believed that some have died in consequence of their sufferings. At the village of Mawbee, near Rangoon, a large number of Karens became Christians, through the preaching of a native assistant, and endured persecutions, which only fell short of taking life, for many months, having never seen a white missionary. I saw various individuals in Bengal and the Carnatic, who were then suffering banishment from all their relations, and many of the hardships of poverty, in consequence of serving God. In Madagascar, Christianity was for a while countenanced by Radama, the king, and the missionaries had many seals to their ministry. At his death, the queen, who had always opposed her husband in this thing, no sooner found herself in possession of supreme authority, than she began to exercise it for the destruction of Christians. The missionaries were expelled. One after another, the prominent disciples have been put to death. One of these, Rassalama, was sentenced to death, and for several successive days was cruelly flogged before the fatal day arrived. But her faith never staggered, and she met death with a martyr's intrepidity. Her companions were sold into perpetual slavery, and their property confiscated, but not one recanted. Rafaravavy, another distinguished woman, was for a long time kept in irons, and then sold as a slave.

After this, the remaining Christians began to assemble in the night, at the house of Rafaralahy, where they read the Scripture, conversed together on spiritual things, and united in prayer and praise. They were soon betrayed to the government, and Rafaralahy, after being kept in irons two or three days, was taken to the place of execution. On his way he spoke to the executioners of Jesus Christ, and how happy he felt at the thought of seeing, in a few minutes, him who loved him

and died for him. At the place of execution, a few moments being granted him at his request, he offered up a fervent prayer for his persecuted brethren, and commended his soul to Jesus. He then, with perfect composure, laid himself down, and was immediately put to death. He was twenty-five years of age, and of a respectable family. After this, the persecution was pressed with rigour. The government determined, if possible, to secure all the companions of Rafaralahy. Several of them were seized, and afterwards made their escape. Many incidents showing the distress to which the Christians were reduced, are related. A large number conceal themselves in the houses of friends, or in the forests; numbers are sold to slavery, and some are in irons. The queen proposed to put every Christian to death; but some of her officers advised her against this, saying, "It is the nature of the religion of the whites, the more you kill, the more the people will receive it."

Such are the facts which might be multiplied to an indefinite extent. They leave no room to question the reality of the reported conversions. Defections, indeed, often occur to pain the hearts of the missionaries; but though many have fallen through strong drink, love of gain, and other temptations, I never heard of one who was driven from Christianity by violence.

It is impossible to know the number of regenerated heathen, as the returns are not furnished from some missions. Two thousand have been baptised by missionaries connected with Serampore, of whom 600 are now alive and in good standing. In the West Indies, connected with the Baptist and Methodist missions, there are 69,000 communicants. The number connected with the London Missionary Society is 5439; with the Church Missionary Society, 1514; with the English Wesleyan Missionary Society, 48,795, exclusive of members in British America; with the English Baptist Missionary Society, 18,720; with the American Board of C. F. M., 2600; with the American Baptist Board, 1900; with the Moravian missions, 47,000. Some missions, for instance the Moravian, do not require actual conversion to God as the term of church membership, so that we cannot calculate exactly from their returns in this argument.

From the best data we can obtain, we may safely estimate the present number of converts, after deducting such as may be supposed to have been received on an outward profession merely, at more than a *hundred thousand*.

In many cases, these are formed into churches, with pastors and deacons. The native preachers and catechists amount to more than 1000. Many of these have received a good education in mission schools. Some (and the class is increasing) have become authors, and produced books, tracts, and hymns, of great value. Let the reader pause and consider the facts contained in these last four sentences, for though they are barely named, they are of great importance.

In some places these churches have become so established that if missionaries should retire, the cause would probably go on. The Rev. M. Baker of Madagascar declared, in an address at Cape Town, several years ago, that there were "not less than 500 natives who had maintained a constant profession of religion amidst persecution and danger." We have just seen how, with equal constancy, they could die for the truth.

Some of these churches have already begun to contribute, even in pecuniary ways, to the furtherance of the great work. It is thus at the Sandwich Islands, in Burmah, and many other stations. Even the poor Africans at Griqua town contributed, in 1836, to the funds of the society, 130 dollars, and at Bethelsdorf, in the same year, 440 dollars.

In addition to these thousands of converts, now shining as lights in dark places, we must not forget the thousands who have died in the faith. In the case of Serampore, out of 2000 baptised only 600 survive. We ought, therefore, probably to add *another hundred thousand* for converts deceased.

It would be easy and delightful to rehearse the distinct narratives of many who have crowned a life of evident piety by a becoming death. To speak of hundreds or thousands of converted heathen sounds cold, when we think of the hundreds of millions yet left to perish. But in tracing the history and religious experience of an individual, our impressions become distinct; and to number even units seems an ample reward for all we have done or given. Such as would taste this feast will find it largely spread out before them in the Moravian and Baptist periodical accounts, the histories of missions, and the reports of societies. Separate volumes are also published, containing the memoirs of many of these. He who knows the worth of his own soul could not rise from the life of Krishnu, Petumber, Abdool Meseeh, Asaad Shidiak, Africaneer, Peng, Catherine Brown, Karaimokee, &c., and retain enmity to the system of means which, under God, saved them from eternal death.

These glorious fruits are now safe in the garner of God. Schwartz, Brainard, David, Schmidt, Carey, and a great company of missionaries, have their converts with them before the throne. No apostacy, no temptations, no weakness, can overtake them now. There they are where we would go. Some are there to whose salvation we ourselves have ministered. Soon we shall embrace them, not only in the blessedness of a joint salvation, but in the delicious consciousness of having been the instruments of their deliverance.

If, after such thoughts, we could come down again to mathematical calculation, we might consider that the total number of conversions, divided by the number of missionaries who fully acquired the vernacular tongues, would give from 300 to 400 converts to each! Can the ministry at home reckon thus? Truly the measure of missionary success needs only to be closely scanned to become a theme of wonder rather than of discouragement.

VI. This discussion cannot properly close without adverting to the *effects of missionary spirit on the churches at home*.

I have held a telescope to direct the reader's attention to circumstances, in various parts of the heathen world, which, without this aid, he might not notice. This task is resigned, not because I have shown *every thing*, but because any one may now go into further details at his leisure. A glance at the effect of missions in our own country will conclude my endeavours, and as they lie open to the perceptions of every man, I will do little more than mention the subject.

The formation of a missionary spirit, to the extent which now prevails, is reward enough for all the labours and expense which have been incurred. To a very important extent, ignorance, prejudice, covetousness, and indifference, have been overcome. Experience is gained. Friends and supporters are organised. Thousands have awakened to the duty of spreading the gospel, and will never give over. They will inculcate it upon their children, convince their friends, and disarm objectors. The friendly host will continually multiply. Contributions are not now drawn forth by novel and affecting statements of heathen cruelties, but in many cases come up spontaneously, from sources lying among the deepest springs of Christian action.

Objectors make this item no part of their estimate when they declare that missions have failed. Had David done nothing towards the temple when he had formed the plan and secured the means? Was nothing done towards bringing civilisation and Christianity to these shores, when as yet the May-flower lay in an English dock, and the resolved colony was commending its embryo enterprise to God? Was nothing done towards our independence when the spirit of resistance had been spread through the country, and the people resolved to be free? The thing is too plain to need words. A great work has unquestionably been done in bringing the church to its present state of feeling. The spirit of missions has grown to adolescence, and is

daily acquiring strength : its implements and opportunities are ready, and its training becoming daily more complete.

It is particularly to be considered that this spirit is not a mere sudden impetus or direction, such as is sometimes transiently given to public sentiment. For *forty years* it has been growing, slowly and soundly, amidst opposition, ridicule, reproach, and manifold disadvantages. Never was there a revolution in human sentiment more obvious and positive.

Formerly, the thought of sending the gospel to the heathen scarcely entered into the minds of God's people. Many prayed "Thy kingdom come," but none felt called upon for personal action. When Carey, Sutcliffe, and Fuller, kindled the flame at the Northamptonshire Baptist Association, it became a measure supported by the zeal of a few. It grew and extended by the zeal of many. Now it is the settled point of solemn duty with the great body of believers. It is found to have the same claims as any other duty, specified or implied, in the whole word of God. Arguments to prove that a Christian ought to aid in sending out God's light and truth, are beginning to be obsolete. Instead of these, the question now is, how much, and in what manner, each individual is to aid. In these respects we are still deficient, but in a state of progress. A few years ago the whole United States had no foreign missionary; and when Judson, Newell, and others, at Andover proposed to go as such, it seemed so doubtful whether the whole church could sustain them, that measures were taken to see if they could not be supported from England. Now, the United States has in the foreign field, in the various departments of missionary service, more than 746 persons! They have forty-three printing-presses, and are already issuing Scriptures or tracts in fifty-six different languages!

No symptom of revulsion, or of a waning enthusiasm, is discernible in any quarter. The humblest advocate assumes the attitude of a man who feels that his cause will finally prevail. Discomfiture in some cases, and small success in others, have produced no check. Defeat only sends the bands of the benevolent "to inquire of the Lord." It leads them to doubt their measures, but not their object. It makes them sensible of weakness, but teaches them where their strength lies. It silences their boasting, but awakens their prayers.

The development of the missionary spirit, in the single matter of home missions, is full of grandeur and promise. Eleven hundred and three missionaries are now in the service of the American Home Missionary Society, and the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, to say nothing of those from similar institutions in these and other denominations. These are scattered among feeble churches, strengthening good beginnings, sustaining bible classes and benevolent societies, diffusing bibles and tracts, and, above all, gathering a multitude of souls. The number who have made credible profession of religion, in connection with the two societies above named, one of which has been in operation eleven years, and the other but half that time, is about *seventy-five thousand*! In Ireland it has produced effects of the most animating kind. It is now extending into the continent of Europe, and is nobly calling forth the most blessed actings of Christian zeal.

It would require a disproportionate space were I but to *enumerate* the societies and movements which have grown up as the fruit of a missionary spirit. Such an enumeration would comprise results of even greater magnitude than can be shown in the foreign field. To this spirit may be ascribed all the improvements of the church for the last forty years. For proof, contrast the state of religion in missionary and anti-missionary churches. It is the spirit which forms the essential difference between active and inactive Christians, and comprises nearly all the characteristics which make them "the salt of the earth." It has altered the character of colleges, academies, asylums, school-books, and, in fine, placed Christianity itself, so far as it has prevailed, in the attitude it maintained under apostolic influence.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.—Were more time and labour than I am able to give bestowed upon the preceding investigations, this chapter might be made more copious. But to give it completeness is impossible. Thousands of facts lie scattered about, in unpublished journals and letters, and many more are known only to Him from whom no secrets are hidden. But the facts which I have adduced do not lose their force for want of more, and can only be answered by the production of counter facts. But what facts can countervail such as have been here adduced? The last paragraph alone weighs more than mountains of objections.

That captains or merchants visiting the east often say, "We read animating missionary accounts in the papers, but see no such things on the spot," is not surprising. How should they? What means do they take to get information? Have they gone to the native chapels, or accompanied the missionary in his daily rounds, or visited the converts' homes, or the schools, or seen bibles and tracts given away? Have they so much as visited the missionary himself, except at meal times, or other intervals of labour? What would a gentleman know of the state of religion in London or New York, who had merely walked about the streets, or conversed with those who make no pretensions to piety, or with such as are hostile? Without taking pains, even residents at a station may remain almost perfectly ignorant of a missionary's operations.

Instead of naked assertions that nothing has been done, we have a right to expect objectors to come forward with the religious statistics, past and present, of specified places. They should fairly show that the work said to be done is not done, or that the effects said to have followed have not followed. If they merely point to things left undone, we incur in lamentation, and only ask larger means and further time to show greater results.

There is reason to suspect that those who most loudly assert the failure of missions, are those who would have it so. There are in foreign countries many who would shelter their vices in the gloom of surrounding Paganism, and are impatient of the restraints of missionary influence. And there are many at home, who, being inimical to Christianity, impugn its benevolent operations, for want of talent or learning to attack its fundamentals. And there are many, who, without being unfriendly to religion, are glad of a cloak for covetousness, and, in declining to contribute on the score of conscience, can save their money, and at the same time claim superior piety or keener insight into abuses.

It is quite certain, that the great body of those who complain are not persons who have most right to do so. They are not those who have given their money, their children, or themselves, to the work; and who, if there be fraud or folly, are of all others the most interested to make the discovery. They are not those who have seen most of the field, or who have most diligently read the reports of the societies. They are not those who have had the most extensive and intimate acquaintance with the men who have gone forth, and who might infer what is done from a knowledge of the agents. They are not the men best acquainted with the managers and management of the different boards. All these classes of persons are friendly.

Such considerations should restrain the uninformed from impugning our motives or disparaging this great work. They should hear the voice of reason, addressed to some in a former age, who opposed what they did not understand. "Let these men alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE MODE OF CONDUCTING MODERN MISSIONS.

Schools. Translations and Tracts. Preaching in English. Periodicals. Use of the Roman Alphabet. Missionary Physicians.

Unnecessary display and Expense. Direct Preaching to Natives. Formation of Regular Churches. Qualifications of Native Assistants. Instruction in the English Language. Intermission of Operations. Division of Labour. Concentration. Choice of Fields. Remarks.

MORE than forty years' experience in modern missions ought to furnish data for an intelligent revision of the system; and the anxious inquiries which are heard on this point, not only among friends and supporters at home, but among missionaries themselves, seem to demand some remarks on the subject, in a work like the present.

The question is, whether the whole system is so erroneous that it should be abandoned for another; or is correct in the main, with curable imperfections. The first of these opinions finds many affirmative respondents, some of whom propose definite substitutes.* The writer embraces the other opinion, and ventures, though with sincere diffidence, to contribute his mite towards a discussion which he hopes will call forth abler pens, and result in a happy approximation to a perfect arrangement. For the sake of brevity, whatever is approvable will be passed over, and only such matters touched as seem to call for change.

1. The proportion of time and money bestowed on schools should be much less.

Schools are extravagantly extolled, and hopes are built upon them which could only be warranted by a New Testament declaration that they are the Lord's chosen and primary means for spreading Christianity. It has been declared, that "our only hope of success lies in the school system;" that "the evidences of Christianity must be understood before it can be embraced;" that "man must be civilised before he can be Christianised;" and that "the schoolmaster must precede the missionary."

Thus, a religion which God designed to convert and save even ignorant savages, is made to wait the operation of a tardy process of intellectual culture; and man is to be made wise unto salvation through the wisdom of this world. By this system, whole generations of adults must be left to perish while the youth are being instructed; and instead of boldly advancing to dislodge "the strong man armed," we are to seek priority of occupation in the human heart. Alas! by such a course we are not only in danger of losing our labours, but of awakening the jealousy of Him who "will not give his glory to another."

The extent to which schools have been established by modern missionaries is very great. There cannot be fewer than 250,000 youth now receiving instruction in missionary schools. As the school system has been actively maintained from an early period, and a full course may be presumed to include only five years, this number must be doubled to make the true total of educated pupils. And as the great majority of scholars remain but a year or two, the number must be again doubled, making an aggregate of a million of pupils, who have been, for a succession of months, subject to missionary influence.

The proportion of conversions, among this mighty host, is certainly very small. It was stated by the late Rev. Mr Reichardt of Calcutta, who laboured long in the service of the Church Missionary Society, that of the many thousand boys instructed by that society, only five or six had been converted. At Vepery, a suburb of Madras, where for 100 years this species of labour has been largely bestowed by the Christian Knowledge Society, the results are scarcely more encouraging; nor at Tranquebar, where schools have been maintained for 130 years. In all Madras, where several thousands

have constantly been taught in missionary schools, there are not known to be half-a-dozen converted natives. At the Anglo-Chinese college at Malacca, which has existed for twenty years, only a few have been converted, though some twenty or thirty have been brought over to Christianity. In Ceylon, where schools have been conducted for twenty-six years, and generally with more attention to religion than is common in India, few conversions occurred previous to 1830; and those since that time have been rather the fruit of protracted meetings and special pastoral efforts, than of the school system. Out of the Scotch General Assembly's School at Calcutta, which for six years has had an average of 400 scholars, and the entire and constant attention of two missionaries, there have been but five or six conversions. The Baptist schools in Bengal, numbering thousands of scholars, for more than thirty years past have produced very few conversions. That at Chittagong, taught by a missionary in person every day for sixteen years, with an average of 200 pupils, has witnessed but two of the scholars brought to a knowledge of the truth. In Arracan, no conversion has yet occurred in the schools. Among all the Burmans, I know of no Christian who is regarded as the fruit of schools. Among the Karens, many scholars have been converted; but the primary and daily object of those schools has ever seemed to be the conversion, rather than the education, of the scholar.

Let the primary and immediate object of gathering youth into a school be their conversion, and the schoolmaster may do great good. But to rely chiefly on him and his work for results which Jehovah has appointed to be done by other men and other means, is only calculated to mislead us, and ensure disappointment. Our expectations from schools are in most cases wholly different from the expectations of the teacher himself, nine-tenths of them being unconverted heathen.

In places where schools have most abounded, and for the longest time, a considerable number of pupils have rejected idolatry without embracing Christianity, and are now conceited infidels, worse to deal with than Pagans. Many of these, by means of their education, have obtained offices under government, or in large commercial houses, and exert considerable power and influence against religion. In some cases, nearly all the pupils are children of country-born Catholics, whose education only serves to make Popery more respectable; in others, a great majority of scholars are from the poorest of the people, whose knowledge of reading, writing, and ciphering, does not serve to elevate their situation, and who, having no use for these acquirements after leaving school, forget them to a great extent.

Few are so far advanced as to comprehend those evidences of Christianity which have been made such an argument in favour of schools. Even in our own country this is a study for the last years at college, and not for school-boys. But our school-boys are better prepared to comprehend these evidences than most of the students in oriental "colleges," even of an advanced standing.

It should be considered how far the diffusion of the ability to read is desirable among a people in whose language little or nothing of a valuable nature is yet prepared, or likely soon to be. The readers in Bengalee, taught by missionaries, have been furnished by unprincipled natives with a multitude of silly and pernicious books, which at the old average of readers, would probably never have been printed. The Friend of India, of 1825, contains a list of all the books issued from the native press in Bengal up to that period. They amount to thirty-one, and are all, with two exceptions, pestilent or preposterous! The issues of subsequent years have been no doubt of the same character, but I am not able to find a list.

When the happiest effect flows from schools, namely, the conversion of scholars, the influence diffused on the population is less than from conversions which follow preaching. The triumph of Christ is scarcely perceptible. The heathen see that the children have been

* Edward Irving proposes that each missionary go forth singly, looking to God for supplies, even as he does for success. The author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm insists that our present system must be dissolved, and recomposed upon a new model; the principal feature of which is, that all existing missionary societies be absorbed into one great society, under the English Episcopacy, and using the English liturgy.

regularly trained to the new faith. They know that if our children were trained in the same manner by their priesthood, they would as easily become Pagans. They attribute the change, therefore, not to the superiority of our system, but to the natural effect of early education.

I am far from wishing the school system to be abandoned, especially in Hindustan. A school has many advantages in enabling a missionary to bring divine truth before his pupils; and a man whose heart glows with zeal, will find it an animating field. The error seems to be, not in having schools, but in expending upon them a disproportionate measure of our means; in expecting too much from them; in not making them sufficiently religious; in establishing more than can be properly superintended; in the indiscriminate reception of scholars; in employing heathen teachers; and in trusting to science for the overturn of idolatry.

Schools furnish an advantageous opportunity for the partial employment of fresh missionaries, whose knowledge of the language is insufficient for more direct efforts. But this very deficiency in the language must almost preclude religious influence. The plan now often pursued is for a missionary or his wife to superintend five, ten, or even twenty schools, taught by hired Pagans. These are visited once every few days in the cool of the morning, giving ten or fifteen minutes to each. In some cases they are visited once a month. The master merely teaches reading and writing, and that, too, in his own inexpert, or perhaps ferocious manner. He is naturally supposed by the scholars to understand our religion, and his not receiving it has a pernicious influence. Qualified teachers are so few, that persons have sometimes been employed who openly opposed Christianity. Secret counteracting influences by the master are still more common. In schools patronised by the British government, though taught by a missionary, it is required that instruction in religion shall not be formally introduced.

The question seems not to have received sufficient attention, whether we should multiply schools, and teach mere rudiments, to a great number, or restrict the number, and carry the education to a high point. I am in favour of the latter course. No nation has become literary by universal instruction in reading and writing. These confer no knowledge, they are only means for acquiring and diffusing it. In a country where the absence of books, periodicals, and political freedom, preclude advancement in after life, beyond the rudiments learned at school, these acquirements will not be generally retained, or if retained, are of little use. With us, common schools bring our youth to the starting-point, and give to genius, where it exists, a chance for advancement and honour. But where these leave a heathen pupil, there, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he stops, and soon begins to recede, for want of use for his knowledge. Besides, the most extended system for such schools which we can hope to establish in the heathen world, can embrace, after all, but a very inconsiderable portion of the youth, so that even the argument for universality will not apply.

It seems to me, therefore, that the highest advantages of schools are to be gained by gathering select children of Pagans into boarding-schools, and all the children of native converts into day-schools (which at most stations may be united), and carrying the education of these to a high point. Such pupils will be exempt from the dreadful pollutions of a heathen home, and the innumerable associations which tend to nullify every good influence. They become subject to continuous and systematic efforts, which are impossible where the scholars are often changing. Some of them are likely to become authors in their own language, for which they will have qualifications which foreigners can scarcely hope to attain.

Such schools give the missionary a paternal relationship to the child, and a probability of securing his confidence and attachment. They furnish precious opportunities for the daily inculcation of sacred truth.

They form at once permanent congregations and attached households; opening access, at the same time, to many parents. New missionaries could usefully assist, two or three hours a day, and rather gain than lose time in learning the language. Scholars long trained in this manner, could not but have a salutary influence on their parents, and be the means of diffusing many important truths. The systematic control of their minds, and constant example of true family order, would counteract the danger which exists in other schools, of creating a contempt for parental knowledge and government, without furnishing an adequate substitute to prevent the effects of filial disobedience. In every such school, one missionary at least, competent in the language, should devote his whole time, and hold the salvation of the pupils as his prominent aim.

In educating converts, particularly the younger ones, there can scarcely be too much effort. If knowledge is power, let us give it to the truly good. Let us not compass sea and land to make a proselyte, and then leave him to grope his way in ignorance, perplexity, and error. Let us form his tastes, habits, studies, and pursuits, upon the noblest principles of divine revelation. Let us do all in our power to create an impressive superiority on the part of such as bear the Christian name, and to aid them in diffusing light and peace.

2. At some stations, at least, less time might be devoted to translations and tracts.

It is eminently desirable to perfect every tract and translation; but where an intelligible and tolerably correct one exists, the perfecting of it may thenceforth be made a bye-business. There will be diversities of taste, if no more, which will prevent any production from suiting every scholar. But it is not found that the last is always the best. There have been printed seven versions and revisions of the Malay bible; and a distinguished missionary among that people assured me that the first, published at Serampore, remains the best.

It is not desirable that missionaries should in their first years devote themselves to translation and authorship, even if there be no Christian books in the language. To write and translate as exercises for themselves, is important, but they should put nothing to press till they have been years at their posts, and have revised their work many times. It would be well if every missionary, qualified, by his early studies, to translate the Scriptures, were to take some select portion, and occupy himself upon it, at leisure moments, for eight or ten years, or even his lifetime. He might sketch two or three tracts, and keep them by him in the same way. This, however, would not prevent the necessity for some individuals to make translations and authorship their prominent employment.

The anxiety for an immediate production of books has caused the publication of Scriptures and tracts so imperfect, as to be almost if not quite useless, and in particular passages quite erroneous. To prove this, and at the same time show the sort of errors to which I allude, I will give a few instances which were mentioned to me, taken from distant and different versions. John i. 1—"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with the Lord God Boodh, and the word was the Lord God Boodh." Exod. iii. 2—"The Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire in the knot of a tree." Acts i. 8—"Ye shall receive the power of life and death." Matt. v. 3—"Blessed are the destitute of life." 1. Cor. v. 6—"A little crocodile crocodileth the whole lump!"

When there are none of these mistranslations, there may be such a want of idiomatic propriety, such an infusion of new words, or such general obscurity, as to discourage if not bewilder the heathen reader. Such, it appears from Mr Medhurst,* is the case with Morrison's Chinese version, of which the convert Lew Tse-chuen, as quoted by him, says, "I perceive there is no unwillingness to accept the books, but, failing to comprehend their meaning, they frequently throw the work aside."

* China, its State and Prospects, p. 443.

To the same effect is his quotation from Choo Tih-lang, a Chinese transcriber now in England. "Having perused the present translation of the Scriptures into Chinese, I find it exceedingly verbose—containing much foreign phraseology, so contrary to the usual style of our books that the Chinese cannot thoroughly understand the meaning, and frequently refuse to look into it." Marshman's version is greatly liable to the same objections.

It is a serious subject, and deserving the early attention of the managers at home, as well as biblical critics, how far our versions should conform to the pompous and unchristian phraseology of eastern languages. The language of a superior to an inferior is wholly different from that of an inferior to a superior. Shall this diversity be followed in translations? It is so in many of them, and not so in others. In one Tamil version, the Virgin Mary is always addressed as "worshipful." And instead of "said," &c., in Gen. 1. 3, it is "opening his divine mouth, he said, Let light appear." In one version, "apostle" is rendered "royal messenger." These idioms give a haughty aspect to the language of apostles and prophets, and a servility to those who address them. It will be a question also whether we shall make two versions in some languages, one high and literary, and one common and plain. Henry Martyn's Persian Testament is of the former kind, and though intelligible and acceptable to all the upper classes, is wholly incomprehensible to vulgar readers. Rhenius's version of the Tamil is intermediate, and has by some been objected to as suitable for no class of society.

Yet with all their imperfections, most translations have been sufficiently good to convey a large amount of genuine truth; so that the expense has by no means been utterly wasted. Thank God, the most important texts in the bible are easily translated. It would probably be difficult to err in rendering "He that believeth and is baptised, shall be saved;" "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;" "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

The value even of a good version of Scripture is wholly overrated by such as suppose it to be as intelligible to heathen as our bible is to the unconverted. The case is far otherwise. The most intelligent Pagan finds not only words, but facts, reasonings, and allusions, which he can no better understand than the Ethiopian eunuch did the predictions concerning Christ. He has not so much preparation for understanding the bible as is acquired by our children in the nursery. Things must be explained to him as to an infant. Let the language be ever so plain and idiomatic, he will rarely understand the subject unless it be some simple parable or narrative. Hence the king of Siam, after hearing a Christian book read, threw it aside, saying, "Let the teachers go on giving these books—no man in my kingdom can understand them."

As to tracts translated from the English, very few of them can be of any service, except to some of the more advanced converts. They are all constructed on the supposition that the reader knows certain doctrines, or facts, which heathen do not know, and take for granted what a heathen does not grant. They all involve some knowledge of Christianity, while the heathen reader may never have so much as heard of it before. Tracts for the heathen must be written for them, and that by men who not only know their modes of thinking, their system of religion, their habits, temptations, &c., but by such as have so far learned the language as to *think* in it, and write it with idiomatic accuracy.

The number of heathen who can read intelligibly, on subjects not connected with trade and common things, is very small. This point seems not to have excited sufficient attention, and a few efforts, lately made, lead to startling conclusions. Mr North, of the mission to Singapore, has made the most efficient investigation on this subject that I know of. He examined personally the crews of many vessels trading to Singapore from the other ports of the peninsula, and the numerous

islands of the China sea. Out of 2000 persons thus examined, he informed me that he found but one who could read with ease, and four others who could spell out the sense with difficulty. The rest, though in general able to read the characters, scarcely knew the sense of a single word. These persons are not an inferior class, like European sailors, but are for the most part traders on their own account, and may be taken as a fair sample of the inhabitants of their respective countries. The Malay population of Singapore has scarcely a reader, except a mere handful who had been taught in the mission schools.* I have already spoken of the fewness of readers even in China. The Burmans, though a reading people, as to the ability to pronounce the characters, are not generally able to read with understanding. In a late discussion of another subject in the Friend of India, it is declared by the editor that not more than one million out of the thirty millions of Bengalese can read. And this estimate is twice as high as is made by some others. Mr Trevelyan, admitting that there may be a million, asks, "And what sort of readers are this one million? How many of them understand what they read? How many can even pronounce fluently the mere words on a page they never saw before? Even Pundits and Munshies, and much more the common people, read with difficulty, stopping to spell words, and repeating over and over the last two or three words, while they are studying out the next. *There are probably not five hundred persons in all India not educated by Europeans, who could take up a translation, in their own character, of any work in philosophy, morals, or religion, and read it extempore with understanding.*"

Our expectations from the diffusion of bibles and tracts appear extravagant, if we reason upon them in the abstract. No school teacher could hope to fulfil his duty by shutting himself up in a study, and sending out among his pupils elementary treatises and cogent appeals. Cases of the benefit of bible and tract distribution have occurred in sufficient numbers to warrant our diligent continuance in this department of effort, but not enough to warrant our making it so prominent in our general system of means. It is to be considered how few it has converted, compared with the prodigious amount done in this way. Among the Malays, for instance, who have had the whole bible and more than forty tracts, distributed among them by thousands for many years, I could not hear of a decided Christian on the peninsula. The avidity with which our books are received, is not to be ascribed to a general and intense desire to know the truth. The paper, the printing, the shape, and the colour, of the book, make it as great a curiosity as a palm-leaf manuscript is to us. A heathen missionary might give away any quantity of such manuscripts in the streets of our cities, and the rush for them would continue till they ceased to be curiosities.

We certainly do well to prosecute a lavish distribution in countries like China and Japan, where missionaries are not admitted; or like Burmah and Madagascar, where their tenure is frail. But the utility in such cases consists chiefly in preparing the way for personal effort, and without its being thus followed up, permanent and general benefit can hardly be expected.

3. There should be less preaching in English.

At a great proportion of our stations there are some who speak our language, and these, though but half a dozen, will desire the ministrations of the Sabbath. But the missionary is sent forth to heathen, and he violates his engagement if these receive not the great bulk of his attention. Many missionaries are almost lost to the heathen in this way. These Europeans or Americans know the system of salvation, and deliberately put it away! To irreligious men of cultivated minds, common preaching has no charms. It must either be so eloquent as to make them consent to hear unwelcome truths for

* In calling these a mere handful, I do not impeach the missionaries who have for many years laboured largely in this department. The truth is, it has been found impossible to persuade many of the scholars to remain long enough to acquire the art of reading.

the pleasure of the oratory, or so neutral as not to disturb their consciences. A young man who has practised little or none in his own country will find regular weekly services consume too much time and strength. If he deal in undigested crudities, his little audience will fall off, or no fruit ensue. Constant and close preaching to a very small auditory, unless managed as few have skill to do, will give personal offence, and inflict on the missionary both mental suffering and official embarrassment. Besides, it is seldom desirable for a missionary to appear closely connected with other foreign residents. In general, the persons with whom he becomes thus identified in the eyes of the people, live in open violation of the Sabbath and other scandalous vices, and the natives are likely to take their conduct as the fruits of Christianity. It has ever been a difficulty with missionaries to make the heathen understand that these people are Christians only in name.

This is not the place to multiply arguments on any subject. It will suffice to remark, that while a missionary should readily render his spiritual services to nominal Christians when sickness, death, or other occasions call for them, and welcome to his family worship and expositions such as may be willing to attend, his proper business is to go after the lost ones who have never known the way of peace. To these he is sent by those who furnish his support. Where it is proper to maintain an English service, there should be sent a person adapted to the work, who should make this his chief business, and whose health should not be worn down or his mind distracted by studying the vernacular. His support should be expected in great part from his auditory, and only such sums voted by the Missionary Board as may be contributed for this purpose.

4. Less effort should be spent, for the present at least, on periodicals.

Nearly every principal station, such as Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Malacca, Canton, Greece, &c., has one or more periodicals, published or edited by missionaries. It must be evident, that the getting up of these is attended with far more labour than similar works in our own country, both from manifold inconveniences and the fewness of writers. A serious amount of missionary energy is therefore expended in this way, even on the supposition that subscribers, other than missionaries, are sufficiently numerous to cover the mechanical expense. But if these periodicals do not support themselves, much less pay the salaries of editors, or if most of the subscribers are missionaries, they cost the church as a whole too much, both in money and men.

With one or two exceptions, these periodicals are in the English language, and are intended to affect English and Americans. They contain theological and missionary controversies, general literature, philology, news, translations of Pagan authors, and other matter, which, to a great extent, might with advantage be inserted in existing periodicals at home, or in some one or two established for this separate purpose. They might thus be even more extensively distributed among missionaries than they are now; for it is in general easier to send parcels from home to each station, than to send them from any one station to all the others.

If this amount of labour and expense be continued, it should be by the expressed will of the churches, just as contributions are now designated for education, for the distribution of bibles and tracts, for the support of children, or for general missionary purposes. Funds to support editors and writers for periodicals might be made a distinct account. If the amount of contributions for this object will sustain these periodicals, and brethren arise who deem it their province to go abroad and edit them, no one can object. The department of service is both useful and honourable, and some of the present works might probably be continued with advantage. But we must not, with our present small force, bestow *disproportionate* time and money upon it, nor allow the friends of missions in this country to be expecting conversions in proportion to the number of

labourers, without understanding how those labourers are employed.

5. In reducing languages to writing, the Roman letters only should be used.

The curse of Babel has been greatly increased by the variety of characters mankind have employed in expressing articulate sounds. Some of these are more philosophical and convenient than others, but none are comparable to ours. I cannot so extend this head as to argue the whole case, but will barely name a few reasons which go to show why our alphabet should be preferred.

Oriental alphabets are written with great difficulty. Many missionaries never become able to write their new language; and many, with all their pains, are so awkward and slow at it, as to prefer to employ a native hand on all occasions, during their life.

They are written at best very slowly. It may safely be affirmed, that it requires five hours for a missionary to write in the native character what he would write in one in his own. Thus four years out of five, of time spent in writing, is lost! The most expert native Bengalee writers have been found, by experiment, to require three times as long to write a page in their own character, as it does to write the same on the Roman system. Any man can see how this would operate on the progress of arts, sciences, literature, manufactures, and religion, in lands where all are to be begun. Should we, who are to raise up readers and writers for half the world, entail upon them, and all their posterity, miserable alphabets of a thousand different kinds, when, with the same labour, we can give them our own?

Oriental alphabets proceed from line to line, without any prominent mode (often without *any* mode) of marking emphatic words, proper names, quotations, pauses, accents, or even of separating words from one another. How would an English reader be puzzled in reading a page thus put together, and how likely to be led wholly astray! This argument alone should weigh against many objections, when it is considered how important it is to avoid every possible mode of misapprehension, for natives reading books on a subject so new and strange, and which inevitably contain many words they have never seen before.

In writing these characters there is often no standard. There being no other established form of the letters, than as printed, and this form, in general, being so difficult and slow, each man alters to suit himself, when writing in haste. Hence the writing of one is often scarcely legible to another, or even to himself, after the lapse of a few months. In our language, the written and printed characters are so alike, that all who read one can read the other; yet the former requires but one-fifth of the time consumed by the latter.

That our alphabet is *competent* to the expression of any language, is proved by the number and diversity of those already so written; namely, English, Welsh, Irish, German, Danish, Dutch, Swedish, French, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Basque, Catalonian, Malay, Bengalee, Hindustanee, Malagasse, Assamese, Mahratia, New Zealand, several languages of Africa, the South Sea Islands, the South American dialects, and probably others. Except the Cherokee, for which a native invented letters, all the translations and tracts which have been printed for the American aborigines are in the Roman character, and generally, if not always, without diacritical marks; and certainly words more difficult to spell and pronounce are not found on earth. The inference is perfectly safe, that if these languages, in every part of the earth, and with every variety of articulation, can be expressed in our alphabet, so may all others. The Roman Catholic missionaries employ them even for the Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, and Burman.

The difficulties, inconsistencies, and often absurdities, of our *orthography*, form no objection to the use of our letters. So far as modern missionaries are concerned these anomalies are avoided. English words are after the fashion of the different languages from

they are derived; but in constructing an orthography for an entire language at once, a perfectly uniform system can be always adopted.

Another great objection to these alphabets is the expense they involve, in furnishing the nations with the word of God. A good font of our type, of the size of this, embracing both upper and lower case letter, and all the variety of points, &c., costs about four hundred dollars. There are three sizes of Burman letter, and each font cost, including the support of a missionary to superintend the work, at least two thousand dollars. The proportion is not very different in most other eastern tongues.

There are probably four thousand languages yet to be furnished with the Scriptures. If in doing this we resolve all into two thousand various alphabets, which, perhaps, is hardly possible, and give three sizes of type to each alphabet, it will cost *twelve millions of dollars!* Our type, of three different sizes for the same languages, would cost but two million four hundred thousand dollars. When done, many of them, such as Persian, Nagari, Arabic, &c., are so formed that the types are necessarily and constantly breaking, making a still greater difference in the cost of books.

But the first cost of an oriental font is as nothing compared to the subsequent expenses it entails; chiefly on account of its large size. It requires from three to six times the expense of press-work, and the same for paper, binding, transportation, &c. Judson's Bible is in four large octavos; and yet the type is scarcely half the size in which Burmans commonly write. I am satisfied, every thing considered, that the use of Roman letter would be a saving of *seven-tenths* of all the money to be spent in missionary printing.

The question, then, is not only philological. Grant all that the warmest advocates of oriental letters could affirm—nay, admit for them a great superiority over ours—it comes back to a question of dollars and cents. The whole number of languages which contain the word of God is less than a hundred, and about a hundred more have portions of it. The people of some of those languages have not yet been supplied in the proportion of one family in a thousand. Here, then, are thousands of fonts of type to procure, thousands of translations to make, and myriads of bibles to print; besides rousing up nominal Christendom to supply itself. While the means for accomplishing all this are so inadequate in the best modes, how can we honestly pursue a system which so vastly augments the difficulty? Indeed, except we use the Roman alphabet, the supply of the Scriptures to mankind is indefinitely postponed, and perhaps rendered impracticable.

Whenever, in giving letters to a tribe that never had any, we adopt those of some adjacent nation rather than our own, we incalculably abridge the benefit to the people, as well as inflict on the church an intolerable and useless expense. When a nation like the Chinese, Hindus, or Burmans, have a written language, and books and schools of their own, we must adopt their characters for *some* of our books. But it has been found expedient in Hindustan to teach Bengalee, Hindee, &c., in the Roman character. Dictionaries and translations have been so published; and it is not certain, but that even in such a country the use of the native alphabets may be wholly superseded.

Against all the reasons for preferring the Roman alphabet, I know of no respectable objection. In all the world, the mass of readers are to be raised up by efforts yet to be made, and they may as easily be taught in one character as another; nay, far more easily in the Roman than any other. There is no valuable literature in any Pagan language to be displaced by a new character. On the contrary, the rendering obsolete of the mass of impurity, error, and absurdity, now existing, is a powerful argument in favour of the romanising system. By teaching through the medium of our alphabet, we shut out from the pupil, and gradually render obsolete, the mass of abominations now constituting the literature of such nations. We would thus avoid several

of those evils which now attend upon our schools, and which have been mentioned under that head. To get rid, by any process, of the stupendous obstruction now presented by Pagan literature, would be a magnificent achievement.

6. The recent plan of sending missionary physicians should be very sparingly prosecuted.

It may be that a sense of failure in regard to direct evangelical labours, or a love of novelty, renders popular the sending out of physicians. Many are already in the field; and from various directions the call is made, "Send us out accomplished physicians." For some fields it is avowed that no others are wanted at first.

Or the hope may be to gain respect and confidence, and thus open a door for Christianity. But Christianity needs no such usher. We are pointed to the miracles of Christ and the apostles. But these were for conviction and proof, not for attractiveness or insinuation. Hence they were not all of healing. Some of them inflicted death, others blindness. They withered fig-trees, destroyed swine, or struck down enemies. To assert that we need a substitute for miracles, will not comport with the received doctrine that miracles have answered their end and passed away. If those of the first age are still sufficient proof, why seek a substitute? If the immediate effects of miracles are now necessary, we must "ask, and we shall receive," power to work them.

It is not clear that a physician, practising gratuitously among the heathen, opens a door for his missionary brother. It may even tend to throw him into the shade, and prejudice his usefulness. One may be admired and patronised, while the other is regarded as a mere supernumerary. He may acquire *personal* esteem and confidence; but how this is to be transferred to his preaching and proselytising brother, to Christianity as a system, or to successors, is not plain. The cause and effect do not seem to correspond.

The religion of the heathen is everywhere a religion of merit and demerit. Of disinterested benevolence he knows nothing, till he is made to understand it by the cross of Christ. All the labours of a missionary which appear meritorious, are regarded as efforts to improve his own condition, now or hereafter. If the physician, by intimacy with his missionary brethren, by giving of tracts, &c., give cause to suspect that his real object is to introduce Christianity, he incurs as much jealousy as his brethren, whose primary business is to make direct evangelical efforts. "In vain is the net spread in sight of any bird." If he shows no desire to introduce and recommend Christianity, how can he be paving the way for his evangelical brethren?

Extended and gratuitous medical services may have the injurious effect of conferring upon the mission the appearance of opulence. The supply of medicines obviously involves great expense. The heathen sees them given away profusely every day to scores of utter strangers, from whom no remuneration or service is accepted. It is natural that he should infer that the individual and private charity of the physician is not competent to such expenditure. He may suspect the hand of a foreign government preparing for future encroachments. He will certainly suspect *something*, though his fear be no more rational than that which has prevailed very extensively in Burmah, that when a certain number of disciples are obtained, we mean to take them home and *eat* them.

It should not be forgotten that the history of missionary physicians, from Felix Carey till now, contains many discouraging facts. It shows the danger of being drawn away to posts of Pagan honour; or making shipwreck of Christian character; or becoming *more*

It appears to me that an affectionate and judicious missionary, male or female, with a few well-known medicines, good books written for family use, and some experience, will be able to do all that ought to be done in this line, in *most* places. Mrs Wade and Mrs Han-

cook have practised extensively, and with great success. Such a mode is as well calculated to impress natives with the benevolence of Christians, though it may not so astonish them with the superiority of Europeans.

7. Every unnecessary expense in the mode of living should be studiously avoided.

The unavoidable difference between the missionary and the natives, in most cases is very great. Native assistants seldom receive more than a tenth or fifteenth of the salary of a missionary. Rulers and princes, at some stations, are unable to live as the missionaries do, even where considerable sacrifices are made, and where a style of living is adopted which many of the contributors at home would regard as involving positive and serious hardships.

The difficulty is aggravated where the missionary aims at the style of genteel Europeans around him. It is altogether undesirable to see carved mahogany sofas covered with crimson silk, mahogany book-cases, engravings, cut-glass, silver forks, &c., in the house of a missionary; the house itself resembling our handsome country-seats. Such a mode of living unavoidably imposes great restraint on the approach of natives. However accessible the missionary may hold himself, the poor inquirer will scarcely venture into such premises, or if he do, will not be able to overcome an oppressive sense of inferiority, and perhaps intrusion. Even in Burmah, where no missionary so much as approaches this style of living, I have seen inquirers listen eagerly for a few moments, and then become absorbed in admiration of the fluted leg of a table, or the joints of a chair.

Several missionaries have confessed to me, that on their first arrival in the east they were shocked at the style in which they found their brethren living. Yet they had been carried away by the current. And so, generally, will be their successors. A man does not like, on his first arrival, to set up for a reformer. He feels as though he should have more experience and knowledge of the country. But when, after a few years' residence, he is convinced that another mode is preferable and practicable, he discovers that to attempt a change will not only involve him in difficulties with his brethren, but will require changes in his own modes, which neither he nor his wife may have strength of mind to accomplish.

It is not necessary to adopt the costume or all the customs of the natives, nor is it in general possible for the missionary to live so cheaply. To do either, would abridge usefulness, and hazard health. Many things are absolute necessities to one, which to another seem highly luxurious. But this difference should not be increased by the use of superfluities deemed genteel and suitable at home. Cheap fabrics make raiments as truly comfortable as costly ones; and ornaments and embroideries certainly add no comfort. Plain furniture, made by the natives or himself, should be preferred to that which is elegant, even if the latter could be had for nothing. And in erecting a house, no object should be regarded but health and convenience.

The example of a missionary should tend to elevate the people in temporal things, and spread a love of neatness and order. But expenseiveness defeats this result. If the materials of our refinements and conveniences are too costly, the natives cannot have them. I know certain missionaries who have their sofas and bedsteads made of bamboo, at an expense not exceeding ten cents each. Their people are thus taught cleanliness and comfort, and cease to repose on the floor. The same individuals dress in the cheapest fabrics, and have brought their people to possess suitable changes of raiment, instead of wearing one filthy garment till it could be worn no more.

A great superiority of living, on the part of the missionary, will almost certainly excite envy—a feeling tending more than any other to obstruct usefulness. “Who can stand before envy?” A minister in our own country would scarcely hope for success if there existed a proportionate disparity between him and his people. In

places where there are many Europeans, the evil will not be so much felt, if the missionary live in far less style than they. In these places only have I seen such modes of living as have been just named. And if these very houses are compared, not with those of the natives, but those of Europeans, they will generally appear to be as much humbler than those, as ministers' houses in this country are humbler than their wealthy parishioners. In the remote stations a missionary should take a still humbler mode. The natives cannot know what luxuries are enjoyed with us, even by the poor. They just compare the missionaries with themselves, and can scarcely associate the idea of self-denial with a mode of living which so greatly transcends their own.

The effect on the missionary himself is injurious. His anticipations had comprised great and unavoidable self-denial in regard to house, food, climate, and other bodily comforts. He is, therefore, in danger of habitually endeavouring to make this self-denial as small as possible. Those who have preceded him, will adduce arguments or excuses with regard to health, respectability, &c. Their example, the wish to preserve peace, and his early habits, will all tend to carry him on to the very position, which, on first seeing occupied by others, had shocked his feelings. He is then no longer the man he was and intended to be. His conscience is either smothered or troubled; his success is hindered; and there is great danger that his early devotedness and hope of usefulness may subside into formality and quiescence.

The blessed Master is the great pattern of a missionary. But he did not endeavour to live in a condition resembling, as near as possible, that which he had left. Nor should the missionary, sojourning amid degraded heathen, seek to retain, as far as possible, the refinements and gratifications of his own land. Let him renounce them in fact, as on his knees, when he gave himself to this work, he renounced them in anticipation.

Besides the effect of an appearance of luxury on the natives, every useless expense should be avoided, on the ground of its raising a barrier against the universality of our operations. Though money will probably be raised in greater amount, and with greater facility, yet it must be remembered how small a body the Protestants of Europe and America are, compared with the entire human race, and how great is the work to be done. Presuming that in every country native pastors should be raised up in sufficient numbers to perform the entire labour of evangelists, we still need thousands of missionaries to make beginnings in every tribe, to prepare these native pastors, to make books and translations, establish schools, &c.

As our societies grow old, widows and children multiply; and soon very serious sums will be required for these. As an example, we may advert to the Moravians, who have longest maintained modern missions. Nearly all the contributions from their own body are absorbed in matters which refer to the past; and their present missionary work is sustained by the contributions of other Christians. By the last annual report I can obtain, it appears that their receipts, from all sources, are about £11,000, about half of which is from their own community.

Total expenses for all stations, - - -	£8,100 0 0
Paid also within the year—	
to 20 retired and disabled missionaries, £316 16 10	
to 36 widows, - - - - -	334 16 0
education of 96 missionary children, - - -	1,422 0 0
20 boys and 11 girls apprenticed, - - -	1,622 0 0
Contingencies, - - - - -	896 0 0
	4,900 13 5
	£11,000 13 5

It might give rise to unwarrantable surmises, if, in a work so crowded with facts, directly and indirectly connected with missions, nothing should be said of the salaries received by missionaries, especially while speaking of their modes of living. Nor am I concerned to avoid that subject. But the reader will bear in mind

several considerations. 1. That in preceding chapters I have borne full testimony to the purity and zeal of missionaries as a body. 2. By far the larger part of them endure serious privations as to modes of living, and all of them endure, in other respects, what few Christians are willing to encounter. 3. Though their income may far transcend the poor semi-civilised, or perhaps barbarous, tribes around them, it falls far short of what Europeans of similar education and talents command in the same places, and their mode of living is proportionally humble. 4. Those of them whose style of living has just been mentioned as in my opinion unsuitable, do but copy numerous ministers, and still more numerous private Christians in our own country who live in costly houses, and see no harm in using just such articles as have been named. 5. It is certainly too much to expect that an appointment as a missionary should, as by a charm, at once raise a man to a fervour of piety, contempt of earth, courage in dissenting from custom, and readiness to endure privations, which none of his church at home have attained, and for which he has had neither training nor example. The difficulty can only be met by the adoption of stricter systems of expenditure by all Christians at home and abroad. Missionaries will carry abroad just that sort and degree of piety they have been trained to at home. 6. The chaplains of the East India Company receive 775 rupees per month, and rank as majors with full retiring pension at the end of the term of service, which, I believe, is twenty-two years. There are ninety chaplains, whose salaries and places of worship cost the Company annually 438,000 dollars. This last statement is made to constitute a standard of comparison by which the salaries of the missionaries may be measured.

The English Baptist Missionary Society pay in Hindustan about 200 rupees per month for a family without allowances. In large towns, a very humble house costs from fifty to eighty rupees per month. One of these brethren stated to me that his annual expenses for medicine and medical attendance averaged 250 rupees. The missionaries of the Scotch General Assembly receive in Calcutta 400 rupees per month to cover every thing. Missionaries from the London Missionary Society, at the Cape of Good Hope, receive £100 per annum for a family, without allowances, except to such as reside in Cape Town. In large cities of India, this society pays sometimes double this amount. In the South Sea Islands, the allowance for a family is but £75. The English General Baptist Missionary Society pay their missionaries at Orissa about 1200 rupees per annum for a family, without allowances. A missionary from the Caspian and Black Seas informed me that the salaries there were £80 for a married couple and family. A self-supported unmarried missionary from Patna in Bengal informed me that his expenses at that place were £70 per annum.

Whether the English Wesleyan Society pay fixed salaries, I have no means of knowing; but from the only report of that society I have at hand (1835), it appears that in the Madras district, five missionaries, four native assistants, the passages home of two missionaries, and grants to schools, cost £2116. In Ceylon, nine missionaries, twelve native assistants, grants to schools, and the return passage of a family, cost £6032. In Sierra Leone, three missionaries cost £286; and in New South Wales a station with three missionaries cost £701. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have not fully adopted the system of fixed salaries, having generally allowed each family to expend what is requisite. In Southern India they pay a married couple £150 per annum, with allowances for children and house rent. Missionaries in the east from the American Baptist Board have 100 Company rupees per month for a married couple, and allowance for children, house rent, medical expenses, and travelling.

8. There should be more direct preaching of the word publicly, and from house to house.

Of all parts of this work, direct preaching looks most

attractive to the missionary on leaving home, and becomes in general most repulsive in the field. One of the best missionaries now alive remarked that there was nothing so difficult for him to resist as a repugnance against coming in contact with the natives! This is the grand object of those who design to devote themselves to foreign service. To sit beneath some friendly shade, imparting to heathen the words of eternal life, is their *beau idéal*, their enrapturing anticipation, their expected reward, for leaving friends and home. But when they approach the reality, they find the romance of this hope turned into the substantial material for disgust, weariness, and despair.

Sophisms, absurdities, false reasonings, extreme ignorance, malicious opposition, unworthy suspicions, and inveterate prejudices, must be perpetually encountered. These are rendered still more formidable, for the first few years, for want of a proficiency in the language, and a knowledge of the national religion and literature. To teach schools, to study, to translate, to survey new fields, &c., have none of these disagreeable concomitants, and are not so totally at variance with previous habits and feelings. They have the charm, too, of promising evident and immediate fruit, and of seeming to prepare the way for successors.

Thus the highest self-denial required of a missionary is in that very part of his work where he thought he should want none. He is unprepared for the demand, and in too many cases is turned aside to collateral pursuits.

This is an age in which the proper ministry of the word is in danger of being undervalued. It is an age of invention and activity, in religious as well as common matters, and the mechanism of Christianity is in danger of transcending the simplicity of the Scripture model, or at least of attracting superabundant attention. One eminent minister calls *infant-schools* "the railroad to the millennium." Some declare preaching to be "the smallest part of a minister's duty." Others affirm that conversions among the heathen are not to be expected till they are enabled to understand the evidences of divine revelation, and, therefore, that "*schools* are the grand means of converting the heathen." The same sentiments are rung in the ears of a missionary by his countrymen abroad. He has their countenance in schools, translations, &c., but if he "preach the gospel" in high-ways and bye-ways, he often incurs the imputation of fanaticism and folly. Every temptation is thus offered to elight the proper ministry of the word, and give weak faith a resting-place on human schemes.

It is often remarked that the apostles did not resort to schools, bibles, and tracts, because the art of printing was not then invented, that learning was more diffused, &c. But it must be sacredly remembered that the Lord gave his apostles a system of means not founded on the then state of society in that part of Asia, but for all possible conditions of society, in all the world, to the end of time. It is a system founded on the nature of religion and the nature of man, and no changes of outward condition will warrant us to invent another.

All modes of doing good should undoubtedly have a place in our system of means, but let us have a care lest we disparage or make subordinate that which is of our Lord's own appointment, and which, above all others, should engage our energies. "By the foolishness of preaching," it pleases God to save men. It has always been the grand instrument of conversion. We must *always* rely upon it as such. Other services demand a portion of time; and in a proper division of labour, where there are several missionaries, some one brother may take one of these as his department. But, as a general rule, the first object and business of each is strictly ministerial service. President Wayland, in his address to missionaries leaving Boston in July 1834, insists on this point. "Nor is it enough that you be laborious, your labour must be exclusive; it must be devoted in singleness of heart to the conversion of souls to Christ. This work is surely of itself extensive enough to occupy all your time and all your talents, and mani-

festly no other can vie with it in importance. You go not abroad to be linguists, nor lexicographers, nor botanists, nor philosophers, nor statesmen, nor politicians, but ambassadors of Christ. Remember, we always expect an ambassador to keep entirely aloof from all entanglements with the affairs of the parties to which he is sent, and devote himself exclusively to the interest of the party by which he is commissioned. I do not say that these inquiries are not important, I only say that they are not *your* duty. Like Nehemiah, you are doing a great work, and you cannot come down."

Of the same opinion was Swartz, who reckoned that he had been the means of converting 2000 persons, and of Brainard, who also gathered many souls. The following remarks by a distinguished Baptist minister now living in Edinburgh, seem full of piety and good sense:—

"Much have we heard, indeed, in modern times, of the noble invention of printing, and much respecting the power of education, and I do not imagine that any candid reader who has proceeded thus far, can suppose that the writer is indisposed to give to each its own appropriate place. At the same time, he conceives that they may not only be perverted, but prevented from doing that good which they otherwise might accomplish. For example, if they be permitted to occupy that place in our esteem and expectation which belongs to a *divine* and *sovereign* appointment, then they may not only become as chaff when compared to the wheat, but awaken the jealousy of Him who will not give his glory to another. Our employment of education only, and with all the energy which the art of printing has given to it, may turn out to be nothing more than giving activity to the powers of the mind, without directing and controlling their movements.

Education will humanise and improve in most instances, but to save from ultimate destruction, properly speaking, never was within its province, and never will be. Yet, since the time in which many have been roused to see its necessity, there has been a phraseology often used respecting it by no means warrantable. Education, but above all, scriptural education, will do much. There will always be an indescribable distance between a people so favoured and any other left without such means. But if we expect more from it than it has ever produced, and above all, if we apply to it the language furnished to us in the scripture, and which is there *exclusively* employed with reference to an institution of God's own sovereign appointment, we may be left to witness the impotence of education instead of its power. Hence we have read of the system of some one of these educational societies being adapted for the *regeneration* of Ireland, and the terms employed in scripture to the labourers in the vineyard of God, have been unsparingly employed by religious people to the exertions of schoolmasters, or those who superintend them. This is not merely incorrect, but it is unwise and unwarrantable. Every one knows, that in all such cases of agency, every thing depends upon the expectations and intentions of the agent, but the language referred to is teaching us to expect from him what, in a thousand instances, the agent neither intends nor expects himself. The schoolmaster may have gone abroad, and, if a man of principle, will do great good; but to apply to him or his efforts the language of sacred writ, which regards another order of men and another exercise, is calculated to injure the work of his hands, as well as blind our own minds with respect to another and a higher duty.*

While I am indulging in quotation, I will add the following, from a distinguished missionary, Melvill Horne, who puts the following words into the mouth of an objector, in the shape of an apostrophe to the "Lord of the harvest." "If thou wilt force us to cultivate this unpromising field, do not think of sending us

out immediately, but let schoolmasters go to receive the first fire, and teach the little children reading and writing, and then will we go and enter into their labours; for the experience of ages has taught us, that where preaching of the gospel makes one Christian, education makes ten. Hence, instead of preaching first to the parents, and then establishing schools for the education of the children, as the apostles did (who knew that the sword of the spirit was of heavenly temper, an instrument into which the God of glory had wrought all his attributes, we, having lost the art of using it, and that arm which gives it the demonstration of the Spirit and of power), we go to work another way, by educating children first; and many are of opinion that the best way of enlightening is by putting the moon in the sun's sphere, and having children to instruct their parents, rather than parents to teach their children!"

Preachers must not be reluctant to itinerate. It will not be necessary, except among a few tribes, to dispense with a settled home, and to wander with a wandering flock. Still, few missionaries should confine themselves at home. There are jungles, small islands, and pestilential districts, accessible to foreigners only for a few months in the year, which can only be reached by itinerants. There are advantages too, in all places, peculiar to such itineracies. There is upon the missionary so employed, a benign and impressive aspect of disinterested benevolence not easily misconstrued. His privations, inconveniences, dangers, and exertions, convince even the heathen of his love of souls. He honours them by the condescension and confidence with which he eats the food they prepare, and sleeps on the mat they spread for him. He becomes acquainted with native character, where it has not been modified by foreign influence, and is thus assisted both to preach and to prepare tracts. He has opportunities for calm and repeated conversations with individuals at their own home. He escapes the pestilential presence of ungodly nominal Christians. The circumstances of his own superior living are not present to do injury.

Not for a moment would I countenance that gadding and discursive spirit which entices men to leave their sphere; nor that romance which loves to visit distant and celebrated places; nor that love of fame which is gratified by being able to send racy journals to the magazines. It can be of little use to scatter far and near seed which neither we nor others can water. The itinerary should for the most part be performed within a given limit, visiting the same places again and again, as the apostles did.

Preaching must be maintained, in contradistinction to conversation and disputing. I know that it cannot always be *such* preaching as we have at home. Questions must be permitted, objections occasionally answered, explanations made, and much of our own formality dispensed with. But it must be legitimate *preaching*. The heathen are very glad to *dispute*, and do it in a very wearisome, provoking, and often subtle manner. When we enter into their sophistries and reconcile arguments, we make Christianity contend with the intellect instead of the conscience, and our great advantage is lost. Paul's disputings in the school of Tyrannus are quoted. But it should be remembered that *dialogomenos*, here rendered "disputing," is the very word used on other occasions where *pros* and *cons* were not thought of; as "Paul was long *preaching*," Acts, xx. 9; "He *reasoned* in the synagogue every Sabbath-day," Acts, xvii. 4; "He *preached* unto them, ready to depart on the morrow," Acts, xx. 7; "He *reasoned* of righteousness," &c., Acts xxiv. 9. Missionaries will sometimes be obliged to dispute, and so were the apostles; but they are destitute of many advantages enjoyed by the latter. Those disputes were with men who believed in the Old Testament, or who held great principles in common with themselves. They were to prove, to persons who expected a Messiah, that Jesus was that Christ; or were based upon premises which the antagonists, or their own poets, fully admitted. So did our Saviour sometimes dispute; but we have

* Anderson's "Ireland without the Ministry of the Word in her native Language." "The Domestic Constitution," so largely quoted from by Jay, in his Family Monitor, and republished in America under the title of "Book for Parents," is by this author.

numerous cases where he dexterously avoided foolish questions or philosophical subtleties. He parried where he might have triumphed, and chose the more immediate if not the only avenue to conviction.

What has been gained by the repeated triumphs of speculative theology over science, politics, and heresy? Over and over the battle has been fought, consuming whole lives, and filling up whole libraries. Over and over have infidels, heretics, Papists, and Jews, been defeated. But new champions rise. The old ground is taken, or some novelty advanced; and in every age the war continues. At this very day our press teems with works on the evidences of Christianity, and in opposition to errors already a thousand times refuted. In countries where Christianity has so triumphed as to make worldly and political men confess it, and weave it into the very texture of social and civil society, what do we see but a dead orthodoxy, an unconverted priesthood, simony, secularity, and pride? Christianity has made its greatest triumphs where it has stood despised, hated, and cast out, by the learning, the philosophy, and the power of the world. Why should missionaries repeat that struggle which has a thousand times ended in a bootless triumph? It is not a man's learning, philosophy, or superstition, that precludes his conversion, but the opposition of his carnal heart. To overcome this, God forbid that we should confide in aught else than the doctrine of "Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles foolishness." Let us never, never forget that "God hath chosen the foolishness of this world to confound the wise, and low things, and things that are despised, and things which are not, to bring to naught the things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence."

9. Regular churches, with pastors and deacons, should be formed at the earliest possible period, in every place.

It is of great consequence to put our work on a footing which may secure stability and increase, without the presence of a missionary. Ordained native ministers are very few.* Church order and discipline are not sufficiently understood by the disciples. The missionary is all in all; and at his departure or death, every trace of his work may disappear. It is true, such churches at first would seldom be able to stand alone. But if they ever do, they must first have this feeble beginning. There were great and important reasons why Christ instituted churches. Even higher advantages result from them in heathen lands, than among ourselves. Without the mutual brotherly watchfulness which they secure, feeble members cannot receive adequate assistance. It is true, few are as qualified as is desirable for the imposition of hands. But the apostles, in resolving to ordain elders in every church, must have met the same difficulty. If no encouraging degree of fitness be found in any member, we may take a brother from some other church. To these should be committed, for obvious reasons, most of the preaching, discipline, and administration of ordinances. They should be honoured in the presence of the people. Their support should, as far as possible, be derived from the converts. They should be sedulously watched over and aided. They should have associations and ministers' meetings. They should meet the missionary at stated periods, and be aided as far as possible in acquiring a knowledge of Scripture history and doctrine. In many cases they should be changed, on the plan of Methodist circuits. Some might attend half the year at a proper seminary. Younger ones should be placed at such an institution for several years. But of this more under the next head.

A similar appointment and training should be had for deacons, exhorters, and church clerks. The guiding influence of the missionary should be exerted as unseen as possible. Every effort should be made to bring out the capacity and activity of the members, so that the

death or removal of the missionary should be injurious in the least possible degree.

10. The qualifications of native assistants should receive more attention.

The importance of this class of auxiliaries can scarcely be too highly estimated. Without risk of health, and with little expense or inconvenience, they can carry the tidings of salvation where a missionary cannot go, or may not be sent, for an age. They can travel, eat, sit, and lodge, as the natives do. Between those and themselves there is not that awful distance which can scarcely be overcome by a missionary. Their knowledge of the language is complete, which can seldom be said of a foreigner. They know, from experience, the exact temptations, doubts, difficulties, and prejudices of their hearers. They can talk with an inquirer, often and long, without drawing opposition upon him, before he has become enlightened and firm enough to endure it. To be seen conversing a few times with a missionary, or to go repeatedly to his house or chapel, excites almost as great opposition as a profession of Christianity. Thus a man's mind must be made up to encounter exceeding difficulties before he has become sufficiently acquainted with the missionary's arguments to know whether he will endure sufferings for the new religion or not; that is to say, he must submit to be persecuted before he knows whether the system is worth being persecuted for.

Various reasons of this sort, some adapted to the condition of one country, and some to that of another, show the duty of fostering this branch of our force. Unordained natives have indeed been employed, and in some places to a great extent, and to their labours are traceable very numerous conversions; but it seems necessary to bestow upon them a much greater measure of mental cultivation and religious knowledge. Had half the pains been thus bestowed which have been expended on common schools, how great would have been the gain!

Without some additional mental cultivation, doctrinal knowledge, and practical graces, native assistants are not able to avail themselves of their peculiar advantages; some of which have just been named. It is well known that scarcely one of them is able to act alone; and that, though so useful when sustained and guided by a good missionary, they have run into manifold evils when left to themselves. Why is this? They possess piety, zeal, and talents. It must be owing to the superior intelligence and acquired advantages of the missionary. Let us, then, lead them into that knowledge of the word of God, and that measure of devotion, which at present they have no means of obtaining.

Slender would be the qualifications of a minister with us, whose opportunities had been no greater than those of native preachers. Abstract from him all that his mother and father taught him, all he learned at infant or Sunday school, from the moral maxims of his horn-books, his copy-slips, his general reading, and the restraints of Christian society; put in the place of this every degrading, polluting, and erroneous thing, learned by a heathen child, at home, at school, and abroad; take away the intellectual benefits of an academic or collegiate course; abolish all his knowledge of the evidences of Christianity, history, chronology, geography, prophecy, miracles, and the state of the world; all he ever gained by intercourse with eminent saints, or a perusal of their biographies; all the helps he has had from commentators, critics, sermons, anniversaries, associations, religious periodicals, and intercourse with enlightened fellow-ministers; in fine, leave him nothing but some portions of God's word, and a few evangelical tracts, and add to him a plenitude of errors and malpractices acquired in a life of Gentile abominations, and you will have the present qualifications of a native assistant.

Some regular institution seems wanting in every mission, for the express purpose of instructing those who give evidences of a call to this work. Advantages, similar in kind, if not in extent, to those enjoyed by

* In all the Burman and Karen churches I found but one; in some missions, none; and nowhere any adequate supply.

young ministers at home, should be placed within their reach. A supply of assistants, thus educated, would leave leisure to the missionary for necessary translations and revisions; for exercising a general pastoral care over a large district; for exploring new fields; for corresponding with the societies at home; and for other duties, which can now only be done at a great sacrifice of pastoral pursuits.

By no other course does it now appear that we can send the gospel into all the earth. We cannot hope to send forth from ourselves the hundredth part of an adequate supply of ministers for 600,000,000 of Pagans, at an annual expense of from 500 to 1000 dollars for each family. Nor could we consent to lay the foundations of Christianity over so large a portion of the earth, by native preachers so ignorant of the system as those we now have. Without raising these qualifications, they will soon be despised by the very youth who, by hundreds and thousands, are now being educated in missionary and government schools.

11. A considerable number of the most promising converts and younger preachers should be taught the English language.

It is dismaying to compute the period which must elapse before the heathen can be supplied, in their own languages, with the word of God. Who, then, can predict the time when those languages shall contain a supply of works in ecclesiastical history, biblical criticism, theology, and practical piety? Who is to give them books of science and art? If, now, we would impart to our missionary pupils the benefits of such studies, we are restricted to wearisome oral instructions, demanding, on the whole, an amount of time *equal to what would be necessary to teach them English*. Besides, instructions unsustained by reading are less perfectly acquired, and the amount obtained is in danger of being forgotten. At best, when the pupil leaves the institution, his progress is terminated; and terminated, too, as all school-studies are, at the threshold of the subjects.

By giving our young convert the English language, we set before him the whole temple of knowledge, and present him with the key. Subjects which would otherwise have remained for ever sealed, will be fully open to his inspection. He has but to use his own powers, and he may pursue an indefinite progress. With an enriched mind, trained habits of thinking, and a cultivated heart, he goes forth among his people "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Let but the reader ask himself what benefit he has gained merely by a dozen books, such as the Saint's Rest, Law's Serious Call, Watts on the Mind, Pilgrim's Progress, the works of Brooks, Mather, Flavel, Charnock, &c., and decide whether, even for this, he would not have done well to master a language! Did he ever gain so much from his Latin, Greek, French, Italian, or German, or all together, as a heathen convert would gain from a knowledge of English? Our language is now becoming the religious language of mankind, and perhaps the scientific also. It is to be the east what Greek was to Rome, or Latin was, a century or two ago, to Europe. Already does it abound with works of imagination, specimens of eloquence, stores of history, speculations on metaphysics, morals, government, law, commerce, scientific researches, and mechanical inventions, immensely more valuable than were ever extant in all the ancient languages. As to religion, it probably contains more valuable books than all other languages put together.

Add, therefore, to the important advantages already enjoyed by the native preacher, merely those which the ability to read English would confer, and he would be more valuable than almost any foreign missionary ^{could} be, and at the same time cost the church incomparably less.

From natives able to read English, we might hope soon to see many valuable translations. Men translate into their own language far more successfully than into a foreign one. They would do more than this—they would write original works. Few translations, except

of the Scriptures, will ever be very useful. Books, being written for our state of society and degree of knowledge, do not answer for heathen. They must be written by natives, not only in native idiom, but in native modes of thinking, and adapted to the degree of knowledge possessed by the reader. Our books, on every page, take for granted certain measures of previous mental culture which heathen readers do not possess, and for want of which the whole effort of the author is likely to fail.

The difficulty of learning to read and write a language, especially our own, is much less than learning to speak it; and in this case only the former is required. Indeed, the learning so much of a language as to gather the meaning of an author, is by no means an arduous undertaking. To pronounce correctly, and to command words fluently for conversation, is much the largest part of the task. This is not only unnecessary to our brethren, but in some cases undesirable, lest they be corrupted by evil intercourse, or tempted to seek secular situations of greater profit.

A native assistant has now no books to read, but the tracts and translations to which his hearers have access. How can he hold a proper intellectual and religious superiority over them? He ought to be versed in the true meaning of difficult passages, the rules of interpretation, the geography, chronology, and natural history of the bible, the manners and customs of Jews, and other kindred studies. He should know something of ecclesiastical history, church government, and biblical theology. But in all these he has no helps in his own language, and in hundreds of languages there never will be any. Missionary money can never make translations of all these; and many years must elapse before there will be a religious public creating such a demand for them that they will be printed as matters of trade.

In our own country, what students actually learn at college is not so important as the knowledge they obtain of the sources of information. The wide and long vista of truth is opened before them; they see what is to be learned, obtain mental training, get a knowledge of books, and leave the institution prepared to be successful students. Not so with native preachers. They set out with a modicum of biblical knowledge, precariously retained in their memories, and with scarcely the advantages of a Sunday scholar. They meet antagonists learned in the prevailing system, and must contend with them without so much as a proper knowledge of their own.

12. There must be greater care taken that a station, once begun, should be uninterruptedly maintained.

That this has not been the case, has seldom been the fault of missionaries. It is not easy to convey the importance of this idea to churches and directors at home; and their arrangements have been such as to spread over as large a surface as possible, leaving many stations in the hands of a solitary individual.

What would be the effect on any district of fifty, or sixty, or perhaps 500 square miles, which should be left for one, two, or three years, without a minister, or a prayer-meeting, or a Sunday school, or, in fine, any of the means of grace? But with us, even in such a case, there would be a thousand good influences, public and private. Not so among the heathen. The death or departure of a missionary stops everything, except a church has been gathered and native pastors trained. Even then, all activity is suspended, and passive virtues will not abound. The converts will fall into errors and apostacies, if not into sufferings and want.

A heathen or Mussulman, on becoming a Christian, is generally discarded by his friends; and where caste exists, always. In very many cases, if the missionary do not provide him work, he must starve. If not so poor, yet without the missionary, how shall he contend with the difficulties of his situation and the evils of his former habits? He is left without daily instruction, without pious intercourse, without a shield from tyranny. The little band, gathered by years of toil, is in a few months scattered; the enemy triumphs; confidence in

the continuance of the station is destroyed; and the next missionary is often led to affirm, as several have done to me, that it would have been better if no predecessor had ever laboured there.

Many contingencies may cause a station to be suspended where a missionary is alone. There can be no security against it, except by placing two brethren at every station; and at some, still more. They need not always be in the same compound, or even in the same village, but should not be so far apart as to prevent one from taking an effective temporary charge of the department of the other, in case of death, sickness, or absence.

It seems to have been one of the most fatal errors of modern missions, to disregard so generally the New Testament example in this particular. Our Lord sent both the seventy and the twelve, two by two. When he had ascended, the apostles continued the same plan. They either proceeded forth in pairs, or took a younger evangelist as a "partner and fellow-helper." The Holy Ghost gave sanction to this mode, when he called for the separation of Barnabas and Saul to a particular field. How touching and instructive are Paul's feelings when separated from his official companion, though in the midst of distinguished successes! "When I came to Troas to preach, and a door was opened unto me of the Lord, I had no rest in my spirit, *because I found not Titus*; so, taking my leave, I went into Macedonia." When Titus rejoined him, he was in the midst of disappointment and difficulty, but his heart was immediately made whole. He then said, "I am filled, I am exceeding joyful, in all our tribulation; for though, when we came into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, and we were troubled on every side (without were fightings, and within were fears), yet God comforted us by the coming of Titus."—2 Corinthians, ii. 12, 13, and vii. 4-6.

It is believed by some judicious brethren abroad, that some missionaries have died in consequence of loneliness, distraction, care, and excessive exertion.

13. It is important to establish a greater division of labour.

Hitherto the same missionary has been compelled to be pastor, itinerant, Sunday-school teacher, school-master, translator, author, tract-distributor, proof-reader, physician, nurse, house-keeper, and, perhaps, printer and bookbinder. Sometimes, in addition to these, he must oversee catechists and preachers, be agent for inland stations, and preach occasionally in English! The thing amounts to a perfect absurdity. Some men may endure such wear and tear for a while; but the results of their labours are nullified by desultoriness. Regularity and efficiency are impossible. Nothing can be prosecuted with sufficient vigour, either to obtain skill in it, or secure the best results.

It is truly surprising that the few missionaries scattered over the world should have accomplished what we now see. It proves, that in general they must have been extraordinary men. And it is very well to practise on the doctrine that it is better to wear out than rust out; but such a system as is now pursued only makes men *tear* out.

Schools might be maintained by the wives of missionaries, or by brethren who shall call themselves schoolmasters. Where preaching in English is deemed necessary, let a brother separate himself to that work; or let it be done by one whose age, experience, and mental cultivation, will enable him to do it with extemporaneous ability. Theological or boarding schools should enjoy the whole services of a select individual. Translations and authorship, with some avocation requiring bodily activity, are work enough for one man at each principal station. Further specifications must depend on each particular case.

Besides the advantages on the spot of such a distribution of duties, it would have a happy effect at home in showing the churches the actual state and operations of their phalanx abroad. They would see what branches of the work most needed reinforcement. They would better understand what result should be expected in

each particular department. They would particularly see what proportion of labour is made to bear on the immediate conversion of souls, and the whole operation of the missionary enterprise would stand transparent and self-explained.

14. There should be more concentration of effort.

In every mission there should be one point where operations should be conducted with great vigour, and by many hands.

By placing at this point the translator, the printing-office, the school for native assistants, and two or three evangelists, besides those brethren whose proper field is pestilent or inaccessible, except during a portion of the year, there would be secured many advantages. Numerous questions from minor stations, which must now wait the tedious process of a reference to the Board, might be safely left to the decision of such a body of brethren on the spot. Vacancies at various points might be immediately supplied—a matter, as has been shown, of great consequence. Thus, a farmer, penetrating into the forest, makes first an effective clearing where he establishes himself, and from whence he may extend his openings at pleasure. Thus an army always has its "head-quarters." Thus the primitive church retained at Jerusalem a body of principal apostles and elders, to whom disputed questions were referred, from whence the brethren went forth to their spheres, and to whom they returned, reporting successes, and refreshing themselves with genial society.

The majority of employments which were just named as absurdly falling on the same individual, may be divided and prosecuted at such central station with effect. Thus the brethren who go forth two by two to lonelier stations, will have fewer duties, and may divide these with a prospect of mutual success. The establishment of such a body of brethren would constitute a safe band of counsellors both to one another and to their society at home; it would inspire confidence in the natives that the undertaking was permanent; it could supply for a time any out-station vacated by the retirement or death of a missionary; and it would be a favourable location for new missionaries to study for a year or two, and acquire a knowledge of their field.

There should be more concentration as to the portions of the world which we attempt to evangelise. Those regions which have received the largest supply of missionaries, have been the most encouraging. Labrador and Greenland, with a population of but 8000 or 9000, have fifty-one missionaries and assistants. The West Indies have more than 200 missionaries, and each of these may be counted equal to two in the East Indies, if we consider that they have not been obliged to learn a language, or make dictionaries, translations, &c. Jamaica, with a population of 400,000, has more than sixty European missionaries. The Sandwich Islands, with a population of 108,000, has eighty-seven missionaries and assistants. The portion of Karens which have received the services of Boardman, Wade, and Mason, and which has been blessed in actual conversions more than almost any other, amounts to less than 6000.

On the other hand, there are single cities containing populations of hundreds of thousands, with but one, two, or three missionaries, and in these we hear of small success. It is to be feared that the church has, in its anxiety to spread wide the tidings of salvation, been beguiled into too great diffusiveness of labour. It seems hard to keep sending men to countries already entered, while whole kingdoms and tribes are left to perish. But it had better be thus. Only thus can the work be done. Only thus will the church be able to see clearly and impressively how much land remains to be possessed, and feel the inadequacy of her present operations.

15. A larger proportion of effort should be directed to the more enlightened nations, and to the higher classes in all nations.

Our efforts have hitherto been expended chiefly on Esquimaux, Laplanders, Greenlanders, Tartars, American Indians, Sandwich Islanders, Hottentots, Bushmen,

Nicocharians, Malays, Negroes, and slaves. Converts have indeed been made, and immortal souls saved. But the results terminate on the spot. Such people have no such influence on adjacent nations as had the citizens of Jerusalem, Damascus, Alexandria, Rome, Corinth, or Ephesus. They have no commerce to spread abroad the holy leaven, and few pecuniary resources to enable them to join in the work of giving bibles and ministers to the rest of the world.

Among tribes so degraded, the missionary contends with brutal ignorance, strong temptations to hypocrisy, deep poverty, petty wars, and frequent changes in congregations, together with the inconveniences of unsuitable food and habitation, and the most violent change in all his previous habits and associations. Had we begun by spreading the gospel among our more immediate neighbours and the greater kingdoms, missionaries, and missionary influences in a thousand forms, would have multiplied spontaneously. Converted Arabs, Chinese, Hindus, or Burmans, could have spread out among ruder tribes, without those violent transitions which curtail the lives of our brethren, or those excessive expenses which keep down the extent of our efforts.

It may be thought the Hindus should not be named in this collection, so much having been done for them. But the extent of this country should be remembered, and the number of missionaries, which, with all the late augmentations, have been sent to occupy it. From Bombay to Bankok, and from Ceylon to Delhi, the number of missionaries is stated by a late writer in the Calcutta Christian Observer to be 130. This estimate comprehends at least 200,000,000 inhabitants—one missionary to 1,538,461 souls. The region described, it will be perceived, includes Burmah as well as Hindustan, and is emphatically that part of the field to which the attention of the church has been of late years particularly drawn.

In scarcely any mission have the higher classes received their full share of attention. They have not been so freely visited at their houses, and when visited, it has rather been to secure advantages. The visit is seldom for the express purpose of winning their souls, as is the case when the poor are sought. The oftener such visits are paid without the disclosure of a deep anxiety for the conversion of his soul, the more does the chief, or rich man, grow satisfied to remain as he is, and to suppose that his toleration or friendship is all that is expected. We should abhor the spirit which gathers ministers round great men to share their gifts, to bask in their favour, to secure political enactments in favour of religion, or to gain popularity and distinction among the common people. But we should leave no efforts unattempted to save their souls. The prophecies which cheer us in our work, specify such persons as among the fruit, and declare that they shall be nursing fathers and mothers to the church. Cæsar's court contained disciples. Some of the "mighty," and of "honourable ones not a few," appear among the converts to apostolic zeal.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.—Many suggestions to the churches at home offer themselves. I will venture only two or three.

1. The number of missionaries should be greatly increased.

Numerous stations, occupied now by a single individual, should be reinforced by one, two, and in some cases five or six brethren. No post has been taken which seems untenable or useless; none from which the occupant wishes to retreat. Each describes openings for usefulness which he cannot embrace. If we mean merely to keep our present position, there is need of a fresh labourer in every station and department, who may be coming forward in his qualifications, and be ready to take up the task at any moment, in case of the death of the present incumbent.

There must be a wrong in concentrating preachers among a portion of mankind, to the extent seen in England and America, while whole nations lie unblest with

the truth. Such as have not known or considered the proportion of ministers in England and America, should ponder the following facts.

The following table takes up some of the counties in England alphabetically, so as to furnish a fair sample of the whole.

County.	CHURCHES.				Popula- tion.	A.v. num ber of souls to a minister
	Square Miles.	lished.	tary.			
Hedfordshire		127	72	199	95,000	477
Berkshire	752	160	83	943	145,000	597
Buckinghamshire	738	214	80	303	146,000	482
Cambridgeshire	857	174	87	261	143,000	548
Cheshire	1052	142	162	304	334,000	1099
Cornwall	1330	221	338	549	302,000	550
Cumberland	1523	145	90	235	169,000	719
Derbyshire	1028	177	189	365	237,000	649

In New England, taken at large, the proportion of ministers is not much short of the above average. In Massachusetts are 1252 ministers; population, 650,000; average number of souls to each minister, 519. In New Hampshire are 412 ministers; population, 269,633; average number of souls to each minister, 654. In Connecticut are 482 ministers; population, 298,000; average number of souls to each, 620.* The great cities of the United States are shown by the Rev. Messrs Reed and Mattheson to have a larger proportion of ministers than those of England and Scotland.

The contrast between one missionary, and he a foreigner, imperfect in the language, and unsustained by surrounding Christians, attempting to bless a million of souls, and a pastor in Great Britain or America to every four or five hundred souls, and aided by a hundred Christian influences, is both painful and humiliating.

2. Numerous lay brethren are immediately wanted.

A glance at the employments enumerated a little while ago shows how few of them fall exclusively within the province of a minister. Except preaching, administering ordinances, and presiding over church discipline, they may as well be done by laymen. Perhaps one reason why so little is said of some of these departments, in the New Testament, is, that that history gives professedly the life of *Christ* and the acts of *apostles*. We certainly see that some branches of missionary duty were consigned to laymen, such, for instance, as the secular concerns, the care of the poor, and the settlement of disputes. There are many brethren not inferior to the best ministers in piety. A knowledge of business and accounts, and habits of order, dispatch, and economy, give some of these superior qualifications for some parts of the work. Such services as are rendered by lay brethren in our own country are greatly wanted.

It is neither necessary nor desirable that all laymen, who for Christ's sake go to the heathen, should put themselves under the patronage of a society, or give their whole time to religious services. The brethren scattered from Jerusalem by persecution, no doubt pursued their secular callings in the cities whither they fled; yet through them the holy influence was spread.

If persecution were now to break out in England or the United States, thousands of church members would pass to other parts of the world, and, we may presume, would labour to establish pure religion wherever they might find a home. May we not fear that if we remain supine, some such necessity for dispersion may be permitted to occur? By going without the impulse of persecution, the sacrifices involved in emigration are immensely lessened. The ties of friendship, kindred, and business, may be preserved, and property retained. In fact, the evils incurred by voluntary expatriation are submitted to by multitudes, for no higher end than the possible improvement of outward circumstances.

* These numbers are taken from the registers of the respective states. In the other northern states the proportion is about the same.

Finally, A vastly higher state of piety at home must be realised.

On this copious and most important theme, I must now confine myself to a few sentences. But I pass it by with the more content, because it is a subject on which others can write as well as one who has travelled, and which is often calling forth able works. I think it has been proved that the measure of missionary success is equal to the amount and kind of effort employed. But all must agree that had the whole movement been more apostolic, there would be seen much more fruit. Want of piety makes missionaries less successful, just as it does other ministers. Were they absorbingly interested in their work, and highly qualified for it, by large measures of the spirit of Christ, they would seldom fall into the subordinate and less self-denying departments of labour, and would prosecute their proper work, not only with more commensurate zeal and skill, but with a greater blessing.

How shall such missionaries be expected from a religious community pervaded by love of ease, elegance, and gain? They come forth from the mass, and resemble the mass. Streams rise no higher than their sources. In vain we harangue departing missionaries upon the necessity of a holy weanedness from the world, and contempt of ease, if we have no more ourselves. These are not the fruits of mere volition or sudden effort. They are the result of circumstances and self-training, through the steady agency of the Spirit. None but extraordinary persons rise above the level of their times, and we cannot expect every missionary, and missionary's wife, and printer, and school-teacher, to be an extraordinary person, wholly in advance of the churches. They are, moreover, sent out too young to have made very great Christian attainments, even if they are extraordinary persons. The ordinary state of the church must be made right, and then ordinary persons will have right views, aims, and qualities, and missionaries will possess proper qualifications, and bear abroad a proper spirit.

Every professed Christian, therefore, may aid the cause of missions by promoting a return to apostolic simplicity and singleness of heart among all Christians. This would not only furnish the right *kind* of missionaries, but the right *number*, and the proper *support*. When every believer shall habitually pray not only for a blessing on the work at large, but for a clear perception of his own duty in the matter, and shall cherish the spirit of entire self-dedication, we shall have abundant means and proper men.

POLITICAL RELATIONS OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.*

1. *Foreign*.—Persia, Cabul, Senna, Arabs, Siam, Acheen.
2. *External, or Frontier*.—Burmah, Nepaul, Lahore, Scindia.
3. *Internal*, or those which have relinquished political relations with one another, and with all other states. The latter kind may be divided into six classes:—

I. Treaties offensive and defensive. Right on their part to claim protection, external and internal, from the British government. Right on its part to interfere in their internal affairs.

Area in square miles.		Area in square miles.	
1. Oude, - - - -	23,922	4. Travancore, - - - -	4,573
2. Mysore, - - - -	27,999	5. Cochin, - - - -	1,787
3. Berar, - - - -	56,723		

II. Treaties offensive and defensive. Right on their part as above. No right on the part of the British to interfere in their internal affairs.

1. Hyderabad, - - - -	88,887
2. Baroda, - - - -	5,525
3. Katwa, - - - -	19,424

III. Treaties offensive and defensive. Tributary to British government, but supreme rulers in their own territory.

1. Indore, - - - -	4,245	3. Jeypore, - - - -	13,486
2. Oudepore, or Oodypore, - - - -	11,784	4. Joudpore, - - - -	34,131
		5. Kotah, - - - -	5,500

* Compiled for this work from Hamilton's Gazetteer and other sources.

6. Boondee, - - - -	2,381	15. Serowee, - - - -	3,024
7. Ulwur, - - - -	3,284	16. Bhurtpure, - - - -	1,945
8. Bickaneer, - - - -	18,069	17. Bhopal, - - - -	6,772
9. Jesulmeer, - - - -	9,779	18. Cutch, - - - -	7,305
10. Kishengur, - - - -	734	19. Dhar, - - - -	1,465
11. Banswarra, - - - -	1,440	20. Dhalpore Baree, - - - -	1,625
12. Purlabur, - - - -	1,457	21. Saugur and Bundelcund, - - - -	26,483
13. Doongpore, - - - -	2,004	22. Savuntwaree, - - - -	934
14. Keerolee, - - - -	1,878		

IV. Guarantee and protection. Subordinate co-operation. Supremacy in their own territory.

1. Ameer Khan Touk, 1,103	4. Puttala, Keytal, Naba Jheend, and other protected Sikh states, 16,602
2. Seronge, - - - -	301
3. Neembra, - - - -	369

V. Amity and friendship.

1. Gwallor, - - - -	32,944
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VI. Protection and right on the part of the British to control internal affairs.

1. Sattara, - - - -	7,943	2. Collapore, - - - -	3,184
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Total area in square miles of the above native states, -	449,845
Absolute British territory in India included within the Bengal, Bombay, and Madras Presidencies, -	626,745

Grand total, - - - - 1,076,590

The British have ascertained the population of their absolute territory, including the Burman provinces, to be about eighty-four millions, and that of the states above named is probably quite as great, if not more; making the entire number of the human family subject to British general control in India, not less than a *hundred and sixty-eight millions*.

The whole number of Britons in India does not exceed 50,000, of whom 30,000 belong to the army.

The standing army of the East India Company now exceeds 200,000 men, of which about 175,000 are sepoys. It has often amounted to a much larger number, and at this time is about to be enlarged, through jealousy of Russia. In January 1827, it exceeded 300,000 men, namely,

Artillery, - - - -	15,782
Native cavalry, - - - -	26,094
Native infantry, or sepoy, - - - -	234,412
Engineers, - - - -	4,375
	280,663
King's troops, - - - -	21,934
Total, - - - -	302,797 men.

BRITISH TERRITORIAL POSSESSIONS, WITH THE DATE OF THEIR ACQUISITION.

- A. D.
- 1639. Madras, a territory five miles along shore by one inland.
 - 1664. Bombay.
 - 1691. Fort St David.
 - 1696. Calcutta.
 - 1750. } The Jaghire, in the Carnatic.
 - 1763. }
 - 1757. The twenty-four Pergunnas.
 - 1761. Chittagong, Burdwan, and Midnapore.
 - 1765. Bengal, Bahar, and four of the Northern Circars.
 - 1776. The Island of Salsette.
 - 1781. The Zemindary of Benares.
 - 1787. The Guntur Circar.
 - 1792. Malabar, Canara, Coimbatore, Dindigal, Salem, Barma-mahal, &c.
 - 1799. Seringapatam.
 - 1800. The Balaghaut ceded districts of Bellary and Cuddapah.
 - 1801. Territories ceded by the nabob of Oude, consisting of Rohilcund (including Bareilly, Moradabad, Shahjehanpore, &c.), the lower Doab, and the districts of Furruckabad, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Goruckpore, Azimgur, &c.
 - 1801. The remainder of the Carnatic, comprehending the whole of the nabob of Arcot's territories.
 - 1803. The Dutch portion of the Island of Ceylon.
 - 1803. Delhi, Agra, the upper Doab Hurriana, Saharunpore, Merut, Alighur, Etawah, Bundelcund, Cuttack, Bala-sore, Juggernaut, &c.
 - 1803. Cessions from the Peshwa and Gulowar in Gujerat.
 - 1815. Part of Nepaul, consisting of the hill country between the Sutulee and Jumna Rivers and the districts of Gurwal and Kumaon.
 - 1815. The kingdom of Candy in Ceylon.
 - 1816. Anjar, Mandavie, and other places in Cutch.
 - 1818. Poona, and the whole of the Peshwa's dominions, Cand-elish, Saugur, and other places in Malwa; Ajmeer in Rajpootana; and Sumbhulpore, Sirgoja, Gurrha, Mundlah, and other portions of Gundwana.
 - 1825. Conquests from the Burmese, consisting of Assam, Cachar, Manipore, Arracan, and the Tenasserim provinces, consisting of Martaban, Ye, Tavoy, Mergui, and the adjacent isles.

PRINCIPAL MISSIONARY STATIONS IN THE WORLD,

WITH THE DATE OF THEIR ESTABLISHMENT, AND THE SOCIETY BY WHICH THEY ARE SUPPORTED.

The abbreviations are—U. B. for United Brethren, or Moravians; C. K. S. for Christian Knowledge Society; W. M. S. for Wesleyan Missionary Society; E. B. M. for English Baptist Missionary Society; S. M. S. for Scottish Missionary Society; C. M. S. for Church Missionary Society; L. J. S. for London Jews' Society; N. M. S. for Netherlands Missionary Society; G. M. S. for German Missionary Society; G. L. M. S. for Glasgow Missionary Society; G. B. M. for General Baptists' Missions; U. F. M. for United Foreign Missionary Society; A. B. C. for American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; A. B. B. for American Baptist Board of Missions; P. E. B. for Protestant Episcopal Board; N. Y. S. for New York Missionary Society; G. A. M. for General Assembly's Missions; M. M. for Methodist Missions.

Tranquebar, King of Den.	1706	Namaquas,	E.B.M.	1806
Madras,	C.K.S. 1727	Buenos Ayres,	E.B.M.	1806
Vepary,	C.K.S. 1727	St Bartholomew,	W.M.S.	1806
St Thomas,	U.B. 1732	Creek Indians,	U.B.	1807
Greenland,	U.B. 1733	Jessore,	E.B.M.	1807
St Croix,	U.B. 1734	Canton,	L.M.S.	1807
St Jan,	U.B. 1734	Calcutta,	C.M.S.	1807
North America,	U.B. 1734	Madras,	W.M.S.	1807
Canadian Indians,	U.B. 1734	Demerara,	W.M.S.	1808
Muskingum Indians,	U.B. 1734	Tobago,	E.B.M.	1808
Surinam,	U.B. 1735	Rangoon,	E.B.M.	1808
Parimaribo	U.B. 1735	Trinidad,	E.B.M.	1800
South Africa,	U.B. 1736	Digah,	E.B.M.	1809
Negapatam,	C.K.S. 1737	Bellary,	E.B.M.	1809
Cuddalore,	C.K.S. 1737	Burnmah,	E.B.M.	1809
Gnadensthal,	U.B. 1737	Bellary,	L.M.S.	1810
Pilgerhut,	U.B. 1738	New Zealand,	C.M.S.	1810
Sharon,	U.B. 1739	Orissa,	E.B.M.	1810
Labrador,	U.B. 1762	Balassore,	E.B.M.	1810
Jamaica,	U.B. 1764	Monghyr,	E.B.M.	1810
Antigua,	U.B. 1765	Greek Islands,	E.B.M.	1811
Hope,	U.B. 1767	Agra,	L.M.S.	1811
Nicobar Islands,	U.B. 1769	Elmeo,	L.M.S.	1811
Tranquebar,	U.B. 1769	Malta,	L.M.S.	1811
Trichinopoly,	C.K.S. 1762	Bombay,	A.B.C.	1812
Barbadoes,	U.B. 1765	Agra,	C.M.S.	1812
Asiatie Russia,	U.B. 1765	Ceylon,	E.B.M.	1812
Bombay,	U.B. 1765	Chittagong,	E.B.M.	1812
Tanjore,	C.K.S. 1772	Algoa Bay,	L.M.S.	1812
St Christopher,	U.B. 1774	Surat,	E.B.M.	1812
Grace Hill (Antigua),	U.B. 1782	Chinsurah,	L.M.S.	1812
Sommelsdyke,	U.B. 1785	Cape of Good Hope,	L.M.S.	1812
Caribbee Islands,	W.M.S. 1788	Java,	E.B.M.	1813
Trinidad,	W.M.S. 1788	Pasaltadorf,	L.M.S.	1813
Tobago,	U.B. 1789	Lattakoo,	L.M.S.	1813
Cape of Good Hope,	U.B. 1792	Chinsura,	L.M.S.	1813
Serampore,	E.B.M. 1793	Rangoon,	A.B.B.	1813
Malda,	E.B.M. 1794	Bombay,	A.B.C.	1813
Taheti,	L.M.S. 1797	Rhtavia,	L.M.S.	1814
St Christina,	W.M.S. 1797	Astrachan,	S.M.S.	1814
Marquesas Islands,	L.M.S. 1797	Mahratta,	A.B.C.	1814
Calcutta,	L.M.S. 1798	Thoopolis,	A.B.C.	1814
Susoo Country,	S.M.S. 1798	Mauritius, or Isle		
India,	E.B.M. 1798	of France,	L.M.S.	1814
Zac River,	L.M.S. 1799	Java,	L.M.S.	1814
Bermudas,	W.M.S. 1799	Amboyana,	L.M.S.	1814
South Africa,	E.B.M. 1799	Madras,	C.M.S.	1814
Caffraria,	E.B.M. 1799	Jamaica,	E.B.M.	1814
Newfoundland,	E.B.M. 1799	Amboyana,	E.B.M.	1814
Serampore,	E.B.M. 1799	Surat,	L.M.S.	1815
Boschemen,	E.B.M. 1799	Malta,	C.M.S.	1815
Tuscaroras,	N.Y.S. 1800	Greece,	C.M.S.	1815
Cherokee Indians,	U.B. 1801	Meerut,	C.M.S.	1815
Griqua Town,	L.M.S. 1801	Malacca,	L.M.S.	1815
Calcutta,	B.M.S. 1801	Bothany,	L.M.S.	1815
Stellenbosch,	B.M.S. 1801	Orenburg,	S.M.S.	1815
Karees (Asiatie		Astrachan,	S.M.S.	1815
Russia),	S.M.S. 1802	Kurnaul,	C.M.S.	1815
Tartary,	S.M.S. 1803	Free-town		
Bethelsdorp,	L.M.S. 1803	(W. Africa),	W.M.S.	1816
Ceylon,	E.B.M. 1804	Free-town,	C.M.S.	1816
Bahamas,	W.M.S. 1804	Ceylon,	A.B.C.	1816
West Africa,	C.M.S. 1804	Caffraria,	L.M.S.	1816
Cutwa,	B.M.S. 1804	Benares,	E.B.M.	1816
Dinapore,	E.B.M. 1805	Chunar,	C.M.S.	1816
Sehunge,	E.B.M. 1805	Dacca,	E.B.M.	1816
Surat,	C.M.S. 1805	Digah,	E.B.M.	1816
Green Bay,	U.F.M. 1805	Hawels-town,	L.M.S.	1816
Asia Minor,	A.B.C. 1805	Calcutta,	L.M.S.	1816
Madras,	L.M.S. 1805	Jamaica,	C.M.S.	1816
Travancore,	L.M.S. 1805	Monghyr,	E.B.M.	1816
Amiangodde		Rafote,	E.B.M.	1816
(Ceylon),	L.M.S. 1805	Batticotta,	A.B.C.	1817
Visagapatam,	L.M.S. 1805	Cherokoes,	A.B.C.	1817
Indians of New		Burdwan,	C.M.S.	1817
York,	U.F.M. 1805	Hayti,	W.M.S.	1817
Travancore,	L.M.S. 1806	Benares,	C.M.S.	1817

Cottayam,	C.M.S.	1817	Kidderpore,	L.M.S.	1825
Tellicherry,	C.M.S.	1817	Buenos Ayres,	A.B.C.	1825
Bocheheadfield			Hilda,	L.M.S.	1825
(S. Africa),	L.M.S.	1817	Combaconum,	L.M.S.	1825
Cottayam,	L.M.S.	1817	Caffraria,	L.M.S.	1826
Putawatomes,	A.B.B.	1817	Legesbe (Fogee Is.),	L.M.S.	1826
Cherokoes,	A.B.B.	1817	Oases,	U.F.M.	1826
Calcutta,	E.B.M.	1817	Machinaw,	U.F.M.	1826
Allahabad,	E.B.M.	1818	Maumee,	U.F.M.	1826
Benocoolen,	E.B.M.	1818	Akyah (Arracan),	E.B.M.	1826
Valley towns,	A.B.B.	1818	Raivaiva Islands,	L.M.S.	1826
Chootaws,	A.B.C.	1818	Maulmain,	A.B.B.	1827
New Holland,	C.M.S.	1818	Chittoor,	L.M.S.	1827
Wyandott and			Butterworth		
Sandusky,	A.B.B.	1818	(S. Africa),	W.M.S.	1827
Madagascar,	L.M.S.	1818	Salem,	L.M.S.	1827
Bareilly,	C.M.S.	1818	Green Bay,	A.B.C.	1827
Alleple,	C.M.S.	1818	Benares,	E.B.M.	1827
Ceylon,	C.M.S.	1818	Madras,	G.P.S.	1827
Nellore,	C.M.S.	1818	Liberia,	G.M.S.	1827
Bullom (W. Africa),	C.M.S.	1818	Khodon (Siberia),	L.M.S.	1828
Cherokoes,	A.B.B.	1818	Neyoor (Travancore),		
New Zealand,	C.M.S.	1819	Stockbridge		
Blinder's Point,	L.M.S.	1819	Indians,	A.B.C.	1828
Doorgapore,	E.B.M.	1819	Syria,	C.M.S.	1828
Parre,	L.M.S.	1819	Abyssinia,	C.M.S.	1828
Singapore,	L.M.S.	1819	Bombay,	S.M.S.	1828
Penang,	L.M.S.	1819	Ojibwas (Chippewas),		
Maysaveram,	C.M.S.	1819	A.B.B.	1828	
Bombay,	C.M.S.	1819	Gowhatte (Assam),	E.B.M.	1829
Sumatra,	E.B.M.	1819	Greece,	P.E.B.	1830
Ajemere,	E.B.M.	1819	Habal Islands,	W.M.S.	1830
Syria,	A.B.C.	1820	The Bushmon,	L.M.S.	1830
Greece,	A.B.C.	1820	Colimbatore,	L.M.S.	1830
Bangalore,	L.M.S.	1820	Bagdat,	C.M.S.	1830
Sandwich Islands,	A.B.C.	1820	China,	A.B.C.	1830
Belgium,	A.B.C.	1820	Calcutta,	S.M.S.	1830
Arkansas Chero,	A.B.C.	1820	Chippewa,	A.B.C.	1830
Van Dieman's			Shawanoes,	M.M.	1830
Land,	W.M.S.	1820	Liberia,	M.M.	1830
Benares,	L.M.S.	1820	Tavoy,	A.B.B.	1830
Calcutta,	G.P.S.	1820	South Africa,	E.B.M.	1831
Polamootta,	C.M.S.	1820	Boufah,	C.M.S.	1831
Borabora (Society			Shawnees,	A.B.B.	1831
Islands),	C.M.S.	1820	Delawares,	A.B.B.	1831
Monrovia,	A.B.B.	1820	Delawares,	M.M.	1831
Ava,	A.B.B.	1821	Constantinople,	A.B.C.	1831
Crisma,	S.M.S.	1821	Western Chero-		
Bathurst,	C.M.S.	1821	kees,	A.B.B.	1832
Beltollah,	C.K.S.	1821	France,	A.B.B.	1832
Chummie,	G.M.S.	1821	Kickapoos,	A.B.B.	1832
Tuscaroras,	U.F.M.	1821	Delawares,	A.B.B.	1832
Chickasaws,	A.B.C.	1821	Creeks,	A.B.C.	1832
Quilon,	L.M.S.	1821	Pooras and Kas-		
Negapatam,	W.M.S.	1821	askias,	M.M.	1832
Trincomalee,	W.M.S.	1821	Otoes,	A.B.B.	1833
Chittagong,	A.B.B.	1821	Siam,	A.B.B.	1833
Orissa,	E.G.B.	1822	Armenians,	A.B.C.	1833
Cuddapah,	L.M.S.	1822	Kickapoos,	M.M.	1833
Oorfu,	L.M.S.	1822	Oregon,	M.M.	1833
Cattaraugus			Lodianna,	G.A.M.	1833
(N. Y.),	U.F.M.	1822	Chickasaws,	A.B.B.	1833
Sandwich Islands,	L.M.S.	1822	Siam,	A.B.C.	1834
Malta,	A.B.C.	1822	Chinese (Bankok),	A.B.C.	1834
Cuttack,	G.B.M.	1822	Nestorians,	A.B.C.	1834
Cotta,	C.M.S.	1822	Madura,	A.B.C.	1834
Friendly Islands,	W.M.S.	1822	Singapore,	A.B.C.	1834
Maupite,	L.M.S.	1822	Pawnee Indians,	A.B.C.	1834
Tohoa,	L.M.S.	1822	Chinese (Bankok),	A.B.B.	1834
Dresden			Kyoutk Phyo		
(Germany),	L.J.S.	1822	(Arracan),	A.B.B.	1834
South America,	E.B.M.	1822	West Africa,	A.B.C.	1835
Red River (North			South Africa,	A.B.C.	1835
West Amer.),	C.M.S.	1822	Chinese (Batavia),	P.E.B.	1835
Maupiti,	L.M.S.	1822	Abernquis,	A.B.C.	1835
Taha, or Otaha,	L.M.S.	1822	Kanass,	M.M.	1835
Chumie (S. Afr.),	G.L.M.S.	1822	Hayti,	A.B.B.	1835
Lovedale (S. Afr.),	G.L.M.S.	1822	Germans,	A.B.B.	1835
Honduras,	E.B.M.	1822	Omahas,	A.B.B.	1835
South America,	E.B.M.	1822	Mahometan,	A.B.C.	1836
Delhi,	E.B.M.	1822	Madras,	A.B.C.	1836
Epence Ayres,	A.B.C.	1822	Java,	A.B.C.	1836
Beyroot,	A.B.C.	1823	Borneo,	A.B.C.	1836
Beerbhoom,	E.B.M.	1823	Pegunah (Burmah),	A.B.B.	1836
New Zealand,	W.M.S.	1823	Africa (C. Palmas),	P.E.B.	1836
Dogues-town,	L.M.S.	1823	Perala,	P.E.B.	1836
Sadras,	N.M.S.	1823	Rocky Mount. Ind.	A.B.C.	1836
Gornokpore,	C.M.S.	1823	Assam,	A.B.B.	1836
Combaconum,	C.M.S.	1823	Tologoes,	A.B.B.	1836
Creeks,	A.B.B.	1823	Chinese (Singa-		
Karens (Burmah),	A.B.B.	1823	bad,	C.M.S.	1836
Jamaica,	U.B.	1824	Sabbathu,	G.A.M.	1836
Jamaica,	A.B.B.	1824	Sabarapnare,	G.A.M.	1836
Ottawa,	W.M.S.	1824	South Africa,	C.M.S.	1837
Batticaloe,	G.M.S.	1824			
Shusha,	L.M.S.	1824			
Berhampore,					

Mergul,	A.B.B. 1837	Kayuges (Oregon),	A.B.C. 1837
Ottawas,	A.B.B. 1837	Dindegall,	A.B.C. 1837
Ottawas,	A.B.B. 1837	Texas,	M.M. 1837
Pawnees,	A.B.B. 1837	Puttatatomies,	M.M. 1838
Chinese (Macao),	A.B.B. 1837	Texas,	P.E.B. 1838
Iowa,	G.A.M. 1837	Sherarunga,	A.B.C. 1838
Chinese (Singa- pore),	G.A.M. 1837	Teroomungolm,	A.B.C. 1838
Crete,	P.E.B. 1837	Terusurranum,	A.B.C. 1838
Jaina (Maharatta),	A.B.C. 1837	Puttatatomies,	M.M. 1838
Nex Perces (Oregon),	A.B.C. 1837	Otoes,	A.B.B. 1838
		Chinese (Singap.),	A.B.B. 1839

GLOSSARY.

To avoid swelling this Glossary unnecessarily, such words as occur but once are explained in the body of the work. To make it more useful, some words are added which do not occur in the preceding pages, but are often found in works on India. The following mode of using the vowels is adopted:—

a as in ban.	s as in here.	u as in run.
ā bane.	i pin.	ū rule.
ā far.	i pine.	ū house.
ā fall.	o not.	ai aisle.
	o note.	

Where no accent is marked, the syllables are to be pronounced with equal force.

A-bac'-us (called by the Chinese *Suan-puan*), an instrument for numerical calculation.
Ab-dar, a Hindu servant who cools and takes care of water.
A-daw-let, justice, equity; a court of justice, civil or criminal.
A'-gar a'-gar, a species of sea-weed (*Jucus saccharinus*), of which the Chinese make a gelatinous sweetmeat, and also a glue which insects do not attack.
A-gil-lo-cha, or *A-gil-a-wood*, the same as *eagle wood*, and *lign* or *lignum aloes*; a half-rotten unctuous wood, which in burning emits a fragrance much valued in the East as a perfume.
Am-da-lam-bô-s, natives of the region of Majunga, in Madagascar.
A-nam, literally, "south country." The whole of south-eastern Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China, is sometimes called *Anam*. Some maps erroneously set down a separate country under this name.
An-na, a Bengal silver coin, the sixteenth part of a rupee (about three cents).
An-i-lou-ches, a mixed race of Arabs and natives, in the island of Madagascar, chiefly found near Majunga.
A-re'-ca, the betel-nut tree, a species of palm. The betel-leaf is *betel-piper*, which is the same genus as the *piper nigrum* of Linnaeus.
Ar'-rack, an intoxicating liquor, generally made from rice.
Ar-ee, an Arracan weight of about twenty-five pounds.
Ar-say-woon, a Burman paymaster or general.
A-tuen-woon, a Burman minister of state.
Av-ul'-ta-ra, descents of the Deity in various shapes, incarnations; those of Rama and Krishna are the most remarkable.
Ay-ah, a lady's or child's maid.

B.

Bâ-boo, a Hindu gentleman.
Bâ-hâr, a measure equal to three piculs.
Bal-a-chong. Same as *Gnapæ*.
Ba-lu, a Buddhist warder or guardian.
Bang, an intoxicating drug, prepared in India from the flowers and juice of the hemp plant, to which opium is sometimes added.
Ban'-gles, ornamental rings for the wrists or ankles, made of various metals, or precious stones, according to the wealth of the owner.
Ban-guy boxes, tin cases for carrying clothes, &c. on journeys, made with reference to being borne at the ends of a pole. See picture of palankeen travelling, p. 20.
Ban-ian, a Hindu merchant.
Bas-ket, a Burman measure containing 58½ pounds of clean rice, or one bushel.
Bat-ta, deficiency, discount, allowance to troops in the field.
Ba-zaar, a market, or place of shops.
Be-da-gat, the sacred books of the Burmans.
Be-ga, or *Biggah*, a land measure, equal in Bengal to about a third of an acre, but varying in different provinces; the common ryyty bega, in Bengal, contains about sixteen hundred square yards.
Be-gun, or *Begaum*, an East Indian lady, princess, woman of high rank.
Ben-zoin, or *Benjamin*, the commercial name for frankincense.
Betel-leaf, the leaf of a species of pepper (the *piper betel*) which is masticated along with the areca or betel-nut and lime.
Be-soar, an oval concretion of resin and bile, found in the glands and gall-bladders of several animals.
Bhet-tie, a Hindu water-carrier. See picture, p. 7.
Biche-de-mer, dried sea-slugs, or tripaug.
Big-gah. See *Bega*.
Bôv'-A-gee, a Hindu cook.
Bon'-see, a Japanese name for priests.

Boo-kho, a Karen prophet.
Bow'-le-t, a small Bengal pleasure-boat.
Brah-min-y goose, the *anas casarca*.
Brin-jids, the *solanum longum*, a species of egg plant.
Bud-ge-ro, a large Bengal pleasure-boat.
Bu-gis (pronounced *Boo-gees*), inhabitants of Bony and Celebes. They are the universal carriers of the Archipelago, and noted for enterprise and trust-worthiness.
Bund, an embankment.
Bun'-ga-low, a Hindu country-house or cottage, erected by Europeans in Bengal, and well suited to the climate. It is constructed of wood, bamboos, mats, and thatch, and may be completed in a short time, and at a moderate expense.
Bun-kdi, a Malay weight, equal to 332 grains troy.

C.

Câ'-fre, an unbeliever, Abyssinian, or negro.
Ca-ii, or *Cal-ci*, the tenth incarnation of Vishnu, in the shape of a horse with a human head, still expected.
Cam-pong, a Malay term for an enclosure or collection of houses.
Cand, or *Can-da-reen*, a Chinese piece of money, equal to ten cash, or about a penny sterling.
Can-dy. The Bombay candy weighs 560 pounds.
Car-an-che, a Hindu hackney-coach.
Car-da-muns, or *Cardamoms* (*amomum Cardamomum*), a spice much used in India.
Cash, a Madras coin, eighty of which make one fanam. It is a Tamil word.
Cash, a Chinese coin composed of tu-ten-ag and copper, 1000 of which are equal to one tael. They call it *Le*. It has a square hole in the centre for the convenience of being strung on a twine, and is cast, not struck with a die.
Cal-a-ma-ran', a small raft.
Cat-ty, a Chinese weight of 1½ pounds, which they call *kin*. Eighty-four catties make one cwt. One pound avoirdupois is equal to ½ of a catty.
Chac-ra-bur-ty, a title formerly bestowed on the Hindu emperors of India.
Chank, the conch shell (*voluta gravis*).
Char-vâ-cas, or *Shrawaka*, a sect of Jains.
Chat-ta, a Hindu earthen pot.
Chat-ty, a Hindu umbrella.
Chil-lis, red peppers.
Chin-na, the *lathyrus aphaca*, a plant of the pea or vetch kind.
Chit-ak, a British-Indian weight of 1 oz. 17 dwt. 12 gr.
Chob-dâr, a Hindu servant who runs before a carriage.
Chob'-veav, a tributary prince.
Chok'-key, a Hindu toll or custom-house.
Chok-ke-dar', a watchman, or custom-house officer.
Chol'-try, a Hindu caravansera, or empty house for travellers.
Chop, a Chinese permit, or stamp.
Chop'-per, thatch.
Chop-sticks, Chinese implements for eating.
Chou'-ry, a brush of feathers, grass, &c., or the tail of a Thibet cow (the *bos grunniens*), used to drive away flies.
Chuck-ra, a sort of quoit or missile discus, always placed in the hand of Vishnu.
Chû'-liah, a native of the Coromandel or Malabar coast.
Chu-nam', lime, used in stucco, for coating, &c.
Chup-ras'-se, a messenger.
Coir (pronounced *hire*), a species of cordage, made from the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk.
Com-pound, a yard; corruption of the Portuguese word *campania*.
Com-prâ-dâr', a Chinese steward or provider.
Cool'-ly, a common porter or labourer.
Coon, the mixture of betel-leaf, areca-nut, and lime, chewed by the Burmans and Siamese.
Corge, a measure of forty baskets. In dry goods, it means twenty pieces of any thing.
Coss, or *Koss*, about a mile and a half, but varying in different parts of India. It is usually reckoned two miles, but is nowhere so much.
Cov-a-dy-coo-ley, a bangy-bearer in the Carnatic.
Cov-id, or *Chih*, a Chinese measure of various lengths, according to the goods measured. The common covid, used in measuring ships, &c., is about 14½ inches.
Cow'-ry, the shell of a very small mussel (*cypræa moneta* of Lin.), of which 8000 are equivalent to a dollar at Calcutta, and 10,000 at Bankok; but the value varies exceedingly at different times. They are collected on the Malabar coast, and especially round the Maldivé Islands.
Cris. See *Krees*.
Coy'-an, equal to forty piculs, or 4080 lbs. avoirdupois.
Crone. A crore of rupees is 100 lacs, or 10,000,000 of rupees.
Cu-bebe, the small spicy berry of the *piper cubeba*.
Cum-e-la, a dried fish, prepared in large quantities at the Maldivé Islands. It is probably the boneta.
Cum'-shao, a present. At Canton, custom has made some cum-shaws matter of right.
Curry, a stew of fowl, fish, or meat, with plenty of gravy, and eaten with boiled rice. More strictly, the gravy itself is the curry. Hence they say, "curried fowl," &c. This gravy, or curry, is made in various ways, but generally of sweet oil, red pepper, ginger, garlic, and turmeric.
Cutch (called also *Cambier* and *Terra Japonica*), the inspissated juice of certain acacias and mimosæ. It is chewed in small quantities with betel. The coarser kinds are used in tanning.

Cutch-a', mud for building inferior houses.
Cutch'er-y, a Hindu hall of justice.

D.

Dah, a Burman knife or chopper. It is used also as a sword.
Daing, a Burman measure of about two miles.
Dam'-ar, a species of pitch, exuded from several sorts of trees in the East, and used instead of pitch for ships' decks, torches, &c.
Dam-a-that', the Burman civil code.
Dan'-dy, a Bengal boatman.
Dawk, or *Dak*, a Hindu post, or mail conveyance.
Day-a, or *Day-ak*, one of the original inhabitants of Borneo.
De-coit', a gang-robber.
Den-ne', or *At-tap*, a thatch made of palm-leaves.
Dep'-d, a Malay measure, equal to two yards.
D'ho'-ny, a Coromandel coasting-vessel, of singular construction.
Din'-gy, or *Ding-he*, a Bengal ferry-boat, with two oars, and a small house on the stern.
Din'-gy, *Wal-la*, a Bengal ferryman.
Din'-gy, a Bengal tailor.
Do'-by, a Bengal washerman.
Dok, a Dutch East India coin, the 300th part of a dollar.
Dong, a Burman measure of about six acres.
Do-ry-an, or *Du-ry-an* (*durio zibithinus*), a highly-valued fruit, the size of a man's head, resembling the jack.
Drag-on's-blood, the concrete juice of the *calamus rotang*, a large rattan, made especially in Borneo and Sumatra.
Dur-wdn', a Bengal porter and watchman.

E.

En'-gy, or *Eng-hee*, a Burman jacket or short gown of muslin.

F.

Fd-keer', a Mahometan devotee or religious mendicant.
Fa-nam', a Madras coin, in value a fraction more than an anna.
 Twelve fanams make one rupee.
Fir-mdn, a royal order or mandate.

G.

Gal-li-val, a large boat of about seventy tons, rowed with forty or more oars.
Gam-bier. See *Cutch*.
Gan-ja, an intoxicating drug, procured from the hemp seed and flower.
Gan-tang, the 800th part of a coyan, or about five pounds avoirdupois.
Ga-ree, a small Bengal waggon or coach.
Ga-ree-wal-la, a Bengal coachman or driver.
Gen-too, a name derived from the Portuguese *gentio* (which signifies *gentile* in the scriptural sense.) Not used by Indians.
Ghaut, a pass through a mountain, but generally applied to an extensive chain of hills.
Ghaut, stairs descending to a river.
Ghee, butter clarified by boiling.
Ghur-ry, a Hindu fortification.
Gna-pee, a condiment for rice, made by Burmans and Siamese, &c., of half-salted fish, shrimps, &c., pounded to the consistency of mortar. The smell is very repulsive to Europeans.
Go-down, a factory or warehouse, from the Malay word *gadong*.
Go-la (Hindu), a public granary.
Goom-ly, winding; the name of many rivers in Hindustan.
Goo-roo, among the Hindus, a spiritual guide.
Go-saings, religious mendicants who wander about Hindustan, generally in companies.
Goun-boung, a Burman turban.
Grab, a square-rigged Arab coasting-vessel, having a very projecting stem, and no bowsprit. It has two masts, of which the fore-mast is principal.
Gram, a round grain, the size of maize, used in Bengal as provender for horses, elephants, &c. There are many varieties, such as the red, black, green, &c.
Gri-gua (pronounced *gre'-ka*), a mixed race in South Africa, sprung from the intercourse of Dutch settlers with native women. The Dutch call them *bastards*, but the English, disliking that name, call them *Gri-guas*.
Gun-gy, a granary or depot. In gunges, the chief commodities sold are grain, and the necessities of life, and generally by wholesale. They often include bazaars, where these articles are sold by retail. It is a very common termination of names in Bengal and some of the adjacent provinces, and generally applied to a place where there is water carriage.
Gun-nies, bags made of a coarse cotton fabric; a species of sack-cloth.
Guy-wal-la, a herdsman or cow-keeper.

II.

Had'-ka-ry, a street cart in Bengal.
Had'-jee, a Mussulman who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and there performed certain ceremonies.
Ha-ram, a separate apartment for females.
Hu-la, a Malay measure, equal to a cubit, or eighteen inches.
 Four hastas make one depa.
Hav-4-dar', a sergeant of scouts.
Hap-po, a Chinese overseer of commerce.
How'-da, a seat on an elephant's back.
Hur-ku'-ru, a Hindu errand-boy, or messenger.

I.

Indo-Briton, a person born in India, one of whose parents is a European.
In-dra, in Hindu mythology, the god of thunder; a personification of the sky; the chief of the Devatas and Suras.
In-jee, a Burman jacket.

J.

Jag-he-ry, dark coarse sugar, made of the juice of palms.
Jag-hire (Hindu), an assignment of the government share of the produce of a portion of land to an individual, either personal or for the support of a public establishment, particularly of a military nature. The district so assigned.
Jains, a sect of Buddhists in Upper India, particularly numerous in Gujerat, Rajpootana, and Malwa.
Jee-cans. Same as *Samangs*, which see.
Jee, a shallow lake, or morass.
Jet-ty, a wharf, or quay.
Jin, a demon.
Jig-hee, a Hindu devotee.
Jor, the Chinese Booth.
Jos-sticks, in China, small reeds, covered with the dust of odorous woods, and burnt before idols.
Jum-ba, a Malay measure of just four yards.
Jun-gle, land covered for the most part with forest trees, brush-wood, creeping plants, and coarse, rank, reedy vegetation, but not wholly uninhabited. The term is used, in some cases, as equivalent to the word *country*, as distinguished from *villages*.
Junk, a Chinese ship.

K.

Kan'-ru-ma, a Hindu butler or steward.
Kit-mut-gar', a head table servant. (Hindu.)
Klam, a Siamese coin, value about one cent.
Kling, the Malay name for a Kalinga, or Telooogo man.
Ko, Burman title for an elderly man.
Ko-lan', the name of a class of sectaries in Burmah.
Koss. See *Coss*.
Ko-vil, a Hindu shrine or place of worship.
Krees, or *Kris* (pronounced *kreese*), a Malay dagger.
Ku-lit', or *Cola* (Burman), a foreigner.
Kyoung, a Burman monastery.

L.

Lac, one hundred thousand.
Lap-pet, Burman name for tea. The decoction they call "tea-water."
Las-car, a European term applied to native sailors, called also *catash'-e*.
Lichi (pronounced *lee-chee*), the *scytala litchi*, a favourite Chinese fruit, about the size of an apricot.
Ling-am, an obscene object of Hindu worship.
Lot-dau, the Burman hall of the supreme court; applied also to the council itself.
Lout, a Malay word, signifying the sea.

M.

Mu, Burman title of respect for a middle-aged woman.
Ma, or *May*, title of respect for an old woman.
Mace, an imaginary Chinese coin equal to ten cands, or the tenth part of a tael, or fifty-eight grains troy.
Ma-dris-sa, a college for instruction in Mahometan law.
Ma-ha, great.
Ma-ha-Raja, a great prince.
Maik (pronounced *mike*), a Burman measure, equal to the breadth of the hand with the thumb extended.
Ma-lay-d'-la, or *Ma-lay-d'-lim*. Same as *Malabar*.
Man-da-reen, a Portuguese word, from *mandar*, to command; applied to Chinese officers of various grades. The Chinese word is *Quan*.
Man-go-steen, a delicious kind of fruit.
Man-grove, in botany, the *rhizophora gymnorhiza*. It abounds chiefly where the fresh water of streams and rivers intermixes with that of the ocean. One species extends along the sea-shore, with its roots growing entirely in salt water.
Man-tras, charms, incantations, prayers, invocations.
Mit, a Burman weight, equal to 62½ grains troy.
Maund, properly *mun*, a Bengal weight, now established at 100 pounds troy, or 82 pounds avoirdupois. In selling different articles, the weight is different, or used to be. Thus there is a factory maund of 74 pounds 10 ounces avoirdupois, a bazaar maund of 82 pounds avoirdupois, and a salt maund 2½ per cent. heavier than the bazaar maund.
May-woon, Burman governor of a province.
Me, Burman title for miss or young girl.
Me'-la, or *Me'-ther*, a Hindu sweeper.
Me-tru'-ne, a Hindu female sweeper.
Me-fus-sit, the Hindustanee word for "country" or "interior," as distinguished from the metropolis.
Me'-hur, a British-Indian gold coin, value of fifteen rupees, weighing 180 grains troy.
Mol-ley, a Hindu gardener.
Moon-shee, a Mussulman professor of languages.
Moon-sif, a native judge or justice, whose decisions are limited to suits for personal property not exceeding fifty rupees.

GLOSSARY.

Moung, a Burman title of respect to middle-aged men.
Mso, Karen term for middle-aged women, married or single.
Mu-j'-h, the Mahometan law officer who declares the sentence.
Mug, a native of Arracan.
Mus-d'-che, a scullion, a torch-bearer.
Mus-nud, a throne, a chair of state.
Myen-sa-gye, or **Menggye**, a Burman deputy governor.
Myu-ka-gye, a Burman mayor or chief of a city.

N.

Na-bob (pronounced *nasab*), deputy or viceroy under the Mogul or prince.
Nac-an-gye, reporter or secretary to the Burman lordau.
Nac-o-dar, the captain of an Arab vessel.
Nagur, **Nagore**, **Naggar**, and **Nagara**, a town or city; the termination of many East Indian names.
Na-pa'-e, Karen object of worship.
Nat, a spirit of the air; a Burman mythological being, of a superior and happy order.
Naw, or **Naw**, Karen term for miss or young girl.
Nic-ban (sometimes pronounced *nike-ban*), absorption, annihilation. The supreme and ultimate hope of the Buddhist religion.
Nir-wa-na (Sanskrit), in metaphysics, a profound calm, signifying also extinction. The notion attached to it by the Hindu is that of perfect apathy; a condition of unmixed tranquill happiness or ecstasy. A state of imperturbable apathy is the ultimate bliss to which the followers of Brahma aspire—a state which can hardly be said to differ from the eternal sleep or annihilation of the Buddhists.
Nud-dy, a river, the termination of many names.
Nul-la, an arm of the sea; a natural canal or small branch of a river; also a streamlet, rivulet, or water-course.

O.

Oo, an old man's title of respect. (Burman.)
Or-long, a Malay measure of eighty yards.
Or-pi-met, a yellow mineral, from which the article called "king's yellow" is prepared. It is a compound of sulphur and arsenic.
Os-wais, a sect of Jain heretics, who eat at night, contrary to the Jain orthodox usage.

P.

Pad-dy, rice not divested of the husk.
Pag-da-da, a name applied by Europeans to pagan temples and places of worship.
Paga-da, a gold coin of the Madras presidency, called *varaha* by the Hindus, and *moon* by the Mahometans. The star pagoda is worth eight shillings sterling, or 1 dollar 85 cents, or three and a half Company rupees.
Pat, a Siamese coin, value two cents.
Pak, a Siamese word signifying *mouth*, *debouchure*.
Pai-kee, a Bengal name for *palankeen*.
Panch-way, a Bengal four-oared boat for passengers.
Pan-p'-a, a negro of the Eastern Archipelago.
Pan-a-mat', a Burman dissenter from Buddhism.
Par-bul-ties, mountaineers, hill people.
Pa'-ri-ah, or **Pariah**, a term used in India by Europeans designate the outcasts of the Hindu tribes, and also any thing vile.
Par-see, a descendant of the Guebres, or fire-worshippers, driven from Persia by Mahometan persecution in the eighth century.
Pa'-le, literally *uncle*, a Karen term, rather more respectful than *Saw*.
Pecotia, a machine for drawing water.
Pee-pul-tree, in botany, the *ficus religiosa*.
Pe-nang, the Malay name of betel-nut.
Pen-tu', a Burman boat-steerer.
Peon (pronounced *pune*), a Hindu constable.
Per-gun-na, a small district or township.
Per-so, a Burman waist-cloth.
Pel-lah, a town or suburb adjoining a fort; an extra-mural suburb.
P'ra, god, lord, or noble, used by Burmans and Siamese in speaking to a person with great respect.
Pi'-a-sath, the Burmese name for the spire of a palace or pagoda, denoting royalty or sacredness.
Pice, a small copper coin, the sixty-fourth part of a rupee.
Pic'-ul 133 lbs. A Chinese picul is divided into 100 catties, or 1600 taels. The Chinese call it *tan*.
Pie, the third part of a pice, or 7-10ths of a cent; about 200 make a rupee.
Poi-la, the thread worn over a Brahmin's shoulder, to show his sacred character.
Pon-ghee', a Burman priest of the higher orders. The term is given by courtesy to all the regular priests.
Pore, or **Poor**, a town, place, or residence; the termination of many names in Bengal and the upper provinces.
Prd'-cha-dee, or **Prd'**, a pagoda, temple, &c.
Prow, or **Pravul**, a Malay boat or vessel.
Pug-gie, a village tribe, whose business it is to trace thieves by their footprints.
Pum-pie-nose, the shaddock (*citrus decumanus*), a species of orange.
Pun'-dit, a learned Brahmin.
Pun'-ka, a large frame, covered with painted canvases, suspended from the ceiling. A cord passes through a partition, and the servant, sitting in an outer room, keeps it in motion like a fan; a fan.

Pa-ran-a, certain Hindu mythological poems.
Put-chuck, the roots of a medical plant, greatly valued in China.
Puay-sa', a money-changer. (Hindu.)

Q.

Quil-la, a Malay word signifying the mouth of a river.

R.

Ra-haw', a name sometimes given to Burman priests of distinction.
Ra-ja, king, prince, chieftain, nobleman; a title in ancient times given only to the military caste.
Raj-bung'-sies, a tribe of mountaineers in Arracan and vicinity.
Raj-poots (from *raja putra*, the offspring of a king), a name which, strictly speaking, ought to be limited to the higher classes of the military tribe, but which is now assumed on very slender pretences.
Ran-ny (corruption of *rajni*), a queen princess, the wife of a raja.
Rhoom, a hall of justice, or a magistrate's court (pronounced by the Burmans *yong*).
Roo-ee, a fish of Bengal, the *rohit cyprinus*.
Ru-pee, silver coin of British India. The *Sicca rupee* is 47 cents 3½ mills. The new or *Company rupee* weighs 180 grains troy, or one tola; has 1-12th alloy, and is worth 44½ cents. It is equal to the Madras, Bombay, Aroot, Furukabad, and Sonat rupees, and to 15-16ths of the *Sicca rupee*.
Rut's (pronounced *rut*), a carriage on two low wheels, drawn by bullocks.
Ry-ot, or **Riot**, a Bengal peasant, cultivator, or subject.

S.

Sago-tree (*algus*, Malay), in botany, the *palma furcifera*.
Saib, or **Sahib** (pronounced *sibe*), a respectful appellation in Hindustan; literally, *lord* or *master*.
Sa-lam', a Hindu salutation of respect; also used as an act of worship.
Sam-angs, negroes of the Malay peninsula, mixed with Malays.
Sam-pan, a Chinese skiff, or batteau.
Sam-sams, Mahometan aborigines of part of Malaya.
Sa-nu-ae'-sies, Hindu devotees and mendicants.
Sap-an'-wood, a wood employed for dyeing a fine red or deep orange; in botany, the *caesalpinia sappan*.
Saw, Karen term of respect, equivalent to "Mr."
Se-bun-dy, an irregular native soldier, or local militiaman, generally employed in the service of the revenue and police.
Seer, a British-Indian weight, equal to 2 lbs. 6 oz., and nearly equal to the French *kilogramme*.
Seids, descendants of Mahomet, through his nephew Ali and his daughter Fatima.
Sepoy, or *sepathi* (Persian and Turkish), a native *infantry* soldier in the British service. The sepahies of the Turks are cavalry.
Serai, a Hindu caravanserai or choultry, thus named by the Mahometans.
Ser-a-daw-gye', a Burman secretary or government writer.
Se-rang', a sort of mate among lascars.
Ser-e-daw', a Burman secretary to a great man.
Shd-bun-der, a master attendant, or harbour-master, and generally the king's agent and merchant.
Shas-tras, or *Sutras*, an inspired or revealed book; also any book of instruction, particularly such as contain revealed ordinances.
Shad-dock, the pumplenose, a huge bitter orange.
Shea, or *Shias*, a sect of Mussulmans, followers of Ali.
Sher-ef, or *Sherriffe*, a descendant of Mahomet through Hassan. See *Seids*.
Shee'-ko, the obeisance made by Burmans to an idol. The palms of the hands are placed together, and solemnly raised to the forehead. According to their feelings, the head is bowed down at the same time, sometimes quite to the earth.
Shi-as. See *Sheu*.
Shin-bin, a teak plank or beam, three or four inches thick.
Shoo-dras (pronounced *su-dras*), a low caste.
Shroff, a Hindu money-changer, or banker.
Shrub-ditr, a Hindu butler.
Shyans, or *Shans*, inhabitants of the Laos country, a region enclosed between China, Siam, Burmah, and Assam.
Singh, a lion; a distinctive appellation of the khetries, or military caste, now assumed by many barbarous tribes converted by the Brahmins.
Sir-car, a Hindu clerk or writer.
Sir-dar, a chief, captain, leader.
Si-va, or *Mahadewa*, the third person of the Hindu triad, in the character of destroyer; he is a personification of time.
Som-mo-na-Co'-dom, the priest Gandama.
Son-nites, or *Sonee*, a sect of Mussulmans, who revere equally the four successors of Mahomet, while the Shias, or Sheas, reject the first three as usurpers, and follow Ali.
Sou-ba-dar', a viceroy or governor of a large province; also the title of a native *sepoy* officer, below an ensign, though the highest rank he can attain.
Srd-wu-ke, or *Chanacacs*, the laity of the Jain sect.
Star-pagoda, a Madras coin, equal to 3½ rupees, or 1 dollar 71 cents.
Sa-ca, a nominal coin of six fanams, or 60 dola.
Sa-ai'-ne, a Bengal boat-steerer.
Sud-dar, the chief seat or head-quarters of government, as distinguished from the *magazari*, or interior of the country.
Sud-dar-Ameen, the highest native judge of a Hindu court.

Sud-der De-ta-ny A-daw-let, the highest native court.

Sá-dra, the fourth caste among the Hindus, comprehending mechanics and labourers. The subdivisions of this caste are innumerable.

Saw-já, a long slender reed, or bamboo, through which the Malays blow arrows, in war and the chase.

Sar-dar, a head bearer. (Hindu.)

Su-ri-ang, the Hindu name for the Nestorians, or Christians of St Thome.

Sut-ties, self-burning of widows.

Suan-puan, the Chinese abacus or calculating machine.

Sye, a Hindu hostler, or groom.

Sy-see (properly *se-se*), a Chinese term for silver of a certain purity.

T.

Ta-el (pronounced *tale*), a Chinese piece of money, equal to about six shillings sterling, or one dollar 40 cents; but its value varies, according to the plenty or scarcity of silver. In weighing, it is the sixteenth of a picul. By usage, the tael of commerce is 583½, and that of money 579½ grains troy. The Chinese call it *leang*.

Taing, a Burman measure of two miles and 194 yards.

Tank, an artificial pond of water. Some tanks are very large.

Tan-jong, a Malay word signifying a point, cape, or head of land.

Tan-na (often spelled *thanna*), a police station; also a military post.

Tan-na-dar, the keeper or commandant of a tanna.

Tat-ty, a mat curtain. (Hindu.)

Tee, an umbrella surmounting Buddhist pagodas, ordinarily made of sheet iron, wrought into open work, and gilded. Round the rim small bells are suspended, to the clappers of which hang, by short chains, sheet-iron leaves, also gilded. The wind, moving the pendant leaves, strikes the clappers against the bells, and keeps up a pleasant chime.

Te-mine, a Burman woman's skirt or frock.

Tha-then-a-byng, Burman supreme pontiff.

Thugs (pronounced *tug*), a notorious class of gang-robbers and murderers, in the upper province of Hindustan.

Tic-ál. A Siamese tical is about 60 cents. A Burman weight equal to 252 grains troy. Thirteen Burman ticals equal fifteen Company rupees.

Tif-fín, a slight mid-day repast, a lunch.

Tín-dal, a petty officer among lascars.

Tod-dy, the juice of the *Borassus flabelliformis* (palmyra-tree).

Tod-dy-tree, a species of palm, yielding a copious sap (*toddy*), which, if drunk fresh, is nutritious, but after fermentation becomes highly intoxicating. The inspissated juice is *jaggery*.

Tom-bac, an article of eastern commerce; native copper, mixed with a little gold.

Ton-jon, a species of sedan-chair.

Topas, an Indian-Portuguese.

Topé, a Hindu grove; a Coromandel vessel.

Tri-pang, the Malay term for Biche-de-mer.

Tsal-o-ay, a golden necklace of peculiar construction, worn only by the Burman monarch and the highest nobility, and indicating rank by the number of its chains.

Tu'an, sir, or gentleman. (Malay.)

Tu-ten-ag. This name seems differently applied, sometimes to the mixture of copper and zinc of which the Chinese "cash" are made, and sometimes to the *white copper* of China.

U.

U'-se-na, a Burman measure of twelve miles.

V.

Vat-sy-a (vulgarily pronounced *byce*), the third caste among the Hindus, comprehending merchants, traders, and cultivators.

Vá-keel, an ambassador, agent, or attorney.

Ved, or *Ve-da*, science, knowledge; the sacred books of the Brahminical Hindus, four in number, Itig, Saana, Yajur, and Atharvan.

Ve-dan-ta, a summary and exposition of the Veda.

Ve-ran-da, a portico.

Viss, a Burman weight of 3 and 3-5ths of a pound. This is the English name; the Burmans call it *piak-tha*.

W.

Wat, a Siamese term for a sacred place, within which are pagodas, monasteries, idols, tanks, &c.

Wee, a Karen wizard or juggler, less respected than a Boo-khoo.

Woon-dook, a Burman officer, next below a woongyee.

Woon-gyee, a Burman minister of state.

Y.

Yes-a-thal, a written collection of Burman law decisions.

Yo-gee (same as *Jogee*), a Hindu devotee.

Yóng, or *Rhoom*, a Burman court-house, or hall of justice.

Yay-at, a Burman caravanserai, or public-house, where travellers repose, and meetings are held.

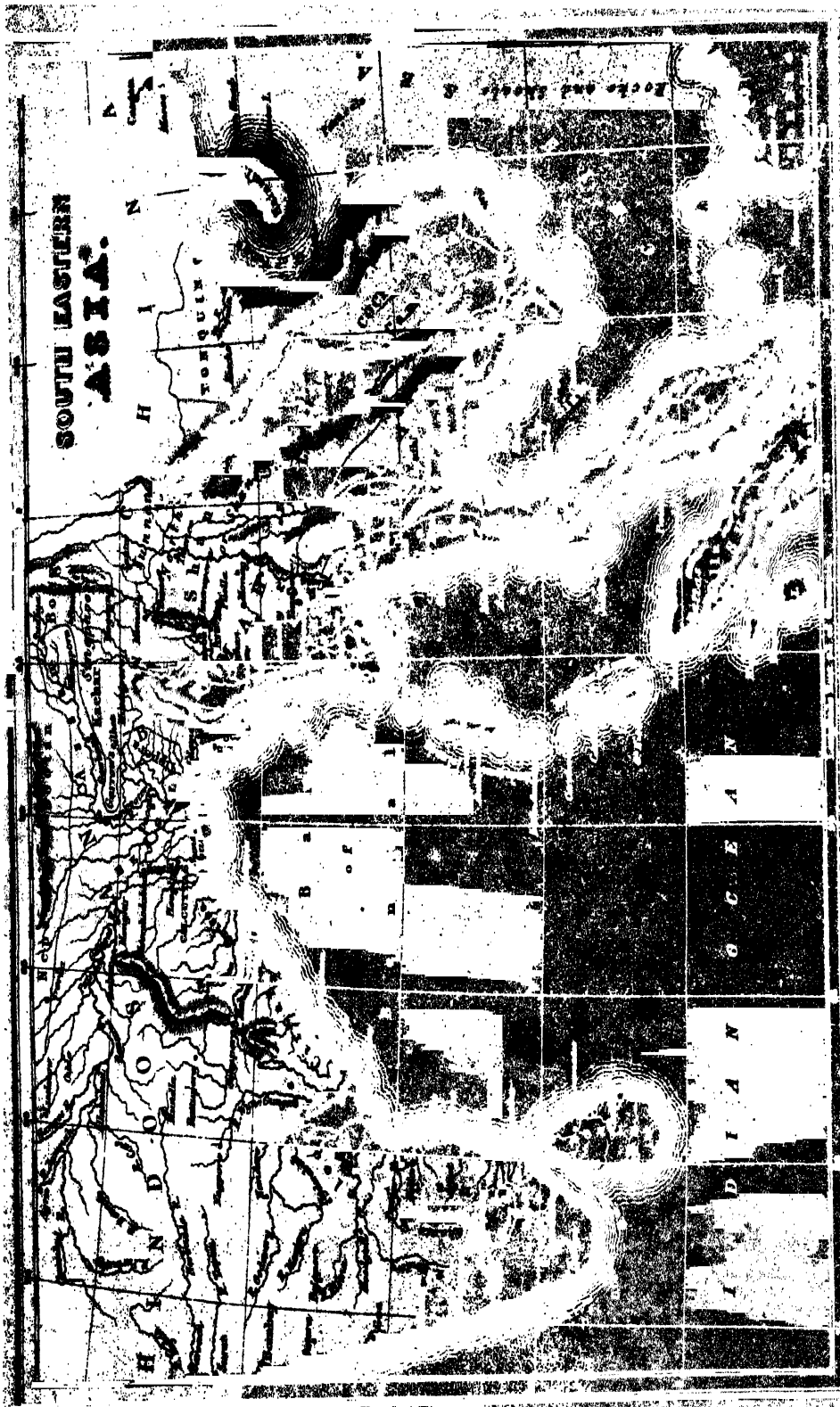
Zem-in-dar, a great renter of land from government, who undertakes to tenants, who again let to others. He is a trader in produce on a large scale. The zemindar system prevails in many parts of British India, but is a system exceedingly burdensome to the peasantry.

Zem-in-dar, a great landholder. (Hindu.)

Zem-in-dar-y, an estate belonging to or under the jurisdiction of a zemindar.

Zil-lah, a large district.

END OF MALCOM'S TRAVELS IN CHINA AND HINDUSTAN.



Edinburgh, W & R Chambers.

TRAVELS

IN THE

BURMAN EMPIRE

BY HOWARD MALCOM.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A MAP OF SOUTH-EASTERN ASIA,
AND WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

EDINBURGH:

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NOTICE BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE present work, *Travels in BURMAH, or Burman Empire*, forms the first section of the author's "*Travels in South-Eastern Asia*," published in 1833, in Boston, United States, and is followed by the second, which comprehends *HINDUSTAN, MALAYA, SIAM, and CHINA*. As the two are quite distinct, it has been considered advisable to separate them, for the accommodation of the class of purchasers for whom the present edition is designed.

The author, who was engaged in the philanthropic object of exploring new fields of missionary enterprise, prefixes the following preface (dated "Boston, February 1833,") to the original edition:—

"The only aim of the following pages is utility. Had a place been sought among admired travellers, I should have given more descriptions, incidents, and delineations of private character, and fewer facts, opinions, and reflections; which would at once have saved labour, and rendered me less vulnerable.

Honest intentions, diligent inquiries, and fortunate opportunities, will not secure a traveller from errors, even in Europe or America, where in every place we meet persons of veracity, and free to impart information. In the East, the case is much worse. The foreigner, dreaded for his power, and abhorred for his religion, excites both civil and religious jealousy. His manners often displease, by the omission of forms of which he may be ignorant, or to which he cannot succumb. He is met with taciturnity, or wilful misrepresentation; and if he escape these, he will generally encounter ignorance. If he be so happy as to find both intelligence and communicativeness, the want of books, maps, charts, and statistics, renders the information of natives merely local, and often conflicting. Added to all, his interpreter may be unskilful. If he depends upon resident foreigners, their arrival may have been recent, or their opportunities small, or their inquiries negligent, or the statements of one may be flatly contradicted by those of another. All these embarrassments have met me by turns, so that frequently, after laborious and continued inquiries, I have been compelled to lay aside the whole mass of notes, in the utter inability to decide whom to believe. I preferred silence, and apparent deficiency, to questionable statements.

My advantages have, nevertheless, been great. I was sent out, as the deputy and representative of one of the great American Missionary Societies, to examine into, and with the missionaries adjust, many points not easily settled by-correspondence; to compare the various modes of operation in different missions; to survey the field; to compare the claims of proposed new stations; to comfort, encourage, and strengthen the missionaries in their arduous work; and to gather details on every point where the board lacked information. Such a mission gave me confidence, in the eyes of all classes, wherever I went, and toleration in making investigations, which might otherwise have been deemed impertinent. The time spent at each place was sufficient for deliberate inquiries, from various sources. In most places I found missionaries and civilians, who had lived long on the spot, and who gave me the fruits of mature and extended observations. My interpreters were in general not only thoroughly conversant with the language, but in the habit of familiar intercourse with the people, and possessing their confidence. Before leaving a place, I generally submitted my notes to several persons for a careful revision. If, therefore, I should be convicted of errors, they are such as the best informed persons on the spot have fallen into, and as my reader would have imbibed, had he been in my place.

In every part of the work I have studiously sought brevity, lest, by diminishing its circulation, my great object should be defeated. Voluminous communications in relation to my official doings,

inquiries, and conclusions, are in possession of the board, which will not be withheld from the examination of proper applicants.

Conversations with heathen, converted and unconverted, often deeply interesting, are omitted, because they occur so abundantly in the printed communications of missionaries. Descriptions, adventures, and scenery, as well as geographical, commercial, and political memoranda, are inserted only so far as comported with the precise object in view. To have abstained wholly from such observations, would have been to withhold facts necessary to a proper knowledge of the countries to which our friends extend their benevolence; besides which, many of the friends of missions have access to but few books; and some will be indebted to these pages for most of their information on the subjects which are introduced.

All works on the East differ from each other in the orthography of names, and few are even consistent with themselves. Some seem to take pride in a new orthography of old terms; and no two have the same system as to new ones. This difficulty cannot be surmounted, till some mode of Romanising foreign languages becomes universal. Words which have acquired an established spelling, I have so given. Others are written as directed by some one skilled in that particular language. When no aid was at hand, they are given just as they sounded to my ears, from the lips of the natives.

Every one is embarrassed, in reading works on India, by meeting terms not found either in dictionaries or encyclopædias. An explanation given in the margin, when the term first occurs, cannot be always recollected, and the note is not easily found again. To avoid this disadvantage, I have thrown together the necessary explanations in a glossary. Some terms not used by me, but often occurring in Oriental works, are added, to make it more useful.

Deeming it indispensable that a book of travels, in a region so unknown, should contain numerous pictorial illustrations, I applied myself from the beginning to making sketches at every opportunity. A number of these are inserted, and constitute an entirely new contribution to our stock of Oriental pictures.

The map has been constructed with great care. On arriving in India, an outline was drawn on a very large scale; and as local surveys or narratives of recent journeys came to hand, corrections were continually made. My own tours and conversations with missionaries, and other gentlemen, furnished more. At the surveyor-general's office in Calcutta, I was allowed an inspection of various recent unpublished maps and charts of Farther India. The omission of unimportant towns, and uncertain rivers and mountains, makes some parts of it look meagre; but confusion is thus avoided without diminishing the amount of general information.*

It would be a grateful task to acknowledge the kindnesses which were multiplied upon me in every place. But such matters belong to the sacred recollections of private history. To publish them all would require constant repetitions, in which the reader could take no interest; and to name a part, would be doing injustice to the rest. Suffice it to say, that I was every where most affectionately and respectfully received, for my work's sake. Never had a man kinder homes when far from his own, not only among missionaries, but with private, civil, and military gentlemen.

May He who blessed the enterprise, and bore me safely through, bless the publication!"

* In the present (People's) edition, a map of less dimensions, but including the principal places, has been given; and it has only been found possible to present a selection of pictorial illustrations, consistently with the low price which the publishers keep in view in this series of reprints.

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TRAVELS

IN

BURMAH, CHITTAGONG, AND ARRACAN.

CHAPTER I.

Departure. Employments. Illness. Comet. Company. Preach on deck. Squall. Magellan Clouds. Send Letters. Trade-Winds. Another Illness. Tristan d'Acunha. Portuguese Men-of-War. Ship Tigris for Ceylon. Encounter between a Whale and a Thrasher. "Doubling Cape of Good Hope." Day of Fasting. Enormous Shark. Nicobar Islands. First Sight of Idolators. Kedgeree. Heavy Dew. Andaman Islands.

How cordial and comprehensive are the sympathies of true religion! Who saw that the Louvre, with her eleven ordained ministers, about to spread her canvass, could fail to contrast the scene with ordinary shipping operations? Over all the wharf is one dense mass of grave and silent spectators, while the decks and rigging of the adjacent ships are filled with younger, but not less intent, observers. No sound interrupts the ascending prayer. The full harmony of a thousand voices wafts to heaven the touching hymn. Countless hands, thrust towards the narrow passway, seek the last token of recognition. Even the aged, unaccustomed to tears, weep, not from bitterness, but in exuberance of love.

But here are none of the customary inducements to convene a crowd. A ship sailing with passengers is no novelty. One of the number was, indeed, the pastor of a large and most affectionate congregation; but with the others, in general, the multitude had no acquaintance. Personal attachments, therefore, had not assembled the people. There was, in fact, nothing in the scene which could call forth a general interest, but its religious character. The regular packet, crowded with passengers, leaves our shores, while only here and there a group of personal friends look on with interest. The merchantman unfurls his sails, but his destination and objects are not regarded. But the missionary!—he awakens the sympathy of every believer. Stranger though he be, all press to grasp his hand, and, when gone, all intercede for him with God. Even denominational preferences are forgotten, and every sect mingles in the throng, exulting in a common joy.

But all this is a mere fraction of the fruits of Christian charity. The same expansive benevolence embraces the unseen, unknown heathen. Intense interest for those sends forth these self-denying ones, and draws from Christians at home the requisite funds. The world is the field over which the eye of the Christian wanders, and for all of which he will labour and pray while he has being. Oh blessed gospel, which thus makes man the friend of man, and excites in the heart all that is pure, joyous, and benevolent!

Never did a ship leave Boston harbour more nobly. A fine wind, and favouring tide, bore us on so rapidly as scarcely to leave us time to gaze one lingering farewell to the faint outlines of the great and beautiful city. In two hours the pilot left us, bearing brief notes of affectionate remembrance to friends behind. Soon we found ourselves in the midst of scores of beautiful schooners, engaged in mackerel fishing. So thickly did they lie along the horizon, as to resemble streets of stately white houses. Even these, at length, sank into the dim distance, and we dashed on till night closed in, and the breeze hushed itself to rest.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 23, 1835. Light winds and a smooth

sea gave us a night of quiet repose; but as the sun rose cloudless out of the sea, the wind freshened on our quarter, and amid an array of studding-sails we made fine progress. Most of the passengers, alas! feel no relief for the noble sight of ocean, and the rapid plunging of our gallant ship. Sea-sickness, that most dispiriting of all maladies, oppresses them. Mr Sutton and myself, however, being inured to the unnatural motion, are so far exempt as to be able to act the part of nurses. Between attending the sick, and making fast the baggage, I found ample employment for the day.

My heart fills with tender and grateful emotions, as I arrange the various gifts of friendship and regard which almost fill my state-room. Nothing that experience could dictate, or imagination suggest, as requisite for my comfort, seems wanting. My sweet but oppressive emotions find relief only in pouring out before God fervent thanks, and imploring him to remember his promise, that a cup of cold water given to a disciple because he is a disciple, shall not lose its reward.

24.—The wind has continued favourable, and we are already advanced on our way nearly 500 miles. The skylight in my state-room proves sufficient. The round-house (so called) on deck, is an invaluable comfort, and will be especially so in rainy weather. In the evening, such as were well enough commenced family worship in the cabin.

SUNDAY, 27.—Still fine and favouring breezes. The awning being extended, and seats arranged, brother Sutton preached this morning an appropriate and interesting discourse. Most of the passengers able to attend. As many were singers, I led the psalmody with my flute, and we raised hosannas, not unacceptable, we trust, even to the ear of God. Four of the crew attended. Our entire company then resolved themselves into a Bible-class, to meet every Lord's day afternoon at half past three, and requested me to take charge of it. We selected the "Acts of the Apostles," as most appropriate to missionary work. Till the arrival of the appointed hour, on every side were seen the brethren and sisters, busy with Doddridge, Henry, Scott, Barnes, Adam Clarke, &c. &c. Each recitation will embrace a chapter, and occupy from one to two hours.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10.—Amid the numerous discomforts of a long sea voyage, one is thrown upon his own resources both for improvement and pleasure. But the mind accustomed to view with intelligent and devout contemplation the works of God, can seldom be without materials for lofty and purifying thought. And surely the wide ocean and wider sky present a rich field for the expiation of our noblest thoughts. Pacing the deck, or leaning against the bulwarks, towards setting sun, it would seem as though the most gross and thoughtless mind must rise, and expand, and feel delight. Far and near rolls "old ocean." Before Jehovah spread out the fairer scenery of the dry land, these restless billows swelled and sparkled beneath the new-made firmament. Thousand of years their wide expanse remained a trackless waste,

"Unconquerable, unrepined, untired,
And rolled the wild, profound, eternal base
In nature's anthem."

The storm then found no daring mariner to brave its fury, and the gentle breeze no repose on the fair canvass of the lordly ship. Age after age, the fowls of heaven and the tenants of the deep held undisputed empire. But now, every ocean is added to the dominion of man. He captures its rulers, he makes its surges his highway, and so dexterously adjusts his spreading canvasses, as to proceed, in the very face of its winds, to his desired haven. But oh! how many have found in these same billows a grave! How many a gallant ship has "sunk like lead in the mighty waters," where beauty and vigour, wealth and venerableness, learning and piety, find undistinguished graves! To these lone deserts of pure waters man pursues his brother with murderous intent—the silence is broken by thundering cannon—the billows bear away the stain of gore, and all that storm ever swallowed up have been out-numbered by the victims of a battle. Oh war! when will thy horrid banner be for ever furled!

Reflection, following the chasing waves, passes on to the shores they lave, and there looks over nations, and beholds men in their manners, customs, follies, and crimes, their loves and hates, their joys and sorrows, their enthusiastic pursuit of wealth, and amazing disregard of Heaven. How interminable and salutary are the thoughts thou inspirest, ocean! whether we regard thy age, thy beauties, thy wrath, thy silence, thy treasures, thy services to man, thy praise to God, or the scenes which have been acted on thy surface!

But while we thus muse and speculate, the glories of sunset fade into sober grey, the billows take a deeper tinge, stars multiply, and soon we stand beneath a firmament glowing with ten thousand fires. Here are vaster, sublimer, fields for thought.

"Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touched."

How ennobling and purifying is the study of astronomy! How delicious the Christian's hope of soon roaming among these works of infinite wisdom and power, ever learning, adoring, rejoicing, improving; ever becoming more full of God, and of glory, and of joy!

I ought to mention, that on the 28th September we had a meeting to agree upon some general measures for the profitable employment of our time. It was unanimously agreed, that in addition to our daily family worship, prayer-meetings should be held every Sunday and Wednesday evenings; that the brethren officiate alphabetically at public worship on deck, and in asking a blessing during one day at table; that the monthly concert of prayer be held at the same hour as the other evening meetings; that I should deliver on Thursday evenings a course of lectures on missions, missionary measures, and missionary fields; and that brother Sutton should deliver occasional lectures on modern mythology and the state of the heathen.

12.—Head-winds, the past three or four days, have kept us pitching sharply, and put all our invalids again on the sick-list. To-day we have a fair wind, which has already smoothed the sea, and our friends are better. We are within twelve or thirteen degrees of the Cape Verdes, but expect to go much nearer, though not probably in sight.

SUNDAY, OCT. 18.—Crossed the tropic of Cancer. Not being able to command voice enough to preach on deck, I attempted it this evening, by general request, in the cabin. Other brethren performed all the devotional exercises, but my throat suffered considerably. It is remarkable that we have not yet met the north-east trade-wind, which prevails generally as high as 25°. But He who sent us will give us such speed as pleases him.

23.—Have been confined to my bed with an attack of the bowels, which on Monday laid a severe hold upon me. Am now about, but able to eat nothing but a oatmeal gruel. The tender care and sympathy of my friends, and still more of the sisters, is very sweet.

What a blessed home would this world be, if Christian love pervaded every bosom! It is exceedingly gratifying that harmony and kind feeling prevail among all our passengers, though so different in temper, age, and previous pursuits, and comprising, as we do, four distinct denominations.

Sailing for the last two days along the coast of Africa, it is impossible to avoid frequent thoughts of that devoted land. How deep the darkness which covers it! How few the points where Christianity kindles her fire! How wretched, even in temporal things, its thronging millions, and how utterly secluded from the improvements of the age! Yet the word of the Lord once resounded along these shores, and triumphed over the vast interior. African philosophers, ministers, and generals, came not behind the greatest of their time. Why, and how, the dreadful change! "Verily, there is a God that ruleth in the earth!"

Yesterday we caught the first faint zephyrs of the north-east trade-wind, and to-day it has increased to its regular velocity; that is, we go at six or seven miles an hour. We are all glad, and, I trust, thankful.

SATURDAY, 24.—Have been deeply interested to-night in observing the comet, which cloudy nights have hitherto kept invisible. Here we are, calmly gazing at the identical thing, which, by its amazing brilliancy, spread such universal panic in 1456. All Europe seemed to believe that the day of judgment was at hand. The pope (Calixtus III.) partook of the alarm. Ordering all church bells to be rung every day at noon (a practice which has since widely prevailed), he required all good Christians to say the "Ave Maria" thrice a-day, with this addition—"Save us from the Turk, the Devil, and the Comet." He went farther, and had the comet, in regular form, excommunicated every day! But the patient luminary filled the coffers of its ghostly anathematisers. Incalculable treasures were poured into the hand of priests from the guilty and the affrighted; and the vilified comet, "holding on the even tenor of his way," passed out of sight. It has appeared every seventy-five years since that time (though with diminished brightness), and science, the handmaid of religion, has now made it an object of calm calculation and ennobled piety.

We have for some days had a continual temperature of about 80°. With an awning over the deck, and our thinnest clothes, we keep comfortable on deck, though hardly so below.

27.—Am nearly well, though not yet able to partake of common food. Thanks to my gracious Lord, past sufferings have not been so utterly unimproved, as to permit me now to be either terrified or querulous under the endurance of evil, so called. I feel that repeated afflictions come not as lightnings on the scathed tree, blasting it yet more, but as the strokes of the sculptor on the marble block, forming it to the image of life and loveliness. Let but the divine presence be felt, and no lot is hard. Let me but see his hand, and no event is unwelcome.

FRIDAY, 30.—The monotony of a calm (for the trade-wind has already failed us) has been agreeably relieved yesterday and to-day by the neighbourhood of two ships, much larger than our own—one English, the other American. The English ship (the *John Barry*, of London) has 260 convicts for Sydney, in New South Wales. They swarmed on the whole deck, and in the rigging, while men under arms stood sentry over them. There were probably some troops also on board, as there were several officers on the quarter-deck, and a fine band of music. This was politely mustered yesterday, when we were as near as we could safely sail, and played for an hour or two very delightfully. As the music swelled and died away in leaving and exquisite cadences, now gay, now plaintive, and now rising into—
it not only refreshed, and soothed, and exhilarated, but awakened trains of not unprofitable thought. They belonged to our father-land; they came from the noblest nation earth ever saw; they were but lately arrayed against us in horrid war; they bore to a distant home

a motley crew of refined and vulgar, educated and ignorant, now reduced by sin to common convicts and exiles. And was God acknowledged among them? Did any of them go to him in their distresses? Would they in exile finish an inglorious life, and meet the second death? Or, will some faithful preacher find them there, under whose admonitions they may recover earthly honour and find eternal life! Oh that their native land may long remain the pillar of freedom, the source of noble missionary endeavour; that her stupendous navy may rot in peace; that this ship may have souls born to God among her crew; and that the convict colony may soon be a part of Christ's precious church!

The American ship was the *Canada*, of New York, Captain Hicks, a noble ship, whose sailing greatly surpasses ours. We went on board, and spent half an hour very pleasantly.

MONDAY, NOV. 2.—A perfect calm yesterday enabled me to preach on deck. Every person on board was present, except the man at the wheel, and one sick in the fore-castle. Our national flag wrapped round the capstan made a romantic pulpit; while another, extended across the ship just behind my back, from the awning to the deck, made us a beautiful tabernacle, and gave a charming aspect of compactness and sociability to our little convocation. Oh that God would bless the endeavour to the souls of our unconverted fellow-voyagers! We often converse with the men individually; but though they receive remarks with kindness, and seem to possess many good qualities, I perceive no particular anxiety on the subject of religion resting on the mind of any of them. The brethren and sisters seem truly prayerful for their conversion. This was peculiarly manifest this evening at our monthly concert of prayer, and is shown at all our social meetings. I visit the sick sailor frequently, and carry him little delicacies, but his extreme sufferings are as yet fruitless of spiritual good.

THURSDAY, 5.—Reached the south-east trade-wind, and are going gaily with a steady breeze at the rate of seven miles an hour. Those who have not been to sea can scarcely realise the exhilaration of spirit produced by a strong favouring wind, after wearisome delays. We had scarcely made any advance for ten days, and were almost weary of delay. When we had wind, it was in severe squalls, accompanied with heavy showers. The majesty of a few sharp squalls, however, repays one for the danger they may involve, and tempts the timid passenger to brave the wind and a wetting for the pleasure of the sight. Every sluggish sailor is converted instantly into a hero. Every order is obeyed on the run. The lofty display of canvass which had been flapping against the masts, is rapidly reduced as the threatening cloud draws on. Regardless of the huge drops which now begin to descend, the captain stands at the weather bulwark, peering through half-closed lids into the gathering gloom. Fitful gusts herald the approaching gale. More canvass is taken in, the waves are lashed to foam, the wind howls through the rigging, the bulk-heads creak and strain, the ship careens to the water's edge, and the huge spray springs over the weather bow; then comes the rain in torrents, the main-sail is furled, the spanker brailed up, and the man at the wheel is charged to "mind his weather helm." Soon the whole force of the blast is upon us. "Hard up!" roars the captain. "Hard up, sir!" responds the watchful helmsman. The noble thing turns her back to the tremendous uproar, and away we scud, conscious of safety and thrilling with emotions of sublimity.

The rush is over. The dripping seamen expand again the venturous canvass, the decks are swabbed, the tropical sun comes out gloriously, we pair ourselves to promenade, and evening smiles from golden clouds that speak of day-gladdened realms beyond. And now the rolling billows, disrobed of their foaming glitter, quiet themselves for the repose of night, while the blessed moon beams mildly from mid-heaven.

"Thou art, oh God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are thine."

FRIDAY, NOV. 6.—Just before sunset crossed the equator, in longitude 28° W., forty-five days from Boston; having sailed by log 4640 miles. Among the improvements of recent years is the abrogation in most ships of the absurd and inhuman practices which used to prevail at this point of a voyage, in regard to such as crossed the line for the first time. Strange that a custom so barbarous should ever have existed, more strange that it still is tolerated by some captains, and almost incredible that Christian missionaries and venerable fathers in the church should not be exempt. But two or three years since, two young missionaries from England to India were subjected to its full rigour, and even Tyerman and Bennett did not wholly escape. Alas! how many proofs there are of our slowness to learn to love our neighbour as ourselves. Our captain permitted nothing of the sort, and remarked that the sight of these inflictions early determined him, that if ever he became master of a vessel, he would utterly forbid them.

Numerous birds, but of what species I cannot learn, have been around us for several days. Sometimes we are surrounded by them in flocks of several kinds, generally very large. The fine brisk trade-wind we now enjoy, imparts a delightful coolness to the air on deck, though it is difficult to be comfortable below. Thermometer 79° to 83°.

9.—For some days we have been indulged with aquatic novelties, which serve to vary our monotony, and create topics for our many journalisers. Black-fish, bonetas, flying-fish, dolphins, porpoises, gulls, &c., summon our new voyagers to the side, and excite no little interest. These are so abundantly described in elementary books, that no description of them need be given here. We found the dolphin very good eating, white, dry, and resembling the pike, or pickerel, in taste. The descriptions of the flying-fish which I have read are not correct in stating that they have no power really to fly, but only spring from the water, and, guiding themselves with their huge pectoral fins, keep up a little while, in the direction of the wind. We often see them actually flying, and skimming up and down, accommodating themselves to the waves, and going sixty or seventy yards at a time, but generally in a direction from the ship, which they seem to think is some enemy. Poor things! they lead a precarious life; for many, both of the watery and feathered tribes, make them a constant prey.

Last evening caught a booby (*pelicanus sula*), and to-day I succeeded in getting a Mother Carey's chicken, or stormy petrel (*procellaria pelagica*), by trailing a thread in which its wings became entangled. The booby sat doggedly on the mizzen royal yard, and, as the mate approached him, kept edging off till he got to the very end of the spar, but would not fly, and suffered himself to be caught. As they will bite severely when attacked, he was suddenly seized by the neck and brought below. He has remained on deck all day, without attempting to fly, and looking as stupid as possible. The stormy petrel is about the size of a small robin; dark brown, with a broad circle of white at the root of the tail; black, hooked bill; long, slender legs; and ample, webbed feet. Fond of the bits of grease, &c., thrown over in the slops, they follow us often whole days, and in large numbers. Notwithstanding the scorn with which the proposal was received, I had the petrel broiled, together with slices from the breast of the booby. They were both pronounced excellent by all who could be prevailed upon to taste them. As the plumage of both birds was in fine order, I preserved and stuffed their skins.

NOV. 11.—Saw this evening the Magellan. Instead of being always at the water's edge, as Colonel

Symmes affirmed, they stand high in the heavens, and will be almost vertical as we pass round the Cape. We can perceive but two, both bright; but it is said there is a third one, dark. Those we see are oval, about the size of a cart-wheel to the eye, and exactly resembling the milky way. It is supposed by astronomers that they consist of just such a collection of stars as form that beautiful pathway across the heavens. The present residence of the younger Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, with his stupendous instruments, will doubtless furnish the learned world with some new and important facts in regard to these famous "clouds."

The clearness of the atmosphere in this region is very striking. So pure is the air, that the stars shine with a glory not inferior to that of our most resplendent northern nights. In one respect, they transcend even those, viz., the visibility of stars down almost to the very horizon. Shooting-stars are numerous, and of great apparent size. Delicious weather, smooth water, and fine winds, make up the monotonous but attractive scenery of our evenings.

"— Such beauty, varying in the light
Of gorgeous nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
But is the property of those alone
Who have beheld it, noted it with care,
And in their minds recorded it with love."

The comet has become more glorious, and its train is visible to the naked eye, stretching upwards, almost a fourth part to the zenith. Seen through the ship's glass, it is half the size of the moon, and of a dazzling brightness, resembling Jupiter. It appears low in the west, and sets about half past nine.

THURSDAY, 12.—Had the great pleasure, to-day, of sending letters directly to Boston, by the ship *Susan*, Captain Jennings, from Rio Janeiro. Judging by appearances that she was an American vessel, and bound for the United States, we checked our way to meet her, and finding our hopes confirmed, asked the captain to heaven to, and take letters, which he readily did. I had seven nearly finished, and, among us all, made up more than sixty, which will gladden our friends, by assuring them that we are, so far, all well. Such opportunities are very rare at sea, and we feel grateful that our friends will thus be able to hear from us seven or eight months before they could from Calcutta.

We are now in south latitude $15^{\circ} 34'$, and west longitude $32^{\circ} 20'$, going seven miles (or knots) an hour, day and night, fanned and forwarded by the invaluable trade-wind. There are on the globe two trade-winds; one north of the equator, for ever blowing from the north-east, and the other south of the equator, and blowing always from the south-east. They extend about 28 degrees each side of the equator, but advance and recede several degrees according as the sun is north or south of the line. They blow with sufficient force to propel a vessel generally about seven miles an hour, and with such uniformity, that for many days a ship scarcely alters a rope; and are attended with delightful weather. They extend quite round the globe, except where the action of the sun on masses of land, or high islands, obstructs it for a limited space. They are generally attributed to the rarefaction of the air, under the path of the sun, causing an influx from towards the poles. The wind thus created is drawn westward by the combined action of the sun in its path, and the rapid rotatory motion of the earth. The north-east trade-wind stops short of reaching the equator by several degrees, and is less regular and strong, which is attributed to the great contraction of the Atlantic between Africa and Brazil, and to the greater quantity of land in the northern hemisphere, producing an amount of rarefaction which allows less cold air for the supply of the

At the West Indies, the large scope of ocean eastward gives uniformity to the trade-wind; and hence the term "Windward Islands." Whatever

may be the second causes of these great and perpetual phenomena, we certainly owe the great *First Cause* unspeakable thanks; for they impart most important benefits.

NOVEMBER 19.—Another severe shaking of my clay house has been reminding me again of the Master's warning, "Behold, I come as a thief!" An attack of cholera on Monday, reduced me in a few hours to extremity. It was more violent than most previous attacks, but yielded sooner. Precious days, however, have these been. What fresh and endearing benefits do sicknesses impart! No height of worldly honour, or richness of bodily enjoyment, would induce me to part with the salutary lessons derived from even one of these attacks.

We have now probably bid farewell, for the present, to warm weather, being in latitude 50° . Thick clothes are in requisition, and the thermometer ranges from 60° to 65° . It will probably remain cold with us for five or six weeks, perhaps more. We had the pleasure to-day, for the first time, of seeing Cape pigeons, and that kind of aquatic birds, the albatross (*diomedea exulans*). These, with gannets, molly mawks, boobies, pintadoes, and other birds for which those on board have no name, are almost constantly round the ship.

SATURDAY, 21.—Well enough to be on deck and enjoy the calm and delicious vernal sun. The present season in this latitude nearly corresponds with our May at home. At evening, after watching a gorgeous sunset, I was sitting in the round-house to avoid the dew, when cries of admiration called me out; and there was Venus, queen of all stars, gradually descending into ocean, unobscured by mist or cloud! Nothing could be more beautiful. It gave a strong proof of the exceeding purity of these skies.

THURSDAY, 26.—Feasted our eyes with the sight of "land," which for sixty-five days we have not done. But imagination had to spread the banquet; for few of us would have suspected that we saw land, had we not been told so. The dim, cloud-looking crags of Tristan d'Acunha showed their questionable outline amid fogs and rolling mists, for about an hour, and then left us to spend another sixty-five days, or more, before we again see aught but sky and water. This lonely spot is occupied by but a single family of fifteen or twenty persons.

"Cape weather" is now upon us—foggy, damp, and cold, but with a noble westerly gale, driving us on magnificently. Our promenades on deck are suspended; but the cool weather enables us to sit in our state-rooms, and the privilege of unrestricted retirement makes amends for the absence of many others.

SATURDAY, 28.—Succeeded, this morning, in harpooning a porpoise (*delphinus phocaena*), and getting it on board. It measured seven feet in length, and more than three feet in girth; of a pure white under the belly, and rich lead colour on the back; with large fins on each side, near the head; and the nose long and pointed, not unlike that of a hog. This latter feature is no doubt the reason why in French, Italian, and German, the creature is called "*hog-fish*." The spout-hole is not on the crown of the head, as is said in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, but quite forward of the brain, on the snout, and divided, by a septum of solid bone, into two oval apertures, each capable of admitting a finger with ease. The harpoon entered its heart, so that it never moved after being brought on deck. Its blubber (that is, the coat of fat lying under the skin) was stripped off for lamp-oil, and the carcass hung up for food. The kidneys exactly resembled a pint of small grapes enclosed in a thin, transparent pellicle. The rapidity with which these creatures swim is astonishing. Instead of tumbling and rolling lazily, as in smooth weather, they seem to gather spirits with a breeze, playing back and forward across the bows, though the ship is going eight or ten miles an hour. Their movements indicate perfect ease and gaiety, and not unfrequently they leap wholly out of the water.

We had scarcely done with the porpoise, when "a sail" was announced. We soon came near enough to

* Author of the theory that the interior of the earth is hollow and inhabited.

perceive that she had a whale alongside, from which they were hoisting the last sheets of blubber, and soon after cut adrift the carcass. It floated by us at a little distance, covered with huge and ravenous birds pulling it to pieces, while a multitude of smaller ones swam around, picking up the scattered fragments. We soon spoke the ship, and found her to be the *Samuel Robertson* of New Bedford, out ninety days. The captain politely offered to send a boat if any of us wished to gratify our curiosity, and several of the gentlemen gladly availed themselves of the opportunity. They found her a "temperance ship," in fine order; and after spending half an hour, and leaving some tracts, newspapers, &c., returned with a present of two fine albatrosses, measuring eleven feet across the wings. Unaccustomed to injury from man, they seemed nowise affrighted, and sat quietly on deck. Their long wings and short legs render it impossible for them to rise in flight from a flat, solid surface. When provoked, they snapped violently at the person, uttering a shrill, loud sound, not unlike the braying of a mule. They cannot stand up on their feet a minute, but continue squatting as on the water. In walking, their awkwardness is really ludicrous, while their enormous palmated foot comes down each time with a heavy slap. Though the largest of all aquatic birds, they fly with great ease, seldom moving the wing; now skimming gracefully along the surface of the water, adroitly conforming to its undulations, and now soaring aloft like an eagle. They are continually seen in this region, hundreds of miles from land, and at night repose at pleasure on the surface of the deep. They prey upon flying fish, spawn, molluscs, dead carcasses, &c., and are generally in good condition.

SUNDAY, 29.—For an entire week we have gone six or seven miles an hour, day and night, on our exact course, enjoying mild weather, but with excessive dews. This morning, at sunrise, the wind lulled to a three-knot breeze, and has continued so all day, giving us a fine opportunity for worship. It is remarkable, that as yet every Sabbath but one has been calm, and pleasant enough for service on deck.

An uncommon scene has been before us all day. From daylight till dark we have been sailing through vast multitudes of the "Portuguese man-of-war," (*holothuria physalis*), though we have gone forty miles. They extended on every side as far as the eye could reach, varying in size from that of the palm of the hand to that of a finger nail, and close enough to average, probably, one to every two cubic feet. We readily caught some in a basket. They are elliptical in shape, about as thick as common pasteboard, with a sail of the same thickness, extending diagonally from one end to the other. This position of their sail makes them always seem to be sailing "on a wind," and not directly before it. Beneath is a cavity, corresponding to the base of the sail. The interior of this is filled with small short tubes, like mouths, and from the edge of it hang numerous long tentacles, like roots. The sail is white, and the body, or horizontal part, of a beautiful silvery lead colour, inclining to a deep blue at the circumference, and taking on an edge tint of rose, after it has been kept some time in a glass. It has neither bones nor shell. The sailors consider it poisonous to the touch; but I handled them (cautiously at first, of course) without any ill effect.

Our Bible-class continues exceedingly interesting, and generally holds nearer two hours than one. It costs me, however, more effort than I anticipated. The questions asked by such a class are not of ready solution. All take a deep interest in it, and prepare themselves by study. We use no text-book.

TUESDAY, DEC. 1.—Last evening, a sail was descried directly astern, which, by three o'clock this morning, proved to be the *Tigris*, from London to Ceylon. They passed ahead; but the wind dying away, they after breakfast put off a boat, and the captain (Stephens), Colonel Macpherson, of the Ceylon regiment, a surgeon, and several young officers, came on board. Learning

from them that the Rev. Mr Hardy and wife, Wesleyan missionaries to Ceylon, were on board, Mr Sutton and myself, with two or three of the brethren, went to him, and had a pleasant interview. On returning, we found our captain had rigged my arm-chair with nice tackle, to the yard-arm, and was prepared to give the ladies an excursion. The two boats took them all, and they remained an hour with the ladies in the *Tigris*, during which a genteel repast was served to them. Our first visitors remained with us, and took lunch. From Colonel Macpherson, who had served in the Burman war, I learned a few particulars respecting that people, and also the Shyans, for whom I feel deeply interested.

During the absence of the ladies, we observed an encounter between a humpbacked whale and a thrasher. The whale seemed greatly provoked, floundering, and blowing with violence, while the thrasher adroitly evaded the stroke of his flukes, sometimes by leaping entirely out of the water. Presently after these combatants disappeared, four or five other whales were seen rolling and playing within one hundred yards of the ship, their backs rising five or six feet out of the water, while, ever and anon, as they descended, their broad tails rose high into view. Towards evening, a breeze sprang up, the *Tigris* passed on, and we parted company with the regret of severed neighbours.

25.—In latitude 37° 30', longitude 70° east. Never had ship a finer run than ours since we left the equator. We got up to latitude 35° on the 23d ult., being then in longitude 23° west. We have thus run ninety-three degrees of longitude in thirty-three days, and have passed the Cape without the semblance of a storm. It being nearly midsummer here, we have had mild though damp weather, the thermometer never sinking below 50°.

I had no conception that "doubling the Cape of Good Hope" meant passing near the coast of South America to a higher latitude than the Cape, and then proceeding as near as possible in a straight line six thousand miles eastward, before we turn northward again; in the mean time not coming within one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles of the Cape. But such is the course rendered necessary by the trade-winds. Persons embarking for India at any time except from about the first of October to the first of January, ought to be provided with flannels for five or six weeks' use.

Having found the flesh of our porpoise exceedingly delicate, we have sought every opportunity to harpoon another, but without success, till yesterday, when we welcomed one on deck. All agree that they never ate more delicious meat than this is, after it has been kept a day or two. It has no resemblance to fish in appearance or taste; but when cooked, is of a dark colour like venison, and eats like the tenderest beef. The liver is very fine. This porpoise was instantly recognised as of a different species from the other, though of the kind usually caught in this region. It had a strong, thick, colter-shaped fin on the back. The light colour of the belly was diffused over the back towards the tail. The other, which the sailors called Cape Horn porpoise, had no fin on the back, and was of an uniform dark colour the whole length of the back. The captain assures us that the porpoises which tumble about in our bays are quite equal to these for food. It is a pity, in this case, that they are not brought to market. Being easily taken, they would form at once a cheap and delicious food, besides the advantage of the oil. Perhaps they are not kept sufficiently long to become tender.

JANUARY 1, 1836.—Our fine run continues. For fifty-four days past our progress has averaged 172 miles a-day, which is seventy miles more than the average of the first forty-five days. We now see no albatrosses, and few birds of any kind, no whales, no ships. The reflection that as we walk the deck, we can turn nowhere and look towards home, that friends and countrymen are beneath our feet, and that the thickness of the globe divides us, makes this new year's day memorable. Absence indeed it is, when one can get no farther from his country.

MONDAY, 4.—According to previous agreement, we observed this as a day of fasting and prayer, as is done by so many associations at home, having reference to our own spiritual improvement and the advancement of true religion over all the earth. Had a prayer-meeting from ten to half past eleven, A. M. At one, P. M., I preached in the after-cabin from Habakkuk iii. 2—"Oh Lord, revive thy work!" and in the evening we observed the usual concert of prayer. I trust the season was not wholly lost to us. But, alas! how strongly are we reminded at the close of a day so designated, that "our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." My throat suffered less than it has hitherto from similar exertions, for which I am truly thankful. We had a slight breakfast and supper, but dispensed with dinner.

WEDNESDAY, 6.—Were visited yesterday by an enormous shark. We were going but at the rate of two knots (miles) an hour, and some men were at work over the side, whose feet occasionally dipped in the water, and it is possible this may have drawn him. He was about thirty feet long, and four or five broad, the head flat, and nearly square across the snout. After he had accompanied us some time within eight or ten feet of the ship, the captain had the harpoon thrown into him. It entered near his head, and passed deeply. For some moments he seemed unconscious of the wound, and then moved off abeam. In vain the sailors held on to the rope; it passed irresistibly through their hands till it came to the end where it was made fast, and then, though an inch in diameter, broke like a thread. The sailors call this the *bone-shark*. It is, I am pretty confident, the basking shark (*selache maxima*) of the books, not unfrequently seen on the American coast, and which greatly resembles a huge cat-fish. Its flesh is said to be good eating, and a valuable amount of oil may be got from it. Around him as usual were pilot-fish (*scomber duotor*), shaped like a perch or small flat herring, and girdled beautifully with alternate rings of blue and white.

MONDAY, 11.—Preached in my turn last evening, in the small cabin, and suffered still less than before. For several Sabbaths we have had a separate meeting for the seamen at four o'clock, held in the fore-castle or on the forward deck. They all attend, and give respectful attention. I sometimes converse with them individually at sunset. They admit the importance of personal piety, and one or two are serious; but their great objection to giving themselves up immediately to God is, that they cannot maintain a devotional life, situated as they are at sea. Alas! there are always some to scoff at a religious messmate, and a sailor can bear any thing better than scorn. Sad are the responsibility and danger of the "one sinner [that] destroyeth much good."

FRIDAY, 15.—Are at length north of the line again, and have been for a day or two within twenty-four hours' sail of Sumatra. Sixteen thousand miles of our voyage are now accomplished in safety. It has been oppressively hot for a fortnight, with daily showers of rain. Some of the gentlemen have refreshed themselves by swimming at the side of the vessel when it was calm, and the captain has "rigged up" a nice bath on deck for the ladies, of which they gladly avail themselves.

It is pleasing to have ocular evidence in rock-weed, tropic birds, &c., of our approach to *Aurea Chersonensis* and *Argentea Regio*, as the ancients called Borneo and Siam. They knew little more of these regions than that they existed, and few moderns know much more. But the eyes of Christians are now turned on these lands with strong benevolence, and the world will know not only their riches in gold and silver, in ivory and spices, but the condition of their teeming population and the character and tendencies of their religion. The missionary shall feel at home on lands which white men knew not, and the knowledge of God supplant their gloomy superstitions. Soon we shall say, "Thy light is come!"

JANUARY 18, 1836.—Sailing to-day only eighty miles from the Nicobar Islands, and embayed among pagan

countries, makes one feel already amid the heathen. On these pleasant islands the gospel was long and faithfully dispensed, and deliberately and finally rejected. Mingled emotions of pity for the deluded people, and admiration of true missionary zeal, force themselves upon us, when we remember the struggles and martyrdom of the faithful Moravians on these coasts. Eighty years ago they began by sending six men to convert and civilise the people. Others came, as disease made breaches in their number. Thirty years long did these holy men exert themselves amid both hardships and discouragement. Obligated at night, in their preaching tours, to sleep in trees, or bury themselves in the sand of the shore to avoid venomous insects; often escaping as by miracle from alligators, serpents, and wild beasts; feeding on wretched shell-fish; lodged in poor huts; and labouring with their own hands for a subsistence—they fainted not, nor ceased their toil. But no ear gave heed to their heavenly message, no heathen began to adore the true God, no idol was cast to the moles and the bats. Thirteen of the brethren, with ruined health, returned to Tranquebar and died, while eleven more found graves in their little cemetery. The society at length ordered the only surviving missionary to abandon the undertaking, and bear his rejected tidings to another people. The lonely labourer, therefore, after kneeling on the green sod, where lay his loved companions and predecessors, and offering one more fervent prayer for the pitied islanders, left the country [in 1787], and "the voice of free grace" has been heard among them no more. Oh ye Nicobarians! how have ye put from you the teachings of Jesus, and "counted yourselves unworthy of eternal life!" But the light now kindling on Borneo's shores shall strike your silent mountains, and wake from your dank valleys the exultations of the saved.

TUESDAY, 26.—Becalmed. Juggernaut's temple about ninety miles distant. It is difficult to abstain from gazing over the side perpetually at the countless numbers and variety of aquatic creatures, which, far and near, sport themselves on the smooth, warm surface of the sea. Through the glass we discern numerous turtles, puffing-pigs, &c., while nearer at hand are sharks, dog-fish, sun-fish, toad-fish, cuttle-fish, porcupine-fish, snakes, sea-lice, spiders, &c.; and on every fragment of bamboo, or wood, or cocoa-nut husk which floats along, are various shell-fish, suckers, and worms. Different parties take the boat from time to time and row about, getting fine turtles, and picking up a great variety of creatures, which we should be glad to preserve, if we had the conveniences. I began my portfolio by making drawings of several of the fishes. We got six or eight crabs, about as large as a half dollar, exceedingly beautiful and various in their colours. In a piece of porous wood not exceeding four inches square, we found perhaps fifty different insects, all, of course, new and curious to us. What an opulence of divine power and skill is seen in this endless variety of animated beings!—all perfect in their kind—all happy in their way—all fulfilling some object for which they were made. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and his wonderful works!"

MONDAY, FEB. 1.—At our concert of prayer this evening, it was an affecting consideration that, on all this coast, from Cuttack to Calcutta, not a solitary evangelist holds forth the word of life! Commercial zeal maintains, at great expence, buoys, light-houses, telegraphs, and pilots, lest property should be lost on these numerous shoals; but Christian zeal has not lit up the torch of truth, to save the thousands of these people from the loss of the soul! How many other districts of equal magnitude are similarly destitute! Oh Zion! thy wealth cankers. Thy worldliness in expenditure, in fashions, and in pursuits, oppresses thy greatness, destroys thy power, and leaves whole nations unblest with thy light! Oh for some such devotedness as men of earth exhibit in the ways of pleasure and of gain! Oh that the millions of money annually wasted by professed Christians in the United States, were

expended, not in injury to the church, but in elevating from barbarism, misery, and death, the untaught millions of heathen!

3.—Yesterday, about eight o'clock, A. M., we got a pilot, and are now slowly ascending the Hoogly, hoping to find at Kedgerree, about sixty miles up, some conveyance for our friends who are going to Calcutta. The boat which brought on board the pilot was manned with nine lascars. My heart melted at this first sight of poor idolaters. Compassion and awe have been seldom more strongly excited. Looking round on the others, who stood looking over the ship's side, I found my eyes were not the only fountains of tears. To-day we have seen many more natives, who came off to us in their boats. Most of them have a very small white cotton cloth wrapped round their loins; some have it long enough to cover the shoulders also, when they choose to loose it for that purpose; and a few wear turbans of the same material: none have any defence to the feet. Their complexion is not much different from that of coloured people in our Northern states, who have not generally the jet colour of Africans. Some of the younger ones were not so dark, and had more of the red tint of the American aborigines. Their stature is small, limbs well proportioned, countenance intelligent, nose aquiline, teeth very white, hair black, and inclined to curl. A fishing-boat attached itself to our stern as we lay at anchor, and remained during the ebb tide, in company with another, which had come to offer aid in working the ship. It was interesting to observe the nicety with which they prepared their rice, and the enormous quantity they devoured. I should judge that each man ate two quarts; but it was boiled dry, and lay loose. It is to be considered, however, that they eat little else. They ate with the fingers, or rather the hand, pressing together as much as they could well grasp, and cramming as much of it as they could into the mouth, letting the remainder fall back into the dish again; then picking up a small morsel of fish. It was an ocular proof of the propriety of the eastern custom of "washing before meat"—a custom which a mere American reader might regard as founded on superstition. After dinner, and smoking, they lay down to sleep. Untying the cloth round their loins, they made it answer as a sheet, and the bare deck formed their couch. Though we find it warm in the middle of the day (thermometer in the shade, 79°), they all complained of the cold, and laid themselves in the full blaze of the sun.

The boats are similar to ours, but pointed at each end, heavier, and decked over, so that the rowers sit flat on the floor, or on a very low stool, having the oar fastened at the top of two small sticks, about two feet long, set up like the letter A. Most of the oars were bamboo rods, with a flat piece, about eighteen inches long, at the end. They are short, and the rowers sit in pairs, side by side, while the boat is steered by an oar at the stern.

5.—Went ashore, and, after visiting the telegraph officer at this station, strolled through the bazaar. We found rice, grain, sugar, milk, eggs, fowls, cocoa-nut and mustard-seed oil, mats, oranges, guavas, bananas, plantains, shattucks (called here *pomelos*), pine-apples, yams, sweet potatoes, onions, cabbages, carrots, Irish potatoes, lettuce, &c. &c., but no butcher's meat. Generally, the prices were much cheaper than with us; but such of the articles as do not properly belong to a tropical climate were of very poor quality. Mustard is cultivated in large fields simply for the oil, which is prized not only for burning but for cookery, and especially for anointing oil, in which last mode the consumption is very great.

6.—Having parted with Mr Sutton and his company, we weighed anchor about two o'clock, and dropped down the river, to resume our voyage to Burmah. The navigation here is so intricate as seldom to be attempted at night, especially during this month, when fogs occur every night. From midnight till this morning at eight o'clock, the fog and dew sent down from the rigging a

continual dropping, like a smart shower. A good rain of an hour's duration would not have wet the ground more deeply. What a merciful provision, in a country where no rain occurs for so long a period! A fine wind and ardent sun clear the atmosphere about eight o'clock.

FEB. 12.—Just now we have to the south of us the Andaman Islands. The chief of these is 140 miles long, and 25 wide, divided, however, in fact, into three islands, by channels which extend across the whole breadth. This archipelago was known to Ptolemy, who calls it "*Insula bona fortuna*." He declares the inhabitants to be *anthropophagi*, which horrid fact is confirmed by late travellers, though it seems they eat human flesh only in revenge towards enemies, or when impelled by famine, to which they are often exposed. They are genuine negroes, and unusually repulsive in appearance, having limbs disproportionately slender, protuberant bellies, high, round shoulders, very large heads, woolly hair, thick lips, and sooty skin. The average height of the men is about five feet. No two races of men are more distinct than this people and the nations around them. How they came here is a problem not solved. The general conjecture is, that a Portuguese slaver from Mozambique was some time wrecked here, and thus peopled the island. But we have the account of two Mahometan travellers, who journeyed eastward in the ninth century, 600 years before Portuguese ships found their way to the Indian Ocean. Their description of these islanders is quite correct. They say, "The complexion of the people is black, their hair frizzled, their countenance frightful, and their feet very large. They go quite naked, and eat human flesh." Perhaps no people on earth stand lower in the scale of humanity. Going utterly naked, and therefore exposed to the annoyance of various insects, they are in the habit of daubing themselves from head to foot with mud, which, hardening, forms a complete defence, but gives them a hideous appearance. Their habitations are scarcely superior to the lair of the monkey. Four slender poles stuck into the ground, tied together at the top, and covered with leaves, form the whole structure. A few leaves scraped into a corner make the bed. Their only manufactures are some poor bows and arrows, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with bone; and some simple fishing-tackle. Addicted to war (!) and kept down by scanty food, their numbers amount to less than 3000 souls. Who will go to these? Who will carry the torch of truth into that thick gloom? Lord, send by whom thou wilt send!

14.—Passed not far from the Preparis and Narcondam Islands. The former is accessible only on the eastern side. It is about seven miles long, entirely covered with a dense forest, and uninhabited. Monkeys and squirrels, said to be the only quadrupeds, are exceedingly numerous. Narcondam is regarded as of volcanic origin, and has on its summit the apparent crater of an exhausted volcano. Its form is conical, and, though the island is very small, its height is computed at 2500 feet. It is visible in very clear weather seventy miles.

17.—Since leaving Kedgerree, we have held meetings every evening with the men in the fore-castle, and are rejoiced to find eight out of the ten avowing themselves subjects of deep conviction, and declaring their full purpose of heart to follow Christ in all his appointed ways. We usually preach a familiar discourse, and then converse with them personally. Their gradual progress has been very perceptible, and so far very satisfactory. Several of them pray in our little meetings with great propriety. Three of them gave good evidence of conversion, and desire baptism. They are much the most sensible in the crew, and one has an excellent education. We hope they will be found true to their new purpose, amid the temptations of the future, and redeemed at last by the grace of God.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Amherst. First Sabbath at Maulmain. Concluding Voyage. Moung-ma-goung. Curiosity of the people. Walk over the Mountain. Tavoy. Mata. Karens; their Piety, Liberality, Temperance, Gratitude; Letters from young converts; Churches; Books. Mergui; Population; Chinese; Mussulmans and Christians; Siamese Shans; Important as a missionary station. Tenasserim Islands. Se-longa. Storm. Disagreeable insects. Variety of costumes. Karen Juggler. Grave-yard.

MONDAY, FEB. 21, 1836.—Cast anchor at Amherst. Thanks to God for his great mercy in bringing us to our desired haven in safety and peace!

Having yesterday sent a line to Mr Judson at Maulmain, by a small boat, we had scarcely anchored before Mr Osgood was on board to welcome us. It was a joyous meeting, saddened, however, by seeing in brother Osgood's face evidence of infirm health. He brought covered boats to take us to Maulmain, and at ten o'clock, the tide being favourable, we set out, and arrived about day-break. Brother J. received us with exultation at the aid we brought, and we were soon comfortably quartered—myself at brother J.'s, and the rest at the houses of brethren Osgood, Hancock, and Vinton.

Our first Sabbath in this dark land was, of course, full of interest. In the morning, we worshipped with the Burman congregation in the zayat. About seventy were present, nearly all Christians. Seldom have I seen so attentive and devout an audience. They sat, of course, on the floor, where mats were spread for their accommodation, a large bamboo, about eighteen inches from the floor, serving as a rest to the back. In prayer the Americans knelt, and the rest, without rising from the floor, leaned forward on their elbows, putting their palms together. At the close of the petition, all responded an audible "Amen!"—a practice truly apostolic, and strangely discontinued with us. Mr J. preached with much apparent earnestness, and all listened with rapt attention. Several inquirers were present, some of whom applied for baptism.

At night, attended at the chapel, where worship in English is regularly maintained. About one hundred were present, chiefly soldiers. During the whole day the gong resounded in different parts of the city, and in the evening several theatres were opened. We were informed that one of the chiefs was giving a feast of seven days, on the occasion of his last child having his ears bored.

After holding a meeting early on Monday morning, to decide on the destination of Mr Davenport, I returned to the ship, to superintend the discharge of the cargo, and got back in the night on Tuesday. During the intervals of loading lighters, I went ashore, and sketched Mrs Judson's grave, and the tree over it. The head and foot stones are in perfect order, and, with the little grave of "Maria," are enclosed in a light bamboo fence. The mouth of the Salwen and the broad expanse of ocean opens on the left. It is a holy spot, calculated indeed to awaken the emotions which the sweet poetess has ascribed to the traveller.

Instead of attempting to describe my thoughts and feelings as I gazed upon the spot, I will give some stanzas written by Mrs Sigourney, to whom I forwarded a copy of the picture, with the request that she would furnish a few lines.

THE HOPIA TREE,

PLANTED OVER THE GRAVE OF MRS ANN H. JUDSON.

"Rest! Rest! The hopia tree is green,
And proudly waves its leafy screen
Thy lowly bed above;
And by thy side, no more to weep,
Thine infant shares the gentle sleep,
Thy youngest bud of love.
How oft its feebly-wailing cry
Detained unsealed thy watchful eye,
And pained that parting hour,
When pallid death, with stealthy tread,
Descried thee on thy fever-bed,
And grieved his fatal power!

Ah! do I see, with faded charm,
Thy head reclining on thine arm,

The 'Teacher' far away?—
But now, thy mission labours o'er,
Rest, weary play, to wake no more
Till the great rising day."

Thus spake the traveller, as he stayed
His step within that sacred shade:

A man of God was he,
Who his Redeemer's glory sought,
And paused to woo the holy thought
Beneath that hopia tree.

The Salwen's tide went rushing by,
And Burmah's cloudless moon was high,
With many a solemn star;
And while he mused, methought there stole
An angel's whisper o'er his soul,
From that pure clime afar—

Where swells no more the heathen sigh,
Nor 'neath the idol's stony eye
Dark sacrifice is done;
And where no more, by prayers and tears,
And toils of agonising years,
The martyr's crown is won.
Then visions of the faith that blest
The dying saint's rejoicing breast,
And set the pagan free,
Came thronging on, serenely bright,
And cheered the traveller's heart that night,
Beneath the hopia tree.

TUESDAY, 29.—Waited, with Mr J., on Mr Blundell, the commissioner of the province, or governor, as he is here commonly called, and on Mr Condamine, the second in office. They received us politely, and were able to answer me many important questions. Mr Blundell is regarded as a skilful and prudent governor, and as earnestly desirous of the true prosperity of the country. He estimates the entire population of the provinces under his care at less than 300,000 souls; the provinces of Amherst, Tavoy, Yeh, and Mergui, at less than 100,000; and Arracan at about 200,000.

Having concluded unanimously, at a full meeting of the brethren, to call a general convocation of all our missionaries who could attend and return before the rains, it has become necessary that my visit to Tavoy and Mergui should be made before such meeting, which, in view of all considerations, we appointed for the 30th of March. In order to be exempt from the delays and disappointments attendant on waiting for casual vessels, we chartered a small cutter. She is a tiny craft, of forty or fifty tons, but has a little cabin, which accommodates Mr Abbott* and myself very well.

The coast presents noble mountain scenery, but is entirely uninhabitable, as is the case also with numerous islands, and which form almost a continuous chain a few miles from shore. Dense forests cover the whole, presenting throughout the year a rich and varied verdure. To avoid three, or perhaps four, days' delay in going round Tavoy point, and up the river, I was set ashore, with a few articles of immediate necessity, at Moung-ma-goung, a small Burman village, eight or ten miles' walk from Tavoy. It stands nearly a mile from the shore, with wide paths and good houses, beautifully shaded by noble trees, especially the bunyatha or jack, a species of the bread-fruit. While the necessary preparations were being made, I was conducted to the cool zayat, and was scarcely seated on its floor of split canes, when a woman brought a nice mat for me to lie on, another presented me with cool water, and the head man went and plucked for me a half dozen of fine oranges. None sought or expected the least reward, but disappeared, and left me to my repose. A constant succession of children, however, came to gaze at the foreigner, and some women, carrying babes, squatted at a little distance to gratify their curiosity; all, however, behaving with decorum and respect. In a Burman village, the zayat is the only tavern. It

* A fellow-passenger from America, destined for the Karens.

consists of a shed with a floor raised three or four feet from the ground, and wide verandas to keep off the sun. The quality of the building varies with the wealth and generosity of the villagers. Some are truly splendid. As chairs and tables are out of the question, and as every traveller carries his own provision, here is an ample hotel. The neighbours readily furnish water, and fruits seem free. A little fire, kindled near, cooks the rice, an hour's slumber follows the unpretending meal, and all things are ready for a start.

After some repose, the coolie (or porter) having adjusted the baggage at the ends of a pole, placed it on his shoulder, and walked on as guide. After passing some patches of pine-apple, and many noble fruit-trees, of kinds unseen before, we entered the jungle, and began to wend our way over the mountains, which extend along all this coast, and terminate at Tavoy Point. Though no rain has fallen since October, the foliage was fresh and intense. Flowers, great and small, beamed on us at every step, and in some places filled the air with fragrance. Innumerable vines, creeping, climbing, and depending, seemed to intertwine the trees for mutual support. A great variety of parasites clung to the branches, sometimes with very large leaves, forming a complete and beautiful sheath to the entire trunk, and sometimes sending down long stems thirty or forty feet, waving to the breeze like small ropes. The lower portions of the mountain are of coarse grey granite, the higher parts of some friable stone with which I was not acquainted; the soil generally a stiff reddish clay. Near the summit of the mountain we stopped at a shallow well, and, spreading a cloth on the ground, my servant produced the result of his morning cooking on board the cutter, with fine cool water, drawn in a joint of bamboo. In the midst of our frugal meal, a couple of ponghees came up, followed by servants bearing their baggage, and stopped under the shade of the same great tree, though on the opposite side. After dining, an ample plateful was given to the coolie, while Jesse sat down and helped himself. The poor coolie took the plate, and, squatting down at some distance from the elder priest, reached forward with great reverence, and presented the whole. The old man and his followers took a little, but with indifference. The bread he smelled, and examined, and tasted, but threw it away. His palate, I suppose, was not adjusted to such a novelty.

As we sat waiting for the sun to decline, Jesse engaged the old man in a religious discussion. They both pleaded with great earnestness and much gesture, though sitting ten feet apart. I could but pray earnestly that the poor grey-headed idolator might be convinced of the truth, and my recently-converted man be able to set Jesus savingly before him. How I longed to be able to proclaim to them the great salvation! The old man at length got out of patience, and moved off, followed by his company. The Lord grant that this people may be inclined to accept the heavenly boon which American Christians are offering them! About sunset arrived at Tavoy, and was most kindly received by Mrs Mason and Miss Gardner, the only missionaries now at the station.

MARCH 14.—The ten days spent in this city have been much occupied with the missionaries in hearing statements, asking questions, examining accounts, visiting schools, giving advice, and such other official duties as will recur at every station. Such matters do not belong here, and my readers will not expect to find them in subsequent pages, though they form an important part of my duties.

The town and suburbs of Tavoy contain, as I am informed by the acting governor,* 1845 houses, with a population of 9045 souls, giving a fraction less than five to a house. Of these, about two hundred are Chinese men, generally married, and, of course, to Bur-

man females. There are also Malays, Malabars, Mussulmans, &c. The streets are in good order, with much shade, and exhibit some stir of business. Good vessels are built here, and a regular trade maintained with the chief places along the coast from Singapore to Canton. This secures bakers, and many other convenient mechanics.

The province, exclusive of the city, contains 4768 houses, and 25,143 inhabitants; or rather over five to a house. There are from thirty to forty criminal convictions per annum. The revenue is more than equivalent to the expenditure of the company in keeping up its military and civil establishments, which is said not to be the case with any other of these provinces. The number of priests is estimated at about 400. Of nuns there are about 50; of whom all I saw were beyond middle life, and generally wore the aspect of mendicants.

The dialect of Tavoy is a sort of obsolete Burman, scarcely intelligible to those who speak the pure language; but no difference exists in writing.

The missionaries at this station are Mr and Mrs Wade, Mr and Mrs Mason, and Miss Gardner. The latter alone and Mrs Mason attend to the Tavoyers, and only in the way of schools. Of these there are generally five or six, containing about 150 pupils.

The married missionaries, though obliged to reside here part of the year, on account of the unhealthiness of the Karen forests during the rains, give their whole time and attention to that people. The dry season they spend among the mountains, sometimes several months in a place, particularly at Mata. From April to October they remain at Tavoy, engaged in the study of Karen, and preparing books in that language, while their wives, assisted by Miss Gardner, attend to boarding-schools for Karen children, who come to town for this purpose.

Public worship in the Burman language is held every Sunday morning, in a convenient chapel, of ample dimensions, at which the children of all the day-schools, with their teachers, are required to be present. Few of the other heathen citizens attend; seldom more than two or three; and as there are but five native Christians in Tavoy, the congregation is very small. Some that were baptised here, have gone to other places. Worship is also held every evening at the house of one of the missionaries, at which the native Christians, and pupils in the boarding-schools, attend. Seven soldiers have been baptised, but all are now gone, and only a gentleman in the medical service, and the missionaries, form at this time the Baptist communion in Tavoy. In no part of our field is help more wanted than for the Burman department of the Tavoy mission.

Two days' journey from Tavoy, a considerable number of Karens, converted in different places, have been brought together, and formed into a Christian village; the heads of every family being members of the church. These Christians now amount to about 200, and conduct themselves with exemplary rectitude. By the aid of the missionaries, they have obtained goats, bullocks, oil-mills, seeds, &c.; and with these, and still more by the increased industry they have been taught to practise, they have been enabled to cease their wanderings, and acquire many comforts to which their countrymen are strangers. Cleanliness, in which Karens are universally deficient, has been attained in no small degree. The men have been exhorted to raise plenty of cotton, and the women induced so to apply themselves to spinning and weaving, as to furnish every one of their families with a change of raiment. They now wash their garments often, which before they scarcely ever did. Their ground under their houses, which always used to be receptacles for filth and vermin, is all swept out clean every Saturday afternoon, and the rubbish burnt. On Sunday they come to public worship perfectly clean, and, as their costume covers the person entirely, the sight would please the most fastidious American eye.*

* Dr Richardson. To this gentleman, who has travelled more extensively in Burmah and these provinces than any other European here, I am indebted for much valuable information.

* Friends who wish to make little presents to the Karen Christians, might send fine tooth-combs, brown soap, writing-paper,

"That it is the spiritual change visible at Mata,* which is most delightful. In this respect they present a most attractive spectacle. Punctual in all public services, they fill a large zayat on the Sabbath, and manifest a decorum and devotion far superior to any thing ordinarily seen in America. Being a musical people, and having a book of over a hundred hymns, composed by Mr Mason, they, almost without exception, unite in the singing; and to my ear their psalmody was correct and sweet. After a prayer or a benediction, they all utter an audible "Amen," remain silent on their knees for the space of half a minute, and retire in perfect silence—a practice which would greatly improve our meetings. Mrs Wade has been in the habit of holding daily a prayer meeting with them at sunrise. Almost every morning before daylight, many gather at the zayat, and commence singing hymns. As soon as Mrs Wade is seen issuing from her door at sunrise, they strike the gong, and presently the multitude come together. It is remarkable, that not one man or woman refuses to pray when called upon. On Sunday a Sunday school is held in the morning, at which all the children of proper age attend; those that are not professors being formed into one company, and the others into another, superintended by the missionary and his wife alternately. Public worship and preaching are held morning and evening. The afternoon is often employed in baptising, or administering the communion; and when this is not the case, prayer-meetings are held at the houses of the sick. Some fifty or more members of the church live at different distances in the country, as far round as five or six miles. These attend punctually, generally walking in on Saturday afternoon, that they may lose no part of the blessed day.

It will of course be supposed that this people, so lately wild and wandering, without books, without even the forms of religion, and furnished as yet with no part of the word of God in their own tongue, and but a single manuscript copy of the Gospel of Matthew, would be exceedingly ignorant of the claims of Christianity. They are indeed so. But it is exhilarating to see the readiness and cordiality with which they enter into the performance of every duty, as soon as it is made known to them. Time would fail to describe all the instances which illustrate this remark; but one or two may be named. Mrs Wade had on one occasion read to them that chapter in Matthew, which, describing the judgment, speaks of visiting Christ (as represented in his disciple) when sick or in prison, &c. They at once saw how regardless they had been of persons under sickness and sorrow; and the very next day began to perform services to the sick, such as they had never thought of doing before. A poor widow, who had a leprous sort of disease, and a child about two years old, similarly affected, were visited by many of them the very next day. They performed many repulsive offices for her and her child, brought water, cleaned the house, gave them rice and other articles, and so enriched and comforted the poor creature, that she was bewildered with delight. These attentions have continued constantly. Another, who was bed-ridden with loathsome sores, was attended to in the same way. Since that time no one is suffered to want any thing which the rest enjoy. These kindnesses are done with studied concealment, and can be learned only from the beneficiaries themselves.

On being told of the persecution of Moung San-lone and others at Rangoon, and how they had been chained, imprisoned, and excessively fined, they unexpectedly proposed subscribing towards paying his fine and releasing them from prison; and out of their deep poverty actually sent to Rangoon fifty rupees for this purpose. They have built, of their own accord, a sufficient house for the residence of their missionary and his family, and

shutes and pencils, quills, strong scissors, cotton cloth, thread, large needles, and penknives. Garments of any description are not wanted.

literally, "Love."

Sometimes they call it Mata-Ryn, or City of Love.

a zayat. A greater evidence of Christian generosity is seen in their missionary zeal. Those whose abilities, as assistants or schoolmasters, warrant the missionaries in sanctioning it, are ever ready to part with their families, and go wearisome journeys of six months at a time, among distant villages, where they are utterly unknown, carrying on their backs tracts and food, sleeping on the way in trees, or on the ground, and enduring many privations. Young men whose services are very important to their aged parents in clearing jungle and planting paddy are readily spared, and go to various points during the rainy season teaching schools, for which their salary is from two to three dollars a month—half what they could earn in other employ. About twenty schoolmasters and assistants are now thus employed. Mr Mason has, in his excursions, baptised many converts, who were brought to the knowledge of the truth by these assistants. His last journey among the retired villages between Tavoy and Mergui has been cheered by the reception of a number of such.

The change in regard to temperance is not less remarkable. Unlike the Burmans, whose religion utterly forbids strong drink, and who scarcely ever use it, the Karens use it universally, and generally to excess; every family make arrack for themselves, and from oldest to youngest partake. Drunkenness, with all its train of horrors, is of course rife among them. But no sooner do any become serious inquirers, and consort with the disciples for further instruction, than they totally abandon the accursed thing. In Mata, therefore, not a drop is made or drunk. The children of the very men who were sots, are growing up without having tasted or seen it. The consequences to domestic peace and general welfare may be supposed.

It will be recollected that they knew nothing of letters or books, till Mr Wade reduced their language to writing about three years ago. It is found that the system he has adopted is eminently philosophical, and so easy for learners, that, in a few weeks, pupils who have never seen a letter learn to read with facility.

As evidence at once of the benefit of Mrs Wade's school, and the piety of the young converts, I will here give translations of some letters received from pupils on coming away from Tavoy. They are part of some twenty or more, and are a fair specimen.

Letter from a female scholar aged fifteen years.

"Oh great teacher!—We put our trust in Jesus Christ, the eternal God. Oh great teacher, having heard that you have come to Tavoy, I have a great desire to see thy face. Therefore, oh great teacher, when thou prayest to God, I beg thee to pray for me: when I pray, I will remember thee, oh great teacher! When I heard of thy arrival, I had a great desire to go to you. I said to my father, I will go, but he did not give permission. My mind was cast down, and my tears fell much, oh great teacher! Oh pray for me, and I, when I pray, will much pray for thee.—A letter of affection from
NAW POO MOO."

From a girl of sixteen, who had been to school nine months.

"Oh great teacher! Sir—Great is the grace and glory of Jesus Christ, the son of the eternal God! In former times we heard not the word of God. But now, Sir, we endeavour very much to keep his commands. I heard of your coming, and my mind was very happy. But I greatly desire to see you; therefore do come to Mata, oh great teacher! By hearing of your arrival, my tears fell much. Great sir, in order that I may keep the word of the Lord, do pray for me, and that we may meet together amidst the joys of heaven: as for me, I trust I exert myself in prayer truly to God. The affectionate letter of the disciple
MOO YAI."

From a girl sixteen years of age.

"Oh great teacher!—We put our trust in Jesus Christ, the son of the eternal God. When you pray to God, pray for us; and when we pray, we will pray for thee. When I set out to return, by means of longing after thee I cried much; but by thinking on the grace of God, my mind was somewhat let down. Notwithstanding, during the whole day in which we were separated from you, my longings did not cease. I thought that in this state we see each other but a small moment; but when we arrive in heaven, we shall behold each other age upon age. Then we can—

not be separated. Oh great teacher, I have a painful desire to see your country. In order to go with you, I asked and obtained permission of my mother. If you consent, please write me a kind letter immediately. But if you do not give permission, do not write. As for me, I have an earnest wish to see the country of the teachers and their wives. NAU MOO KLUU.

I might add many interesting facts and incidents, which filled me with pleasure and thankfulness on their behalf. But I am not drawing a picture, for the sake of exhibiting glowing colours. Christian benevolence does not depend on success. If it did, the town of Mata, amid the solitude of the great mountains of Tavoy, exhibits facts, which, if they were all the effects our whole missionary operations could boast, are sufficient to assure the most incredulous of the blessedness of our enterprise.

When endeavours to do good fail, it is a sweet reward to see those we meant to benefit grateful for our interference. And when good is really done, our pleasure is often neutralised by the pain of being ungratefully requited. Those who support our enterprise ought to know that this people testify aloud their continual gratitude towards the Christians of this country for the knowledge of Christianity. They often compare their former degradation and misery with their present comforts and hopes. The pastor of the Mata church frequently speaks of these things in moving terms—himself once a sot, and cruel. The missionaries cannot remain in the forest during the rains, so that this church is left six months in the year to itself. Their return is the occasion of a general rejoicing. When they are ready, many come to Tavoy to accompany them out, and to carry portions of the articles to be transported; and where the way is sufficiently level, carry Mrs Wade or Mrs Mason in a litter. As the long file winds under the trees, along the narrow crag, or up the bed of a torrent, songs of Zion echo among the dark recesses, and nature rejoices to see her maker glorified by men who for ages received his favours brutally. Warned of their approach, the villagers come forth in troops, some hours' walk, and after glad greetings, fall in behind (for the path admits no double file), and the lengthened train comes into the village with resounding joy.

Nor is Mata alone in its brightness amid Burman shades. All along the jungle, as far as Mergui to the

always collecting it
lages, but in some cases it seems expedient and necessary. Among the Karens in the Tavoy provinces are the following churches, besides Mata, which are also regular out-stations:—*Toung Byouk Gale*, two and a half days' south of Tavoy—16 members, 25 inquirers: *Pee-kah*, four days' south of the last-named church—16 members, 43 inquirers: *Kah-pah*, three days' south of Pee-kah, on a stream of the same name, navigable for boats—20 members, and, within a day's walk, 34 inquirers, most of whom have asked for baptism: *Tah-mah*, on the Tenasserim, three days' from Mergui—9 members. All these have good places of worship, built by themselves; and each has a native pastor and a Christian schoolmaster. There are also in the region six other schools, under Christian masters; and measures are in train to form others. On an average, last year, ten learned to read in each school, some of whom are middle aged, and some quite old persons. The names of the pastors are not given here, because, being young men, they are changed every year, to give each an opportunity of being with the missionary half his time in the acquisition of Christian knowledge.

The only printed books in Karen are three tracts—Mrs Judson's Catechism, translated by Mr Wade, with the commands of the New Testament as contained in the "View;" Sayings of the Fathers, a small tract containing traditions and commands, which remarkably coincide with biblical history; and Mrs Judson's Catechism versified, both the latter by Mr Mason. There

are in the Tavoy provinces about 250 Karens who have learned to read. The younger part of these generally show great earnestness in copying such other works as are prepared by the missionary, and not yet printed. The works which have been written or translated, and the printing of which is greatly needed, are as follows: Gospel of Matthew; Vade Mecum, containing passages of Scripture, with reflections for every day in the month, and embracing an extended View of the Christian religion; Hymn Book, containing upwards of 120 hymns; enlarged edition of the "Sayings," by Mr Mason; translation of Mr Judson's view of the Christian religion, and translation of most of Mr Boardman's Digest, both by native Christians; a tract consisting of didactic and hortatory pieces, by native preachers; Mr Judson's View of the Christian religion, versified, by Sau Paulah, a native assistant; Bible-class Questions on Matthew, by Mr Wade; Brief Biographies of Joseph, and other Old Testament Characters, by the same; Child's Catechism for Sunday schools, by Mr Vinton; Lee-mo-pga, or spelling-book of the Chegau or Myethto; ditto of the Pwo or Myet kyen (the two dialects used by the Karens), by Mr Wade. Besides these, there are a Grammar by Mr Mason, and a Dictionary by Mr Wade, in an advanced state of preparation, and a considerable mass of manuscripts, for the use of present and future missionaries, which it is not intended to print; such as customs and demon worship of Karens; fables and legends, amounting to more than 100; Karen poems and traditions; many letters from Karens, copied into a book to show the structure of the language; an extensive vocabulary of common things, in English and Karen; another in Burman, Karen, and English; and a phrase-book for beginners, in Burman and Karen.

I was happy to find that the Christians here partook of the zeal of their transatlantic friends, in giving for the support of a preached gospel. A society has been formed, called the "Tavoy Missionary Society, auxiliary to the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions," which has been in existence four years. For the last two years it has supported four native assistants. It is sustained chiefly by the Europeans and Americans at the station, but several of the natives pay their regular monthly contribution.

I had the pleasure, in my voyage from hence down the coast, to be accompanied by the Rev. Mr Wade; and after four days, arrived at Mergui. The only European with whom we had intercourse there was Captain Macleod, the commissioner, or acting governor of the province, who received us at his house with the utmost cordiality. He communicated, with great frankness, many important facts, besides patiently answering a wearisome round of questions. There are but thirty-five British inhabitants in the place, including common soldiers.

Mergui, or, as the natives call it, *Dike*, is beautifully situated at the mouth of the middle branch of the Tenasserim. This noble river has three principal mouths, and several minor ones. The chief is that about four miles north, and receives, a few miles before it enters the ocean, the Byng river from the north. A ~~large~~ island, opposite the town, shelters it from the south-west monsoon, and makes a safe though small harbour.

The site of the city embraces a high hill, surmounted, as usual, with conspicuous pagodas. Next to the sea it rises abruptly; and the houses of the English, which are erected on its summit, have a magnificent view of the lower town, the harbour, and the ocean. The rear of the hill slopes gradually, and is thickly built with native houses, on regular streets sheltered from the sun by fine fruit, and other trees, almost as close as in a forest. Among these, the cocoa-nut, jack, and papaya, are the most frequent. At the time Captain Alexander Hamilton visited this city, it was in possession of Siam. He calls it *Merjee*, and says that "in former times there were many English there." The massacre of these, which was succeeded by the expulsion of those in Siam, occurred in 1687. The chief exports are tejan wood,

deans, mats, ratans, sea-slug, tortoise-shell, and edible birds' nests. It was founded within a century by the Burmans. The ancient fortifications are still seen, though rapidly vanishing by the use of the bricks for other purposes. It is thus with the ramparts of all the towns in British Burmah, it being useless to retain extensive walls for a handful of troops, which, if occupied by hosts of natives, might help them in resistance.

The whole province of Mergui has a population of only 10,000, of which above 6000 are in this town. This great scantiness of people in one of the finest regions of the earth, is chiefly owing to the intolerable government under which they have lived. About twenty years ago, it was unusually severe under the viceroyship of Daing-woon, who was engaged in repelling the Siamese. The atrocities of this monster were incredible, and drove forty or fifty thousand inhabitants from the province, besides the multitudes which he destroyed. In speaking to the Burmans of hell, even at this day, no circumstance is so appalling as to assure them that Daing-woon will be there!

Here, as at Maulmain and Tavoy, I find numerous Chinamen married to Burman wives. They are at once the most valuable of the community for mechanical and mercantile conveniences, and the most pernicious for introducing and vending, wherever they go, *arraak* and *opium*. Without them Europeans would suffer many discomforts, and through them the natives are greatly corrupted. Their superiority in civilisation and intelligence to the various nations with whom they are intermixed in every part of the East, is very striking.

Besides the usual quantity of pagodas and kyoungs, there are four mosques, for the use of the Mussulman part of the population, and a Popish chapel. About 400 of the inhabitants, descendants of the early Portuguese, profess to be Christians. No converts that my informants knew of, have joined the number from among the Burmese, except some who unite in order to be married to those who belonged before.

Mergui has been put down as one of our stations, but it was only occupied by a native assistant for six months. We have but one professed Christian in the place, and that a woman. Mr Mason has been thrice through the town, on his way to the Karens up the Tenasserim; and the efforts he and his assistants have made have met encouraging results. In this respect, a very great change has been wrought, we trust, by the good hand of the Lord. Ko Ing was greatly persecuted, and could get but few hearers. He was reviled as he walked along the street, and some would even throw stones. At his death, the

to listen; and his wife, with the above-named woman, were the only Christians. His death robbed the mission of one of its most valuable assistants, and the subsequent marriage and removal of his wife, left the

much so, that when Ko Myet-lay lately visited the place, taking 150 Testaments and many tracts, all were gone in two days, without going abroad to offer them. All were applied for at his lodgings, and received with many expressions of thanks. Not only did he thus impart the blessed truths to Burmans; the Chinese and Siamese, hearing that he also had tracts in their languages, came for them; and he entirely disposed of a considerable quantity sent by Mr Jones from Bankok. It is now easy to obtain attentive hearers, though frequently some dispute. Not only do many listen with apparent candour, but some seem really under serious impressions, and about twelve profess to have embraced the gospel. These have not yet been baptised, for want of opportunity sufficiently to examine and try them; but they are said to be steadfast, though much reviled by their pagan acquaintance. They are like sheep without a shepherd, and need immediate care. More-

hey would probably form an encouraging church once, if a missionary could be placed there. The

husband of the disciple above named, and an interested one, are desirous of baptism.

The circumstances have conspired with the above facts to make Mergui now a favourable opening. A few years ago, the two chief ponghees came to an open rupture, and all the people took sides with one or the other. Great animosity and confusion prevailed for a long time, each party denouncing hell to the other. A few months ago one of them retired to Tavoy, and there died. His party have ever since utterly refused to worship the priests who remain, or make them offerings, and, in fact, have almost ceased from religious observances. These are now particularly ready to hear our preachers.

The fact, too, that Siamese Shyans live here, most of whom, the men at least, speak Burman; and that on the Tenasserim and its tributary streams, and on the coast below Mergui, they have villages, one containing 800 souls, urges us to make early efforts here. If any of these Shyans should receive Christ (and surely we may hope and believe they would), they would be invaluable in carrying the gospel to their countrymen who inhabit the hills and mountains from the Tenasserim to Bankok. Tracts, &c., in this language can at once be had from Mr Jones, and all things seem to be ready. The intercourse between Burmah and Siam, so far as the natives of the two countries are concerned, is perfectly unrestrained, though no white man is allowed to pass the frontier.

Many Karens, too, are conveniently accessible by boat from Mergui, by the Tenasserim and its branches. Mata village stands on an extreme branch of this river, accessible by water only to very small boats. Tenasserim city, once very large, but now containing a population of only about 250, is but forty miles up the river from Mergui. It is resorted to from different places for gold dust, and would be an important outpost for a native assistant.

The islands on the Tenasserim coast are quite populous, and, as yet, have never been visited by Christian teachers. There are three large islands in one cluster, inhabited by Se-longs, without a written language and in a very degraded state. These would claim some of the time of native assistants from Mergui, and occasional visits from the missionary.

All these facts conspire to urge us to place a missionary here as soon as possible. In order to this the man must be sent out, as no missionary on the ground can be spared from his present post. The place is as salubrious, perhaps, as any part of the earth; and the presence of the British officers secures nearly all the conveniences of housekeeping with entire regularity. The cost of living is less than at Maulmain.

Learning that Mr Mason was at a village not far distant on the coast, intending to remain a few days, and then come to Mergui for a passage home, I sent an express, and had the pleasure, in due time, of welcoming him on board the cutter, with ten or twelve coolies who had been carrying his tracts and baggage in the jungle, together with some Karen native preachers. The reports of his journeys are deeply interesting to the friends of missions, and eminently exemplify the usefulness of native assistants.

The present period of the year on this coast is the latter part of the dry season, and is marked by heavy squalls and showers. After these there are about six weeks of clear weather increasingly hot, after which the monsoon changes to the south-west with violent squalls, and the rains set in for six months. In this return voyage to Maulmain we experienced three of these storms, accompanied by much thunder, each severely testing the power of our anchor and vessel. The rocky coast furnishes no harbour except Mergui, Tavoy, and Amherst; and the high mountains which skirt the shore seem to draw together the utmost fury of the elements.

One of these storms, experienced off Tavoy Point, will be memorable to all on board. As night drew on, the thunder, which had been growling on the mountains,

grew more violent. It was evident we should have a hard blow; and the tide turning against us, we were obliged to anchor in an exposed situation. After dark the wind and lightning increased, and we got top-mast, gaff, &c., upon deck, and paying out much cable, waited the issue uneasy. At length it blew a hurricane, and the lightning kept up a glare bright as mid-day. It was but at intervals that it was dark even for a moment, the light flickering constantly like a torch in the wind. We were in the very midst of the electric cloud, and the sharp, cracking thunder was deafening. Torrents of rain drenched the poor fellows on deck (for there was room for only two or three below), and even in the cabin I had to gather my deak, &c. under an umbrella, for the neglected seams let in the water in twenty places. The little cutter pitched heavily at her anchor, and the loud roaring of a lee surf told what we should experience if she parted her chain. We left all in the hands of God, and were sitting in silence below, when a universal shout of terror brought us on deck—a ball of fire rested on the mast-head! The consternation was universal; the captain and every one of the crew vociferating prayers, one to the Virgin Mary, another to Mahomet, &c., each in different language. They seemed frantic, and their voices rose on the tempest like the swelling wail of dying men. One declared it was the devil, and proposed to drive him away by burning a certain mixture to make a horrid smell. They seemed comforted, however, to see us confident, and aware of its cause. The Christian Karens were tranquil but awe-struck, and lay on their knees with their faces to the deck, uttering prayer each for himself in a low but audible voice. It staid clinging to the mast amid all the rocking of the surges, till the lascars were nearly ready with their incantations, and then disappeared. It was an hour of great danger; but the good hand of the Lord was upon us, and our frail bark rode out the storm, which abated in its violence before morning.

Aside from the danger of navigating this side of the Bay of Bengal (except from September to March, when the weather is exceedingly fine), the inconveniences are not small, from the bad construction and management of the vessels employed, and the annoying insects, &c., with which they abound. My little cutter is superior in all those respects to the Burman vessels which I expect generally to sail in from place to place. I can stand up in the cabin, while in those one can only sit, and that on the floor. I have a little quarter-deck, which they know nothing of. And we have an iron anchor, while theirs is but a piece of wood shaped like a fish-hook. On the score of insects, too, I am informed that my condition is far better. In the latter point, however, I can by no means boast. Hundreds of ants, great and small, black and red, move in endless files every where. Cockroaches, flying and creeping, spotted, striped, and plain, walk over me and about me all night, but through mercy they do not bite, and are, withal, quite shy when there is a light burning, and so do not interrupt me when engaged. I now and then kill a forward fellow, but it is in vain to think of abating the nuisance, for their "name is legion." I have nice sugarcane laid in a corner for the ants, to keep them away, but some of them are blood-thirsty, and bite me with all zeal. I sometimes watch a bold fellow, as he runs over my hand; and when he finds a suitable spot, he raises himself perpendicular and digs into me, kicking and struggling as if he would go through the skin. The spiders I kill without mercy, and busy enough they kept me the first day or two. Some of them have bodies as big as the joint of one's thumb, and occupy as they stand a space as large as the top of a coffee-cup. Mice nibble my clothes at night. I have seen but two or three centipedes, and succeeded in killing them; but there are doubtless more on board. But the mosquitoes! They are a torment day and night. I am comforted with the assurance that strangers suffer most with them, and hope they will not "make a stranger of me" much longer.

Among all these enemies, I have no auxiliaries but

two or three nimble lizards. These I carefully befriend, and they consume as many of the vermin as they can. But what are these among so many! Besides their services in the butchering department, they interest me by their sudden and adroit movements on the walls and ceiling, and, withal, sing for me every night, as soon as the candle is out.

The variety of costume on board is striking. My man is from Madras, and wears generally nothing but a pair of calico drawers. The captain has nothing but a piece of check wound tight round his loins, and drawn up between his thighs. The owner's agent, or supercargo, is a Mussulman, and wears, besides the waistcloth, a muslin jacket with sleeves, tied in front, so as to discover the left breast. The *su-cún-ny*, or steersman, is a half-blood Portuguese, and wears drawers, and a short shirt or jacket, of red calico. One of the sailors has a regular short gown and petticoat, and the other short drawers only. The Karens wear nothing but a long shirt without sleeves, made of substantial cotton cloth, ingeniously figured in the loom. Diversity in dress is still greater in the towns, arising from the great mixture in the population. I have, however, already become so accustomed to it, that it ceases to excite attention.

We have one person on board who excites my notice—a Christian disciple, who was a Karen Bhookoo, or prophet. He was so struck with fear, when the "great teacher" sent him into the cabin to ask him some questions, that I got but little from him. He declared that at first he felt impelled, he knew not how, to predict the coming of a deliverer in six months, and sincerely believed it. But when the lapse of that time proved him wrong, he became wilful, and deliberately endeavoured to impose on the people's credulity, to keep up his influence.

Among my luxuries at Tavoy, were several visits to the grave-yard, where, among others, is the tomb of Boardman. It was once a Boodhist grove; and a dilapidated pagoda still remains within the enclosure.

CHAPTER III.

Return to Maulmain. Missionary Conference. Pronoing. Balu Island. Karen Churches near Maulmain. Water Festival. Chinese Ceremony. The Mohurum. River Excursion. Remarkable Caves. Karen Christian Village. Church-meeting and Baptism. Population of Maulmain; Commerce, State of Boodhism, State of the Mission, English Influence.

By the utmost diligence in overseeing the boatmen, and taking advantage of every tide and every breeze, I got back to Maulmain, in mercy, the morning of March 30, the very day on which our conference was to convene. We began our session accordingly, having present brethren Judson, Wade, Kincaid, Bennett, Hancock, Mason, Osgood, Vinton, Howard, Webb, Haswell, and Abbott. Every day, except the Sabbath, was diligently spent in the business, and besides many important topics, which, though fully discussed, did not come to a formal vote, the following subjects were acted upon, besides minor ones:—the establishment of a seminary for native assistants; its location, temporary preceptor, and course of studies and by-laws; new fields of labour proposed and described; native schools; polygamy among natives, and the management of such cases in regard to applicants for baptism; reducing the size of the Burman character; the plan of giving English names to native children; boarding-schools, and the best mode of their endowment. Considerable time was taken up in designating the new missionaries to their fields of labour. They seem to be as jewels, which each was anxious to seize. Every man felt keenly the claims of his station or neighbourhood, and longed to see more labourers in what he deemed so promising a field. It was a noble strife of disinterested love, and so small was the reinforcement, compared with the admitted wants, on all sides, that it was difficult to decide where aid should first be sent.

The next Sabbath, being the first in April, I preached to the brethren and sisters by vote of the convention. We met in the new and unfinished chapel, built for the native church. The building, though large for Burmah, is scarcely larger than many dining-rooms in India; yet, as our little band arranged themselves in one corner, we seemed lost in the space. There was, however, moral power in the meeting; and when I reflected on the recent origin of the mission, its small beginnings, and its various dangers and hinderances, the company before me was a most refreshing sight. Here were twelve missionaries, besides Misses Gardner and Malcomber, and the missionaries' wives. Elsewhere in the mission were four evangelists and a printer, not computing those in Siam. The text was, "Glorify ye the Lord in the fires;" and every heart seemed to say Amen, as sentence after sentence came forth. It is delightful preaching to greedy listeners; and long had most of these been deprived of the refreshment of sitting under a gospel sermon. Mr Judson had not heard a sermon in English for fourteen years.

As my eye rested on this loved little company, it was sweet to contemplate the venerable founder of the mission, sitting there to rejoice in the growth of the cause he had so assiduously and painfully sustained. His labours and sufferings for years, his mastery of the language, his translation of the whole Word of God, and his being permitted now to be the pastor of a church containing over a hundred natives, make him the most interesting missionary now alive. What a mercy that he yet lives to devote to this people his enlarged powers of doing good! And we may hope he will very long be spared. His age is but forty-seven; his eye is not dim; not a grey hair shows itself among his full auburn locks; his moderate-sized person seems full of vigour; he walks almost every evening a mile or two at a quick pace, lives with entire temperance and regularity, and enjoys, in general, steadfast health. May a gracious God continue to make him a blessing more and more!

A day or two after the close of our conference, I accompanied Mr Vinton to Balu Island, to counsel with him on the final choice of a spot for a new station, and to visit some Karen villages, where as yet the gospel had not been dispensed. This island forms the right bank of the Salwen river, from Maulmain nearly to Amherst. It is about seventeen miles long, and six or seven wide, settled chiefly by Karens. No portion of these Tenasserim provinces is more fertile, or more carefully and successfully cultivated. The population of course is dense, amounting to over 10,000. Along the whole island, from north to south, stretches a fine chain of moderately elevated mountains.

Having coasted the northern end of the island, and passed down its western side a few miles, we came to a creek, navigable for row-boats, except at very low tide, and pulled up it to within about two miles of the proposed spot. From the mouth of the creek, the rice fields engross each side as far as the eye can reach, covering an immense flat but little above common high-water mark. The walk from the boat to the spot proposed led through villages and rice-fields, till we began to ascend the mountain, and then presented enough of the beauties of an oriental forest to keep a transatlantic eye intent. Being the midst of the hot season, we of course were deprived of its full glories; but many trees bore large and gorgeous flowers, besides shrubs and smaller plants in great variety. American forests have more large trees, and less undergrowth, but they have fewer leaves, and scarcely any flower-bearing trees. We were never a moment without a variety of blossoms in sight, and many fruits.

Arrived at the spot, I found it near one of the lower summits, overlooking rice-fields, limited north and south only by the extent of vision, and to the west commanding a wide view of ocean, distant five or six miles. From the summit of that ledge, a few yards eastward, a view scarcely less extensive is had of the Salwen river, Amherst, and the ocean.

It would seem that, though in the jungle, this spot

must be salubrious, from its complete exposure to the sea-breeze, and its great elevation; but I fear it will prove too much out of the way from the main path. After breakfasting on the spot, we descended to the village of the Karen chief, and spent the day making contracts for house materials, and testifying to them the grace of God.

Though we lodged each night in the boat, we spent our time and ate among the people. The glance thus gained at native character was very gratifying. We saw no house where poverty seemed to dwell (though we passed through four or five villages), and no disorder in any place. Wherever we stopped to eat, we entered a house freely, and were immediately offered clean mats, and treated with the utmost hospitality. Able and willing to supply our wants, they sometimes expostulated with the servant, as he was cooking our meals, that he had brought rice and fowls, instead of allowing them to furnish our table. This trait is prevalent among the Karens. Native assistants go from village to village among them, even where the gospel has never been heard, and take literally "neither scrip nor purse." They are bountifully supplied, even where their message meets only with opposition. Mr Vinton, on one occasion, went several days' journey among Karen villages, without servant or food. Every where they killed for him their best fowls, and spread before him rice, fruits, honey, and whatever they had, and gave him their best place to sleep.

Among that portion of the Karens lying contiguous to Maulmain, Mr Vinton is the only labourer. There are in this province three churches—lut, at Ko Chet-thing's village, on the Salwen river, two days' above Maulmain—thirty-seven members, five or six inquirers, Ko Chet-thing pastor; 2d, *Newville*, on the Dagaing river, three days from Maulmain—twenty-eight members, Ko Tappau pastor; 3d, *Boo tah*, on the river Attaran—thirty-four members, Ko Taunah pastor. The station at Chummeerah has been abolished by the removal of all the people. The place is no longer inhabited. This part of the mission to the Karens has five valuable native assistants, including the three pastors just named, besides several young members of the church, in training, who give evidence of being called to the ministry. One hundred and twenty-three persons have been baptised in all.

When the amount of labour which has been bestowed on this portion of the Sgau Karens is considered, these results will appear exceedingly encouraging. Miss Cummings went to Chummeerah to acquire the language, but died before she was able to speak it. Mr Judson commenced this department of the mission, and resided among the people a few months. He, however, retired thither chiefly to be undisturbed in translating, and devoted but a small part of his time to direct missionary labour. Mr and Mrs Vinton came out in December 1834; and their time, of course, has been almost wholly occupied in getting the language. They have already made a beginning in proclaiming the gospel, but much of their time will still have to be spent in study. They are now the only labourers among this people; and six months of the year they must leave these infant churches, and retire from the jungle to their new station on Balu Island. The past dry season, they visited them each, and passing up the Un-za-lon river, twelve days from Maulmain, established several schools in important villages. They hope to be able to reside on this island during the rains, continuing the itinerant system in the dry season.

The festivities which usher in the new year (commencing at the April new moon) have, for several days past, kept the town excited. Before every Burman house is erected a slight bamboo palisade, six or eight feet long, decorated very tastefully with young palm-trees, and pots of water, filled with various beautiful blossoms. The moistened streets send up an enlivening freshness, which, with the odours of the flowers, makes the street like a charming avenue in a garden. The absurd yet amusing ceremony to which these are pre-

parations, seems peculiar to Burmans. It is a general war of water. Every one is at liberty to wet his neighbour, but the compliment is chiefly paid by women to men, and men to women; the children taking the principal share of the business into their hands. I have just been riding along the principal streets to witness the scene; but no one offered to compliment me, or other foreigners, with a bowl of water. They know that foreigners, whose raiment is not so easily changed, do not relish the sport; though sometimes, out of ill-timed complaisance, they submit to it. Almost universally the people take it pleasantly; but occasionally I saw little fellows chased and overthrown in the dirt, who played off on men. It certainly requires some command of temper, to show entire nonchalance when the children project a forcible stream from large bamboo syringes directly into the eyes and ears, creeping up slyly for the purpose, and running off with exultation. Not a native is to be seen with dry clothes; but "holiday clothes," on this occasion, are their poorest.

No one can assign any origin or signification to this custom. It seems as if it must have originated in some notions of purification from the sins of the old, and entering cleansed upon the new year; but Boodhists have no idea of the remission of sins in any way. Their only hope is to balance them with merit.

Besides this harmless and merry custom, the religious celebrations of several classes of foreigners have kept the town in confusion for a fortnight past. The Chinese have just had their annual ceremonies in memory of deceased ancestors. Hearing, a few mornings since, an uncommon din of great gongs and other discordant instruments, I went to the veranda, and saw the procession pass to the cemetery. It was a meagre affair as to pomp, but doubtless quite as absurd as if it had been in their own country. A succession of tables, borne, like biers, on men's shoulders, were spread with hogs, goats, and poultry, roasted whole, and various other eatables; the horrid music followed, and a procession with streamers, terminated by a man or two with muskets, firing at short intervals. A priest, in proper costume, walked on each side of the tables.

Nothing can exceed the revolting exhibitions made by the Hindoo Mussulmans, who also are now holding their annual feast of Mohurram. By nature almost black, they make themselves entirely so with paint; many of them adding blotches and hideous figures, not only on their faces but on every part of their body, and of every coloured earth they can find. Some go further, and put on masks of infernal ugliness, with horns, snouts, and indescribable distortions. I never beheld them but with fresh horror. Moving about the streets in companies, they writhe every muscle, some throwing their arms about as if ready to attack every one they meet, others slapping long flat sticks together; some beating on drums, and pieces of brass, others filling the air with yells and clamour. Man could not more brutify himself, even in the madness of intoxication.

These three ceremonies are, perhaps, pretty fair specimens of the habits of the three nations of idolaters. Surely they furnish no ground for the boast of the infidel as to the purity and nobleness of human nature, evinced by pagans whose morals have not been contaminated by Europeans.

Desirous of seeing the people, as much as possible, in their own retired villages, where foreign influence is unknown, and of ascertaining the numbers, locality, &c., from personal observation, I occupied the latter part of April in making two excursions into the interior; one up the Dagaing, and the other up the Salwen river. In the first, Mrs Judson accompanied me, and in the last and longest, Mr J. himself. We slept generally in the boat, stopping at shady villages to cook our food, distribute tracts, &c.

The whole region immediately above Maulmain is alluvial; the rocks chiefly blue limestone of excellent quality. The country is flat, fertile, and beautiful, but, though once populous, is now thinly inhabited. The

scenery is rendered romantic and peculiar by small mountains, rising abruptly from the level fields to the height of four, five, and six hundred feet; the base scarcely exceeding the size of the summit. In most parts, trees and shrubs cling to the sides; but here and there the castellated and perpendicular rocks project above the foliage, like the turrets of some huge ruined tower. On the summits of many of them, apparently inaccessible to human feet, Boodhist zeal has erected pagodas, whose white forms, conspicuous far and near, remind the traveller every moment that he surveys a region covered with the shadows of spiritual death. Some of the smaller of these hills I ascended. My heart sickened as I stood beside the dumb gods of this deluded people, looking down and around on a fine country, half peopled by half civilised tribes, enjoying but half the blessings of their delicious climate, borne by whole generations to the chambers of death. They eat, and drink, and die. No inventions, no discoveries, no attainments, no enjoyments, are theirs, but such as have descended to them age by age; and nothing is left to prove they have been, but their decayed pagodas, misshapen gods, and unblest graves.

Most of these mountains contain caves, some of them very large, which appear to have been, from time immemorial, specially devoted to religious purposes. The wealth and labour bestowed upon these are of themselves sufficient to prove how great the population has been in former ages. I visited, in these excursions, three of the most remarkable—one on the Dah Gyieng, and two on the Salwen. They differed only in extent, and in the apparent antiquity of the idols they contained. Huge stalactites descended almost to the floor in many places, while, in others, stalagmites of various magnitudes and fantastic shapes were formed upon the floor. In each, the bats occupied the lofty recesses of the ceiling, dwelling in deep and everlasting twilight. In one they seemed innumerable. Their ordure covered the bottom, in some places to the depth of many feet. Throwing up some fragments of idols, we disturbed their noon-tide slumbers, and the effect was prodigious. The flutter of their wings created a trembling or pulsation in the air, like that produced by the deepest bass of a great organ. In the dusk of the evening they issue from the cave in a thick column, which extends unbroken for miles. The natives all affirmed this to be the case every evening; and Mr Judson himself, when here with Major Crawford and others, saw the almost incredible fact.

This cave has evidently been long deserted, except that a single large image at the entrance is kept in repair, before which were some recent offerings. I might, therefore, have easily obtained images for my friends; but Mr J. being afraid of an injurious influence on the native Christians who were with us, I abstained, and afterwards obtained a supply by regular purchase.

The last one we visited is on the Salwen, about fifteen or twenty miles above Maulmain. The entrance is at the bottom of a perpendicular but uneven face of the mountain, enclosed in a strong brick wall, which forms a large vestibule. The entrance to this enclosure is by a path, winding along the foot of the mountain; and nothing remarkable strikes the eye till one passes the gate, where the attention is at once powerfully arrested. Not only is the space within the wall filled with images of Gaudama of every size, but the whole face of the mountain, to the height of eighty or ninety feet, is covered with them. On every jutting crag stands some marble image, covered with gold, and spreading its uncouth proportions to the setting sun. Every recess is converted into shrines for others. The smooth surfaces are covered by small flat images in burnt clay, and set in stucco. Of these last there are literally thousands. In some places they have fallen off, with the plaster in which they were set, and left spots of naked rock, against which bees have built their hives undisturbed. Nowhere in the country have I seen such a display of wealth, ingenuity, and industry. But imposing as is

this spectacle, it shrinks to insignificance, compared to the scene which opens on entering the cavern itself. It is of vast size, chiefly in one apartment, which needs no human art to render it sublime. The eye is confused and the heart appalled, at the prodigious exhibition of infatuation and folly. Every where, on the floor, over head, on the jutting points, and on the stalactite festoons of the roof, are crowded together images of Gaudama—the offerings of successive ages. Some are perfectly gilded; others encrusted with calcareous matter; some fallen, yet sound; others mouldered; others just erected. Some of these are of stupendous size; some not larger than one's finger; and some of all the intermediate sizes; marble, stone, wood, brick, and clay. Some, even of marble, are so timeworn, though sheltered of course from changes of temperature, that the face and fingers are obliterated. In some dark recesses bats were heard, and seemed numerous, but could not be seen. Here and there are models of temples, kyongs, &c., some not larger than a half bushel, and some ten or fifteen feet square, absolutely filled with small idols, heaped promiscuously one upon another. As we followed the paths which wound among the groups of figures and models, every new aspect of the cave presented new multitudes of images. A ship of five hundred tons could not carry away the half of them.

Alas! where now are the successive generations whose hands wrought these wonders, and whose hearts confided in these deities? Where now are the millions who came hither to confess their sins to gods that cannot hear, and spread their vain oblations to him that cannot save? The multitudes are gone, but the superstition remains. The people are left like the gleanings of the vintage, but the sway of a senseless, hopeless system is undiminished. Fewer bow in these dark recesses, but no better altars witness holier devotions. May we not hope great things from the effect of a full toleration secured by the present rulers, and a full tide of missionary effort set forward by American churches? Thanks be to God that a Christian nation rules these provinces, and a Christian community sends forth light and truth. Happy and auspicious is the mental dawn which now begins to break! May Christians pray it into perfect day!

On the third day after leaving Maulmain, we arrived at the newly-formed Christian village of which Ko Chet-thing, so well known in America, is pastor. It numbers as yet but thirteen houses, of which most of the adults are Karen disciples, drawn together to enjoy the means of mutual edification. Thirty-nine members constitute the church, and others are about to remove thither. Few of the great effects produced at Mata are yet visible here; but religion has already placed this little band far above their wandering brethren in many respects. At least, it has saved their souls! Did it leave them all in their destitution of comfort and refinement, the deficiency, when compared to the gain, would be a grain of sand—to the universe!

Mr Vinton was absent on a preaching tour up the river. Mrs Vinton received us with a hearty welcome, and the disciples were not behind in paying their cordial respects. My intended visit had been announced to them a fortnight ago, and a church-meeting and communion season appointed. Some Christians from other villages had arrived, and others kept emerging from the jungle all day. Several brought presents of eggs, plantains, honey, &c., and the occasion evidently possessed in their minds great interest. A number of serious inquirers and hopeful converts presented themselves. Several, who had for some months given evidence of a spiritual change, asked baptism, and the evening was spent in warm devotional exercises. We lodged in little rooms partitioned off at the end of the chapel, and most of those who came from a distance lodged in the building. It was truly refreshing to hear them conversing, till a late hour, on the things of the kingdom. As one after another at length grew sleepy, he engaged in private prayer in a low tone of voice, and stretched himself for repose on the clean bamboo

floor. The voice of prayer was in this manner kept up till midnight.

Next morning we had a church-meeting, at which, among other business, three candidates for baptism were received. Some others were deferred for the present. The rude-looking assembly (lately so rude indeed, and so ignorant of eternal things) transacted their business with much order, and great correctness of judgment. Now, and several times before, I addressed them officially, through Mr Judson, examining into their degrees of religious knowledge, and leaving them various injunctions relating both to temporal and eternal things. In the afternoon we met again, and, after religious exercises, walked in procession to the water side, where, after singing and prayer, I baptised the candidates in the name of the Holy Three. The river was perfectly serene, and the shore a clean sand. One of those lofty mountains which I have described rose in isolated majesty on the opposite shore,* intercepting the rays of the setting sun. The water was perfectly clear, the air cool and fragrant, the candidates calm and happy. All was good. May that lonely mountain often, often echo with the baptismal hymn and the voice of prayer! Next morning we had the Lord's supper, and departed, amid the tears and prayers of these lovely children of the forest.

How blessed and golden are these days to Burmah! Men love to mark the glorious sunrise. Painters copy it; poets sing it; all derive pleasure and elevation as they gaze while it blazes up the heavens, turning to gorgeous purple every dull cloud, gilding the mountain tops, and chasing the mists from the valley. God seems present, and creation rejoices. But how much more glorious is the dawn I am permitted here to witness! All the romance which swells the bosom of the sentimentalist, gazing on early day, is coldness and trifling, compared to the emotions a Christian may cherish when he sees the gospel beginning to enlighten a great nation. Surely we may hope such is the case here, and that the little light which has invaded this empire of darkness will issue in perfect day. I see a dim twilight; others will rejoice in the rising sun, and others in the meridian day. Oh Lord, come with thy great power! Inspire the churches to do all their duty, and prepare all people for thy truth.

I have now seen much of the Karens, and gathered what information there is respecting them, which will be introduced, with notices of other tribes, in a subsequent chapter.

The city of Maulmain was only a few years ago a jungle, though some intelligent natives affirm that it was once a large city, and the metropolis of a Shyan kingdom, then independent. After the cession of these provinces to the English, it was selected as a military post, and a town sprang up, which has continually increased, and numbers now 18,000 souls. The rest of the province contains about 30,000 more, of whom some thousand are Karens and Tounghoos. The city consists principally of one street, which extends along the river about two and a half miles. The river is about a mile wide, with a tide of twenty feet perpendicular rise. In the rear, distant about a quarter of a mile, is a long narrow hill, running parallel to the river, presenting along its summit a string of pagodas mostly fallen to ruin. From a fine road, made here by Sir A. Campbell, the whole city, with the river, shipping, and high hills on the opposite island of Balu, are in full view. The location of the city has been found exceedingly salubrious, and gentlemen in the company's service are glad to resort hither for health, from the opposite shore of the Bay of Bengal. The settlement is too recent to be adorned with noble shade trees, like Tavoy and Mergui, but is well laid out, and the Burmans, always tasteful in such matters, have planted them to a sufficient extent. Over the water-courses are handsome bridges of substantial masonry; and fine roads are made, and being made, in various directions.

* Containing also a cavern filled with idols, which, however, I had not time to visit.

Being the metropolis of British Burmah, the commissioner or acting governor resides here. The garrison consists of a regiment of the line, a detachment of artillery, and some companies of sepoys. The officers of this force, and the gentlemen connected with the civil service, make a considerable circle of English society, which, with soldiers, traders, &c., and their families, ensure all the conveniences of an abundant market, various mechanics, and well-supplied shops. In the market may always be had fresh beef, pork, goat, venison, and poultry, butter, eggs, milk, &c., with great plenty of the finest fish, fruits, and vegetables. In passing through it one day, I counted thirty-two different kinds of fruit besides vegetables. The price of articles, with some exceptions, is cheaper than in our cities—fowls, two rupees a dozen; rice, half a rupee a bushel. The best of bakers' wheat-bread is sold at about our rates, and British goods are in general cheaper than with us. On the whole, it is perhaps as pleasant and desirable a residence as any part of the east.

On commerce and trade there are no restrictions. Vessels pay no tonnage, and merchandise no duty. Even pilotage is established at low rates, and such as choose to dispense with a pilot, pay only a small sum for the benefit of the buoys. Ship and boat building, on English and native models, is done to the amount of some thousand tons per annum.

The imports from Tavoy and Mergui are principally attaps, or dennees (leaves stitched upon strips of ratan, ready for thatching), damar torches, cardamoms, sapan wood, gnapes, ratans, preserved dofyans, mats, salt, yams, and ivory. In return are sent to these places cotton, oil, English goods, paddy, beef, lime, and tamarinds.

From Rangoon are imported cutch or catechu, stick lac, gram, oil-seed, earth-oil, sesamum oil, lappet (tea), wheat, ivory, lackered ware, glazed pottery, jaggery (black sugar), Burman silks, tamarinds, chillies, garlic, &c.; and in return are sent areca-nuts, cotton, dates, English goods, cocoa-nuts, &c.

From Penang are brought umbrellas, muskets, torches, dates, coffee, &c.; and in return are sent chiefly paddy and rice.

From Calcutta are brought specie, English goods, wines, ginger, steel, rose-water, sugar; and almost the only important return is teak timber. The same may be said of Madras. This is about the whole commerce of Maulmain. From eight to twelve vessels enter and clear per month.

Among the inhabitants are 500 Chinese, and above 2000 other foreigners, most of whom are from Bengal and Madras. Each class has a place of worship, and adheres to its national costume and habits. The English have a company's chaplain, and a spacious church. Here service is regularly performed, and the troops are required to attend. The English Baptist church have also a good meeting-house of teak, and one of the missionaries always acts as pastor. At present, Mr Osgood discharges this duty, in connection with his engagements at the printing-office.

Though there is not the slightest restraint upon idolatry in these provinces, the people are certainly less devoted to their superstition than before the war. It is scarcely possible to discover, from the appearance of the streets, when the worship days occur; and the number of priests is much less than it would be among an equal population in Burmah Proper. The people are evidently ripening for some change. There is therefore eminent necessity for following up, with the utmost vigour, the means for extending Christianity. The morals of the people would greatly suffer by the loss of their religious system, if no other were to be substituted. Such a crisis is not altogether improbable, and the people of God are most affectingly called upon, by the state of the case, to send out more teachers forthwith.

Still, Buddhism is as yet by no means a neglected system. New pagodas are making their appearance in different parts of the city. There are twenty-nine kyoungs, containing somewhat more than 500 priests,

including noviciates, who are plentifully supported. The kyoungs are vastly superior to the dwellings of the common people, and some of them are situated in delightful groves with ample grounds. Here and there is a sacred bannian-tree, carefully nurtured, and occasionally lighted with lamps at night. In the city and suburbs are seventy-eight pagodas.

My evening walks with Mr and Mrs Judson were upon the hills, and near the principal of these pagodas. The ascent is fatiguing, though part of the way is facilitated by brick stairs twelve or fifteen feet wide. The pagoda, as usual, is entirely solid. Around its base are smaller ones, and numerous shrines built of brick nicely stuccoed, like little temples, from the size of a large dog-house up to the size of a small dwelling. Within and around these are images of Gaudama, precisely like the pictures of him common in America, generally well gilt. Little paper flags, &c., &c., are before them—the offerings of the devout. Tall flag-staffs are numerous planted on the crown of the hill, with various streamers, some of which are tasteful and elegant.

A large and substantial house stands beside the pagoda, literally filled with images of Gaudama, most of them of colossal size. These are made of brick, with a thick coating of plaster, perfectly smooth, and resembling marble. There are some hundreds of these, all in perfect repair, many of them apparently placed there by these deceived idolaters quite lately. The number continually increases. One of these images is in a recumbent posture, and must be at least forty feet long. Some of the images represent worshippers, in a most reverent attitude, before certain figures.

While walking among these distressing evidences of folly and misery, we often saw scenes like the following:—A poor man struggled up the back part of the mountain with a little child on his back, less than three years old, plucking a few green twigs from the bushes as he passed. He went up to a great bell suspended in the area, and taking a deer's horn lying on the ground for the purpose, struck it twice or thrice. Then, reverently entering the image-house, he prostrated himself, and taught his little one to do the same, which it did so readily as to make it certain it was not its first attempt. He then prayed with the palms of his hands placed together, and raised to his forehead, while the poor little babe lisped out some of the same words. At the conclusion, he walked up to the idol he had addressed, and laid before it, with great solemnity, his offering of green leaves; and taking up the babe, descended the mountain.

Oh ye parents, who take no pains to teach your little ones to adore, and trust, and serve the eternal God, be reprovèd and abashed! That poor idolator may confront and condemn you at the last awful day!

Thank God, the gospel is slowly extending its happy conquests in this place. Two very respectable people applied for baptism last Lord's day, and many are persuaded that Boodh is no God. A hundred Christians hold forth the truth, and a teeming press presents to the people the divine testimony. But we must pray for the spirit's influence. May not this be our chief deficiency?

The mission here was established by Mr Boardman with the first settlement of the town by the British in 1827. Mr Judson came in a few months, and Mr Boardman left the place to commence the station at Tavoy. It is now the principal point in our mission, having the printing-office, five houses for missionaries, an English chapel, a large teakwood zayat, and smaller zayats in different parts of the town. Belonging to the station are Mr Judson, Mr Hancock, Mr Osgood, and Mr Bennett. The latter is wholly engaged in teaching an English high-school for native children, and is nearly supported by the salary allowed by the company.

The printing-office is of brick, two stories high, 136 feet long by 56 wide. It contains four hand-presses, and a power press, equal to two more; twelve founts of English type, one of Burman, one of Taling, and one of Taling. For these last there are 1

matrices complete, so that they may be cast anew at any time. The expense has, of course, been enormous, there being about one thousand matrices for the Burman font alone. A new set of punches and matrices has just been ordered for the Burman character, on a size reduced one third. The upper rooms of the office are devoted to a bindery, storage, &c. The capabilities of the bindery are fully equal to the work of the printing-office. Every part of the labour, in printing and binding, is performed by natives, of whom, on an average, twenty-five are constantly employed.

The native church under Mr Judson's care has more than a hundred members. Some sixteen or eighteen are valuable assistants, of whom a part are generally employed at other stations. Such as are employed here, meet Mr Judson every morning at sunrise, and give an account of their labours during the previous day, often rehearsing the very conversations. An excellent opportunity is thus obtained for enlarging and rectifying their views, and giving them helpful ideas in particular cases. On Sunday, the congregation consists of but few besides the church members. If any attend three or four Sundays, they are pronounced disciples by their friends, and indeed generally become so.

Scarcely more direct missionary labour is expended on this city than on Tavoy. Mr Hancock is not yet sufficiently master of the language to be able to preach, and Mr Osgood has of course made still less advance. Nor do the printing-office labours of these brethren allow them to devote much time to study. Mr Judson has been so much engrossed with revising the translation of the whole Old Testament, and proof-reading, for several years, as to be wholly prevented from labouring publicly, either in the *zayat* or from house to house. Mr Bennett is confined to the school, the labours of which are truly arduous. Thus this great city, with nominally four missionaries, has no evangelical labour done for it, except by the native assistants.

Mrs Hancock has under her care two schools, containing together twenty-five scholars, a few of them females, which she examines monthly. One of the teachers is a disciple. It is very common for the pupils to be withdrawn after a while, sometimes even before they learn to read. All are required to attend worship on Lord's days, and are both then and at other times instructed in religion. From four to eight of the scholars are supported by the mission, at an expense of about three rupees a-month. One of these schools has been in existence three years, and during that time six of the scholars have passed from death unto life. The other school is but of four months' standing.

Mrs Osgood* has two schools for girls, which contain together nineteen scholars. One of the teachers is a Christian. Christian instruction is imparted very much as in the boys' schools. None of the pupils are boarded at present. One of these schools has existed ten months, the other has just now gone into operation. No conversions have taken place.

Mr Bennett's school is large and flourishing. He possesses a happy talent in imparting instruction, and the stated examinations abundantly attest his diligence. The English language is the principal object, and many of the pupils have made surprising proficiency.

The labour which has been bestowed on schools at this station shows little fruit. There are, however, a few pupils, who, having long attended, are obviously elevated by the process. I give a specimen of the composition and spelling of one who was a scholar of Mrs Boardman's in 1830, and is now a pupil in Mr Bennett's school, and a promising member of the church. It is a letter to one of the missionaries in Tavoy, and is given as *he wrote it in English*, literatim. The penmanship is beautiful.

* MAULMEIN, February 15, 1830.

Your young brother Moung Bwah sends to you benevolence, love, and in the faith, grace, mercy, and peace from God our

Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord. Because of God, love, and benevolence, my soul and body are well. I am still in Maulmein, ever learning wisdom and instruction of the teacher. I endeavour to follow the teacher's words, and learn my lessons with diligence, and not to be idle. I pray Jesus Christ for you and your's, neighbour. Pray you to God for me; I with respect beg you to. Through the Saviour, Lord Jesus Christ's mercy, I am quite still in God's commandment.

All who love the Lord Jesus Christ's glory, hope in our way. This world is like a wild island, with many ferocious wild animals. The Saviour Jesus, to save us, come from the Father's nearness with the *saw-ship*, that we poor sinner might be saved. But we every day hope in God's mercy, and desire a gentle and quite mind.

Before time, first man Adam, first woman Eve, two persons sinned. We have all gone out of the way, we are together become unprofitable, there is none that doeth good, no, not one, when we trust in Jesus, we all ride the *saw-ship*, and free from sin, and wild animal's harm. That nearness to the Lord, free us from harm, and make us quite and happy. Then we are near the Lord, and worship with respect. God's mercy on me that I may grow wiser in good wisdom, my elder sister, if God give me permission, you will again see me, then I should be very glad. Your affectionately,
MOUNG BWAH."

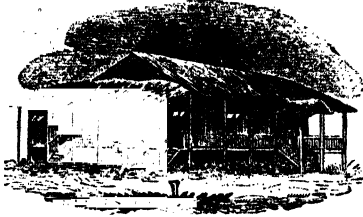
English influence in a variety of ways improves the temporal condition of these provinces. It has abolished those border wars, which kept this people and their neighbours continually wretched. None but those familiar with the country can describe the evils produced by a Burman war. The troops are drawn from the remotest provinces, and as they march, labourers, stores, money, boats, and cattle, are taken without compensation. They have no tents, no pay, no regular rations, and suffer every sort of hardship. Every where as they go, the people fly into the jungle, and such property as cannot be carried away is plundered without restraint. Poverty and distress are thus spread over the whole kingdom, even by a petty border conflict. Of course, at the seat of war, every evil is magnified a hundred fold. The mode of raising troops is the worst possible. Each chief is required to furnish so many, and is sure to get rich by the operation. He calls first upon those who have money, and suffers them to buy themselves off, taking finally only those who have no money. So, if he want boats, the richer boatmen pay a bribe, and get off, and the poorer must go. So with carts, and in fact, every thing. The suppression of war cuts off a large portion of the chances for these extortions.

In the Tenasserim provinces various improvements are perceptible. Coin is getting introduced instead of masses of lead and silver; manufactures are improving; implements of improved construction are used; justice is better administered; life is secure; property is sacred; religion is free; taxes, though heavy, are more equitably imposed; and courts of justice are pure, generally. Formerly, men were deterred from gathering round them comforts superior to their neighbours, or building better houses, for fear of exactions. Now, being secure in their earnings, the newly-built houses are much improved in size, materials, and workmanship. There are none of those traps and trammels which embarrass courts in England and America. The presiding officer in each province, Amherst, Tavoy, and Mergui, sits as magistrate on certain days every week; and before him every citizen, male or female, without the intervention of lawyers, may plead his cause and have immediate redress. Every where in British Burmah, the people praise English justice; but they are not yet reconciled to regular taxation. Though the Burman government, or its oppressive agents, took from them more than they pay now, yet it was occasional, consisted chiefly in labour, and they were not under the necessity of saving any thing against a certain day—a matter to which they have been altogether unaccustomed.

Presuming that my readers would be glad to see Mr Judson's residence, and desirous of giving a specimen of the houses of our Burman missionaries, I made a

* Mrs Osgood died of consumption, Oct. 5, 1827, having been less than three years in the country.

drawing, which is given in a reduced size below. It contains three good-sized rooms and two small ones. It is built precisely like the natives' houses, only larger and better, and cost about three hundred dollars. All our Burman missionaries use similar ones. During my pleasing residence with this great and good man, the small room on the extreme left was my chamber, and the large one, with two little fir-trees under the windows, my study. The centre room is the dining-hall, and the farthest one Mr J.'s chamber. His study is a large apartment partitioned off from one end of the chapel. The kitchen, or "cook-house," is always a small, separate building.



Mr Judson's house.

CHAPTER IV.

Population of Rangoon; Commerce; Prices of Living. Shoodagön Pagoda. Slaves of the Pagoda. Sunrise Worship. Itainy Monsoon. History of the Mission. Maubece. Labour of Native Assistants. Interesting Case. Voyage to Pegu. Evidences of former Greatness. Shoomadoo Pagoda. Voyage up the Irrawaddy. Boats. Mode of Fishing. Promoe. Laper Village. Gaudama's Foot. Burman Energy. Earth-oil Wells. Shyan Caravan. Ruins of Paghian. Attempt to buy Beef. Buffalo Herdmen. Curiosity of Natives. Toddy. Arrival at Ava.

On the 14th of May, the sad hour of bidding adieu to the dear missionaries and their interesting disciples arrived, and I embarked for Rangoon. Every day had increased my regard for them, and the probability of seeing them no more made the last few days truly sorrowful.

The change of the monsoon, which now takes place, is often accompanied with severe squalls; but these coasting vessels have little fear of them, and never lay up on that account. Often the season passes without any that are serious, as it has this year. We had two or three flurries with rain; but they helped us on powerfully, and the 17th (of May) found me at Rangoon, without accident. The entrance of the river, though six miles wide, is difficult to find, the channel very narrow, and the coast very shoal for a great distance above and below; while a perfectly flat shore, scarcely above high tides, gives the mariner no certain landmarks. There are no pilots to be had, but by sending a boat to the city. On one point is a cluster of trees, which has been called "the elephant," from a fancied resemblance to that animal; but my imagination was too dull to discern much shape. The sands have extended some miles to the southward, since the coast was first surveyed.

Having passed the ordeal of the custom-house, without any special vexations, I found Messrs Webb and Howard, with their wives, in usual health, and received from them a kind and cordial reception.

The name of Rangoon is so conspicuous in the annals of our mission, and occurs so often in the narratives of travellers on this coast, that I naturally entered it with feelings of peculiar interest. Association of ideas, of course, keeps up some of that interest; but so wretched a looking town, of its size, I have nowhere seen. The city is spread upon part of a vast meadow, but little above high tides, and at this season resembling a neglected swamp. The approach from the sea reveals nothing but a few wooden houses between the city wall and the shore. The fortifications are of no avail against modern modes of attack. They consist of merely a row

of timbers set in the ground, rising to the height of about 18 feet, with a narrow platform running round inside for musketeers, and a few cannon, perhaps half a dozen in all, lying at the gateways, in a useless condition. Some considerable streets are back of the town, outside the walls.

The entire population is estimated at 50,000, but that is probably too much. There is no other seaport in the empire, but Bassein, which has little trade, and the city stands next in importance to Ava; yet there is nothing in it that can interest a traveller. A dozen foreigners, chiefly Monguls, have brick tenements, very shabby. There are also four or five small brick places of worship, for foreigners, and a miserable custom-house. Besides these, it is a city of bamboo huts, comfortable for this people, considering their habits and climate, but in appearance as paltry as possible. Maulmain has already many better buildings. The eaves of the houses generally descend to within six or eight feet of the ground; very few being of more than one story, or having any other covering than thatch. Cellars are unknown, and all the houses are raised two or three feet above the ground for coolness and ventilation. As the floors are of split bamboo, all dirt falls through, and what is not picked up by crows, dogs, fowls, &c., is occasionally swept out and burned. For nearly half the year, the city presents a most singular appearance, half sad, half silly. By a standing law, on the setting in of the dry season all the thatch must be removed, except a particular kind, not common, made partly of split bamboo, which will not easily burn. Were it not for the people in the streets, and the cloths of various kinds put up in the houses to keep off the sun, it would seem, at these times, like a city deserted.

The streets are narrow, and paved with half-burnt bricks, which, as wheel-carriages are not allowed within the city, are in tolerable repair. There is neither wharf nor quay. In four or five places are wooden stairs, at which small boats may land passengers; but even these do not extend within twenty feet of low water mark. Vessels lie in the stream, and discharge into boats, from which the packages, slung to a bamboo, are lugged on men's shoulders to the custom-house.

The commerce of the place is still considerable, though greatly crippled by enormous port-charges, and absolute prohibitions against exporting rice or the precious metals. Specie is exported, but only by adroit smuggling. Could rice be exported freely, a most beneficial trade, both to government and people, might be carried on, the agriculturist receive a better reward for his toil, and the price of land be raised throughout the kingdom. Paddy is now selling at five rupees the hundred baskets; that is, about two dollars fifty cents for a hundred bushels!

The best of cleaned rice is four annas a basket—about twelve cents a bushel! Wheat, as good as I have ever seen, is selling at twenty dollars per hundred bushels. Such prices would send here half the vessels in Bengal Bay. How strange that governments must always be doing damage, by dabbling in matters which, if left to themselves, would prosper! However, the policy is certainly more wise than that of Great Britain, which lets some of her subjects annually starve, and others constantly suffer, by keeping bread-stuffs away.

Other necessities are equally cheap in Rangoon—fowls, about one dollar per dozen; black tea, brought down the Irrawaddy from China, twelve cents a pound; rice, one cent per pound; coffee, six cents per pound; sugar, six; bread same as in Boston; eggs, fifty cents per hundred; milk, forty-five cents per gallon; wages, six dollars per month, without food or lodging; oil for cooking and lamps, fifty cents per pound; washing, four dollars per hundred; fuel, about seventy-five cents per month. Almost every kind of British manufactures may be had in the bazaar, at rates not higher than they cost in Boston. Medicines are not easily procured, and many kinds are excessively dear.

During the long wars of Europe, in the days of Napoleon, many vessels were built here, chiefly

English, amounting, on an average, from 1790 to 1802, to three or four thousand tons per annum. At the time of Colonel Symmes's visit, in 1795, there were several ships on the stocks, of from 600 to 1000 tons' burden. This branch of business is now almost annihilated.

Two miles from Rangoon is the celebrated pagoda, called Shoodagön. It stands on a small hill, surrounded by many smaller pagodas, some fine *zayats* and *kyoungs*, and many noble trees. The hill has been graduated into successive terraces, sustained by brick walls; and the summit, which is completely levelled, contains about two acres.

The two principal approaches from the city are lined on each side, for a mile, with fine pagodas, some almost vying for size with Shoodagön itself. These are in every state of repair; from beautiful white new ones to mere grass-grown heaps. In most of them the apertures still remain through which the English soldiers penetrated, to take the treasure always deposited in them. Even the great pagoda did not escape; but it is so perfectly repaired as to show no signs of the indignity.

Passing these on your way from the city, you come to a flight of time-worn steps, covered by a curious arcade of little houses of various forms and sizes, one above another, some in partial decay, others truly beautiful. After crossing some terraces, covered in the same manner, you reach the top, and, passing a great gate, enter at once this sad but imposing theatre of Gaudama's glory. One's first impressions are, what *terrible grandeur!* what *sickening magnificence!* what *absurd imagery!* what *extravagant expenditure!* what *long successions of devotees to procure this throng of buildings of such various dates!* what a poor religion that makes such labours its chief meritoriousness! Before you stands the huge Shoodagön, its top among the clouds, and its golden sides blazing in the glories of an eastern sun. Around are pompous *zayats*, noble pavements, Gothic mausoleums, uncouth colossal lions, curious stone umbrellas, gracefully cylindrical banners of gold-embroidered muslin hanging from lofty pillars, enormous stone jars in rows to receive offerings, tapers burning before the images, exquisite flowers displayed on every side, filling the air with fragrance, and a multitude of carved figures of idols, worshippers, griffins, guardians, &c.

Always, in the morning, men and women are seen in every direction kneeling behind their gift, and with uplifted hands reciting their devotions, often with a string of beads counting over each repetition; aged persons sweep out every place, or pick the grass from the crevices; dogs and crows straggle around the altars, and devour the recent offerings; the great bells utter their frequent tones; and the mutter of praying voices makes a hum like the buzzing of an exchange. The whole scene is so strange, so distressing, that one is relieved to stroll away among the huge trees, and gaze from the parapet on the unlimited scene around. It is one wide, flat jungle, without a single hill, but that of Syrian in the distance; but it is *nature*. It is the true temple of the true God; the only representation he has given of his natural perfections, as the Bible is of his moral ones. All the rest is distortion, absurdity, and crime. Of inferior pagodas (though some surpass in size any I have seen elsewhere) there are in Rangoon more than five hundred, occupying as much space as the city itself, probably more. Most of them stand a little out of the city, interspersed with groves embowering costly *kyoungs* and commodious *zayats*. The latter are particularly numerous, to accommodate the hosts of worshippers who resort hither at certain seasons of the year.

In the vicinity of the hill are 150 families of "slaves of the pagoda," containing about two hundred men, and, as their chief told me, "plenty of women." They do not appear to be poor or despised, and their quarter of the city is not distinguished by any particular feature. They become so, not always because of crime, but often by merely incurring the displeasure of a great

man; or he gives them as an act of piety. Most of them are so by birth, for the progeny of such persons are for ever in the same condition. They are not allowed to marry, except among themselves.

I visited the pagoda frequently about sunrise, as it is the only direction in which one can ride. There were always twenty-five or thirty worshippers scattered up and down, and on the regular worship days, several hundreds. They come and go during the cool of the morning, remaining about fifteen minutes, and amounting, I was told, in the whole, to two or three thousand. A few remain all day in the cool *zayats*, often repeating their worship, and spending the intervals of the time in friendly chat. Some, as an act of particular merit, stay all night. No priests are in official attendance, nor, indeed, did I ever see any there performing their own worship. The act of worship is called *shee-ko*, though the name is often given to the mere act of prostration which accompanies it.

Every one brings a present, often a bunch of flowers, or only a few green twigs, plucked on the way, but generally the nicest eatables ready cooked, beautiful bunches of flowers, articles of raiment, &c. The amount of offerings here is very great. Stone vases, some of which will hold fifty or sixty gallons, stand round the pagoda, into which the devotees carefully lay their leafy plates of rice, plantains, cakes, &c. As these are successively filled, appointed persons from among the pagoda slaves, empty them into their vessels, assorting the various kinds. The beautiful flowers remain all night, and are swept out in the morning. No one ever objected, however, to my gathering them at pleasure. A gift once deposited is no more regarded. I have seen crows and dogs snatch the gift ere the offerer had well done his prayers, without the shadow of resistance being offered.

The reproof of Jehovah to Israel by the prophet often came strongly to my mind, as these crowds passed on with their beautiful flowers, and the finest of the fruits of the earth. "She did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold, which they prepare for Baal: therefore I will take away my corn and my wine, and will recover my wool and my flax," Hosea ii. 8, 9. How boundless the goodness and forbearance of God! "Will a man rob God? Yet these rob him of the titles and offerings" bestowed on their senseless images, and take his fruits of the earth to do honour to the things his soul abhors. I could not but feel, as I gazed upon the rich landscape and bright heavens, and marked the joy of the young men and maidens as they passed on, that He who then forbore, would, in his abundant mercy, "give them pastors after his own heart, who shall teach them knowledge and understanding."

The rainy monsoon has been considered fairly set in, since the 10th of May, but it rains as yet generally only towards night, and the weather is every way delicious; every tree being evergreen, a few showers bring forth all the beauties of midsummer. Though the sun is nearly vertical, the clouds and showers so cool the air, that the thermometer seldom rises above 86° or 87° at noon, and goes down to 80° before morning. I have now passed the ordeal of the entire hot season; and of nothing am I more convinced, both from experience and observation, and especially from the testimony of very many intelligent foreign residents, than that the climate is as salubrious and as pleasant as any other in the world. I have suffered from heat greatly more in Italy, and even in Philadelphia, than I have ever done here, and have never found a moment when I could not be perfectly comfortable by sitting still. To go abroad in mid-day, is, however, more intolerable, and, for any but natives, is eminently hazardous.

The mission to this city has had great disadvantages, and the apparent results are at this time very small. The first missionaries, who were English, chose a situation outside the town near the pagoda, and erected a building far too sumptuous. One afterwards chose another field, and the other another employment. The

station was never effectively occupied till by Mr Judson, who being without native assistants, without the language, without tracts, without experience, and living in the same house, was here many years before he began to make direct evangelical efforts among the people. Part of this time was spent in acquiring the Pali,* or sacred language of the Burmans, on which he was erroneously led to place a high value. At length he was able to preach, and some souls were won; but scarcely had a little church been gathered, before the war broke out, in which he suffered so dreadfully, and which suspended all missionary effort, and scattered all the converts. At the close of it, he did not resume his place in Rangoon, but proceeded to the provinces ceded to England, where he has remained. The flower of the church followed him to Maulmain.

From that time there has never been a missionary stationed here who could fully preach in Burman!

Mr Wade was at the station a few months, in so bad health as to be thought near his end, and sailed for America. All the others have spent their time chiefly in study.

The spirit of persecution has never intermitted at Rangoon, and the acts of it very seldom. Mr Judson never had public meetings of the church, either for worship or business, and the disciples came to him privately. When Mr and Mrs Bennett attempted to establish a school, an excitement was created which immediately scattered it. The master was publicly whipped, and the old pastor, Ko Tha-a, was imprisoned and put into the stocks, and released only by paying sixty rupees. Mr and Mrs Webb took the station two years ago, on the removal of Mr Bennett to take charge of the government free-school at Maulmain. Though he had only made a good beginning in the language, yet, with the aid of the old pastor, and a native assistant from Maulmain, he began to look out and draw forth the very few disciples who were now left, and to meet and act without concealment. After a few months, and before any new conversions occurred in the city, persecution was recommenced, which put a stop not only to the meetings, but all missionary effort. Mr Webb and wife had gone to Maulmain for their health, and Mr Howard, who had been in the country but a few months, was left in charge of the station, when the troubles began. Ko Sanlone,† the preacher (the old pastor has been deterred from public labours since his sufferings), was seized while preaching on the veranda, and though Mrs H. procured from the woon-gyee an order for his release, the inferior rulers refused to execute it, and at last succeeded in incensing his mind also. They demanded Sanlone's death, and possibly might have procured it, had he not been a Maulmain man, and of course a British subject. Six or eight Karens, who formed Mrs H.'s school, and as many more who had at that time visited Rangoon to receive baptism, were seized, punished in the stocks, and, after a week, sent away into the jungle. Search was made for disciples throughout the city, but none were detected. Various tortures were inflicted on Sanlone, to make him renounce his faith, and the impression throughout the city was, that he would be put to death; but after several sums of money had been paid by his wife, he was at length turned out, with chains on his legs, to work in the woon-gyee's yard. After a time, by paying more than two hundred rupees, he was set at liberty, with the express injunction not to preach or distribute tracts again in the jurisdiction of the woon-gyee. From this time, none of the disciples durst avow themselves, except the old pastor, Sanlone's wife, and a few more. No meetings were held; the people durst not come near the missionaries, nor receive a tract, nor even engage as servants in their families. A poor woman who took care of Mrs Webb's child for a short time, was fined fifteen rupees for so doing. After three or four months, the alarm subsided. The people now

accept tracts, and assistants from Maulmain preach unmolested; but no Rangoon native Christian dares do it, or give tracts. The church cannot be assembled; but few members can be found at all; and the church may almost be said to be extinct. It is not probable that any native would be allowed openly to confess that he had changed his religion.

In the mean time, God has been carrying on his work among the adjacent Karens, particularly at Maubee, through the instrumentality of Ko Tha-byu.* Many have been converted; the old members, though fined upwards of six hundred rupees, and surrounded by reproach and injury, continue steadfastly to avow their faith, and keep up their meeting. Mr Webb has baptised about forty, who have come to Rangoon for that purpose; some of them since the persecution. Ko Tha-a has been out to them, and baptised twenty-nine more; and sixty or eighty are now asking baptism. Within the past two months, they have again been fined, and they are still greatly oppressed. Here is certainly an example of fortitude and meekness worthy to be recorded with those of early Christians. Six hundred rupees could only be extorted from these miserable Karens by the seizure of their entire substance. Many of them had not left a bullock, or an implement to till the ground. The case furnishes an answer to such as ask evidence of the reality of a work of grace on the hearts of our converts, and should animate us to send the gospel to a people who so sincerely receive it.

The native assistants who accompany me labour diligently, and are greatly pleased with appearances so far. The day after arriving, they spread nice mats on the porch under my window, and, taking their seats, with a pile of tracts beside them, soon had an audience. They have continued thus every day, having almost always one or two, and sometimes twenty or thirty, to listen or dispute. So little labour will support a family in this country, that many are always at leisure to sit thus. So far as I have seen, they uniformly conduct with decorum and good temper. Mr Webb is generally at hand to watch the course of debate, and take a part when it seems useful. After eight or ten days, two of them proposed a walk of twelve or fifteen miles, to preach and distribute tracts in the villages round about. They took a goodly quantity, and, after a few days' absence, returned delighted. In every village they were well received, and where they stopped, the best food and lodging were given them with the kindest hospitality. Their tracts were gone long before they got back, and eighty or ninety persons applied in vain. They met with several interesting cases. One of these was a man, who, being on a journey, by chance as we say, stopped at a house where they were resting themselves. The moment he saw the tracts, he fell upon his knees, and sheo-kooed to the ground. He received two or three with the greatest reverence and gratitude, offering several rupees in return. He had for years felt burdened with sin, and deeply felt the impotency of the Burman religion to grant him relief. In some of his travels he had met a man who had a little book which disclosed a new religion. On becoming anxious, he offered twenty rupees if any would bring him such a one; but he sought in vain. At length, some one told him there were foreign teachers in Rangoon, who had such books to give away. He immediately travelled there, but sought them through the city in vain, and returned more sad than ever. His delight at now meeting with the books and teachers was great. With a mind prepared for instruction, he at once understood and received the truths disclosed to him, and sat from hour to hour listening to the wondrous truths of the gospel. He was furnished with the "Life of Christ," the "Digest of the New Testament," and one or two smaller tracts, and did not leave the assistants while they remained. May the kind providence which brought him to that house make him a monument of mercy, and an instrument of good to benighted Burmah!

* Pronounced *Pah-lee*; accenting both syllables alike.

† Accent on last syllable.

* Last syllable accented, and pronounced like *u* in *move*.

All travellers accord to Burmans the praise of uncommon energy, and in this respect they doubtless stand very far above their neighbours. But though possessed of much muscular power, and ready at times to exert it all, their activity will not compare with that of northern men. In negotiations of all sorts, they are particularly slow, crafty, and suspicious. From the day of my arrival, I looked out for a boat to convey me to Pegu, Ava, &c., and several times thought I had succeeded in hiring a suitable one; but have been finally compelled to purchase. Being a mere hull, it has been necessary to build upon it the customary appurtenances, and I have found it impossible to expedite the business. Through the kind offices of Mr Lanceigo, collector of the port, I have an excellent and experienced old *pen-in*, or head boatman, who, with six men, engages to take me to Pegu and Ava for a given sum.

On the 1st of June, I set forward to visit Pegu and adjacent towns, accompanied by Mr Webb, two of the native assistants, and a servant. A clear sky enabled us to get every thing on board without wetting, and we got on finely for a couple of hours, when a squall came up, which nearly swamped us; but it was soon over, and we baled out the boat, and proceeded with renewed obligations to praise Him "who walketh upon the wind and maketh the clouds his chariot."

The comfort and confidence with which, in this region, one may travel for half the year, secure from storm or shower, are now reversed. It rains daily. The atmosphere, loaded with moisture, insinuates its dampness every where, making musty and mouldy the very clothes in one's trunk. Those who are at home here can do very well by wrapping things in flannel or waxed cloths, or putting them in tin boxes, &c.; but the traveller, and the voyager in a small boat, has none of these conveniences.

Entering the Pegu river about an hour's pull below Rangoon, we ascended to the ancient and famous city of Pegu in three tides. Had we not stopped to look at towns, distribute tracts, &c., two tides would have answered, by which I judge the distance to be about sixty miles. The river empties into the Rangoon by a wide mouth, but soon narrows to 200 yards, and before we get to the city, to as many feet. Only small boats ascend it farther. The banks are luxuriant flats, covered with a grass ten or twelve feet high (the *sacharum spontaneum*), much used in thatching. For the first forty miles, no habitations are to be seen. Monkeys, alligators, cranes, and vultures, were numerous. Elephants, deer, wild hogs, tigers, &c., are said to be abundant, but we saw none. This fair and fruitful region is almost abandoned, while whole nations struggle to glean from barrenness and frigidity a hard subsistence.

Within twenty miles of Pegu, we found villages, and gave tracts, accompanied with exhortations from Mr Webb and the assistants. In these towns no tracts had ever been given, no Christian teacher had ever been seen. Many refused our books, suspecting some snare; but the most received them gladly. Most of the tracts were extracts from the Old Testament; Mark, Luke, and Life of Christ. The latter is a copious harmony of the four Gospels, wholly in Scripture language. The Lord bless the seed of his own truth! The people are principally Peguans (or Talings, as the Burmans call them), and speak that language chiefly, though nearly all of the men understand Burman. There are some Karens also, and farther inland they form almost the entire population.

I found the once proud and imperial city sunk to a common village. Zangnomang, a town opposite, which, with a considerable region adjacent, is ruled by an upright Armenian Christian, is now greater in size and prosperity. In fact, on that side, for many miles, is a constant succession of thriving villages.

While Pegu was the metropolis of an independent kingdom, it had a population of 150,000 souls. But Alompra, aware that its destruction would serve to perpetuate his conquest of the country, destroyed it, leaving only the sacred edifices.

Its former extent may still be traced; but I found almost the whole site covered with water a few inches deep, owing probably to a neglect of the drains and sluices. The present town is upon the site of the old, and consists of but two streets, one parallel to the river and the other leading out to the great pagoda. The late king endeavoured to restore the city to consequence, as the Peguans are no longer a distinct people. For this purpose, he removed thither, in 1790, from Rangoon, the seat of the provincial government. The effort proved abortive. The merchants and majority of the people remained at Rangoon, where all business advantages were so greatly superior, and the government was soon reseat at Rangoon. The description of the city given by Colonel Symmes, who visited it in 1795, will not now apply.

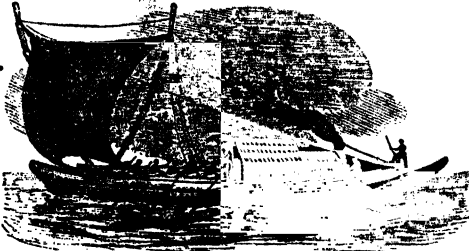
Desolate and diminished as is the city, its huge Shoo-ma-doo pagoda, and some of its appendages, are in good preservation, and worthy of all admiration. It stands on a fine hill, of gradual ascent, the summit of which has been flattened into a plain of about three acres. The sides are sloped into two terraces, ascended by steps of hewn stone. The top is occupied not only by the great pagoda, but by *zayats*, *kyoungs*, trees, &c. The pyramid is of the usual form. The base consists of two octagonal stories, much larger than the pagoda itself, and wide enough to sustain each a ring of sixty pagodas, about thirty feet high, similar to each other, though not alike, and many of them much injured by time. The diameter of this octagonal base is 400 feet, and the entire height of the building 360 feet. This is the pagoda represented in my Bible Dictionary, and of which alone prints are common. The country round is that same uniform level which distinguishes the whole of what was the kingdom of Pegu.

Having made considerable alterations in my boat, suggested by experience in going to Pegu, I left Rangoon for Ava, accompanied by Mr Howard, as interpreter, on the 14th of June. The weather was fine, and before the end of the flood tide, we had rowed twenty-five miles on the Paulang, one of the mouths of the great river of Burmah. The country was flat, inundated at high tides, and uncultivated, till towards evening, when the banks were higher, the lands laid out for rice, and villages numerous.

Stopping, at the expiration of the next tide, at Kewnew, twenty-five miles farther, we found a cluster of large villages, amounting to fifteen or sixteen hundred houses. Innumerable boats, large and small, were taking in rice, salt, fish, &c., for the upper country. Hiring two small canoes, which could penetrate among the crowd of boats, we supplied tracts to all who would accept them, on both sides of the river; thus sending the truth to perhaps a hundred different villages. Before getting the canoes, I gave to all the boats passing by, and was affected to see some who could not come near, plunge into the river and swim to me for them, and, bearing them back with upraised hand, sit down instantly to read them aloud. Some women applied for books, who proved their claim by reading fluently. In most of the boats, large and small, were women and children, who seemed at home, and, I am told, spend much of the year (in some cases all of it) in this way. In the small craft, they generally steer the boat while the husband rows.

The boats on this river, though of all sizes up to 200 tons, are but of two general descriptions. All retain the canoe shape, sharp at each end. Large boats have one mast, and a yard of long slender bamboo, to which is suspended a square sail. The sail is made in sections, the centre ones only being used in strong winds, and the others added at the sides when necessary. Sometimes a small sail is temporarily fastened above the yard to the ropes, by which it is sustained. The deck extends from five to ten feet beyond the sides, with large bamboos fastened beneath; making at once a platform for the men, when using their setting-poles, &c., and an outrigger to prevent their upsetting. The vessel itself is wholly covered with a regular Burman

house, well thatched, which carries part of the cargo, and furnishes cabins to the family and boatmen. This gives them just the appearance of the pictures of Noah's ark in children's books. Over this roof is a platform, on which the men stand to work the sail. They are manned by from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty men, and sometimes forty or more; the captain, or owner, having his wife and whole family on board.



Ascending the Irrawaddy.

My boat is a sample of such as persons in moderate circumstances use for going from town to town, and in the small way of trade along the river. It is a canoe hollowed out of one log forty-six feet long, deepened by a single plank fastened on each side. The stem and stern are left solid for three or four feet, and curve upwards out of the water, especially aft. The forward half is decked with bamboo and thatch. As Burmans sit cross-legged on a floor to row, this accommodates them in using both oars and poles, and furnishes a sleeping-place beneath for the native assistants. The boatmen always sleep on deck. About twelve feet of the after half is occupied by two little cabins for myself and Mr Howard, one for sleeping, and the other, which contains a table, chair, &c., serving as a parlour. The sides of the latter are made of light mats, the upper half turning up for a window. The sleeping-room is but three feet high, as baggage, food, &c., must be kept under it; but the floor of the sitting-room, being near the bottom of the boat, enables us to stand up in it. Behind the rooms is the kitchen, namely, a shallow box filled with earth; beneath which is wood and water; while at the side hangs a hen-coop. Round the rooms is an outrigger, to enable the men to pass back and forth without intruding on me, and to prevent her oversetting. This last appendage is not common to boats of this size. Finding her to roll heavily, we fastened at the water-mark a bamboo, ten or eleven inches in diameter, running nearly the length of the boat. The sail, which is square, is fastened between two bamboos, which stand up abeam of each other, in the form of the letter V.

Such is my home for much of this "rains." For the first few days, I was so cramped for room and so incommoded with rain, heat, smoke, and mosquitoes, that it was difficult to do any thing in the way of study. But now I am quite at ease; the mosquitoes are left behind; my little matters are all adjusted, and I find it luxury to enjoy the entire command of my time—a luxury for many years almost unknown.

Ten days' diligent progress brought me within a day or two of Prome, where the unbroken level of the vast delta of the Irrawaddy begins to be relieved by the occasional sight of distant hills. A few miles onward, they approach the river, where their abraded bases present the now novel sight of stones and gravel. The rocks are red calcareous sandstone, quartz, and breccia, the gravel chiefly quartz. Undulations now begin to appear in the surface of the country, and on the whole the scenery is attractive. More delightful weather could not be. A fine shower or two, nearly every day, lasts half an hour or so, and the temperature varies agreeably from eighty to eighty-five degrees in the day, descending two or three degrees at night, while at all times there is a fine breeze. This, for the hot season, as it now is, was much cooler than I had expected. The banks now begin to be high, and dry

enough to admit walking along the shore, and I find it pleasant to pass through the beautiful groves of mango, tamarind, and palm trees, which divide the villages. Hitherto we have had villages in sight almost every moment, sometimes several at a time. It is so still; but on ascending the bank, we find others, not visible from the boat, stretching along a mile back from the river. Beyond are extensive paddy-fields, with large herds of buffaloes.

The river is now thirty feet above its lowest stage, and spreads for a mile or two on each side, not in one vast sheet, but cutting up the country into innumerable islands. We follow the remote windings to avoid the powerful current of the main stream, and thus find many villages where no white face was ever seen. These are generally small, but consist sometimes of several hundred houses. As no missionary has gone up the river to give tracts in the rainy season, there is little doubt but that many of these people now for the first time receive the knowledge of the true religion. On the great river, we often find persons who have had tracts, and now utterly refuse them. But in these byways all receive them with gladness.

I feel especially anxious to furnish the boats with books. Issuing, as they do, out of every creek, they will carry some knowledge of the eternal God to hundreds of villages where no missionary is likely to penetrate for years.

Several times, lately, I have observed an ingenious, and to me, novel mode of fishing. A score or more of gourds are suffered to float down the stream, from each of which depends a hook and line. The fisherman, in his little canoe, passing from one to another, takes up what is caught, baits the hooks; and when he has followed them a mile or two, returns with his fish, or begins again.

A strong southerly wind brought us to Prome (*Pyegmyu*, as the natives call it) early on the afternoon of the 24th, and gave us sufficient opportunity of viewing the city. For eight or nine miles the villages had been contiguous, some of them very large. We walked over a good deal of the city. It exhibits every where symptoms of poverty and decay; and from an estimate made on a height in the suburb, I should judge it to contain less than five hundred houses. The walls are mostly fallen down, the ditch filled up, and the stately remains of ancient superstition hastening to ruin. We went a little way beyond the city to a fine hill, on which stands a pagoda not much smaller than that at Rangoon, and gilded from top to bottom. The ascent is by brick stairs, covered with a succession of *zayats*. In some respects it is a more interesting spot than the hill of Shoo-da-gon. The city is more plainly seen, the vicinity is far more beautiful, and the distant mountains form a fine background. Around the pagoda are many smaller ones, containing beautiful marble images, some as large as life. A profusion of trees, gilded streamers, and other objects usually seen around pagodas, occupy the enclosure; and the whole air of the place is that of solemn antiquity. In one of the *zayats* sat an old man, thin, and of a fine intellectual countenance, eating a nice dinner, which some women had brought him, who were sitting near to return with the dishes. He has determined to spend his remaining days or years on that venerated hill. "What is brought him, he eats." When nothing comes, he fasts. In different places were seen persons at prayer, or piously cutting up the grass which obtruded itself in the joints of the flagging. The bells, struck by coming worshippers, yielded deep, soft tones, and the chime from the lofty *tee* was particularly clear and sweet. The sun, descending with uncommon splendour, threw his mitigated rays under the roofs of the ancient temples, casting twilight pomp upon the stately idols in the deep niches; silence reigned among the retired terraces and time-worn shrines; the free, fresh breeze diffused luxurious coolness, and, as the shade of evening gathered on, the place seemed just such as a devoted Buddhist would choose for his abstractions. A Christian could not but recur to holy themes, and

be warmed with fervent aspirations for the coming of the Lord.

Descending by different stairs, a polite citizen pointed out the evidences of a magnificent arcade, which was accidentally burnt several years ago. It was the ruler's way to the pagoda. Over the low grounds beyond it is a fine causeway of brick, some hundred yards long. On each side, groves of palm, interspersed with kyoungs and little bridges, formed altogether a scene of great beauty. All this to the honour of a frail man, who died and was buried, as his own worshippers admit—while He who gives the rain in its season, and in whom they live, receives no reverence! All this to "change the glory of the incorruptible God into an image," and "the truth of God into a lie!" All this to "worship and serve the creature more than the creator, who is God over all and blessed for ever!" Oh that this people may soon know the riches of the goodness and long-suffering of God! Alas! that the best we can hope of this un-
le, is, that having "sinned without law, they shall perish without law!"

Before re-entering the city, we passed through a little village allotted to lepers. Four men and a woman seated themselves in a row, by the wayside, as we came up, and modestly solicited alms. Before giving any thing, I stopped some minutes to observe the effects of this terrible disease. They made no clamour, did not repeat their solicitations, showed off no affectations, but were cheerful, and entirely without pain. Much bodily suffering is not endured in this disease, except at the commencement. One was not much affected: each of the others had lost all of their fingers, and most of their toes. They were thin and haggard. The distressing scene brought powerfully to mind the gracious cures of our divine master. There are about thirty-five or forty of these persons in the city, occupying two villages.

A couple of hours' sail from Prome, with our fine monsoon, brought us to a narrow pass in the river, resembling the highlands of the Hudson. On one of the highest western summits is the famous pagoda Poo-dong, visible among the trees. Here Gaudama lived, and here is shown on a rock the print of his foot, evidently fabulous, one would think, even to a Burman; for no human foot was ever of such a shape. Copies on stone, in plaster, or in painting, of this great wonder, are preserved in many places, and regarded with great veneration.

On every side, for some days, we have indigo growing, and the large jars in which it is steeped frequently stand in rows beside the river. Both soil and climate here are said to be eminently favourable to this plant, and the cultivation of it in experienced and scientific hands would certainly prove lucrative. Most of the product is consumed in this region, which is particularly devoted to manufactures. Large quantities of cotton cloth are daily seen hanging up at the villages, in the course of being dyed. Some of it is of a brilliant red, procured from native woods, called *nee-pe-say* and *soo-ban*. These are preferred even to the sapan wood, as yielding as good a colour, and more durable.

In every respect the landscape has now changed. Instead of an interminable level, devoted mainly to coarse grass and paddy; without trees, without birds, and without houses, except in large villages, we have every variety of beautiful landscape; fine hills, cultivated in patches, even to the summit, scattered houses, fenced fields, noble trees; with horses, cattle, hogs, fowls, and numerous birds. Among the trees the beautiful and stately tamarind now begins to be seen.

The number of trading boats on the river is astonishing. We pass scores every day, and sometimes hundreds. My boat being small, in mere ballast trim, and well manned, we pass every thing, and thus have an opportunity of supplying numbers of them with tracts. The largest of them carry ten or twelve thousand bushels of unseasoned rice, the smaller three or four hundred. Their chief lading seemed to be rice, salt, and *gua-pee*. In ascending, they are, for the most

part, drawn by the crew with a rope from the bank, or propelled by setting-poles; sailing only when the wind is fair, and neither too strong nor too weak. They are generally from three to four months in ascending from the delta to Ava.

No one can ascend the river without being impressed with the hardihood, skill, energy, and good humour of Burman boatmen, and the happy adaptedness of their boats to the navigation. In ascending, much of the way must be accomplished by setting-poles. For those they use straight bamboos, of a species which is almost solid, and very strong. The end is applied, not to the front of the shoulder, as with us, but above the collar bone, or on the top of the shoulder. Bending forward till their hands touch the deck, they bring the resistance perpendicular to the spine, and thus possess far greater power than is possible by our mode. When but slight exertion is required, the pole is applied as with us. On many boatmen and coolies, a callus is formed on the top of the shoulder, which looks like a small swelling. Getting aground is a daily occurrence, and sometimes frequently in a day, owing to the continual shifting of the sands, and uncertainty as to the height of the water. In such cases the men are instantly in the water to shove off. In pulling the boat by ropes, we frequently meet streams and nullahs, over which they swim without a moment's hesitation. If a bamboo or an oar fall overboard, they instantly plunge in and recover it. In fact, they seem almost amphibious; and Burman costume is most happily adapted to aquatic exigencies. The strength and energy with which they surmount difficulties, transcend any thing I ever saw among the boatmen on our own western waters, and in point of temper and morality they are immeasurably superior. In this trip, and my various previous ones, I have never seen a quarrel, or heard a hard word. Cross accidents have occurred, and we have frequently been entangled with other boats, but all difficulties have been met and surmounted with good temper, and even hilarity.

Familiarity with the watery element seems to prevail in Burmah, wherever there are streams. I have seen women and children swimming with ease and confidence; and several times little children, scarcely able to walk alone, frightened at the white foreigner, have plunged into the water to swim to their mothers in the boats. The practice of mothers taking their infants daily to bathe, renders them perfectly fearless of the water.

JUNE 27.—For some days the river scenery has been increasingly interesting. The country seems generally under tillage; cities and towns line the shores, and the hills are covered with fine forests. Italy itself might justly be proud of the scenery. The improvements and population appear to extend, however, in some places at least, but a short distance from the river.

Before sunset, June 28, came to for the night at Yay-nan-goung, a village important only for its trade in petroleum. The wells being but two miles from the village, I immediately set out to walk to them. The way was well beaten by bullock carts, often crossing the bed of the torrent (now dry), whence the village derives its name. A more rugged and desolate region can scarcely be imagined. The rocks are sandstone, pudding stone, and petrifications; the soil, sand and blue clay. Small hills on every side rise abruptly, like waves in a chopping sea, sterile and unsightly. One plant only seemed to find a congenial soil. It resembled a prickly pear, growing to the height of thirty feet, with stem a foot in diameter.

The wells are very numerous, said to be more than 400, occupying a space of about 12 square miles. They are from 200 to 300 feet deep, of small calibre, and sustained by scantling. The temperature of the oil, when first raised to the top, is 89°. Men do not go down, but an earthen pot is lowered in and drawn up over a beam across the mouth, by two men running off with the rope. The pot is emptied into a little pool, where the water with which it is largely mixed subsides, and the oil is

drawn off pure. It is exported in earthen jars, containing about 30 pounds. The price now, including the pots, is about a tical for 2½ viss, or about 50 cents for ten pounds. A well yields about 400 or 500 viss per day, and is worked by three or four men. Sometimes 700 are obtained. The amount depends on the quantity of water drawn up with the oil. A duty of one-twentieth is paid to government.

This most useful oil is very extensively used for lamps and torches, and is exported to all parts of the empire whither it can be taken by water. It is also used for preserving wood, mat partitions, palm-leaf, books, &c., from insects and from the weather, and is an admirable article for these purposes. Even the white ants will not attack wood which has been brushed with it.

For several days we have noticed on the shore great quantities of petrified wood, and have gathered specimens, which exhibit the fibres and cells perfectly. Some trunks of trees, ten or twelve feet long, lie in the edge of the water, entirely petrified. Teeth, bones, &c., are found in the same state. The inhabitants assured me that they sometimes picked up petrified leaves.

Sal-lay, a day's sail above the oil wells, though not large, is an important city. It is the metropolis of a fertile district, and drives a considerable trade in jag-gery, cutch, cotton, onions, &c. Here, as at several places before, we found Shyans, comfortably bivouacked on shore, and bartering blue jackets, stick lac, &c., for salt and salt fish. Their commodities are brought in carts, and in panniers on the backs of bullocks. They seemed in no haste, were engaged in little manufactures for sale, and would probably remain till the close of the rains. They are instantly distinguished from Burmans, by wearing a regular round-about jacket and wide trousers of blue nankeen, reaching to the knees. The jackets are frequently quilted very neatly. I have seen various companies of them in different places, trading in the same manner. They always appear decidedly superior to Burmans in intelligence and civilisation. There is, however, great difference in this respect between the different tribes. The information I have obtained respecting this nation, from the people themselves and other sources, with what I may hereafter collect, will appear in another place.

The scenery since leaving the oil wells is wholly changed. The hills are more naked, and the whole country wears a peculiar aspect of desolation; villages are few, and the population evidently sparse. In some places the western shore rises abruptly to the height of two or three hundred feet, of very soft sandstone. The eastern bank is less elevated. Thousands of birds have made perforations in the side for their nests. Among these, the common sparrow and the wild pigeon seemed most numerous. Inland are rugged and bleak hills, covered with shrubs and stunted trees. The soil of the valleys is the debris of sandstone and breccia, with very little loam.

The remains of the once magnificent Pagan stand in the midst of this region, so destitute apparently of the means of supporting human life. Such a locality, however, have some of the greatest cities in the world, and still more frequently the ruins of great cities. Man's presence and power can make a garden in a desert, and his departure brings desolation over the fairest scenes. This city is said to have been founded A. D. 107; but none of the ruins have ascribed to them a higher date than A. D. 860. An American could scarcely assign half this age to any building of brick. But these bricks are uncommonly fine, the masonry exceedingly massive, and the chunnam, or stucco with which they were coated, almost indestructible, in so mild a climate. The edifices, being regarded with religious veneration, have been preserved from all intentional dilapidation. The plants and trees too, which overgrow deserted edifices elsewhere, and, by insinuating their roots into crevices, hasten their ruin, are here not seen. This last peculiarity has been thought to arise from the influence of

the adjacent earth-oil wells and springs on the atmosphere.

As would be expected by all who have seen a Burman city, these ruins are of sacred edifices only. The frail bamboo houses of the people perish almost as soon as deserted. I entered the place from the north, where a common cart-way crossed the crumbled ridge of a great wall. Gullies and torrents cut up the environs on this side, and it is probable that the city never extended over this region. Every spot, however, which would accommodate a pagoda, has one upon it. Within the wall, the ground is level, though very high, and commanding a wide prospect. Here, for the first time, I saw buildings which could be called temples; many of the pagodas being built hollow, with noble rooms devoted to images and image worship. Some of these, as well as those which are solid, are of the noblest description; little injured by time, with here and there some remains of the exterior gilding in sheltered places. We entered some, and found superb carved and gilded ceilings, sheltering at once great, ghastly, half-crumbled Gaudamas and herds of cattle. Marks of fire in some, showed them to be used by the people for occasional homes, or perhaps by herdmen.

I could not attempt to count these venerable piles. They are thickly scattered, not only over all the site of the city, but for miles round. Many of them are more than a hundred feet high. One, which seems to have been occasionally repaired, is two hundred and ten feet high. The difference between their shape and that of those in the lower provinces is very striking. Instead of the solid mass of masonry, rising with a tapering spire, these are ponderous, wide-spread buildings, whose noble interiors entitle them to the name of temples. The arches are lofty, in both Grecian and Gothic forms, and the ceilings in many cases gilded and ornamented with painting and tracery. The exterior is equally unlike the pagodas of Pegu, from the profusion of laboured cornices, turrets, and spires, which are scattered over the whole surface.

It is evident that great reverence yet exists for this spot; for many of the pagodas, of a size scarcely inferior to their venerable neighbours, are certainly modern, and a few are new. Such a feature, in a landscape of ruins, is truly rare, and keeps the mind fastened on the sad thought that the cold and gloomy system which reared these "vain oblations" has not passed away with the infatuated generation who constructed them.

That the people should come to these abandoned shrines, and add others also, to be left unhonoured by the passing throng, is perhaps accounted for by the fact, that on this spot this religion was first proclaimed in Burmah. Ah-ra-han, the successful missionary of Buddhism, here proclaimed its doctrines nearly a thousand years ago. At this place (then the metropolis), under the patronage of King Ah-nan-ya-tha-mon-zan, he taught his "new religion;" and its spreading influence utterly supplanted polytheism, and all the ancient superstitions. Thus may man, with kingly aid, change the forms of human faith; but oh, how hopeless are our efforts to change the hearts of this people, without divine aid! God grant that the period of Buddhist delusions may soon cease, and leave these new structures only to mark the melancholy prevalence of former sin.

The boatmen having intimated, some days ago, that cattle were very plenty here, and that I might get a calf cheap, I inquired if they wanted veal themselves. They rather reluctantly confessed their desire, knowing me to be aware of their religious scruples; but I readily agreed that, if they would procure me a calf, my Madras servant should kill it, so that they might eat without compunction. Accordingly, at Nong-oo, the penin bought a fat yearling for a rupee and a half, (67½ cents). But as the late owner was leading it to the river, half a dozen of the neighbours set up a clamour, because he had sold his beast to be killed; a crowd gathered, the penin slunk away, and the disappointed owner led back his heifer! The proper way to get meat is to shoot any fat animal you see, then pay

its owner for the damage, and bear off your prize. The owner in such case escapes blame, and is gratified to get the money.

In this region cattle are very numerous, both buffaloes and the braminy breed. We were offered, at the next village, a fine pair of very fat oxen for six rupees. The roads are good here, and much inland transportation is carried on. We every evening saw herds brought over from the islands, where they had been pastured during the day. It was amusing to observe the skill of the herdmen in swimming them across the wide and rapid current. With a short stick, they swam behind, making them keep their heads up stream, bringing up those who lag, jumping often on their backs, and walking from one to another; now standing up on an ox, now sitting at ease upon him, now dashing down or up for a straggler, and seeming to be as much in their element as the buffaloes themselves.

It has often been very amusing to see the consternation or the curiosity of the people, many of whom have never seen a white man before. Even the dogs set up an unusual barking; but the fiercest of them run, if I stop a moment. I have sometimes put to partial flight a herd of buffaloes, to whom my white face and white dress are as terrific as to the dogs. As I sit to eat in the boat, a range of women and children often squat on the ground to gaze. If I go towards them, they generally vanish. Often, on entering a house among the Karens, on some of my tours, the whole family would run away, and leave me in sole possession. Many times, as I walk along the bank, and, by turning a corner, come suddenly upon young girls drawing water, they instantly leave their pots and fly. To those who are too old to feel terror, I am generally an object of curiosity. They turn up my pantaloons, admire the seamless stockings, feel under my vest, and wonder that we should wear so many garments. Sometimes they call me a *nat*. I am constantly struck with their politeness. They desist from any thing on the slightest intimation; never crowd around to be troublesome; and if, on showing my watch, pencil-case, or any thing which particularly attracts them, there are more than can get a sight, the bolder ones stand aloof, or keep seated, and thus wait till their turn comes, or, as is oftener the case, when I have not time to wait, forego the sight altogether, without any signs of turbulence.

After passing Paghian, the palmyra is very common. This is the species of palm which here yields the toddy, and is therefore called by foreigners *toddy-tree*. To many of them slight perpendicular ladders are fastened, by which the owner ascends every morning to obtain the sap from a cut made for the purpose. But the regular climbers want no such aid. They tie their feet together, about six inches apart, and thus can apply the soles of each foot to the tree. Locking their fingers together, they clasp the trunk with their arms, and thus ascend with rapidity and ease. The sap or toddy is generally drunk immediately, when it is sweet and wholesome, or made into sugar, which resembles that obtained with us from the maple. When suffered to stand four or five hours, it ferments, and becomes more intoxicating than wine; but is rarely used in this state by Burmans, and almost never to the point of intoxication. From Paghian to Ava, this species of palm is very abundant, and produces a large amount of jaggery, which sells for two thirds of a cent, our money, per pound.

JULY 5th, 1836, brought us in sight of the "golden city," after a voyage of three weeks. The distance is about 400 miles by my computation, though it is generally made 500. Since leaving the Delta, it has seldom rained, and only in warm and transient showers. We had some perils, at one time having the mast and sail carried away in a squall, and several times rolling heavily in rough places, so as to dip water on both sides. We were never without apprehensions of robbers, who always infest the river more or less. Several times, when we had moored for the night, the chief of the village came to assure us that many bad men lived in

that neighbourhood, and that we could not be safe without moving farther to where many boats might be lying, or a village. On several occasions, suspicious boats hovered round, which my men affirmed were robbers, but I was never attacked.

Thus a voyage in which I expected only discomfort and peril, has been performed with safety, and many conveniences. How foolish are uncomfortable anticipations, while we have reason to think we are in the path of duty!

On the way up, we have visited and distributed tracts in eighty-two towns, cities, and villages; supplied 657 boats and vessels, many containing families, and from fifteen to thirty men; besides handing them, in a multitude of cases, to persons along shore. Generally, we moored before sundown at some village, where the assistants would divide themselves, and, getting two or three congregations, spend the evening in preaching and discussions. In general, the tracts were received with the utmost avidity, and those who got one would often clamour for another. Scores waded or swam to the boat after them; and often we were so thronged with applicants, when moored to the shore, that we could scarcely eat or sleep. But this fact is far from proving a general desire among the people for the knowledge of the new religion. A tract is in every respect a curiosity. They have never seen such *paper*, their own books being made of palm-leaf, or black pasteboard, which is written upon with a steatite pencil. The *printing* is a great curiosity. The *shape of the book* is a curiosity. Besides, it is *property*, and no Burman will refuse a gift, without a strong reason.

CHAPTER V.

Ava. Splendid Kyoungs. Pagodas. Priests. Palace. Population. Arts. Prices. The Mek-a-ra Prince. Men-wa de Woon-gyee. The Burman Pontiff. Spr-ra-wa Prince. Climate of Ava. History of the Mission in Ava. Present State of Mission. Safety of the Missionaries. Roman Catholics. Sagaing. Marble Quarries. Menggood Pagoda. Umerapoora.

My stay in Ava amounted to four weeks. The concerns of the mission, and the acquisition of information respecting the country and its tributaries, occupied, of course, all business hours. Daily habits of active exercise, however, gave me an opportunity of making such observations on the city and vicinity as naturally find a place in the diary of a traveller.

The name of the city is Ang-wa, or Awa, pronounced by Europeans Ava, a term which they sometimes apply also to the kingdom. The city is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, embracing a space of about seven miles in circumference. Within this is a considerable area, enclosed by a better wall, with a broad, deep ditch, called "the little city." This space is chiefly occupied by the palace, hall of justice, council-house, and the dwellings of some of the nobility, but contains also some well-built streets, and many inhabitants. The palace itself, and public buildings, are enclosed in a third wall, which is itself enclosed in a stockade. A very large part of the city is outside of all these walls, on the margin of the rivers. On the east is the river Myet-nga, or Little River, a fine stream, 150 yards broad, extending far into the interior. The Irrawaddy, opposite the city, is without islands, and compressed to a breadth of eleven or twelve hundred yards.

The sacred edifices, as usual, are the prominent objects, which on every side seize the attention. They are almost as numerous as at Paghian, and some of them of equal size. Viewed from the river above, their white and gilded spires give the city an exceedingly imposing appearance, which is not realised on entering it.

I shall not attempt minute details respecting these edifices; but Ava has little else to describe. Here are no hospitals, prisons, schools, societies, factories, &c., whose principles or modes would aid the philanthropist, or throw light on Burman character; no literature, nor literary men, to describe; nor even sects whose

opinions, practices, numbers, &c., might be usefully traced. I will try, however, to give my reader some farther ideas of Ava.

One of my first visits was to Bong-jeau, a kyoung or monastery built by the present king. There are three separate houses, each as large as a common church, connected by galleries, and occupying a noble enclosure in the midst of the city. The roofs have of course the royal and sacred peculiarity of successive stages, one above another. Every part, except the very tiles, is richly carved in bas-relief, and covered with gold. Every inch of surface in the interior, except the floor, is similarly carved and gilded. The effect is dazzling, but rather childish than sublime. We found the pong-hee, ra-han, or president, in a vast apartment, with lofty ceiling supported by many pillars, reclining on the floor near the principal image, with his couch, books, writing apparatus, betel-box, &c., by his side. He was modest, sensible, and frank, utterly unlike the great majority of his brethren, so far as I have hitherto known them. He conversed freely for half an hour, and seemed much pleased with our visit. While we were there, a young priest came and worshipped him, precisely as the idol is worshipped, and on going away, presented an offering of flowers, which he took in his hand, and laid on a vase near him, which was already piled with flowers, apparently received the same way.

I afterwards inspected several other kyoungs, quite as splendid. Certainly none but the monarch himself has so splendid a dwelling as the priests.

The pagodas are even more various in their shapes than at Pagan, and far surpass in taste and beauty any I have seen. Most of them are over 100 feet high, and some more than 200. Colossal images of bell-metal, marble, and brick, covered with stucco, are innumerable. One which had just been finished out of a solid block of white marble, is truly stupendous. I had no mode of taking his vast proportions, but measured his hand, and found the breadth twenty inches. As his proportions were just, this would make his height, had he been in a standing posture, about thirty-five feet.

It is said there are in the city 20,000 priests, including noviciates; and the number and size of the monasteries seem to sanction the computation. The queen's monastery has 500; and that which I have described above had 300 regular priests, and about the same number of noviciates. It should be remembered, they are in fact colleges, and nearly all who are receiving a regular education are in them as novices.

These buildings are found in almost every part of the city, enclosed by fine brick walls and shady walks. They are the only specimens of beauty and grandeur which the city can boast, except the pagodas, the palace, and a few *zayats*. Aristocratic feelings prevail even in these abodes of pretended sanctity, and into some of them none but youths of the higher classes are admitted. A number of our disciples who have been noviciates, speak unfavourably of the morals of the priesthood. Dressed like other citizens, they may go any where after dark without being recognised.

The palace is entirely of wood. It consists of nearly a hundred buildings, of different sizes, and occupies a space about a quarter of a mile long, and almost as broad. The roofs have all the royal order of architecture. The hall of audience is in a sumptuous and convenient building, standing on a terrace of stone and mortar, which constitutes the floor, and is coated with stucco, hard and polished. Lofty pillars, richly carved, support the roof, and, like the rest of the building, are covered with gold. The roof rises like a steeple, with many stages, and is 195 feet high.

In looking at such buildings, or at the numerous boats of his majesty and the nobility, of which every part, and even the cars, are covered with gold, one wonders whence all this wealth is derived, and is distressed that it should be so absurdly bestowed. The money expended in pagodas, kyoungs, temples, and gold and silver baubles, would fill the country with canals, bridges, and durable houses.

The streets of Ava cross each other at right angles, and are wide, straight, and clean, but not paved. The centre is kept smooth and clean for foot-passengers, while the sides are appropriated to wheel-carriages, elephants, &c. Much of the labour of transportation is done by bullock carts. Their bodies are framed of timber, with bamboo yoke, and the wheels of wood, without tire. I saw no horses used for draught; but handsome bullock carriages are used by the wealthy. They are without seats of course, and the floor is nicely matted or cushioned. The animals, being used only for this purpose, trot along quite briskly. Around their necks are strings of bells. The houses are not generally better than in other large towns, but thatch being entirely prohibited, they look more respectable. The roofs are covered with short pieces of bamboo, so arranged as to look exactly like shingles. Great men generally live in the centre of some square, surrounded by the houses of their many retainers. Most of them have a good brick building, of two or three rooms, intended not for occupancy, but as a fire-proof depository for their valuables. These have very lately become common, and, with some fine brick monasteries just erected, and a sort of arsenal now in progress, indicate a general introduction of brick houses. Nothing but the absurd prohibition of the government has prevented this long ago. In some of these enclosures are pleasant gardens and fruit-trees.

As to the population of the city, I was at much pains to obtain correct information. The accounts obtained from government officers did not differ much from each other. They said a census was recently taken, which gave 30,000 houses for the city and suburbs, without including any adjacent villages, and that ten per cent. ought to be added for omissions. They computed seven persons to a house, and thus make the population 200,000. As the government actually receives taxes on 30,000 horses, there does not seem room for estimating the number lower; but I am confident it must include the district. Mr Crawford allows only 30,000. A severe fire occurred just before my arrival, which was reported by the proper officers to the king as having destroyed 1000 houses, besides huts and temporary residences. I examined the ground carefully, and compared it with the rest of the city, over all of which I rode repeatedly. The result of the whole induces me to estimate the population of Ava at about 100,000. The whole city and kingdom being divided into tens of houses, under an officer, and every ten of these officers being under a superior, who has charge of them, and their hundred houses, a census, at least under the very eye of government, must be tolerably correct. Taxes are assessed on families as such, without regard to wealth. The head man is the tax-gatherer. If he can tax a hundred houses, and report only ninety, he puts the balance into his pocket. A Burman census is thus almost always less than the truth.

The city abounds with shops, containing nearly every article of foreign goods, and an ample number of mechanics; though in some particular branches there are none. I purchased specimens of carpentry, jewellery, tinware, toys, *das*, lackered boxes, earthenware, gongs, &c., which were highly creditable to their skill. Their boat-building, carving, sculpture, gilding, basket-making, and weaving, are as good and ingenious as in America, for aught I could see, making due allowance for the differences of form, &c., established by national custom. I got some paintings, executed in their best style by native artists, one of whom is the king's painter, which are about equal to the pictures on common clocks and looking-glasses. In landscapes they fail utterly, having no idea of perspective. Many of our trades are wholly unknown to the Burmans.

The market is abundantly supplied with fruits, vegetables, and fresh fish, of various excellent kinds. Beef and veal are generally to be had, but not every day. Fowls are much dearer than at Rangoon, costing, generally, a *tial* (about fifty cents) for four. Rice is also nearly double the price which it bears at Rangoon.

Wages are five ticals (two dollars fifty cents) a month for men, or four annas (twelve and a half cents) per day; the labourer finding his own food.

Having seen much of humble life in retired villages, and among individuals of this class, with whom I am constantly coming in contact, I was glad to multiply opportunities of noting the condition and manners of the great. My second visit of this kind was to the widow of the governor of the city, who so greatly befriended Mrs Judson in her trials here during the late war. She was surrounded by retainers, and had as visitors at her house some distinguished females; but, except in the costly jewels about her person, and various valuables in her coon-box, was not to be distinguished from common people. Her house, in America, would have been deemed the abode of poverty. She was glad to see one who had been personally acquainted with Mrs J., and several times remarked that she had always loved her as a daughter. She listens respectfully to religious subjects, but does not appear to be shaken in her attachment to Boodhism.

My next visit of the kind was to the Mek-a-ra prince, son of the late king, and uncle to the present one. He is grandson to the famous Alompra, and is said to bear a remarkable family likeness to that monarch and his descendants. He received us with great urbanity, and readily gave me information on various points, for which I had prepared myself with questions. My having been the intimate friend of Dr Price, whose memory he cherishes with very affectionate respect, seemed of itself a passport to his regard.

He is much the most literary Burman in the kingdom. He reads English, is a good mathematician, is well acquainted with geography, and has considerable mechanical ingenuity. In his library are a number of good English books, among which is a complete set of Rees's Cyclopaedia. He has also various instruments, models, &c. Withal, Burman-like, he is an alchemist. Mathematics is his favourite science, and he rejects every thing which cannot be demonstrated like a problem. I carried for my present* some small charts, exhibiting a condensed view of languages and their classification, governments and their condition, heights of mountains, lengths of rivers, &c., with which he expressed himself pleased, and upon which he asked Mr Kincaid many questions, indicating both an excellent intellect and extensive information. He gave me minutely the last census, and his own opinion respecting the amount of population, voluntarily writing for me the items on the spot. He is said to be remarkably free from national prejudices. A slight evidence of this occurred now. We all (Messrs Kincaid, Simons, and myself) sat on the floor, of course, on a rug which was laid down for our accommodation; and I was pretty comfortable, with my back against a post. But one of my feet was before me, and his wife pointed the attention of a servant to that fact. The prince instantly forbade that I should be disturbed, and begged me to sit in any posture which I found most convenient. Sitting with the feet towards another is considered particularly disrespectful, and a Burman would hardly dare, for the price of his head, to take such an attitude before one of the royal family. I have since learned to sit *à la mode*, that is, with my feet behind me, on one side, or crossed in front, as a tailor.

Though far from being a bigoted Boodhist, the prince with all his reading seems to be decidedly attached to that system. Mr Kincaid gave him Gallaudet's book on the soul, just issued from our press at Maulmain, translated by Mrs Bennet. He received it with pleasure, but said he could not believe it, unless it proved the matter clearly, by making it just as plain as that two and two make four. I told him it presented a different kind of evidence, and endeavoured to explain the difference between a mathematical and a moral cer-

tainty. But it was all in vain, till I begged him just to take his pencil, and prove to me, by figures, that he was not a dead man! He looked perfectly nonplussed for a moment, then burst into a laugh, and seemed by further explanation to get the idea. He promised to read the book with earnest attention, and, on taking leave, begged Mr Kincaid would bring me again.

Under the auspices of Colonel Burney, I had a very pleasant interview with the Mea-wa-de Woon-gyee. He has long been chief woon-gyee, or prime minister, though much of his power is engrossed by Salé Men, the queen's brother. The venerable old man, whose countenance is very fine, received us very kindly, and with evident pleasure. Colonel Burney had told him that I had visited various parts of Europe, and he is very fond of hearing of foreign countries. He spoke of the great distance of America, and, taking up his circular coon-box, pointed out accurately, as on a globe, the relative positions of Burmah, America, England, &c. He added, however, perhaps on account of his retainers present, "Our system has a Myenmo mount,* and puts your country so and so." In accepting my presents, he said he knew not what to give us Americans and English, for we seemed to have every thing already; and neither he nor any other sent me any thing. Producing a gilded casket, he exhibited, apparently in corroboration of his remark, various handsome articles, chiefly of English manufacture, which had been given him; among the rest, a watch presented by the famous General Bandula, just before the contest with the British in which he lost his life. There was also his tsal-o-ay, which he handed us to inspect, and then wore during the rest of the interview. He spoke of our country with much approbation, and expressed a strong desire that we should open commercial relations. It was replied that their present restrictions on exports disabled our vessels from selling their cargoes; that if specie and rice were allowed to be exported, they could pick up what little lac, ivory, &c., there might be in the market, and, selling the rest of their goods for rice or specie, proceed elsewhere to complete their homeward cargo; but he could not see the propriety of sending away rice or specie. The wisdom and candour manifested on several topics which came up, encouraged me to lay before him the oppressive conduct of the rulers at Rangoon, and especially at Maubee, towards the missionaries and disciples. He declared himself entirely ignorant of these transactions, and much displeased. I remarked, among other things, that he knew the Karens had no religion; that their conversion threw no slur on the state religion; that Christianity must make better subjects of these wild and uncivilised people; and that in our country entire freedom of religious opinions was allowed without injury. He assented fully, and said, if I would have a full statement of the case written and laid before him, he would sift it to the bottom, and effectually prevent the repetition of such acts. This was accordingly done afterwards through Colonel Burney.

This woon-gyee was a poor boy, and has risen, chiefly by his own merit, through many grades of office, to his present premiership; thus furnishing a strong exemplification of a peculiarity in this government, resembling a boasted trait in our own. No offices or titles here are hereditary but the kingship.

During the visit, two Shyan Chobwaus came in, and gave me an opportunity of extending my information respecting routes to China. These men are, in point of fact, kings at home, but they approached the minister with the greatest deference. They were waited on by the late Burman governor of Bamoo, another of the routes by which I am seeking to ascertain the accessibility of China.

A visit to the Tha-then-a-byng', or supreme pontiff of the empire, was less pleasant. I was not surprised; much less displeased. He of course saw in me a patron and strengthener of the mission—an object he naturally

* In all visits to the principal men, it is expected that a person when first introduced will make an offering. Indeed, it is com-

abhors. He afterwards gave, as a sort of excuse for his reserve, that we did not sheekoo at our entrance. If this was really his difficulty, it adds a proof to many I have had already, of the excessive pride of these priests. His monastery was as splendid as Burmans know how to make it; carved and gilded in every part, within and without.

The Sur-ra-wa prince, to whom Mr Kincaid next introduced me, received me with the greatest urbanity. He is the only full brother of the present king, a few years younger, and is more likely to succeed him than the proper heir apparent.* He is said exactly to resemble the king, and certainly there could scarcely be a more intelligent and manly countenance. The Alompra forehead, which distinguishes this family, slopes backward somewhat too rapidly for a good head, but is high, and has great breadth. When speaking, his countenance is lighted up with great animation. Though less literary than his uncle, the Mekara prince, he is considered more talented, and to possess more general information. He spoke in high terms of our country, and acknowledged the impolicy of the restrictions on exports, and other impediments at Rangoon. In remarking on various countries and their institutions, he showed not only an enlightened, but a reflective and strong mind. Respecting the tribes between here and China, he gave me much valuable information. The object of my visit to the golden city being explained to him, I expressed much satisfaction, in finding our missionaries here fully protected and enjoying all the rights of citizenship. He immediately drew a comparison between the liberal usages of this country, in receiving and protecting all foreigners, and the policy of China in excluding them; invited me to place teachers in the adjacent cities; and recommended me to travel in the interior, and see more of the country.

During the interview, his lady was introduced, with a lovely infant, two or three years old; and nothing occurred to indicate that odious haughtiness which so generally attaches to men of his rank in the east. On taking leave, he invited us to visit his garden next day, which we did; for I deem a garden a test of civilisation. We found a large space, perhaps an acre, well laid out, with raised brick foot-paths, plastered, and resembling stone. Marble tanks, artificial ponds, with gold and crimson fish, numerous water-courses and reservoirs, and several men engaged in drawing water from wells, showed how much attention to irrigation is necessary to a garden at Ava. He had the peach, apple, coffee, fig, and many other foreign fruits, besides the varieties of luscious ones which are native. In an adjacent enclosure he had wild animals and some singular birds, perfectly gentle, and going at large. On the whole, it was a tasteful and pleasing spot. Men of rank in this city, generally have such gardens, on which they bestow great expense. I visited one or two others, which had handsome *zayats* in them, where the owner reposed sometimes in a summer-house, or received his intimate friends.

Not to multiply accounts of visits to great men, it will be enough to remark that I found all to whom I was introduced intelligent and affable. Having read of them as gorgeously arrayed on days of state ceremony, I was disappointed to find them dressed precisely like other men, with waist-cloth and turban only. These, however, were of the best materials. If it was the cool of the day, they wore also the *en-gy*, or muslin coat. Their dwellings now are temporary buildings, outside of the city wall, and are, in fact, mere shanties. By what is, perhaps, a necessary precaution, in such a government, when the king goes out of the city, all the nobles must go out also, and stay out till he returns. He is now residing at his water-palace, so called—a collection of wooden houses, one story high, between the city wall and the water.

During my whole visit here, Colonel Burney was in the habit of sending to me the distinguished persons

who called upon him, who could give me information, from their own knowledge, of the tribes between this city and China. Among others was the lately famous Duhá Gám, who rules the largest part of the Singphos. He came with a *sera-dau-gyee*, or chief secretary, and rode a horse richly caparisoned. The skirts of the saddle were circular, a yard in diameter, and completely gilded. In other respects he had no marks of a prince but his intelligence. Among other inquiries, I asked if he would protect Christian teachers, and suffer them to give books, if we sent some to his tribe. He assured me that he would, and that all quiet foreigners were secure in any part of his dominions. Besides a small present of penknife, scissors, &c., he accepted a copy of the New Testament, an assortment of tracts, and a map of the world, lately lithographed by the missionaries, with the names in the Burman language. Mr Kincaid endeavoured to impress on his mind some leading truths of religion.

Besides the information gained from such persons, it was no small advantage to have the populace, who followed them, see the mission thus noticed by great men, and see their numerous retinues going away with our books and tracts in their hands. The influence of such a sight can only be realised by those who have seen the profound respect paid by orientals to persons in authority.

The climate of Ava, most of the year, is delightful. The cool season lasts from the middle of October till the early part of April. During this period, heavy fogs prevail early in the morning, but they soon disperse, and leave a sunny sky. The thermometer at night, and towards morning, descends to 45° or 50°; sometimes, though very rarely, to 40°; rising in the middle of the day to 60° or 70°. Towards the end of April, it begins to get hot, and the last of that month, and whole of May, are the trying portion of the year. The thermometer ranges from 85° to 100°, rising sometimes even to 110°, in a fair exposure at mid-day; but it is always many degrees cooler at night. About the 1st of June, some dashes of rain occur; the sky is always cloudy, and the periodical inundation of the river spreads vast sheets of water over the low grounds. These, with the south-west monsoon, which rarely intermits, spread a cool freshness on every side. The present is the rainy season on the coast, and on the mountains north of Ava, but around the city it rarely rains; in some years, so little as to cut off all crops, and create almost a famine. It was during this period that my time was spent in Ava, and more delicious weather could not be. The thermometer has not been above 93°, and rarely above 87°. The average at mid-day has been about 88° or 84°. Before morning, I always find it necessary to draw over me a flannel sheet. The river is now from thirty to forty feet above its common level. About the middle of August, the waters begin to subside; the clouds are less dense; and for a short time very hot weather returns, but not so oppressive as in May. The cool season then sets in, as above mentioned. The river owes its rise not so much to rain in the upper country, as to the rapid melting of the snow on the lofty mountains connected with the Himalaya range, where the Irrawaddy rises, in common with the Kyendween, Burampooter, and great Camboja rivers.

Missionary efforts were begun in this city by Messrs Judson and Price in 1822, but Mr Judson very soon returned to Rangoon. Immediately on rejoining Mr Price, with Mrs Judson, in 1824, the war broke out, during which the missionaries were called not to act for Christ, but to suffer. At the close of the war, Mr Judson proceeded to Amherst. Thus scarcely any thing was done to create a general knowledge of Christianity, or to convert individuals; Dr Price being chiefly engrossed with his medical profession, and a school of noblemen's children. He was, however, a faithful and laborious man, so far as his bodily strength, wasted by a slow consumption, would permit. He preached to his retainers, and such as would come to his house, every Sabbath, and impressed religion on many with whom

* He ascended the throne, on the death of his brother, in 1837.

he came in daily contact, but never went among the common people as an evangelist. Had he lived to complete the education of the youth entrusted to him, he would have done an incalculable service to the country. He had obtained permission to carry several of them to Calcutta, to finish their studies at Serampore; and, though worn down by disease, could not be dissuaded from making it the last effort of his life. In spite of weakness, which confined him almost constantly to his bed, he finished all his arrangements, and the day of sailing arrived. He arose and dressed as usual. But, though he could disregard debility, he could not escape death. On that morning, his attendants, having left him for a short time, returning, found him dead in his chair! The British resident has since tried in vain to obtain another set of youths to go to Calcutta for education.

No conversion occurred at Ava, nor indeed can the mission be regarded as fairly begun, till the arrival of Mr Kincaid, in June 1833. He had been in the country since November 1830, and had so far acquired the language as to be able to pray and expound a little, but had not attempted to deliver regular discourses. He took a large quantity of tracts and books, of which he gave away 17,000 on the way up: this was the first general distribution made on the river. A house was obtained; preaching was kept up regularly on the Sabbath, and every week evening; and Ko Shoon and Ko Sanelone, excellent assistants from Maulmain, occupied public *zayats*, and taught from house to house. The first convert was Mah Nwa Oo, wife of a disciple whom Dr Price had brought with him from Rangoon. She, with another, was baptised in October of the same year. Since then, twelve others have been received into the church; all Burmans but one, an Indo-Briton. Mr Kincaid's published journals make any further history of this station unnecessary, except to say, that in September 1835, Mr Simons joined the station, and has been employed chiefly in teaching schools, and giving tracts to such as came to the house. He has not yet so far acquired the language as to preach, or communicate much with the natives.

The present aspect of the station is full of encouragement. Mr Kincaid is completely at home in the language, and the native assistants, among whom is Ko Shoon again for a season, are laboriously engaged. Besides these, Ko Gwa, the deacon, a wise and invaluable old man, is employed much of his time very usefully in private conversation through the city. He had charge of the late king's bearers, amounting to several hundred men, and possesses not only a large acquaintance, but some influence. Two or three of the other members are of very respectable worldly standing, and three young men give promise of becoming useful in the ministry. They are studying English, geography, &c., at the mission house, under Mrs Simons, and two of them will probably join the school at Tavoy.

All the disciples except two, who reside forty miles off, and one who is often kept away in attendance upon his sister, a maid of honour in the palace, are regularly at worship every Sunday, and attend the concert of prayer, and such other meetings as may be appointed.

Ava is the great centre to which persons resort from every part of Burmah and its tributary states. Many of these come to the mission for books, not so much to hear about "the new religion," as to see white foreigners, especially ladies. Except Mrs Judson (who, of course, was little seen abroad during the war, and, as the governor's widow stated, part of the time wore the full Burman costume to avoid molestation), no white female has ever been seen here, till the establishment of the British residency. There they dare not go to satisfy their curiosity, and they flock to the mission-house, for the ostensible purpose of obtaining a tract. During my stay, there were always some in the house, often a complete throng, staring at every thing, feeling every thing, wondering at every thing. Often, when their attention is secured for a moment to divine truth, they begin to

feel your hands, or examine the intricacies of your raiment, or the joints of your table, and you perceive your words are lost upon them. Sometimes they seem absorbed with wonder at the tract you have given them, and, in trying to find out how it is put together, pull it to pieces before your eyes. Many have heard that Mr Kincaid has globes and an orrery, and come avowedly to see those. Our mode of eating is an especial marvel; and we generally have many spectators in the room, or at the door. Such facts, together with those I have already mentioned in relation to tracts, must be remembered by the friends of missions at home, lest they make very erroneous inferences from the naked statements of missionary journals.

It has been inferred from these, that persons have come hundreds of miles for a tract, or to hear of Christ, from its being stated, that a person from such or such a distant point came far tracts, &c.; whereas the person, being at the station on other business, came as a matter of curiosity. It has been inferred, too, that a general spirit of inquiry has been excited throughout the empire. Alas! the very contrary is the fact. In general, tracts are received more cordially at first than ever afterwards; and often, on visiting a village a second or third time, few will accept a tract at all. A writer in America has stated that "whole villages have been converted unto God." There has been no such event. Two Christian villages have been formed by collecting converted Karens together, and others may yet be formed; but, as a general measure, it is deemed unsafe and undesirable. The great stumbling-block with Burmans, as with those to whom apostles preached, is "Christ crucified." They cannot get the idea of an eternal God; and that Christ was a man seems to put him on a footing with Gaudama. They bring up the fact of his being "born of a virgin," just as infidels do. Thus that glorious doctrine, which, to such of them as come to feel the power and guilt of sin, is the sweet theme that fills their heart with peace, is to the multitude tho "hard saying," which they cannot bear.

Yet there are some prominent encouragements at this station. That tracts and books may be distributed from hence to the remotest parts of the empire, is a very important circumstance. That they come from the imperial city, gives them augmented influence. That they are frequently taken by head-men and principal citizens, gives more. That government is fully aware of our missionary efforts, having had Mr Kincaid several times before them, gives the people an impression that his conduct now is at least winked at. It is ascertained also that some thirty or forty persons in the city are so entirely convinced of the truth of Christianity as to have forsaken the forms of Buddhism, and worship in secret, as they affirm, the eternal God. They dare not come to public worship, and some of them not even to the missionary; but they receive gladly the visits of the native assistants, and, we may hope, will yet become decided Christians.

As to the personal safety of the missionaries, there is no apparent ground of apprehension. The government would not drive them from the country, much less offer personal violence. Their late humiliation by the British has greatly altered their tone towards white foreigners. It is altogether probable that the threats of the woom-gyees, and orders to stop giving books, are intended merely to exempt themselves from blame. If it should come to the king's ears that missionaries are giving books, and he should choose to be angry, they wish to be able to appeal to their record, and show that the missionaries have continued in spite of prohibition. To forbid a thing, is often, with Burman officers, their final measure, after which, having thus thrown off the responsibility, they are often pleased to see their orders disregarded. At present, too, the question who shall be the next king, is probably one of engrossing magnitude to the rulers. It is also to us. If a certain candidate succeed, Buddhism will revive on every side; if another, toleration will probably be allowed. Let us earnestly commend the result to Him who exalteth kings at his

pleasure. If the missionaries should be driven away, it would probably be by such measures being taken with the natives as to render a further stay useless. One of the highest officers proposed, it is said, in a late conversation respecting the crowds who came for books, the crucifixion of some six or eight caught so doing, and that they be suspended before Mr Kincaid's door till they rotted away. There is much reason, however, to think this was said for mere effect; for the speaker is known to be specially indifferent to Buddhism.

Near Ava are eight or nine hundred Catholics, chiefly the descendants of French and other prisoners, brought by Alompra from Syrian, at his conquest of that place in 1756. They are settled in six small villages, the chief of which is Kyun-ta-yuah, which has 100 houses. In 1784, two priests were sent by the Propaganda. The troubles of Europe prevented their receiving any remittances for thirty years; but their scanty wants were supplied by their poor flock, and by the practice of medicine. They were quiet, literary men, and much respected. One died in 1823, and the other in 1832. Their places have been supplied by young priests from Italy. I cannot find that here, or elsewhere in Burmah, the Catholics make much effort to gain converts to the Christian faith; and though half a century has elapsed since the arrival of the first missionaries, they have never given their people any portion of the Scriptures in their vernacular. The service is in Latin, of course; but such as preach, do so in Burman. These Catholics live and dress just as other Burmans, and are only to be distinguished from them by their deeper poverty and grosser immorality.

A visit to Sagaing, opposite to Ava, and once the metropolis, gave me not only an opportunity of noting what my official duty required, but of visiting the tomb of Dr Price. The intimacy that subsisted between us, and the fine points in his character, came vividly before me as I walked over the fallen walls of his dwelling, or in his garden in ruins,

"And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,"

or under the huge tamarinds which shaded his walks. 'Twas a dark day for Burmah when he died. The Lord has blessed his memory by the conversion of his two sons, now in America. May they become apostles for Burmah!

The population of Sagaing is perhaps 50,000, and the small district or township belonging to it about 80,000 more. There seems to be no obstacle to the immediate settlement of a missionary, except that we have no one familiar with the language who can be spared. Many Chinese reside here, who read tracts and Bibles in their own language. The few we have been able to distribute in this vicinity for a few months past, have been most gratefully received, and sundry individuals, in applying for others, have proved they had been attentively read.

Three miles north-west of the city are the quarries of statuary marble from which most of the stone images of Gaudama are made. It is also used for water-spouts, and other purposes about sacred edifices, and shines conspicuously round all the pagodas in this part of the country, in the polished claws and grinning teeth of the huge lions (so called) which guard the precincts. The real lion is unknown in Burmah; and these images, which, though of all sizes, are perfectly alike, are the most atrocious caricatures of the king of beasts.

From eight to fifteen miles farther north is a region resembling the "jicks" of our western country, where vast quantities of salt are made.

Five miles south-west of Sagaing, and about a mile from the great manufactory of idols, is the Kyoung-moo-dau-gyee pagoda, famous for its size. Its shape is precisely like a thimble, 170 feet high, and 1000 feet in circumference at the base. It looks, in ascending the river, like a little mountain. An inscription within the enclosure gives the date of its erection, which corresponds to our A. D. 1626.

The Mengoon pagoda, above Umerapoora, would be vastly larger if finished, surpassing some of the pyramids

of Egypt. When not more than half advanced, the king grew so cool towards Buddhism, and had so exhausted his means and the liberality of the nobles, that he abandoned the undertaking. His Brahminical astrologers furnished him an excellent pretext by giving out that so soon as finished he would die, and the dynasty be changed. The lions were finished, and though intended, of course, to bear the usual proportion to the size of the edifice, they are ninety feet high. A huge bell was also cast for it, stated, in the thirty-fifth volume of the authorised Burman History or Chronicles, to weigh 55,500 viss (about 200,000 lbs.); but the chief woon-gyee declared to me that its weight was 88,000 viss.

On the way to Umerapoora, we saw the royal barges, and visited the pagodas and zayats of Shway-kyet-yet, or "the scratch of the golden fowl." The group stands on a bluff jutting into the river, opposite the range of hills back of Sagaing, which terminate at the shore. The whole is now in fine order, some having been lately re-coated with stucco, and the whole fresh whitewashed. It forms the most beautiful object from Ava, resembling, at that distance, a noble palace of white marble.

Here Gaudama wears a form not given to him elsewhere, I believe, except in paintings, namely, that of a cock. The legend is, that when he was in that form of existence, he was king of all fowls, and, passing that place, he scratched there! Hence the sanctity of the spot, and hence the noble structures which distinguish it! The face of the stone cocks which ornament the niches is somewhat human, the bill being brought up to his eyes, like a huge hooked nose. In the zayats at this cool and delightful retreat, commanding the best view of Ava and much of the river above and below, we found a number of well-dressed men reposing on clean mats, to whom we preached "Jesus and the resurrection." They readily accepted tracts, and we left them intently perusing them.

A short row farther brought us to Umerapoora, seven miles above Ava, on the same side of the river, which here takes a sudden bend to the north. It extends back to a noble lake, and is shaded charmingly with trees. The location is, however, very inferior to that of Ava. A low island and an extensive flat obstruct the harbour, and, except at high water, the lake behind has not a good entrance from the river. At Ava, the shore is bold, and the water always deep, and the Myetnga, or Little River, which passes through the eastern suburb, is a fine navigable stream, opening a trade to the interior for two hundred miles.

Umerapoora was nearly desolated by a dreadful fire in 1823; but though within the walls it remains desolate, the suburbs have grown to a city at least as populous as Ava itself. A large number of Chinese reside here, and carry on a considerable trade with their own country by the annual caravans. They are Buddhists, as most of the common Chinese are, and have a showy temple, with an adequate supply of priests. We sought refuge there in a shower, and were courteously received. They listened to the good news with decorum, and accepted Burman tracts, in which language many of them read. During our visit, a number of Burmans came and made their offerings and sheekoo to the image.

There are various wonders at Umerapoora, such as the great and boasted bell (Burmans are marvellously fond of vast bells); the brass cannon, almost the largest in the world; the stupendous brazen image of Gaudama, brought from Arracan; the girl mentioned in Mr Kincaid's journal, and by Major Crawford, as being covered with long fine hair, &c.; but I could not spend the time necessary to see them, and, procuring a bullock cart, rode about to see the localities, extent of population, &c.

It seems important to locate at least two missionaries at this place, not only for the 100,000 inhabitants, but for the thousands of Chinese who may here be reached. One of the missionaries might study Chinese, and be prepared at a future day to accompany the caravan to Yunnan. The government would not interfere to

prevent the conversion of foreigners, and the converts which, we are bound to hope and believe, would be made, might become most efficient missionaries to their countrymen.

A few miles back of the city, the Chinese have some plantations of sweet cane, and manufacture a large quantity of excellent brown and yellow sugar. I purchased some as good as our best yellow flavanna, at about four cents a pound.

The immediate cognisance of the king secures this part of the empire from many of the severe oppressions under which more distant sections constantly groan; and tends in several other ways to increase its comparative population. It is beyond doubt the most densely inhabited part of the kingdom. Those whom I deemed best able to inform me, stated, that within a radius of twenty miles, there must be at least half a million of people.

On the 3d of August came the sad adieu to the kind friends in Ava, who for a month had left nothing untried to make my stay pleasant, and aid my official duties. To Colonel H. Burney, the British resident, I am under many obligations, not only for attentions and assistance in the acquisition of information, but for personal kindnesses bestowed in the most delicate manner. To him, and scarcely less to Mrs Burney, the mission is largely indebted. At Tavoy, of which province Colonel Burney had charge some years, they were as parents to the lamented Boardman. At Rangoon, where he has occasionally resided, since holding his present appointment, they were not less kind to the missionaries, even watching them day and night in their sickness. At Ava, our brethren and their families not only receive daily and expensive kindnesses, but are ever so treated as to give them the highest possible estimation among the people.

The first two days of the descending voyage passed delightfully. My boat, too small for two, is ample for one, and I soon got all my matters nicely adjusted. Secure from interruption, and being alone, little exposed to distraction, it was encouraging to be able to get to work in good earnest, to arrange and digest the hoard of memorandums gained during the past busy month. It creates, too, something like a feeling of *home* to be, any where, "monarch of all you survey," and to be surrounded by none but such as you may command; and especially, there is satisfaction in reviewing your steps after an errand is pleasantly accomplished. With all these advantages, the river, now forty feet above its common level, bore me along at the rate of four miles an hour, and so loftily, that I could see over the country far and near; the banks being but a foot or two above the flood. Instead of being dragged only by ropes, under a sultry bank, seeing only such houses and trees as stood on the brink, or, if under sail, "hugging the shore," to avoid the current, we now swept gallantly down the mid stream, higher from the top of the boat than the level country, and seeing the noble hills to their very base. The whole landscape, refreshed by occasional ruins, presents, at this season, scenes which are not surpassed on the Rhine, or on our own more beautiful Connecticut.

7th.—Alas! a traveller has little cause to give patience a furlough because he gets a visit from pleasure. Here I am, the fourth day of the trip, moored not "under the lee," but alongside of a sandy island, just enough "a-lee" to get a constant drizzle of sand upon every thing, and not enough to shelter us from the huge waves that render it impossible to do any thing, while the wind has full sweep at me, and will not suffer a paper to lie in its place. The men have done their best to "keep moving," but the wind defies both oars and tide. Yesterday we had much ado to make headway against it, and it probably will not alter much, as it is the midst of the monsoon. It, however, generally subsides before night, and we must catch our chances. If my Master be not in haste to get me to Rangoon, why should I be! My eyes, partly from over-use, and partly from the glare upon the water, have become bad again; and as there is no one to

speak to, I am ensconced here, deprived of book, pen, and conversation. If this order of things should continue, I shall soon have a satiety of my lordly loneliness.

August 13.—Through divine goodness I am now in sight of Rangoon, having made the passage in eleven days, without accident. For the sake of expedition, I floated a good deal in the night, as the wind then always subsided, and we made better progress than in the daytime with six oars. But the boatmen were sadly uneasy at doing so, and were constantly assailed by accounts of recent robberies and murders. At one village, we found in the house of the head-man several persons who had that afternoon been robbed of their boat, and all it contained. Frequently, as we passed a village, the officers would call out that we must wait for other boats and proceed in company. Sometimes they would take a boat, and come out to compel me to stop, saying that, if I was murdered or robbed, they might have to answer for it with their heads. I always answered that I must proceed; and making them some little presents, they would desist. On several occasions, they had no sooner left me, and it was perceived along shore that I was going on, than a little fleet of boats would put off, and I went abundantly escorted. They had all probably been detained for the same reasons, and supposing me well armed, as foreigners always are, were glad of my protection.

What a wretched government is this, which, while it taxes and burdens the people to the very utmost, grants them, in return, no security for person or property! Hence the huddling together in little wretched villages. A Burman with any thing to lose would not dare to live on a farm even one mile from a village. No such case probably exists in the empire. The very poorest, and the Karens, who are always very poor, venture to live in villages of three or four houses in the jungle, and cultivate patches of rice. The people at large live in the bondage of constant fear. Not only is thieving common, but robbing by bands. Thirty or fifty men, well armed and disguised, surround a house, which a detachment plunders it, and permit no one to go to their aid. On the rivers, robberies are even more frequent, as the chance of detection is less. We have scarcely a missionary family that has not been robbed. So much was said, by some of my kind English friends in Rangoon, of the folly and danger of going unarmed, as I had hitherto done, and of the imputations which would be cast upon *them*, if they suffered me to go in this manner, that I consented to borrow a pair of pistols and a bag of cartridges. I never opened my bag of cartridges till to-day, when, seeing alligators along shore, and desirous to see if they were as impenetrable as travellers assert, I went to my bag, but found they were all musket cartridges, and not one would go in! Surely, in closing this part of my mission, I may sing of the mercy of the Lord, and cherish an increased confidence that his goodness will lead me "all my journey through."

CHAPTER VI.

Chittagong. Cox's Bazaar. Akyab. Kyauk Phyo. Ramree. Arracan.

THERE being no mode of getting into the Arracan and Chittagong provinces but by way of Calcutta, my next voyage was to that city; but to avoid disjoining the notes on Burmah, I postpone any account of Bengal, and will finish, in this chapter, my travels on this side of the bay.

I embarked, November 27, from Calcutta for Chittagong. The voyage consumed a fortnight.

This town lies about ten miles from the mouth of the river, on the right bank, and is the head-quarters of a company's regiment, and the civil officers of the province. The Rev. Mr Johannes, who has laboured here for sixteen years, in connection with Serampore, re-

ceived me with great hospitality, and in a few days I was provided with a passage one stage farther on my way.

Chittagong, or Islam-a-bad', is situated on and among small abrupt hills, which furnish beautiful sites for the mansions of the English, some of which command a view of the sea. The natives live along the valleys, among plain-tain, olive, mango, orange, and almond trees, with neat gardens of esculents. The streets are in good order, and the bazaar abundantly supplied with every sort of domestic and foreign produce. The town includes 12,000 people, and immediately adjacent are many populous villages. The language, the mode of building, and the general aspect of every thing, are decidedly Bengalee. About three hundred vessels, chiefly brigs of from forty to a hundred tons, are owned in the place, and many vessels from other places resort there. The chief exports are rice and salt. I saw lying at anchor several large Maldivé boats of indescribable construction. These vessels, with a deck made of thatch, venture annually, during this fine season, from those distant islands, bringing cowries, tortoise-shell, cumela, cocoa-nuts, and coir for rope, and carry away rice and small manufactures. No missionary has ever been sent to that numerous and interesting people.

Mr Johannes preaches in English and Bengalee, both of which are vernacular to him, but devotes most of his time to a very large school, which was commenced by the Rev. Mr Peacock, in 1818. It was intended, and has always been continued, for poor Roman Catholic children, but there have generally been a few Bengalese. Several of the pupils, on finishing at school, have obtained places under government. Only two scholars have ever been converted.

Accompanying Mr Johannes into the bazaar to preach, we soon had an audience of ten or fifteen, who paid good attention, and asked some questions, but seemed firm in their own faith. A Mussulman Yogee passing by, smeared with cow-dung and Ganges mud, I felt anxious to converse kindly with him, and did so for some time through Mr Johannes. His countenance was anxious and care-worn, and he declared that the sole object of his life was to appease the severity of the angel of death. I pointed him to the Lamb of God, and endeavoured to make clear to his understanding the way of life. It was not necessary to dwell on his sinfulness and need of a Saviour, for he was burdened with conscious guilt. But he was afraid to give up his austerities, and depend on free grace; and ended with the usual conclusion, that our religion is excellent for us, but their religion is better for them.

There has for ages been a mixed progeny of Portuguese in Chittagong, who have multiplied to about two thousand souls. They have two places of worship, and at present one priest, who, being ignorant both of Bengalee and English, is restricted to the mere performance of his Latin ritual. This class show no anxiety, in general, for the conversion of the pagans, and in many cases are less moral, if possible, than the heathens themselves.

The district of Chittagong is about 120 miles long, and 60 wide. It seems to have belonged originally to Tipperah, and to have become a part of the kingdom of Bengal early in the sixteenth century, after which it was annexed to the Mogul dominions. It was ceded to the Company by Jaffier Ali Khan in 1760. The population is about 1,000,000, of which two-thirds are Mussulmans, and the residue chiefly Hindus. There were formerly many Mugs, but since the tranquillisation and security of Arracan under British rule, most of these have returned to their country.

Most of Chittagong is fertile, and rice is largely exported. Salt is made and exported in great quantities, and much is used on the spot in curing fish, which abound on the coast. The inhabitants are in general wretchedly poor, but the company derive annually from the province about 1,200,000 rupees. The taxes being collected, not on the system of Arracan and the Tenas-

serim provinces, but on the Zemindar system of Bengal, the people pay perhaps nearly double that sum.

Finding a coasting-vessel of about thirty tons, bound to Akyah, I embraced the opportunity of going that far towards my destination, and, after an uncomfortable voyage of five days, reached the place.

A little to the south of Chittagong, we passed the mouth of the Cruscool river, where is situated the Mug village of Cox's bazaar, containing perhaps six hundred houses. Here the excellent Colman laboured a few months and died. Loath to quit the place at the beginning of the rains, and spend that long period away from his people, he remained, and fell at his post. The insalubrity of this spot to foreigners seems not easily accounted for. It stands only two or three miles from the open sea, on lofty ground, at the termination of the "White Cliffs," and has no jungle very near. Colman's bungalow stood on a hill facing the sea, and there seemed no reason why a temperate and prudent man might not remain safely. But this whole coast seems deadly to foreigners.

Of such cases as that of Colman, I have learned the particulars of some twenty or more, who, trusting to caution and a divine blessing on well-meant endeavours, and willing to hazard all things for the heathen, have staid where others dare not stay, and, sooner or later, fallen by the country fever. The Lord forgive those, who, without having seen a mission, pronounce the whole scheme mercenary. An idle, luxurious, and selfish missionary, I have not yet seen.

No missionary has resided at Cox's bazaar since Mr Colman's decease. Mr Fink has sometimes visited the place, and for a few months two native assistants were stationed there. About twenty of the inhabitants had become Christians before Mr Colman's arrival, some of whom removed to Akyah. The rest are dead, excluded, or scattered. The town must be an out-station from Chittagong. The population is constantly diminishing.

At Akyah, the Rev. Mr Fink, a converted native of Ternate, who has been a missionary here for ten years, in connection with Serampore, received me into his large family with great kindness. The English officers, as every where else, bestowed upon me every attention in their power, and added many valuable facts to my stock of official memoranda.

The city is situated on the northern mouth of the Arracan, or more properly the Kulladine river, about a mile from the sea, and has a spacious and secure harbour. It is the commercial metropolis of Arracan, and generally has much shipping in port. Rice is obtained in unlimited quantities among the numerous islands which form the delta of the Kulladine and Combermere bay. It costs, on an average, cleaned from the husk, ten rupees per hundred acres, and the export amounts annually to more than 300,000 rupees. The price of paddy, or uncleaned rice, is about five rupees a hundred acres. A considerable quantity of salt is exported, which is here bought at three maunds for a rupee, or about 250 pounds for forty-five cents. The population of the city is about 8000, of whom many are Bengalese, and some Chinese.

The district of Akyah comprises the whole of Arracan as far south as Combermere bay; but in all this region only about 20,000 donga are cultivated. Each dong of tilled land will produce about 280 bushels of paddy, yielding the cultivator about seventy or eighty rupees, when delivered at market.

The number of mendicants in the whole district, according to the last census, is thirty-one Mugs, and 210 Mussulmans. Of loose women there are but two Mugs, while of the comparatively few Bengalese there are over fifty. These wretched beings are licensed for five rupees each per annum—a system which is pursued in other parts of the company's territory. In relation to this licensing prostitutes, so common, not only in India, but Europe, I wish all concerned in making such laws could be reproved in the language of that truly great man, President Dwight, in his sermon on the seventh

commandment:—"Who could believe that princes, and other rulers of mankind, have taxed and licensed these houses of ruin? Who could believe that sin would be thus bartered in the market, and damnation be held up as a commodity for bargain and sale!—that the destruction of the human soul would be publicly granted and authorised as a privilege!—and that patents would be made out, signed, and sealed, for peopling more extensively the world of woe?"

Mr Fink maintains, with the aid of his wife and son, and a native assistant, three schools—one for males, and another for females, in the vernacular; and one for boys in English. All are in a weak state, and present few encouraging appearances. No conversion has occurred in either of the schools. He has baptised here eleven Arracanese and two East Indians.* The whole number of members in his church is about forty. Of these many reside at Kroo-day, a village on the other side of the island, eight miles distant, containing ten or twelve families, most of whom are Christians. Four of the natives are employed as assistants, who daily distribute tracts, and preach from house to house. None are at present known to be seriously examining the claims of Christianity.

The principal articles of living are cheap in this province. Bread as good as that of our bakers is supplied daily, at one rupee for fourteen loaves a little smaller than those sold with us for six and a quarter cents fowls, one rupee per dozen; ducks, eight for a rupee, best cleaned rice, one rupee per bushel; eggs, six cents per dozen; milk, about fifteen pints for a rupee; servants' wages, six rupees per month, without board. Fuel costs about one rupee per month.

I embraced the opportunity at Akyah, as at other places, of preaching to the few who understand English (about a dozen, including Mr Fink's family), and to the natives through Mr Fink. In addressing native Christians (for in general none others attend public worship), I generally question them respecting the great truths of religion, and find them, as might be expected, mere babes in knowledge, but often very intelligent and firm. A weekly exercise, on the plan of our Bible classes, would prove, at every station, of great utility.

No vessel being ready for Kyook Phyoo, I hired a fishing-boat, leaving Mr Fink to engage me a passage in the first vessel for Madras. With eight stout oarsmen, and a promise of buckshee (presents) if they made great haste, I arrived in twenty-three hours; the time being usually from two to three days. The little Hindustanee I endeavoured to pick up in Calcutta proves every day important, but on this occasion quite necessary, as not a soul in the boat speaks a word of English. The Hindustanee is the universal language of India, understood by some persons in every region, and spoken generally by servants. Foreigners acquire it in preference to any of the other vernaculars. Fifty or sixty travellers' phrases, with sundry single words, enable me to get along somehow, but often leave me at a loss in cases of special necessity.

Through divine goodness in restoring Mr and Mrs Comstock from late severe illnesses, I found them at their post in Kyook Phyoo in health, and was received with great joy. A week soon rolled away in friendly and official intercourse, and resulted, as in previous cases, in a strong personal regard, which made parting truly painful. We visited all the adjacent villages, and settled various plans, which I trust will prove important and successful. I availed myself of my present improvement in voice to preach to the military gentlemen of the station, and such others as understood English, and had an audience of about twenty—the only sermon they had heard during the two years of the regiment's stay in Arracan.

Mr and Mrs Comstock arrived at Kyook Phyoo, and began the first labours of our Board in Arracan in

March 1835, having previously studied Burman in America, and during the voyage, under Mr Wade. He now begins to converse freely with the natives, and to preach a little. He has distributed tracts, and conversed with the people not only at Kyook Phyoo, but at some sixty or seventy villages in the district. In March 1836, he began two schools, which had an average of twenty-five scholars. The repeated sicknesses of both himself and wife have interrupted them very much, and considerably reduced the attendance. The scholars, with two or three adults, form Mr Comstock's audience on the Sabbath. Part of the day is spent with the pupils in Sabbath school exercises. Several of the boys evinced a good proficiency in reading, writing, geography, and arithmetic, and answered questions on the principal points of Scripture truth with great correctness. No conversion is known to have taken place at this station, and but one individual seems to be seriously examining the claims of Christianity. This, however, is by no means discouraging, when it is considered that Mr Comstock came here, nearly ignorant of the language, only eighteen months ago, and, of course, has not been able to communicate divine truth to any advantage, nor has he enjoyed the services of a native assistant. I procured one for him at Akyah, and with this aid, and his present knowledge of the language, have no fears of his success, if health be spared to him.

This port is a watering-place for numerous trading vessels from Bassein and other places in Burmah, on their way to Chittagong and Calcutta. They generally stop several days, and traffic a little. Many of them carry forty, fifty, or even more men. These often resort to Mr Comstock's house, to hear about the new religion, and receive tracts. Some of them come from places which no missionary has yet visited. As the region round Kyook Phyoo is barren, and thinly peopled, almost every eatable and many manufactures are brought from adjacent places, and from Aeng, which extends still more the opportunity of distributing gospels and tracts. The employment on public works, &c., being greater than the supply of resident labourers, many come every dry season, and return to their families at the beginning of the rains, by whom the truth may be disseminated. The very extensive archipelago to the east and north of Kyook Phyoo, enables a missionary to reach much of the population by water, in a convenient boat. Thus, although the population of the town is small, not exceeding, probably, with adjacent villages, 2000 souls, it is an important location for a missionary. It, moreover, has the advantage of a European physician, and a bazaar containing every necessary.

Ramree, at the south-east end of the island, about twenty-four hours' sailing from Kyook Phyoo, stands on a large creek of the same name, eighteen or twenty miles from the mouth, and has 7000 inhabitants, compactly located. It occupies both banks of the creek, connected by noble bridges, and enjoys a large bazaar, and much commerce. Though very hot, from its being low and surrounded by hills, it bears a high character for salubrity, and lately has been preferred, in this respect, even to Kyook Phyoo. One or two British officers reside here. It has all the advantages, as a missionary station, which have just been attributed to Kyook Phyoo, besides having a much larger population, and ought to be occupied as soon as possible. The large and very populous island of Cheduba is immediately adjacent.

Eastward of Ramree about half a day, is a considerable sect, who maintain that there is one eternal God, who has manifested himself in the different Boodhis. They deny the transmigration of souls, and affirm that at death the future state of every human being is eternally fixed. They worship images of Gaudama, merely as images, to remind them of deity. They have, however, kyongs and priests, and conform to all the Burman usages, though rejected as heretics by their countrymen. There has been no attempt made to

* The term now generally applied to those in whom native and European blood is mixed, and who used to be called "country men."

ascertain their number, though it is certainly considerable. Many tracts and portions of Scripture have been distributed among them, and some have expressed strong desires for the visits of a missionary.

Sandoway, the capital of the district of that name, which embraces all the southern part of Arracan, is situated on the Sandoway river, about twelve miles from the sea. It has a population of 4000, chiefly Burmans and half-Burmans; the rest are Mugs. No spot in India is considered more healthful than this. From hence a missionary might operate extensively, not only in south Arracan but up the Basseln river, and the islands at its mouth, in Burmah Proper. The British officer there is anxious for the settlement of a missionary, and would afford him every possible facility. It is the only spot, besides those which have been named, where a missionary could hope to live during the sickly season, except, perhaps, Aeng, where a British commissioner, &c., reside throughout the year, though at great hazard. No officer has been able to retain his health there, and several have died.

Of the province of Arracan, I need not add much to the remarks on particular districts which have already been given. It is called by the natives *Rekhein*, and is bounded north by the River Naaf, and a line from near its sources, eastward to the A-nou-pec-too-miou, or Yomadong Mountains, which divide it from Burmah the whole length down to Cape Negrais. On the west is the Bay of Bengal. The length is about 470 miles. The breadth never exceeds 100, and sometimes is only 10—average about 60. It is estimated to contain about 17,000 square miles, of which but one twenty-fourth part is cultivated, though almost every part is capable of tillage.

The population is usually given in books at 300,000, but, by the last official returns, is only 237,000. The country is divided into four districts, namely, Akyab, Ramree, Sandoway, and Aeng; of which Akyab has 108,166 inhabitants; Ramree, 68,934; Sandoway, 22,976; and Aeng, 11,751. In addition to these, there are hill tribes, not regularly numbered, amounting to about 25,000.

The country appears to have preserved its independence from the earliest periods, though often invaded and overrun, for a time, by its more powerful neighbours. In 1783, Minderagye, emperor of Burmah, resolved on annexing it to his dominions. Raising an overwhelming force, he invaded it in various places, both by sea and land, and, though vigorously resisted, completely conquered all the more level portions on the sea-board, and took the monarch prisoner. Several hill tribes, however, remained free, and do so to this day.

Among the spoil on this occasion, the most valued articles, and those which perhaps had a large share in inducing the war, were a colossal bronze image of Buddha, and a cannon measuring thirty feet long, and ten inches in calibre. These were transported in triumph to Umerapoora, the then capital, and are still shown there with much pride.

Since the cession of the country to the British, the descendants of the old royal family of Arracan have several times endeavoured to regain the government. During the present year (1836), an attempt of the kind was made. Some of the hill tribes, and various robbers, &c., joined the conspirators, and an army of considerable force was mustered. Some villages were burnt, and the city of Arracan taken; but the sepoy drove them from the place without coming to any pitched battle, and the leaders at length took refuge in Burmah, and ended the struggle. The government at Ava has given up most of the chiefs, who are now in prison at Akyab.

This province has always been deemed particularly unhealthy to foreigners, though the natives have as few diseases, and as little sickness, as in other parts of Burmah. Kyouk Phyou, Ramree, and Sandoway, are certainly salubrious points, particularly the latter. Most of the face of the country is rugged mountain, covered with forest and jungle. The soil of the low

lands is luxuriant, and well watered by beautiful streams from the mountains. The coast is particularly desolate; and except at three or four places, shows no sign of any inhabitant. The ranges of hills along the sea-board are composed of grey sandstone, intermixed with ferruginous clay. Coral abounds along the whole coast.

The proximity of the mountains to the sea precludes large rivers. The only one of importance is the Kuladine, which rises about the parallel of Chittagong, and after a southerly course of 250 miles, including its windings, disembogues by several mouths, the principal of which is at Akyab. The Arracan river discharges by the same delta. The innumerable islands which extend from the latitude of the city of Arracan to that of Kyouk Phyou, give complete access to most of the agricultural region.

Arracan was once famous for cocon-nuts, but in former wars they were nearly exterminated. There are now scarcely any trees of this sort in the province, and quantities are imported. The fruits and vegetables are much the same as in Burmah, but in general less abundant, and of inferior quality. Oranges (called by the natives sweet limes) are very plenty and excellent. The proper lemon, I was told, is not found, but there are sour limes as large as ostrich eggs, with skin as thick as that of the shattuck. In some places there are mangoes, and the jack is pretty common. The wild fig is excellent. Other fruits are much the same as in Burmah, but scarcer and of inferior quality. The annual fall of rain is about two hundred inches. The seasons are the same as those of Pegu.

Arracan was formerly the principal city, and very large. It is now reduced to 3000 inhabitants, and is still diminishing. Its trade has passed to Akyab, at the mouth of the river, a site selected by the English for its advantageous position for health and commerce, and now rapidly growing. The old city has been always fatal to foreigners, though a favourite residence with the Mugs. The Burmans, who used to come with the governor when the country was their province, could not endure it. When the British took it and established a camp there, two full European regiments were reduced, in a few months, to three hundred men in both—and even of sepoy and camp-followers from forty to fifty died per day. Perhaps the particular circumstances of that army gave force to the pestilence, for nearly the same dreadful diminution attended the army in Rangoon, confessedly one of the healthiest places in the world.

This country is regarded as the parent hive of the Burman race and language. They are certainly much less intelligent than the Burmans, and the country less prosperous, doubtless in consequence of frequent and desolating wars, and long oppression. The written language is precisely the same as the Burman; but the pronunciation of many letters is so different as to make a dialect not very intelligible to Burmans. Why the language and people are called *Mugs* rather than *Arracanese*, is not very clear. I was generally assured that it is derived from a race of kings, who reigned at the time the country first became much known to Europeans. They regard the term as a contemptuous nickname, and universally call themselves *Mrammas*. This name they declare to be usurped by the Burmans, whom they call *Ouk-tha*, or people of the low country. The Burman in turn takes this epithet as an insult.

Many Bengalees are settled in the maritime sections of the country, who retain their own faith. They are called by the Arracanese *Kula-yekela*. Their morals are far worse than those of the natives.

The trade of the country never was considerable, till since the late removal of transit duties. It is now large and increasing. There is no mint in the province, as erroneously stated by Hamilton, but company rupees and pice are the uniform currency.

The taxes are very burdensome, and levied on almost every thing—land, fruit-trees, fishing-nets, spirit-shops, boats, buffaloes, toddy-trees, ploughs, hucksters, traders,

physicians, astrologers, the right of collecting wax and honey, of cutting timber, &c. &c. All the monopolies are now abolished, except opium and salt. The opium vender must buy only of government, and must also pay twenty-five rupees per annum for a licence. Formerly the inhabitants were forced to make a certain quantity of salt, and sell it to the government for two annas a maund, which was carried to Bengal, where also it is a monopoly, and where none could be bought except from government at four to six rupees per maund—a clear profit, in that short distance, of about forty times the price. The people are not now forced to make it, but all they do make must be sold in the province, or, if exported, must be sold only to government at twelve annas the maund. The entire revenue derived by the company from Arracan amounts to about 600,000 rupees per annum.

Slaves were much more numerous under the Burman government than at present, and modifications of the system have been established very much like those of the Tennesseerim provinces. Such as were taken in war have been released. Persons may sell themselves for money, but cannot sell one another, or their children. Fifteen rupees per annum is now required to be deducted from the debt of a man, and eight from that of a woman.

Though the Arracanese are Boodhists, and as tenacious of their system as others, yet they seem less devoted to its prescribed observances. Little money or time is spent in religion. I saw no pagoda in the province, except a small one, left half built, near Akyab, nor any person carrying offerings, or attending to his religion in any other way. The skyings which I saw are but wretched huts. There are more in the interior, pagodas, &c., in greater abundance; but Mr Fink, who has travelled much in the province, has seen but three new pagodas in the whole district of Akyab, for ten years past. His opinion is, that the influence of Boodhism is sensibly on the decline, while no other system is taking its place. At Akyab are only about twenty priests. At Ramree, which is the episcopal residence and religious metropolis of all Arracan, there are not more than two hundred.

Among many incidents illustrative of the declining power of Boodhism over this people, Mr Fink related the following. In one of his excursions, a man complained to him (Mr Fink holds an office under government) of his neighbour for demolishing an idol. The man defended himself by the following representation:—He had been fishing at some distance from home, and was returning with a club in his hand to defend himself from wild beasts. As he approached the village, and was passing by an image of Gaudana, he saw some of his buffaloes wandering into the forest. Commending his net and string of fishes, therefore, to the care of the idol, he set off to recover his beasts. This object accomplished, he returned; but as he drew near, a huge bird descended, and bore away his string of fish. Angry at the image, and excited by his loss, he upbraided it for stupidity, and dealt upon it such blows with his club as knocked off its head. Mr Fink, of course, endeavoured to show the folly of both him who still venerated, and him who had rudely broken the idol.

To one who has observed the awful reverence paid by idolaters to their idols, this incident is not merely amusing. A few years ago, no man in Arracan would have dared, under any temptation, to commit such an act, and especially to excuse himself for it. This little fact, too, shows that, as in Popery so in Boodhism, though the more enlightened regard the image only as an image, and a remembrancer of Deity, the common people pay it, truly and literally, divine honours.

Some thousand of tracts and portions of Scripture have been distributed in Arracan, and the truth proclaimed in many places; but it is known that large numbers of the tracts have been destroyed, and no general spirit of investigation prevails. The few native Christians in connection with Mr Fink are all that are known among the 500,000 Arracanese.

Towards the hills is the Mroo or Mroong tribe, about 5000. Beyond these, on the lower hills, are the Kyens, amounting to 15,000; and beyond these, on the Yomadong Mountains, are the Arunge, or Arings, amounting to 10,000. Of these tribes and others on the borders of Burmah, mention will be made in another place.

None of them have received the "good news," and little of them is known to the British government. Missionaries among either of them would be obliged to reside half the year on the sea-board, on account of the insalubrity of their country in its present uncleared state.

The return to Akyab was rendered less dreary than the voyage down, by the society of brother Comstock. There was no more room indeed; as, though I had a larger boat, there were now two of us; and the monsoon being against us, we were much longer. But Christian converse is sweet in this land of idols and iniquity. As we now were obliged to stop at night, and for cooking, it gave an opportunity of seeing some of the people in their villages, and presenting them the first tracts they had ever seen, as well as walking a little among the solitudes of everlasting green.

The region between Kyouk Phyou and Akyab is an extensive and yet unexplored archipelago of small hilly islands, for the most part uninhabited. In winding among these, instead of putting out to sea, the scenery, though wild, is often very fine—

"An orient panorama, glowing, grand,
Strange to the eye of Poesy; vast depths
Of jungle shade; the wild immensity
Of forests, rank with plenitude, where trees
Foreign to song display their mighty forms,
And clothe themselves with all the pomp of blossom."

LAWSON.

The shores for the most part are coral. Specimens of great size and beauty, white, yellow, red, and black, are gathered here. To walk on "coral strands" was not less new to me than to see beautiful shells, such as are on mantel-pieces at home, moving over the moist sand, in every direction, each borne by its little tenant. The study of conchology has long seemed to me to bear about the same relation to the animal kingdom, that the study of the coats of unknown races of men would be to the human family. But to see the creatures in their robes; to watch them as they sought their food, or fled to their holes at my approach; to mark what they ate, how they made their holes, and how, when overtaken, they drew all in, and seemed dead; how they moved and how they saw, &c.—was delightful. I felt myself gazing at a new page in nature's vast volume. I rejoiced that my God is so wise, so kind, so great, and that one day I should read his works "in fairer worlds on high."

Some of these shells resembled large snails, but of beautiful colours; others, still larger and more elegant, were of the shape used for snuff-boxes; others were spiral cones, five or six inches' diameter at the base. Each had claws, which it put forth on each side, and walked as a tortoise, but much faster. When alarmed, the head and claws were drawn inward so far as to make the shell seem empty. As my ignorance of conchology prevented my distinguishing common from rare specimens, I refrained from encumbering my luggage with either shells or coral.

*The forest was too thick and tangled to allow us to penetrate many yards from shore, except where there were villages. Recent tiger tracks, too, admonished us not to attempt it. Alas! here is a fine country, with but one-fortieth of the land inhabited; and the forests thus left render the climate injurious to the few who remain. Such are the bitter fruits of war. War has made this wilderness, where there might have been a garden, and given back the homes of men to beasts of prey.

Leaving the shores of Burmah, probably for ever, inflicted on me no small pain. The dear list of names who compose our band of labourers there seemed before

me as the shore receded. Personal intercourse had been rendered endearing by intimacy, by mutual prayers, by official ties, by the kindest attentions, by a common object of life, and by similarity of hopes for the world to come. To part for ever could not but wring my heart.

"Tis sad to part, e'en with the thought
That we shall meet again;
For then it is that we are taught
A lesson with deep sorrow fraught,
How firmly, silently, is wrought
Affection's viewless chain.
Long ere that hour, we may have known
The bondage of the heart;
But, as uprooting winds alone
Disclose how deep the tree has grown,
How much they love is only known
When those who love must part."

Happy I am to be able to bear solemn and decided testimony to the purity, zeal, and economy of our missionaries and their wives. I have nowhere seen persons more devoted to their work, or more suitable for it. Nowhere in all Burmah have I seen "missionary palaces," or an idle, pampered, or selfish missionary. As to the female missionaries, I am confident that, if they were all at home this day, and the churches were to choose again, they could not select better. I bear testimony that what has been printed respecting the state and progress of the mission is strictly true; though I found that the inferences which I and others had drawn from these accounts were exaggerated. Every thing I have seen and heard has tended to satisfy me of the practicability and usefulness of our enterprise, and to excite lamentation that we prosecute it at so feeble a rate.

Divine approbation evidently rests upon every part of the undertaking. The life of Judson has been spared so long, that we have a translation of the whole Bible, and several tracts, more perfect than can be found in almost any other mission. We have nearly 1000 converts, besides all those who have died in the faith; and sixty or seventy native assistants, some of them men of considerable religious attainments. A general knowledge of Christianity has been diffused through

some large sections of the empire. Several of the younger missionaries are now so far advanced in the language, as to be just ready to enter on evangelical labours. Very extensive printing operations are now established, producing about two millions of pages per month; and the whole aspect of the mission is highly encouraging.

The little churches gathered from among the heathen added much to the sense of bereavement inflicted by this parting. The faces of the preachers and prominent members had become familiar to me. With some of them I had journeyed many weary miles. Through them I had addressed the heathen, and distributed the word of God. To some of them I had endeavoured to impart important theological truths. I had heard them pray and preach in their own tongue to listening audiences. I had marked their behaviour in secret, and in hours of peril. Not to love them would be impossible. To part from them for life without pain, is equally impossible. May it but prove salutary to myself!

The consciousness of a thousand imperfections in the discharge of my duty, forms the principal trial. Still there has been good devised, and good begun, and evil checked, and plans matured, which I trust will be found in the great day among the things which perish not.



A statue, such as guard the gates of Burmah temples.

DIGESTED NOTES ON THE BURMAN EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

The Term India. Hither and Farther India. Boundaries of Burmah. History of the Empire. War with the British. Dis-membrment of the Tenasserim Provinces. State of the Succession.

BEFORE passing to other countries, I will here insert the result of my observations and inquiries respecting the natural, moral, political, and religious state of the country.

The term *India* seems to be derived from the Greeks, who applied it to the vast regions beyond the river Indus, to them almost unknown. It is never given to any part of this region by the natives themselves. Both Darius and Alexander pushed their conquests beyond this famed river, though not so far as the Ganges; and from the officers employed in these expeditions, the first historians seem to have derived all their accounts. When the country, some centuries afterwards, came to be better known, it was divided by Ptolemy (A. D. 150) into "Hither and Farther India;" making the Ganges the boundary. This distinction is still observed, and seems exceedingly proper. "Hither India" is but another name for Hindustan, including the whole peninsula between the Arabian Sea and Bay of Bengal, and extending northwards to Persia and Thibet. "Farther India," or India beyond the Ganges, embraces Burmah,

Asam, Munnipore, Siam, Camboja, and Cöchin-China; or, to speak more comprehensively, all the region between China and the Bay of Bengal, southward of the Thibet mountains.

The term "Chin-India," which has been lately given to this region, seems to have no propriety, and creates confusion. Malte-Brun increases this confusion by inventing the name "Indian Archipelago," embracing Ceylon, the Laccadives, Maldives, Andaman's, Nicobars, Moluccas, Philippines, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Celebes, and all their minor neighbours. This name is adopted by some other writers, but with very different boundaries. Crawford, in his History of the Indian Archipelago, limits it thus:—From the western end of Sumatra to the parallel of the Aroe Islands, and from the parallel of 11° south to 19° north, omitting the islands of the Bay of Bengal. Of the countries which compose Farther India, Burmah is the most important, and in all India, is second only to China. The natives call their country *Myamma* in their writings, and in common parlance *Byam-ma*, which is spelled *Bram-ma*; of which foreigners make Burmah. The Chinese call the country *Meñ-lein*. It included, before the late war with England, what were formerly the kingdoms of Ava (or Burmah Proper), Casay, Arracan, Pegu, Tavoy, Tenasserim, and the extensive territory of the Shyans, extending from Thibet on the north to Siam on the

south, and from the Bay of Bengal on the west to China on the east. This territory is about 1020 miles long, and 600 broad. It now includes Burmah Proper, the greater part of Pegu, a small part of Cassay, and nearly all the Shyan territory. The extreme length of the kingdom is 720 miles, and the extreme breadth about 400.

The rest of Cassay is now independent; while Arracan and the Tenasserim provinces, embracing a territory of about 40,000 square miles, now belong to the British.

Innumerable fables, founded on a wild chronology, make up the Burman history of the origin of their nation, which they throw back several millions of years. The earliest probable date in this stupendous chronology is the epoch of Anjina, the grandfather of Gaudama, which corresponds to the year 691 B. C. In the sixty-eighth year of that epoch, or before Christ 623, Gaudama was born. From that period their tables seem worthy of regard, and are certainly kept with great appearance of accuracy. There is, however, nothing in them that demands a place here.

The seat of government can be traced back to Prome, which seems to have been founded in the year B. C. 443. About this time, the Boodhist religion is supposed to have been introduced. Prome continued to be the metropolis 395 years, when the government was removed to Pagan, where it continued nearly twelve centuries. During this period was established their common vulgar era, the commencement of which corresponds to A. D. 639.* About A. D. 1300, the government was removed to Panya, and soon afterwards to Sagaing. Both these cities were destroyed by the Shyans in 1363, under their king Tho-ken-bwa, in revenge for his father's being given up to the Chinese, after having fled to the Burman court for protection.

About 1526, the Shyans from the region of Mogoung invaded Burmah, put the king to death, overran the country as far as Prome, and for nineteen years reigned at Ava over these acquisitions. The Burmans then recovered their old boundary. The dynasty at this time seems to have been Peguan.

About A. D. 1546, the more hardy natives of the highlands threw off allegiance to this dynasty, and established one of their own families on the throne. Pegu, however, was never regarded as a conquered province, but remained identified with the northern districts. Soon after this, the territory of the Shyans was conquered, and the kingdom began to assume a consequence it had never possessed before. It was, however, much less extensive than now. In 1567, the Burmans, aided by Laos or Shyan tributaries, conquered Siam, and held that country in subjection for thirty years. It afterwards regained its independence; but a deep-rooted enmity remained between the two nations, and war frequently recurred.

About the year 1740, the Peguans, gathering a strong faction in Prome and Martaban, raised the standard of revolution. For twelve years, a ferocious and obstinate civil war distressed the country. At length, being aided by the Portuguese, the Peguans pushed their conquests to the metropolis, which surrendered at discretion. Dweep-dee, the king, was made prisoner, and a southern king once more assumed the throne. But a year had scarcely elapsed before Alompra (more properly spelled *Aloung Pra*), the courageous chief of Moko-so-bo,† gathering a few intrepid adherents, commenced a resistance which issued in a revolution. After some minor successes, his countrymen flocked to his standard, and marching to Ava, that city fell into his hands. Extraordinary courage, prudence, and wisdom, marked his movements; success every where followed; and, after a sanguinary war of several years, Peguan authority was once more subverted, and has never since been ascendant.

Alompra, of course, retained his pre-eminence, and took possession of the throne he had established. Proceeding in his successful career, he attacked Munnipore or Cassay, and reduced to complete subjection the Shyans. With scarcely any pause, he attacked and conquered Tavoy, then an independent kingdom. The Tavoyers, however, instigated by Siam, who was jealous of her growing neighbour, revolted, and were aided by many Peguans and Siamese. Alompra soon crushed the rebellion, and advancing against Siam, invested Mergui by sea and land. It soon submitted, and with it the ancient city of Tenasserim.

After resting and refreshing his army at the latter place, and effectually reducing the entire province, he passed through the whole length of Siam, and invested its capital. This was on the point of yielding, which without doubt would have been followed by his annexing the whole country to his dominions, when he was seized with violent illness, and died in a few days, aged fifty years. The fact was concealed from the army, which broke up its camp in good order, and returned without much molestation. On arriving at Martaban, in his own dominions, then a great city, the sad disclosure was made, and the funeral rites took place. Siam has never recovered the province of Mergui.

Alompra was succeeded by his eldest son Nam-dogyee-pa, who made Sagaing again the capital, but reigned only four years. His death brought to the throne Shen-bu-yen, the next younger brother. He removed the capital again to Ava, and reigned twelve years with considerable éclat, though he was regarded as a profligate prince. He invaded and conquered Cassay, suppressed a revolt among the Shyans, and added to his Shyan dominions the region of Zemmai. In 1767, the Chinese, elated with their recent conquests in Bukharia, seemed resolved to annex Burmah to their already vast empire. An immense army crossed the frontier, and, after a few skirmishes, approached the capital; but after being reduced to extremity for want of provisions, they were routed in a pitched battle, and so many made prisoners that few escaped to report the disaster. A second army shared a similar fate, and the two countries have since lived in peace.

On application of the Shyans at Zandapori for aid against the Siamese, the Burman king sent a large army into Siam, which reduced the country to great straits, and again took Ayuthia, the then capital. The Siamese give a horrid description of the conduct of the conquerors, though not unlike other histories of eastern warfare. Plunder and slaves seem to have been the chief objects; and in getting the former, every atrocity seems to have been committed. Shenbuyen prepared, in 1771, another expedition against Siam, which failed in consequence of disaffection in the army, a large part of which was raised in Martaban and Tavoy.

Shenbuyen died in 1776. He was succeeded by his son Shen-gu-za, who, after a reign of five years, was assassinated in a mutiny of his officers. These placed on the throne Moung-moung, sometimes called *Paungo-za*,* from the place of his residence, son of Nam-dogyee. This man was almost an idiot; but having been brought up by this faction, and being thoroughly under their influence, was deemed a fit tool for their ambitious projects. But he was too imbecile, and his party too discordant, to resist the aspiring energies of Men-der-a-gyee, fourth son of Alompra, who now claimed the throne of his father. Moung-moung was seized and imprisoned, and, on the eleventh day of his reign, was publicly drowned, in conformity to the Burman mode of executing members of the royal family. Forty of the late king's wives, with all their children, were placed in a separate building, and blown up with

* It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain the private names of Burman sovereigns. It is considered presumptuous and indecorous in any subject to call the king by his youthful name. Indeed, most persons change the name in growing up. It was often inquired what my name was when a child, and great surprise exhibited to find that it remained unchanged.

* April 1838 was the commencement of their year 1300.

† A small village twelve miles north of Ava, and the same distance back from the river.

gunpowder. With many other cruelties he confirmed himself in the kingdom.

Menderagye^e was in the forty-fourth year of his age (A. D. 1782), when he found himself seated on the throne of his distinguished father. He soon detected several conspiracies—one by a general in the army, who was put to death; another, by a descendant of the former dynasty, was near proving successful. This last effort having originated at Panya, he put every soul in that city to death, destroying the houses, and obliterating every trace of its existence. His reign lasted thirty-seven years, during which the country remained in a high state of prosperity. He founded the city of Umerapoor, six miles farther up the river, and transferred to it the seat of government. In 1788, he added Arracan to his already extensive dominions. In 1786, renewing the old feud with Siam, he contended for the provinces of Tavoy and Mergui, which had revolted under the patronage of the Siamese. This war continued till 1793, when he finally succeeded, and the provinces continued to be a part of Burmah, till given up to the British at the close of the late war. The Siamese, however, several times made irruptions into these provinces, held them a few weeks, and retired with what spoil and captives they could carry away. In 1810 he fitted out a respectable armament to take Junk Ceylon from the Siamese, and for a time held possession. But the enemy soon mustered a formidable force, and compelled the Burmans to surrender. On this occasion, some of the chiefs were barbarously beheaded, and others carried to Bankok to work in chains, where Crawford saw some of them so employed in 1822.

This monarch seems at first to have been inclined to be religious, or at least to have suffered strong compunctions for the violent and murderous manner in which he came to the throne. In the second year of his reign, he built the costly temple called Aong-mye-lo-ka, at Sagaing, and gave it four hundred and forty slaves. He studied the Bedagat, consorted much with priests, built various religious structures, and commenced the stupendous pagoda at Mengoon, which, if finished, would equal in size some of the Egyptian pyramids. At length he knew so much of the books and the priests as to overthrow all his piety, and exasperate him against the whole system of popular religious belief. He built and gave gifts no more. The immense edifice at Mengoon was left unfinished, on the pretext that the Brahminical astrologers predicted his death as soon as it should be completed—a decision obtained probably by himself. He proclaimed the priests to be utterly ignorant, idle, and luxurious, reproached their fine houses, and finally issued an edict expelling them all from their sumptuous abodes, and requiring them to live according to their neglected rules, or return to labour. For a long time there was scarcely a priest to be seen; but, falling into his dotage, and dying soon after, in his eighty-first year, things reverted to their former order, and they are now as numerous as ever.

The throne was ascended, in 1819, by Nun-sun, (literally, "he enjoys a palace") grandson to Menderagye. His father had long been heir-apparent, and was eminently loved and revered by the people, but died before the throne became vacant. The king immediately adopted Nun-sun as his successor, to the exclusion of his own sons. The kingdom had now become extensive and powerful, embracing not only Ava and Pegu, but Tavoy, Tenasserim, Arracan, and Munnipore. Cachar, Assam, Jyntea, and part of Lao, were added by Nunsun.

He was married in early life to a daughter of his uncle, the Mekara prince; but one of his inferior wives, daughter of a comparatively humble officer, early acquired great ascendancy over his mind, and, on his coming to the throne, was publicly crowned by his side.

* "Gye" is the term for *Great*, and "Pra" is *Lord*, or an object of reverence. The expression *Great Lord* is thus a general term for royalty, like *Pharaoh*, or *Cæsar*, but has been appropriated to this monarch.

On the same day, the proper queen was sent out of the palace, and now lives in obscurity. His plans for securing the succession show that he was aware that even the late king's will would not secure him from powerful opposition. The king's death was kept secret for some days, and the interval employed to station a multitude of adherents in different parts of the city, to prevent any gatherings. On announcing the demise, the ceremony of burning was forthwith performed in the palace yard, at which he appeared as king, with the queen by his side, under the white umbrella, and at once took upon himself all the functions of royalty. Several suspected princes were soon after executed, and many others deprived of all their estates. Some of the latter still live at Ava, subsisting by daily labour. The Mekara prince, his uncle, either became, or feigned to be, insane, and his papers showing no indications of his having interfered in politics, he was spared. He became rational two years afterwards, and has since devoted himself to literature. My interview with this prince is mentioned in a previous chapter. Two years after his accession, the king resolved to restore the seat of government to Ava. To this he was induced partly from the great superiority of the latter location, partly from the devastation of a fire which burnt a great part of Umerapoor, with the principal public buildings, partly from a desire to erect a more splendid palace, and partly (perhaps not least) from the ill omen of a vulture lighting on the royal spire. The greater part of his time, for two years, was spent at Ava in temporary buildings, superintending in person the erection of a palace twice the size of the old one, and other important buildings. During this period, many citizens, especially those who had been burnt out, and numbers of the court, settled in the new city, and the place became populous. On completing the palace (February 1824), the king returned to Umerapoor, and, after brilliant parting festivities, came from thence, with great pomp and ceremony, attended by the various governors, Chobwaws, and highest officers. The procession, in which the white elephant, decorated with gold and gems, was conspicuous, displayed the glories of the kingdom, and great rejoicings pervaded all ranks. Umerapoor still retained a numerous population, which even at this time is supposed to equal that of Ava.

It was but a few weeks after this festival that news arrived of a declaration of war by the East India Company, and that their troops were already in possession of Rangoon. Difficulties on the Chittagong frontiers had been increasing with that government for twenty-five years, in regard to numerous emigrants from Burmah, whose leaders were averse to the present government, and even laid some claims to the throne. They had been in the practice of making predatory incursions into Arracan, and retiring to the British side, where Burman troops were not allowed to follow. Some decisive measures of the emperor had recently ripened the quarrel, and the government of British India deemed it proper to proceed to open war.

The court of Ava learned the fall of Rangoon with surprise, but without alarm. So confident were they of capturing the entire British army, that the only fear was that they might precipitately retire! Many of the court ladies actually stipulated with the field-officers for a number of white slaves, and the army, collecting to proceed to Rangoon, manifested the most exuberant spirits.

There were three English gentlemen at Ava, who naturally fell under suspicion; especially when it was discovered that some of them had been apprised of the declaration of war. They were all imprisoned, and together with Mears Judson and Price, who were soon added to the number, experienced for many months excessive hardships.

Calculating on friendly co-operation from the Peguans, who, it was thought, would embrace this opportunity to throw off the Burman yoke, and knowing the best period for rapidly ascending the river is the south-west monsoon, the British forces:

May 10th, 1824, just at the beginning of the rains. But the innumerable boats ordinarily found on the river had all disappeared, partly perhaps by order of the viceroy, and partly from fear. The boats of the transports were as nothing towards conveying an army, and it became necessary to halt in Rangoon. But even this was well nigh fatal to the army. The city had been so completely evacuated by the affrighted people, that not a soul was left but a few aged and helpless persons, who either could not fly or had nothing to lose. There were, of course, no servants, no bazaar, no provisions. Sick officers in vain offered five or six rupees for a single fowl, and the whole army was obliged to depend on ship stores. This, with the nature of the season, and the fatigue of frequent skirmishes, produced sickness among the troops, and some thousands were cut off before any advance was made. After the lapse of nearly a year, the army proceeded up the river, receiving but one serious check, and retired, June 1825, into barracks at Prome for the hot season. On the 3d of November, hostilities recommenced. Melloon was stormed on the 19th of January 1826, and Paghan on the 9th of February. On the 24th of February, a treaty of peace was formed at Yan-da-bo, and on the 8th of March, the army took boats for Rangoon.

By this treaty, the Burmans relinquished part of Martaban, and the whole of Arracan, Yeh, Tavoy, and Mergui; and agreed to pay the English five million rupees towards defraying the expenses of the war. At the same time, Asam and Munnipore were taken from them, and the latter declared independent, under British protection.

From that time, the kingdom has been rather advancing in civilisation and prosperity. No longer at liberty to make war upon its neighbours, its frontier is quiet and secure. Acquainted better with foreigners, its pride is abated, and beneficial innovations are less resisted. The government, though unaltered in its model, is in some respects better administered, and commerce is increased.

The king is at this time subject to periods of insanity, and has little to do with public affairs. The chief power is in the hands of the Sallay-Men, or prince of Sallay, the queen's brother, generally called Men-Sa-gyee, or great prince. He is probably the richest man in the kingdom, Sallay being one of the most lucrative fiefs; in addition to which he receives the duties on the Chinese inland trade, besides large presents from office-seekers, and litigants in the Lotdan.

Several individuals are regarded as candidates for the crown on the demise of the present king. One of them is the Men-Sa-gyee above mentioned, who is a devoted Boodhist. He may prefer to espouse the cause of the present king's youngest brother, the Men-dong prince, who is married to his daughter. Another candidate is the Ser-a-wa prince, the king's brother, next in age, an accomplished and talented prince, remarkably free from prejudice for a Burman, and probably better acquainted with foreign countries than any other native. As he keeps a large number of war-boats and armed retainers, and has a considerable magazine of arms in his compound, it is generally believed that he aspires to the throne.* No other man in the empire is so qualified for that high station, so far as the foreigners at Ava are able to judge.

The proper heir-apparent, only son of the present king, is popular with the common people, but has almost no power; the queen's brother holding his place in the Lotdan. Though permitted the insignia of his rank, he is kept studiously depressed, and seems destitute of either the means or the qualifications for making good his title.

* This prince did, in fact, become king, on the demise of his late majesty, in 1837.

CHAPTER II.

Features of Country. Climate. Mountains. Minerals. Rivers. Soil. Productions. Agriculture. Animals. Birds. Fishes. Reptiles. Insects.

THE general features of a country so extensive, are, of course, widely diversified. It may be said of it, as a whole, in the language of Dr Francis Hamilton,* that "this country, in fertility, beauty, and grandeur of scenery, and in the variety, value, and elegance of its natural productions, is equalled by few on earth." He adds, "It is occupied by a people of great activity and acuteness, possessed of many qualities agreeable to strangers."

The upper country is mountainous throughout; the highest ranges being to the north and north-east of the capital. The scenery of these elevated regions is beautiful, and the climate highly salubrious. Extensive forests, comprising a great variety of excellent timber, cover the heights; while the valleys are jungle,† cultivated in many places, and abounding in fruit-trees. The coasts and water-courses are eminently fertile, and contain the chief part of the population. By far the largest portion of the country is uninhabited.

The extensive delta of the Irrawaddy is for the most part scarcely above high tides, and evidently alluvial. Much of it is overflowed during the annual rise of the river. Rocks are not found, except a cellular orange-coloured iron ore, which occurs on the gentle swells. There are a few hills composed of the iron ore above named, breccia, calcareous sandstone, blue limestone, and quartz. In the lower part of the course of the Salwen and Dagaing, some of the low mountains are almost entirely quartz. Some hills, rising abruptly from the levels, are blue limestone, of the very best quality. In the most of these are caves, remarkable not only for their natural grandeur, but for the religious veneration with which they have been regarded, and the multitude of mouldering idols which they contain. An account of some of them has been already given. The great ranges of mountains, both on the sea-shore and inland, are chiefly granite and mica-slate.

The climate of Burmah differs greatly in the higher and lower districts, but is every where salubrious to natives where the jungle is cleared. Ample proof of this is visible in their robust appearance and muscular power. Foreigners find most parts of the sea-coast salubrious, to a degree not found in most other parts of India.

In the maritime part of the country, there are two seasons—the dry and the rainy. The latter begins with great uniformity about the 10th of May, with showers which gradually grow more frequent for four or five weeks. It afterwards rains almost daily till the middle of September, and occasional showers descend for a month longer. From 150 to 200 inches of water fall during this period. This quantity is truly astonishing, as in the moist western counties of England it is but sixty inches in a year. It seldom rains all day, so that exercise and out-door business may be continued, though at times it rains almost incessantly for several days. As the sun shines out hot almost daily, vegetation proceeds with amazing rapidity; and every wall or building not coated smoothly with plaster, becomes in a few seasons covered with grass and weeds. This is the only period when any part of the country becomes unhealthy to foreigners, and even then, the courses of great rivers, and parts extensively cleared, remain salu-

* Edinburgh Phil. Journal, vol. ii. p. 99.

† The difference between a jungle and a forest ought to be understood by every reader of oriental travels. A forest is the same as with us—land covered with large trees, growing thickly together, and almost uninhabited. A jungle is exactly what is called in Scripture a wilderness; that is, a region of many trees, but scattered, with much undergrowth, and often thickly inhabited, though generally somewhat sparsely. The open spaces very generally bear a tall, coarse grass, resembling that of our prairies, which, when near villages, is annually burnt over, to improve the pasture.

brions. On the subsiding of the rains, the air is cool, the country verdant, fruits innumerable, and every thing in nature gives delight. The thermometer ranges about 60° at sunrise, but rises 12° or 15° in the middle of the day. In March it begins to grow warm; but the steady fanning of the north-east monsoon makes it always pleasant, when out-door exertion is not required. In April the heat increases, and becomes for two or three weeks oppressive; but the first dashes of rain bring relief.

Between tide-water and the mountain regions at the north and east, there may be said to be three seasons—the cool, the hot, and the rainy. The cool season begins about the same time as in the lower provinces, and continues till the last of February, making about four months. The thermometer now descends to about 40°, at the lowest. This temperature is only just before morning. In the middle of the day it is seldom colder than 60°. The greatest heat is far less than on the Madras coast; averaging, in the hottest weather, from 85° to 90°, but rising sometimes much higher.

In the most elevated districts there are severe winters; but of those sections no precise accounts have been received.

Much of Burmah is decidedly mountainous, particularly to the north and east of Ava; but few of the ranges have names, at least not in our language. The natives seem to designate particular heights, but not entire ranges; and Europeans have not explored these parts of the country. The barrier which divides Burmah from Arracan, called in maps A-nou-pec-too-miou, is lofty and well defined. The coast near Tavoy, and the islands adjacent, are mountainous. But at present nothing instructive can be said as to this feature of the kingdom.

The mineral riches of the country, though known to be considerable, have been but scantily developed. Gold is obtained from mines in Bamoo, towards the Chinese frontier, and is found also in the shape of dust, in the lead waters of all the principal streams. It is not obtained in large quantities, probably only from want of enterprise and capital; and a considerable amount is annually received overland from China. Nearly the whole is used in gilding sacred edifices: the rest goes into jewels, or is used to gild the utensils of the great. As currency it is scarcely ever used, and then only in ingots.

The principal, if not the only silver-mines, are in Lao, about twelve days' journey from Bamoo, where they are wrought by Chinese. The estimated produce is about 500,000 dollars per annum. About 1000 miners are employed. The contractors pay government a fixed rent, amounting to about 25,000 dollars per annum.

Emeralds are not found in the country, and the diamonds are small; but rubies, reputed to be the finest in the world, are obtained in considerable quantities, particularly about five or six days' journey from Ava, in an east-south-east direction, near the villages of Mo-gout and Kyat-pyan. I saw one, for which four pounds of pure gold were demanded. The king has some which are said to weigh from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty grains. Sapphires are very abundant, and often of surprising size. Some have been obtained, weighing from three thousand to nearly four thousand grains. All over a certain size being claimed by the crown, very large ones are almost always broken by the finders. Jasper, amethyst, chrysolite, loadstone, noble serpentine, and amber, are also found; the two latter in almost unlimited quantity. Noble serpentine is obtained chiefly near Mogoung, where, at particular seasons of the year, about a thousand men, Burmans, Laos, Sinkphos, and Chinese Shyans, are employed in quarrying or mining it out. Captain Hannay saw boats laden with it, of which some masses required three men to lift them. From 400 to 600 traders from China annually resort to the mines to purchase serpentine. The majority of these are from Santa, but most of the wealthier ones come by Bamoo

The principal amber mines are in and round the Hlong valley, on the Asam frontier. It is very abundant; but the natives having neither spade nor pickaxe, and using chiefly a sort of spear made of a cane burnt at the sharpened end, they accomplish very little. Most of it is carried at once to China.

Iron ore is found in large quantities, from which the natives make sufficient iron for the consumption of the country; but, probably from the imperfect mode of smelting, it loses thirty or forty per cent. in the forge. The principal supply is furnished from the great mountain of Poupa, a few days' journey east of Ava, about latitude 21° 20'.

Tin is plenty in the Tavoy province, and perhaps elsewhere, and has been occasionally got out in considerable quantity; but at present little is done. Resort has been had, almost exclusively, to the gravel and sand of water-courses; and there is little doubt but that a proper examination of the hills would show the existence of extensive beds of ore.

Lead is abundant, but is chiefly got out by the Shyans, and brought down for barter. It contains always a little silver, about three-fourths of a rupee in thirty-five or forty pounds.

Nitre is found in considerable quantities, encrusted on the surface of the earth, in several places among the hills north of Ava. Probably, through imperfect management, the quantity obtained is not sufficient to prevent the importation of a considerable amount from Bengal, for the manufacture of gunpowder. Natron is obtained in the same districts, and is used for soap. Its price is only eight or nine dollars per ton, but it is by no means pure.

Salt exists, in several places, in the upper country. From eight to twenty miles north of Sagaing, are many places resembling our great "licks" in the western country, and some small saline lakes. Large quantities of salt are made by leaching the earth, very much as we do ashes, and boiling down the water. On the head waters of the Kyendween, a large quantity is made from springs and wells, the waters of which yield the large proportion of one-twentieth of their weight in salt.

Sulphur and arsenic are obtained in abundance. The latter is for sale in all the bazars in its crude state; but for what it is used, except a little for medicine, I did not learn.

Petroleum is obtained in great quantities at Yaynangyong, on the Irrawaddy, above Prome; and the supply might be largely increased, if there should be a demand. The wells are two miles back from the river, thickly scattered over a region of several miles in extent, remarkable for its barren aspect, each producing a daily average of one hundred and fifty gallons of oil, which sells on the spot for three ticals per hundred viss, or about forty cents per cwt. The gross annual produce is about eighty millions of pounds; it is carried to every part of the kingdom accessible by water, and is used for lights, paying boats, and various other purposes. It has the valuable quality of securing wood from the attacks of insects. A boat's bottom, kept properly in order with it, is about as safe as if coppered. It is thought to be a defence even from white ants.

At Sagaing, and some other places north of it, are quarries of marble, some of which is very fine. It is a primitive limestone, of snowy whiteness, semi-transparent, free from all cracks, and capable of the highest polish. The almost exclusive use made of it, is in the manufacture of images of Gaudama, and other sacred objects. This employs constantly a large number of persons. Similar marble, but of inferior quality, is found in various other places, and is largely used for lime. It is apt to contain hornblende and mica, with occasional crystals of felspar, and to be found in connection with pure mica-slate. Limestone prevails along the whole river. Near the statutory marble quarries, it is blue, of the finest quality; between that place and Paghan, it is dark, bituminous, and slaty; lower

near Prome, it is coarse-grained and sandy. Gravel is also found, in numerous places, from Ava to Rangoon. Stentite is very abundant, and in various parts of the kingdom. Pearls, of good quality, are often picked up on the coast of Mergui and its islands. They are not, however, fished for, and only such are obtained as are found in shells driven ashore, or lying above low-water mark. The pearls are small, but of regular form and good colour.

Petrifications of wood, bones, and even leaves, are common on the banks of the Irrawaddy. So far as yet known, they are most numerous in the region of Yaynan-gyoung. Crawford transmitted to England several chests of these. The bones proved to be of the mastodon, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, tapir, hog, ox, deer, antelope, gaviol, alligator, emys, and tryonix. Of the mastodon there are evidently two species, and both these entirely new, making eight known species of this extinct genus. I picked up as many as I could transport, and forwarded them to the Boston Society of Natural History. They comprise fossil bones, and wood, and calcareous concretions without any organic nucleus, and resembling the tuberous roots of vegetables.* The natives, as might be supposed, attribute these petrifications to the waters of the Irrawaddy; but this must be erroneous. The specimens are washed out of the banks by the encroachment of the river, and are found in beds of sand and gravel, thirty or forty feet above the highest floods. The matrix adhering to many of the bones, seems to be quartz and jasper pebbles, united by carbonate of lime, and sometimes hydrate of iron. Logs of wood, which have evidently lain long in the river, are not changed. Bones are not found of the elephant or tiger, both of which are now abundant in the country, but of the mammoth, which has been extinct for ages, and of the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, tapir, and gaviol, which are no longer inhabitants of Burmah. All these reasons conspire to assign these fossils to an antediluvian epoch. Some of the vegetable fossils are impregnated with carbonate of lime, but most of them are silicified in the most beautiful manner, showing perfectly the fibres of the plant. The bones are in admirable preservation, owing probably to their being highly impregnated with hydrate of iron.

Coal of excellent quality, both anthracite and bituminous, has been discovered in various places, but has not been brought into use.

The principal river in the empire, and, indeed, in all Farther India, is the Irrawaddy, which rises in the Namean Mountains, a range south of the Himalaya, but belonging to that great chain. After a course of 1200 miles, it falls into the Bay of Bengal, by several mouths, near Cape Nigrais. Most of these mouths are navigable for large craft; those of Bassein and Rangoon, for vessels drawing five fathoms. It may be ascended as far as Ava at all seasons, by vessels of 200 tons; and in the rains they may proceed to Mogoung river, a distance of about 800 sailing miles from the sea. Above this point, in the dry season, it winds along a very tortuous channel, at the rate of two miles an hour; but in its inundations, from June to September, it rises high, flows rapidly among small islands, and presents a comparatively straight course, having a breadth of about a mile at Bamoo, and in some places below Ava, from four to six. At Ava the rise is about thirty-three feet. At this time, boats ascend most easily, impelled by the south-west monsoon. It is not confined to an annual freshet, but, during the monsoon, rises and falls three or four times. On its banks, between Ava and Rangoon, are numerous villages and cities, some of them very large. Large villages and towns are also established a little back from the river, by which the inhabitants avoid many vexations of boat-service, both in peace and war.

concretions, often mistaken for petrifications, and are found in Austria, Sardinia, England, and else-

The Salwen, or Martaban river, rises among the same ranges which originate the Irrawaddy, the Burampooter, the Meinam, and the great Canboja rivers. In the first part of its course, it is called Louk-chang by the Chinese. It has a course of several hundred miles, and disembogues by two mouths, one at the north of Balu Island, and the other at the south. The northern channel, though very wide, is navigable only for small boats.

The Kyendween rises near the sources of the Irrawaddy, and, after watering the Kubo valley, and passing through some of the best and most populous parts of Burmah, enters the Irrawaddy about fifty miles below Ava.

The Setang river makes, at its mouth, an imposing appearance upon the map, being several miles wide, but is nearly useless for all purposes of internal communication. At low water there is no continuous channel deeper than four feet, but various spots give a depth of from ten to fifteen feet. The tide, compressed by the funnel form of the shores, and collecting the whole force of the flood from a great distance in the bay, acquires fearful velocity. Except at the lowest neaps, there is a "bore" on the setting in of the flood, which subjects small vessels to the most imminent danger. Some years ago, a surveying vessel from Maulmain reported that it had set her in a westerly direction at the rate of twelve miles an hour!

The Myet-nga, or Little river, enters the Irrawaddy on the north side of the city of Ava, and is navigable for large boats to a very considerable distance.

The Mogoung river empties into the Irrawaddy in lat. $24^{\circ} 57'$, and is boatable for a hundred miles.

There are some other rivers in the empire nearly as important, and some fine lakes, but the only good harbours now left to Burmah are those of Rangoon and Bassein.

The soil of the maritime portions of Burmah is perhaps unsurpassed in fertility. The inconsiderable fraction which is cultivated, though after a most imperfect manner, yields not only abundance of rice for the inhabitants, but a great amount for exportation to the upper provinces. The paddy-fields yield generally from eighty to one hundred fold, and in some cases twice that amount.

Farther inland, the country becomes undulating, but is scarcely less fertile, though for the most part a mere jungle. The region still farther east and north is mountainous, and bears the usual characteristics of such districts.

There are said to be several deserts of considerable size, but they have never been explored.

In this favoured country are found nearly all the valuable trees of Farther India; but while the people are thus supplied with a profusion of valuable timber, they are far below their neighbours in the case of fruit trees, and have them generally of an inferior quality.

The following list is by no means offered as a perfect catalogue of Burman fruits and timbers. It is intended to show the resources of the country in these matters. The information was chiefly picked up on the wayside from natives, sometimes with the plant in sight, but oftener not.

The scientific names have been given, when known, in order that those who choose may identify the plant.

The Da-nyan, or Durean (*durio zebethinus*), flourishes in the provinces of Tavoy and Mergui, but not elsewhere in the empire. The tree is nearly as large as the jack, and the fruit greatly resembles it, but is smaller, scarcely attaining the size of a man's head. It is esteemed by the natives the most delicious fruit in India. Europeans are not fond of it until after repeated trials. Those who persist, always unite with the natives in their preference. It contains ten or twelve seeds, as large as pigeons' eggs, which, when roasted, are not inferior to chestnuts. It is the most costly fruit in India, and is never found propagating itself in a wild state. The tree is high and spreading, lives a hundred years, and produces about two hundred dureans in a year.



Jack Tree and fruit.

The Bun-ya, Pien-nai, or Jack (*artocarpus integrifolia*), is thought not to be indigenous, but thrives well in all the lower provinces. Its name seems to indicate the peninsula of Hindustan as its proper country, and it certainly is very common there. In the Telooogo language it is called *Jaka*. It attains to the height of eighty or one hundred feet. Branches, thick, alternate, and spreading; leaves, very dark green. The full-grown fruit weighs from thirty to fifty pounds, growing not from the twigs, but in young trees from the thick branches, afterwards from the top of the trunk, and, when very aged, from the roots. It is covered with a very thick, rough, green skin, and is full of white stones, the size of a pullet's egg. Few persons are fond of it at first, but by repeated trials soon become so. I found it very indigestible. There are two kinds, which, however, do not greatly differ. The timber is very valuable, and used for musical instruments, cabinet ware, and ornamental work.

The Managoot, or Mangosteen (*garcinia mangostana*), grows in Mergui province, but is not common. The tree is low, about the size and shape of an apple-tree; leaves, dark green. It is raised from the seed, and bears the seventh year. Some trees yield annually from a thousand to two thousand mangosteens. The fruit is generally deemed by foreigners the finest in India, and indeed in all the world. Foreigners are fond of it from the first. It resembles the black walnut in size, and the pomegranate in its exterior. A hull like that of the black walnut is to be removed, and the fruit appears white, pulpy, grapelike, about the size of a small plum, and having one or two very small stones. Its taste is mildly acid, and extremely delicate and luscious, without a tendency to cloy the appetite; and almost any quantity may be eaten by most persons without danger. It seems to have been introduced from the Indian Archipelago, and is far from attaining in the hands of the Tavoyers the perfection it there possesses.



Mango.

The Tharrat or Thayet, or Mango (*mangifera indica*), called by Tavoyers *Thurapee*, is one of the largest fruit trees in the world, reaching a height of one hundred feet or more, and a circumference of twelve or fourteen, sometimes even of twenty-five. Branches, thick, spreading; leaves, long, narrow, smooth, shining; flowers, small, white. The fruit is delicious, about four inches long, and two wide; thin, smooth, greenish skin, and very large hairy stone. There are as many kinds as there are of apples, and differing about as much from each other. The timber is excellent, and is used for masts, pestles, mortars, &c.

The Thimban, Papaya, or Papau (*carica papaya*),

grows to the height of fifteen to thirty feet, without branches or leaves, except at the top, where the fruit grows close to the stem. Leaves twenty to thirty inches long. Fruit is of a green colour, and closely resembles a small musk-melon, with round black seeds, which, when very young, have the taste of capers. It seems to have been introduced by the Portuguese. It comes rapidly to maturity in any soil, bears fruit all the year, and is exceedingly prolific. It is inferior in flavour to our musk-melons. There are several kinds, all highly prized. The sap of this tree is a most deadly poison, taken inwardly. The French doctors use it as a medicine. When exposed to the air, it resembles salt.

The Ong, or Cocoa-nut (*cocos nucifera*), resembles other palms, especially the palmyra or toddy-tree: the leaves are longer. The fruit is too well known to need description. The envelope or husk furnishes a large part of the cordage, called *coya* or *coir*, which is not surpassed in excellence by any other, though little is made in Burmah. From the nut, an oil of good quality is obtained in large quantities, used both in cooking and for light. The top of the tree is tapped for toddy, by cutting off the end of the stem which bears the blossom. It is generally made into sugar, or some is drunk fresh. In other countries, arrack is distilled from this species of toddy.

The tree is scarce, particularly in the upper provinces, and almost entirely wanting in Arracan; so that large quantities are imported from the Nicobar Islands and elsewhere, which are chiefly used in making curry. For this purpose the whole fruit is scraped, and the juice squeezed out. The pulp is thrown away.

The Cocoa-nut tree delights in a sandy soil, and at the same time requires to be much watered. Hence they are generally found by rivers, or on the sea-coast. The palmyra, on the contrary, grows every where.



The Plantain-Tree.

The Nep-yau, or Plantain (*musa paradisiaca*), is one of the most valuable gifts of Providence to a great part of the globe, growing wherever the mean temperature exceeds 65°. The stalk seldom exceeds seven or eight inches in diameter, and twenty feet in height, bears but one bunch of fruit, and dies. The stem is cut close to the ground, but from the same root, however, the tree is renewed many years. The leaves, when young, are the most beautiful in India, expanding with a smooth surface and vivid green, to six feet in length, and two or more in breadth, but, soon after attaining full size, the edges become torn by the wind. The flower is very large, purple, and shaped like an ear of Indian corn. At the root of the outer leaf, a double row of the fruit comes out half round the stalk or cob. The stem then elongates a few inches, and another leaf is deflected, revealing another double row. Thus the stem grows on, leaving a leaf of the flower and a bunch of the fruit every few inches, till there come to be twenty-five or thirty bunches, containing about 150 or 180 plantains, and weighing from sixty to eighty pounds. The weight bends over the end of the stem, and when ripe it hangs within reach. Like other palms, it has no branches.

Humboldt calculates that thirty-three pounds of wheat, and ninety-nine pounds of potatoes, require the same surface of ground that will produce 4000 pounds of ripe plantains, which is to potatoes as forty-four to one, and to wheat as 133 to one. What a mercy is

such a tree, in a country where hard labour is oppressive by reason of heat! There are as many varieties of this fruit in Burmah as there are of the apple with us; some preferred for cooking, others for eating in a raw state; some sorts grow wild, but in general it is exclusively the result of culture.

The small-fruited Plantain, or Banana (*musa sapientum*), is common in the southern districts, but is not much cultivated. It is found wild, and in that state has seeds, which the cultivated plantains never have.

The Coon-tho, or Betel (*areca catechu*), another species of palm, grows both wild and cultivated, attaining the height of thirty to fifty feet, but seldom so thick as a man's thigh; without limbs or leaves, except at the top. Bark, smooth, ash-coloured, and marked with parallel rings. The fruit is the size of a nutmeg, and resembling it in structure.

Near it is generally seen growing the Pung, or Betel Vine (*piper betel*), a slender annual, whose leaf, touched with a little lime, is the universal accompaniment to the areca-nut and cutch for chewing. It is cultivated on a trellis like the grape.

It would be tedious to describe all the other palms, which are exceeding numerous, different species being applied to different uses, but all of them of primary importance. One of the most widely disseminated is the *cocos nypa*. From this are obtained the best leaves for thatching, called by Burmese *densee*, and by Europeans *atap*, from the Malay word for thatch, and by them specifically given to this plant as furnishing the best. It yields abundance of toddy and sugar.

The Margee, or Tamarind (*tamarindus Indicus*), is not found upon tide waters, but is very abundant throughout the upper provinces. It becomes ninety or 100 feet high, and twelve or fifteen in circumference, and, like the mango, is planted not less for shade than fruit. The branches extend widely, with a dense foliage of bright green composite leaves, very much like those of the sensitive plant. The flowers are in clusters, of a beautiful yellow, veined with red. The fruit hangs like beans. The pods are longer, darker, and richer than the tamarind of the West Indies, and are preserved without the addition of syrup. The timber is like ebony, very strong, and used for mallets, for coolies for bearing-poles, &c. The young leaves, as well as the fruit, are used in curry.

The Toung-pien-nai, or Mountain Jack, grows like the jack, but the fruit never exceeds the size of a goose's egg, and has the taste of a tart cherry.

The Mayan, or Marian (*mangifera oppositifolia*), grows wild in most parts of the country. It is a lofty, spreading tree. Fruit yellow, the size of a plum. There are several varieties, of which some are sweet and others sour. It is an excellent fruit, but does not grow in the upper provinces.

The Sabu-tha-bey is one of the largest of trees. Fruit, size of a small peach, red, very many seeds, hanging in clusters from the trunk.

The Palmyra (*borassus*) grows every where, but abounds chiefly in the upper provinces, especially near Ava. There are several varieties. It issues from the ground the full thickness it is ever to be, about three to four feet diameter, and gains a few inches in height every year, throwing out no branches, and bearing leaves only at the summit. It reaches the height of about forty feet; and sometimes, but rarely, fifty-five or sixty feet. The leaves are of great size, standing out from a stem like the fingers of an extended hand. From this species of palm, the leaves for writing are prepared. The tree comes to maturity in about thirty but often takes forty. The male trees afford

or toddy three months in the year, the female seven or eight, each giving daily from one to three gallons, which is gathered by cutting off a shoot which would bear fruit, and suspending a pot or a bamboo

Most of this is made into molasses or jaggery. it is drunk fresh from the tree, when it resembles new cider. By standing a few hours, it ferments rapidly, and in that state is considerably intoxicating.

It is, I believe, never distilled. The fruit is black, oval, shiny, two inches in diameter, and used after cooking in a great variety of ways. The stone of the fruit is a third of its bulk, and is buried in the ground for the sake of the large sprout it produces, which is prized as an esculent. Every part of the tree is made useful. The sap is boiled down as we do that of the maple, and yields the tolerable sugar called *jaggery* in commerce. Large quantities of this are made.

The May-u-ah is the size of an apple-tree. Fruit excellent, size of a plum, purple colour, sweet, small seeds. It is said to grow in the celestial regions, and to be a favourite food of the Nats.

The Aw-zah, or Guava (*psidium pomiferum*), is abundant in some places, but is not extended over the whole country, and is certainly not indigenous. It grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, with leaves of pale green, and beautiful, large, white blossoms. The fruit is about the size of a pear, and a little yellowish when ripe, full of hard seeds, the size of buck-shot. Foreigners generally despise it, as they do many other Indian fruits, which a few experiments would teach them to admire. There are several varieties.

The Custard-apple (*annona squamosa*, &c.) grows well, if planted in proper places, but receives little care, and is not so common as its extreme deliciousness deserves. The fruit resembles a large pine bur not yet opened, or a pine-apple cheese, and is about the size of a large apple. The skin is thick, and the inside filled up with seeds mixed among a yellowish pulp, so closely resembling soft custard as to fully justify its name. Its Javanese name has the same allusion.

The Ta-lain-no is a vine which attains a diameter of eight or twelve inches. Fruit, yellow, pear-shaped, acid, with six or eight stones, size of an egg.

The Zee, or Crab-apple, a moderate-sized tree. Fruit, size of a large cherry, one large stone. Two kinds, sweet and sour. The timber is highly prized for its fine grain, toughness, and elasticity.

The Zun-byoon (*dillenia*) is of several kinds. They are large trees, but the timber is worthless. Fruit, size of a small plum, sour, red.

The Ka-lung grows twenty or thirty feet high, generally wild. The fruit is the size of a child's marble, used more as medicine than food.



Cashew-Nut.

The Theho-tharet, or Ka-shoo, Cashew or Acajou (*anacardium occidentale*), is a spreading tree, seldom more than fifteen or eighteen feet high. The fruit resembles a pear, but is rendered very remarkable by a crescent-shaped nut growing on the end. It is much prized by Burmans, though not by foreigners. The roasted nut is excellent.

The Kyet-mouk, or Cock's-comb, is a moderate-sized tree, found wild in most parts of the country. The fruit is red, sour, the colour of a cock's comb, and has similar corrugations on the skin. It hangs in grape-like clusters.

The Zeung-yau is peculiar to the upper provinces. Fruit, size of a guava, pink, full of seed, smooth skin. Fruit, leaves, and root, are used as medicine. The tree is of good size, but useless as timber.

The La-moo is a small tree, like a willow, growing only near salt water, and generally in the very edge, twelve or fifteen inches in diameter. The blossom is very beautiful, a little like a thistle, very fragrant, pale green, large, umbrella-shaped pistil, innumerable stamens, no corolla, but a thick calyx, which remains, and holds the fruit like a dish. Monkeys are fond of the fruit, and are often seen in the tree. The natives use it in curry. Timber useless.

The Na-uah is a very large tree, thorny. Fruit, deep red, size of a small plum, skin very thin, full of hard white, triangular seeds. Prized only by the natives.

The Than-lwon, or Olive, grows plentifully round Mergui, but not of very good quality, as it is entirely neglected.

The Lep-han grows every where in the upper pro-

vinees, and is one of the largest trees in the country, often ten and twelve feet in diameter. The ripe seeds are contained in pods, enveloped in a fine cotton, of which mattresses are commonly made. Both blossoms and fruit are eaten, when young, chiefly in curry. Timber inferior.

The Ka-na-zoo, or Saul, or Soondry tree (*herieteria*), is a much larger tree than in Bengal; chiefly found on the tide waters. Fruit hangs in loose bunches, size of grapes, very pleasant, one seed. Leaves, large, alternate, smooth, green on the upper side, and silvery-white beneath. Timber, hard, straight-grained, elastic, and durable; used for mill work, spokes, shafts, oars, &c. There are several species of this valuable tree.

The Theet-cla, or Chestnut (*castanea martabanica*), is abundant in the upper districts, but seems not known on the coast.

The Thit-to (*sandoricum indicum*), a very large tree. Fruit, size of an apple, with three seeds, yellow when ripe. Timber is used for most common purposes, but not much valued, being soft and of uneven grain.

The Lieng-maw, or Orange-tree (*citrus*), is found in several varieties, but growing wild, as do almost all Burman fruits, is generally of inferior quality. I believe the Burmans never graft or inoculate any fruit.

The Then-ba-yah, or Lime (*citrus, medica, limetta*, &c.), has its several varieties, and is excellent.

The Lieng-maw, or Lemon (*citrus limonum*, &c.), is also common and good. The name in Burman, it will be observed, is the same as for the orange, though the term *sweet* is often given to the latter as a distinction.

The Pumlense, or Pomelow, called with us shattuch, or shaddock (*citrus decummana*), is prized, but is rare in Burmah, though so abundant in most parts of the east.

The Khan is a shrub, three or four feet high, yielding a valued fruit which resembles a sweet grape.

The Go-nyen, a vine producing pods three or four feet long, containing ten or twelve beans, ten inches in circumference. These beans, well boiled, are sometimes used for food.

The Myouk Go-nyen, a smaller vine, bearing in its pod but one bean, the size of half a dollar. Monkeys are said to be very fond of it, but Burmans do not eat it.

The Soung-ya grows six or eight feet high. Fruit, the size of an apple, elongated, deeply fluted, brilliant yellow, contains ten seeds in five apartments. Chiefly used to acidify curry.

The Theet-kye-po, or Cinnamon (*laurus cinnamomum*), grows wild, at least in the Martaban province, but is not of good quality, doubtless for want of cultivation. A great variety of the laurus tribe is found besides this cinnamon.

The Shah-zoung (*aloe*) is in many varieties. Used both for medicine and chewing with the betel.

The Yay-yoh is a pretty large tree. Leaf, large, and very deep green. Fruit resembles a pine bur, with soft and tender covering to a solid mass of hard seeds occupying six sevenths of the whole bulk. When green it is cooked, and when ripe, eaten raw, as valued sauce to salt fish.

The Quah-lay (*muouina pruriens*), a celebrated vermifuge, abounds every where in the jungle. In a tender state the natives use it as food.

The Kyah (*nelumbium speciosum*) is a sort of lily, growing in the water; flower very large, pink and white; fruit is as large as one's fist, forming an exact hemisphere, on the flat surface of which about twenty-four seeds are embedded, which, when ripe, are black and hard. Prized for eating. The flowers are a favourite offering at the pagoda.

Cherries and plums are common and good in the extreme north-west portions of the country; and in the extreme north-east the apple and peach flourish, but are little cultivated, if at all, and are of inferior quality.

Tobacco grows with vigour in most parts of the country; often large spaces are covered with the wild plant. The consumption is not great, as it is used only for smoking; and then the wrapper is formed from the

leaf of the thennat-tree, and all the roots are used as well as the leaf. It is cultivated along the margins of water-courses, but in a slovenly way.

Besides these, Burmah has a great variety of fruits, such as castor-bean, anise seed, capers, cardamom, capicum, pine-apple, raspberry, whortleberry, tomato, &c. I have no means of enumerating the entire list. Visiting the bazaar at Maulmain, about the close of the dry season, for the express purpose of counting what might be there exposed, I found more than thirty. This was not the most abundant season of fruits, but the contrary. I presume there are not less than 150 or 200 fruits in this favoured country, besides numerous varieties of some of them.

As to the value of these numerous fruits, compared with those of our own country, testimony differs, as on other matters of taste. The Burman and Karen who visited America, deemed the best of our fruits very insipid. Americans at first admire few Burman fruits, but those who persist in eating even the most repulsive, soon become fond of them. The enjoyment of them, therefore, rests with one's self, as it does in regard to drinking the water of some mineral springs, or eating olives. In my own opinion, India has greatly the advantage of America and Europe in her fruits, both in number and quality. The plantain itself may be considered an equivalent to almost the whole of our fruits. It may be had fresh every day in the year, and, in its numerous varieties, makes both a vegetable and a fruit, of which none are ever tired, and by partaking of which none are ever injured.

Among their edible roots, they have ginger, cassia, liquorice, arrow-root, yam, sweet potato, Irish potato, onions, garlic, asparagus, ground-nut, &c.

They also find in the woods, plains, and lakes, innumerable esculents, in the selection of which the very children become expert. Most of these are prepared in the form of curry, and eaten in small quantities, as condiments to their rice.

The principal grains will be mentioned when we come to speak of agriculture.

The country is scarcely less favoured in valuable timber-trees, some of which have been already named as bearing useful fruit.

First to be named among these is the Kewn, or Teak (*tectona grandis*), which is here far more abundant than in any other part of India. It is probably, on the whole, the most valuable timber in the world, for strength, fineness, and durability; and in this country especially so, for being always safe from white ants. It grows to an enormous size, attaining maturity in about eighty years. Wood, reddish, and susceptible of a very fine polish. It is one of the few tropical trees which shed their leaves annually, and at once. It has this advantage over oak, that, while oak has an acid which destroys iron, teak has an essential oil which preserves it. Fruit, rough, brown, size of cherry, worthless. There is also another species, the *tectona hamiltoniana*, much smaller.

Next to the teak, for timber, is the Thingan (*hopia odorata* of Dr Gardner), very abundant, especially in the lower provinces. It is as tall as the teak, but less spreading. This, and the teak, make the best canoes. This is the tree which spreads its branches over the graves of Mrs Judson and her infant. But that particular specimen is very aged, and decaying. It was called the *Hope-tree*, in honour of a distinguished gentleman of that name in England.

The Pee-inah (*lagerstromia*?) is a very large and useful tree, sometimes twelve or fifteen feet in circumference, preferred for some parts of ship-building to teak. Leaf, very small; fruit, like a lemon, and very sour; wood, reddish, hard, tough, and durable. From the bark constantly exudes a yellow gum, like gamboge.

Turra-fee (*calophyllum*) is a large tree, timber excellent for most purposes; very different from

The Thur-ap-pa, or Tirbe (*quercus amherstiana* of Wallich), which is a noble tree, used for all purposes as timber in the lower provinces.

The Pipal, often called *Bannian* (*ficus religiosa*), is the sacred tree of the Burmans. Under it Gaudama is said to have become a Boodh. It is common in every part of the country. The branches do not descend and take root like the genuine bannian. It is a very noble tree, and bears a fruit the size of a grape, of which birds are fond, but which is not eaten by man. One of these grows over the brick baptistery, in the mission compound at Maulmain, extending its branches also over the street. On its young and flourishing branches the Burmans sometimes hang lighted lamps as a deed of merit.

The Nyoung-bawdee (*ficus bengalensis*) is the genuine bannian. Roots descend from every part of the stem, and many of the branches, which, on reaching the earth, become themselves trees. Those which descend along the trunk, give it the appearance of being enveloped in brawny vines, and afford a shelter, by the crevices they make, to numerous insects and reptiles, while under the wide shelter of the foliage man and beast may repose. It is a favourite resort of monkeys, who eat both the leaves and the fruit. The leaves are dark, large, smooth, glossy. Its venerated character prevents its use as a timber, in which respect it would, however, not be very valuable. The tree is uncommon in Burmah, but some fine specimens are found at Mergui.

The Tay, or Ebony (*diospyrus ebenum*), is plenty in the upper provinces, growing generally in the neighbourhood of teak. Leaf very small. Towards the close of the dry season, the leaves are annually shed, like those of the teak, at a particular season, which distinguishes it prominently, in a country where almost every tree is evergreen. Little use is made of the timber. The specimens brought to me were black, and of fine grain, but inferior to that used by our cabinet-makers.

The Teng-yet, or Ton-yet, Sapan-wood (*caesalpinia sappan*), grows abundantly in the province of Mergui, and adjacent parts of Siam, in several parts of the Shyan territory, and among the mountainous regions of Munnipore. The full-grown tree is seldom higher than from fourteen to sixteen feet; thorny, bearing a large yellow flower in the month of August; leaves, small and of a dark green. It belongs to the same order of plants with *Brazil-wood*, and has been sometimes so called. It makes a rich red dye, and is exported for that purpose. The name is derived from the Malays, who call it *sapang*.

The Shah, or Cutch-tree (*mimosa catechu*), is indigenous, rising sometimes to the height of forty feet. Timber, tough and durable, much used for ploughs, &c. From this tree is made the catechu, cutch, or terra japonica, chewed generally with the betel nut.* The wood is hewn into chips, boiled, and the liquor inspissated till it becomes thick enough to spread on a mat, when the drying is completed in the sun. It dissolves completely in water, is slightly bitter, highly astringent, and contains fifty-five parts in a hundred of tannin. Burmans make two kinds, the red and the black; both from the same tree. The red is preferred in Bengal, and the black in China. It is chiefly made in the neighbourhood of Prome, though the tree is found in all parts of the country.

The Silk Cotton-tree (*bombax ceiba*) adorns many parts of the country, and is one of the largest trees. Its beautiful and soft flos is used for pillows and thin mattresses by the natives; but whether the wood is valuable I did not learn.

The Par-o-wah is a stately tree, a foot in diameter. Timber, very hard and tough, and of a yellow colour. It is somewhat scarce, and of but little account, as the Burmans have no tools with which to work such a wood to advantage.

The Thub-byu (*ficus*) is a large tree, five feet or more in circumference; pretty good timber. The fruit, about the size of a goose's egg, grows in a tuft of leaves.

* The same article is produced in Malaya, from the plant called *uncaria gambir*, and in Egypt and Arabia from the *acacia*. It has lately been exported from Singapore to England, in large quantities, for tanning.

like a cabbage; used to acidify curry. From it is obtained a glutinous oil, which dries rapidly, and makes a good varnish.

The En, or Ain (*dipterocarpus grandiflora*), grows tall and slender, to a prodigious height, throwing out branches only towards the summit. It yields a valuable resin, used in torches, and for paying boats. The timber is excellent, and is used for masts, bridges, and long reaches.

The Kun-nyin-ben (*dipterocarpus*), and the Kun-nyin-so, are two trees of the same kind, one bearing a white fruit, and the other red. Both are very large trees, and excellent for planks, boats, &c. The boiled sap is a very beautiful varnish. Torches are often dipped in it, to increase their brilliancy, and sometimes made of it, mixed with saw-dust. The varnish at Rangoon costs, at retail, four annas a viss, or about twelve and a half cents for four pounds.

The Theet-say (*melanorrhœa usitata*) is the tree from which the celebrated black Burman varnish is made, and which, when properly prepared, is superior to copal. It seems to have been first known to the English by its Munnipore name, *Kay-oo*, or *Khue*.

The Tah-noung is a most beautiful, though rather small tree. Leaves, very small, composite, lively green, rising from the base of a double thorn.

The Tau-ma-gyee (*clacarpus*) is generally very large. Grain, clear and straight; timber, highly prized.

The Yu-ma-nay (*euphorbia*). Large and valuable tree. Wood, soft and light, but very tough; and is used for turned wooden ware, and light domestic articles.

The Tan-the-ah (*hopea floribunda* of Wallich). Very large, somewhat abundant, and a useful timber.

The Thud-dote, a very large tree, but not prized for timber. Fuel, good; fruit used a little; leaves used to rub furniture, and the body.

The Thub-bœ (*mimusops*) is a large tree, valued in ship-building. Fruit, size of a grape, containing one large seed. There is also another species (*m. elengi*), which is called in Bengal *Bocool*.

The Pa-douk, or Mahogany (*swietenia mahagoni*), is plenty in the upper provinces, especially round Ava; found occasionally in Pegu. It grows very large, and is mostly of the branched or knotty kind. Little used except for their great horizontal rockets.

The Tenyo, or Pine, of several varieties, is abundant in the dry and hilly districts, reaching a good size, often fifty feet without a limb. One or two species are found in the Tenasserim provinces, but not frequently. It is neglected as timber because of its softness and exposure to ants. Some turpentine is manufactured from it. Pieces of it are every year washed down the Irrawaddy. As all India now depends on European and American spars, which often sell at most exorbitant prices, it is probable that Burmah will one day be enriched by the export of its fir timber.

The Toung-sa-ga (*myristica*) is a very large tree.

Of Oak, eight or ten species are found in different parts of the upper country, some of them stately trees; but the abundance of teak and of thingan prevents its general use.

Cedar is common and of a gigantic size on the lofty summits of the mountain ranges on the Munnipore frontier. In the same regions, the ash is abundant, and of the best quality.

Dancewood is common, at least in the southern provinces. It grows fifteen or twenty feet high, very straight; bark, grey; wood, light yellow.

The Me-yah (*grewia?*) is a middling-sized tree, of pretty good timber. Fruit resembles the whortleberry; two seeds in each. It is eaten sometimes, but is not prized.

The Ne-pe-say-gyee attains a diameter of six or eight inches. In the manufacturing towns on the Irrawaddy, perhaps elsewhere, it is very much used to dye a fine red colour, and might probably be exported for this purpose with great advantage.

The Thep-on is a large tree, excellent for fuel, but

not greatly valued as timber. The leaves and fruit are used in curry.

The Mai-*kie* (*marrya*) is not a large tree, but is highly esteemed for handles to spears, knives, &c. The grain is like box-wood, but tough and elastic. Found only in the lower provinces.

The Kun-ne-an (*myristica*) is a very large tree, found in the lower provinces, on high ground, and therefore probably common in the upper. Considered one of the best of timbers in the kingdom for canoes, oars, houses, and most other purposes.

The Kee (*syndesmis tavoyana* of Wallich) is a large tree, making good timber, but not much used as such. There are at least two kinds, one being a white wood, and the other red. The root chopped up, dried, and ground to powder, is a favourite medicine, and is also rubbed over the body for cutaneous diseases. The bark, chopped fine, and thrown into the water where there are fish, produces the same intoxicating effects upon them as does the *occulus indicus*.

The Than-ben (*artocarpus*) is a large tree, sometimes used as timber, but generally spared for its gum, which is excellent for paying boats, and is regarded as a cure for the itch. The fruit is a bean, two feet long.

The Thah (*bignonia*) is a noble-looking tree, furnishing a straight timber for posts of houses, &c.

The Tub-bo (*uvaria*) grows to a large size, and makes smooth, handsome posts, but is not used for boats. It bears a large, brilliant, yellow, fragrant flower.

The The-myu-zoo grows only in the lower provinces, where it is plenty. From the kernel of the fruit is made an oil highly esteemed for the hair.

The Cow-moo is found of at least two species, one having a broad leaf, and the other narrow. Both are very large. Canoes of the largest size are made of them, and considered nearly as good as those made of teak.

The Mien-ga (*cymometra*) is a small tree, and makes good small posts, &c., but is chiefly used for fuel. It is abundant in the lower provinces, but grows in the upper when planted, which is sometimes done for fuel.

The Boo-so-paw, or Cork-tree, is indigenous in the lower provinces, and, it is believed, in the upper also. Unlike the proper cork, the bark is thin and worthless. The wood itself is soft, tough, fine, and makes a cork equal to any other.

The Then-nat is a moderate-sized tree. Spreading, thick foliage, soft, smooth leaf. The fruit resembles a gooseberry, very glutinous; one hard seed; not used. Wood, a good deal used for sandals; but the principal value of the tree is in its leaves, which are preferred above all others for wrappers to cheroots.

The Lazun (*pongamia atropurpurea* of Wallich). Very large tree, abundant in Tenasserim provinces. Flower, a beautiful purple.

The Thik-ad-do (*sterculia fetida*) is a very large and valuable tree. The wood is odoriferous, straight, strong, takes a fine polish, and is preferred for furniture.

The Pah-oun (*osyris pellata*) is found in all the maritime districts, and probably in the hills also.

The Eagle-wood (*agularia agallochum*), commonly called lignum aloes, is said to be abundant in the southern parts of the Tenasserim provinces. It yields an incense much valued in the east, particularly China and Japan.

The Kul-lo-wah (*laurus*) is an inferior sort of camphor-wood. Bark, fragrant.

The Soo-ban is a shrub exceedingly prized by the Burmans, as yielding the best red dye of any wood they have. It is sold at a tical per viss, and seems rather rare. The leaves are a favourite article for curry.

The Gamboe (*garcinia camboja*) is found in the southern provinces, growing fifteen feet high. Leaf, broad, pale green; bark, light lead colour. A gum of a beautiful yellow is abundantly yielded by its bark without incisions, but seems not to be used, except to a small extent as medicine.

The Nah-oo attains a diameter of eighteen or twenty inches. Blossom, very beautiful and fragrant, yellow,

size of a large rose; grows only in wet places. Timber, very worthless.

The Ind-way abounds in the forests, and is a large tree. Seed, the size of a small egg. It yields a very useful resinous gum, of a light-grey colour, used in the seams of boats, &c. It is obtained not only by incision, but drops on the ground, and is gathered without trouble. It is very much used, and may always be bought in the bazaar.

The Myouk-gno, or Mouk-chaw, is a large tree, of excellent timber. Bark, perfectly smooth; flower, very small, on a long stem.

The Them-men-sa-bo is about the size of an apple-tree. Several varieties. Has long thorns. Fruit, an inch in diameter, pungent, and full of seeds, like a guava. The bruised fruit, and the ashes of the wood, are mixed with indigo, to make a fine blue.

The Hnaw-ben is a large tree, of pale-yellow wood, preferred for making combs. It bears a large, fragrant fruit, but worthless.

The In-jên is a large tree, common in the upper provinces. Flowers, small, pinkish-yellow, very fragrant, growing in clusters, and celebrated in Burman poetry. This is the species of wood generally found petrified near the earth-oil wells on the Irrawaddy. Gaudama died near one of these trees.

The Pyouk-saik is a large tree, common in the jungle. Small, yellow flower; wood, hard, tough, straight-grained; and chosen, wherever it can be had, for the broad centre-piece of Burman wheels.

The The-din, or Anatto (*bixa orellana*), is abundant, at least round Rangoon. Tree, twelve to fifteen feet high; leaf, very small; fruit, like a bean. For dyeing, the pods, which are round, the size of an egg, are crushed, washed, and the sediment dried for the pigment. In this form it is exported to a small extent.

Several beautiful and vigorous thorny shrubs are common in the up-country, suitable for hedges, and a good deal used as such. But instead of being planted, the bushes are cut up, and laid along. Of course they are not durable.

The Wai, or Bamboo (*arundo bambos*), is what is generally called in America cane, and is used for fishing-poles. It is one of the most useful, if not the most so, of all Burman plants. It grows from forty to eighty feet high, in clusters or stools, of thirty or forty together, and perfects its timber the second year. There are forty or fifty varieties, some a hundred feet high, and twelve inches in diameter. Some are small, thin, and light; some are almost solid, and much stronger than wood of the same diameter. Of it are made houses, bridges, furniture, masts, rigging, cordage, paper, baskets, tools, nets, pumps, pitchers, fences. Indeed, to describe its uses would be to notice all the operations of the household and field, of trade and mechanics. The inspissated juice, called *tabasheer*, is used in medicine, and is regarded by chemists as a very remarkable substance. Dr Brewster calls it "hydrate of silicia;" that is, liquid flint. The young plants are agreeably esculent, and prized for food.

Among the varieties of cane are several of the ratan kind (*calamus*), called *Ke-ain* or *Kyein*, growing chiefly in the southern provinces. Some kinds are nearly as thick as the wrist, growing 100 or 200 feet long, and very strong. It bears, in large clusters of eighty or ninety, a beautiful imbricated fruit, the size of a musket ball, not edible in its raw state, but sometimes preserved. The English name is adopted from the Malays, who call it *Rotan*.

Lac, which is largely exported from Burmah, is obtained chiefly in the Shyan districts. It is the product of an insect (*coccus lacca* of Linnaeus), which exudes the gummy matter upon twigs, to protect its eggs, and create a sort of habitation. It lives on various trees; in Asam, chiefly on the *flous religiosa*. The lac is assorted into qualities, which are called *stick lac*, or that which has the twig in the centre, *seed lac*, *lump lac*, *shell lac*, &c.

There are several very common plants, which form

an excellent substitute for soap, and are extensively used for such. Of some the bark is used, and of others the bean: one is the *sapindus* of Linnæus. Europeans use these for their hair, in preference to any thing else.

Of dye-stuffs, both shrubby and arboreous, there is a good variety, embracing nearly all the sorts known to exist within the tropics. The turmeric, which is very common, seems to be less used as a dye than as an ingredient in curry, to which it imparts an aromatic flavour, and rich yellow colour.

Besides those mentioned as medicinal, the natives regard numerous others in this light. Indeed, almost any thing uncommon is made to enter into their pharmacopœia. The stalls of the apothecaries, as they may be called, exhibit the most whimsical variety. I have seen the shells of English walnuts among the number.

Several vegetable poisons abound in the woods, of which the Karens avail themselves to poison their arrows.

Flowers are innumerable, and for the most part as superior to ours in size and splendour as they are inferior in fragrance. Fragrant flowers, however, though few in proportion, are perhaps as numerous, on the whole, as with us.

Tillage is performed in some places almost exclusively with the hoe and mattock; in others, the plough is used, and sometimes rice-lands are broken up, after being kept wet for a time, merely by the feet of oxen. The plough resembles in shape the spade on a playing-card, has no colter, and cuts to the depth of three or four inches. Horses are never used for draught. Bullocks are managed by a rein, passed through the septum of the nose. Rice-fields are sometimes prepared by merely treading up the moist earth with oxen, raking off the weeds, and sowing the seed broadcast. The Karens, and some of the Burmans, transplant the rice, when about six inches high, into regular drills, which thus produces far better than when sown broadcast. Reaping is performed with a sickle, like ours, but smaller. The grain is trodden out by oxen, and the straw carefully saved for fodder.

In the flat and floodable districts, divisions are marked by ditches, or narrow embankments; in the upper country, often by hedges of thorn, cut up and brought to the spot. There is an indigenous thorn (*sisiphus jujuba*) admirably adapted for quick-set hedges; but such are not cultivated, except those of a thorny bamboo, which grows too tall, and is in other respects ill adapted to the purpose.

The lower country has no roads for waggons. Boat-able streams are almost the only means of communication, and the only parts settled. Adjacent villages are often connected by footpaths. In the higher districts, roads are general, and kept in tolerable repair.

Cultivators of the soil do not reside on detached farms, but always in villages, for mutual protection against wild beasts and robbers. Indeed, as to a *farm*, there is no such thing in Burmah. Each family cultivates a piece of the neighbouring jungle, and brings the produce into the village, where the cattle also are brought for security. When there are neither water-courses nor springs, wells are dug, which yield good water. Instead of a bucket, a basket is used coated with damar, and attached to a rope held in the hand; but often it is fastened to a long lever, balanced on a high post, precisely like the well-sweeps of New England.

The wages of labour are two or three times higher than in any other part of India—a fact which strongly indicates scanty population. A common coolie, or field-hand, receives five or six rupees per month, besides his provisions, which are worth about two rupees more.

Rice being universally preferred to every thing else for food, it is raised wherever it will grow; and in the vast delta of the Irrawaddy, is almost exclusively cultivated. In size and quality it is greatly superior to that of Bengal. The river-lands are surpassingly rich,

and, even under their present imperfect system of husbandry, yield more than a hundred fold. Two crops in a year may be raised. The Burmans mentioned to me about forty kinds of rice, and I saw at least eight or ten.

Cotton, of various kinds, is raised with the utmost facility, in every part of the country, but chiefly in the region extending from Prome, on both sides of the river, some sixty or seventy miles above Ava. It is sown at the same time as paddy, viz., May, and gathered about November. The same ground is seldom used two successive years. A space is cleared of brush and grass, burnt over, and the seed sown broadcast. The annual kinds are exclusively cultivated; but the British have introduced into their portions of the country the Per-nambuco and other perennial kinds, which promise to succeed well, and attain to a great size. Much of the crop is exported across the country to China, but the principal part is consumed in household manufactures.

The narkin, or red cotton, is cultivated largely, and is preferred for women's en-gyees or short gowns. This kind is chiefly obtained from the Shyans, who also manufacture the cloth just named, and find a ready market for it at Ava.

Though cotton-seed in America has been till lately used only for manure, and rarely even for that, not a kernel is wasted in Burmah, nor even used as manure. Some is used for oil, for the expression of which they have good mills, turned by bullocks. Some is made into torches for public feasts, by being placed in a narrow jar, and sprinkled with oil; and a very considerable part is eaten. It is steeped till it sprouts, and is a highly-prized food in districts where rice is scarce. The young plant is sometimes used also as an esculent.

Tobacco grows wild in many places, and is cultivated in most parts of the country. There are several kinds, some of which is not surpassed for smoking by the finest Havana. The best sorts and qualities sell at about a rupee a viss; the middling sorts, about half that price; and the poorest, four or five viss for a rupee. The best is raised on the rich levels of the maritime districts, and water-courses. The culture of this article might be almost indefinitely increased; but it has not become an article of export. From 1000 to 1200 pounds are yielded per acre, on an average.

A little is used for chewing; but the consumption for smoking is very great, not in pipes, but in cigars, or cheroots, with wrappers made of the leaves of the Then-net tree. In making them, a little of the dried root, chopped fine, is added, and sometimes a small portion of sugar. These are sold at a rupee a thousand.

The uplands produce wheat, and various other grains, with scarcely any labour, as well as beans, peas, and esculents, in great variety. The wheat crop is from twenty to fifty fold; the grain is heavy and sound, and the success of the crop as likely as any other. The price at Ava is always greatly less than that of rice, viz., about fifty cents per bushel.

Rice, too, is not excluded from high land cultivation. The better qualities cannot be raised, nor a great quantity; but many varieties are produced, chiefly those of the glutinous kind. Of this sort, some kinds are a beautiful purple, or indigo colour: another kind, called the *Kouk-myen-phyo*, is a large and very white grain; and another, called *Kouk-myen-ne*, is a bright red. The average crop, on these high lands, is about fifteen fold. Between the hilly districts and the low flats, inundated by the periodical rise of rivers, are extensive flats, well adapted to rice, and made to raise it in large quantities by artificial irrigation. The moment is seized when the water-course is at its height, and it is thrown up the few remaining feet. A shallow basket, coated with damar, is fastened to a long handle, and so balanced by a cord from above, as to make the dipping of the water an easy and rapid process.

Several kinds of millet (*holous*), among which is the *andropogon ornatum*, are largely raised for food in the upper provinces, where rice is comparatively dear, and to some extent in all. They grow luxuriantly with

very little care, and yield a highly nutritive food, though little valued in comparison with rice.

Indian corn, called here *Pyoung*, grows well wherever planted, but is cultivated in too slovenly a manner to produce as it might. It is rarely given to cattle, but is consumed by the natives in a green state, and is sold, ready boiled, in all the bazaars, at a mere song. The common yield is from fifty to seventy fold.

Among the most esteemed varieties of pulse are a sort of kidney-bean (*phaseolus max*); and several kinds of French bean (*dolichos*); and Gram (*cicer arietinum*), called by the natives *Kula-pai*, or "foreigner's bean," which produces very abundantly, but is raised in small quantities, and chiefly in the northern districts.

The Nham (*sesamum orientale*) is largely cultivated, chiefly for an excellent oil, which it yields abundantly, and which is used both for food, unction, and light. It seems to be the same plant called Vanglo in the West Indies, and Bonny in our southern states. It is a delicate annual, from two to five feet high, leaves three inches long, opposite, downy.

The Mong-nyen (*sinapis orientalis*) is also raised in considerable quantities, chiefly for the oil, which is an excellent substitute for butter, and is much used also as an unguent.

The certainty and regularity of the periodical rains, in the western and eastern districts, render a general failure of crops altogether unknown. In the middle region, round Ava, the reverse is sometimes true.

Whether the true hemp is cultivated in Burmah I know not, but Dr Wallich saw the beautiful single lanceolate-leaved *croalaria* raised for that purpose.

The tea-plant grows indigenous in all the upper provinces, and is raised in large quantities for exportation to the rest of the country. Part of it is prepared as a pickle, in which form it is a favourite article of food among all classes; and part is dried and put up in hard round balls. I used the latter during my whole residence in the country, and coincide with all the missionaries in pronouncing it equal to the best black teas of China. The taste, however, is somewhat peculiar, and few are fond of it at first. It is generally supposed to come from China, being mostly brought by the Chinese and Shyan caravans; but several of the chief men at Ava assured me it is the product of their own territories, purchased on the way. It sells at Ava, at about one rupee a viss (twelve cents per pound). In the lower provinces, it brings double that price. But even at the latter rate, it is exceedingly cheap. There is no obstruction to its exportation.

Black pepper is indigenous, and in some places small quantities are cultivated. It might be made a great article of export; but the natives do not esteem it as a condiment, preferring the long red pepper, or chilly. The latter article might also be made an important article of commerce, and is now exported to some extent. With it the people of the upper districts purchase rice, &c., from the lower districts. It is found wild in great quantities. Cultivation seems to increase the size but not the pungency of the plant.

The sugar-cane attains its full size and richness in fertile spots, and sugar might be exported to a great extent. Millions of acres, adapted to its most successful cultivation, lie wholly uninhabited. Though almost every Burman raises a little sugar-cane, it is merely to be eaten in its natural state, and none, that I know of, resort to it for sugar. The Chinese round Umerapoora make a considerable quantity of excellent light-brown sugar, which is sold very cheap. They also clay some of it, and produce an article as white as our loaf sugar, but much abridged of its sweetness.

Indigo grows wild, and is cultivated also to some extent. The mode of extracting the dye is unskilful, and the whole product is used in the fabrics of the country. The high price of labour will forbid the exportation of this article.

The ground-nut (*arachis hypogaea*) grows well, and in many places is attended to, and produced in considerable quantity; but as a general thing, it is entirely disregarded.

The process of raising garden vegetables is much the same as with us.

Honey is exceedingly plenty, but always derived from wild bees. It is less prized than that from Yunnan, and is of a darker colour; but is consumed largely, and exported to some extent. In obtaining it, the bees are not destroyed.

The wild animals of the country are the elephant, elk, tiger, leopard, buffalo, deer (of several species), antelope, bison, nyghau, rhinoceros, wolf, goat, hare, racoon, serval or mountain cat, civet cat, tiger cat, pole cat, hog, black bear, porcupine, ichneumon, squirrel (of several kinds), baboon, and monkey (of many kinds), mole, otter, and rat. Some of these are scarce, others, particularly the elephant, tiger, deer, hog, and rat, are very abundant.

Elephants are most abundant and noble in Pegu, but are numerous in some of the mountain districts. The feline animals are most abundant in the maritime districts. Much is said of the white elephants of Burmah. There is now but one known to exist in the empire—an old and remarkably fine animal, which has long been the pride of royalty at Ava. He seems to be an albino.

It is very remarkable that the jackal, though found in great numbers over nearly all the warm regions of the world, and particularly numerous in Bengal and Chittagong, is wholly unknown in Burmah. Yet the mountains which divide Burmah from the adjacent jackal regions, are not only passable in many places for travellers, but have open roads or paths, constantly used. The whole *canis* genus, except the common house-dog, seems wanting in Burmah. Neither the jackal, fox, wolf, nor hyena, have yet been found in the country.

There are alligators of at least two species, and some attain the largest size. In the tide-waters they literally swarm, and not unfrequently kill men sleeping on the little boats. Sharks abound at the mouths of the rivers. Turtles and tortoises are very common on the coast; and some places are so frequented by them to lay their eggs, that the spots are farmed out by government for a considerable sum.

The domestic animals are the buffalo, bramin cattle, horse, ass, mule, goat, dog, hog, cat, sheep. Some of these are very rare. Indeed, none are common but horses, horned cattle, and dogs. Animal food being prohibited by their laws, none are raised for food; and woollen garments being little known, sheep are not wanted for wool. Except a flock owned by the king, I heard of none belonging to natives. English gentlemen sometimes keep a few for the sake of the mutton, which run with the goats, kept for milk, and are tended by the same man. So entirely in these hot climates do sheep lose their distinctive features, that, in seeing them mixed with goats, I never could tell them apart. They are never white, as with us, and their wool degenerates into hair. May not this illustrate Matt. xxv. 32, 33—"He shall separate them one from the other, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats?" Though an unaccustomed eye could not discern the difference, the shepherd knows each perfectly. So, though, in this world, hypocrites mingle with God's people, and resemble them, the "Great Shepherd" instantly detects them, and, at the appointed time, will unerringly divide them.

The bramin cattle are not numerous. The buffalo is used instead, and is the same which is common in Siam, Assam, and China. A correct idea can be had from the annexed drawing. It is of twice the size of the bramin ox, of a dark dun colour, with huge black horns. The animal is remarkable for its aquatic habits. Being nearly destitute of hair, insects annoy it exceedingly, and it generally takes its repose in the water, with but a part of its head visible. He is managed by a cord passed through the septum of the nose, and draws in a yoke like ours, generally single, and not in pairs. To see an animal so huge, and generally so ferocious, thus easily humbled and restrained, throws a strong light on the 19th chapter of 2d Kings; and often,

as I saw a child lead a buffalo thus, I was reminded of Sennacherib, the mighty, the presumptuous Sennacherib. Full of confidence in his overwhelming force, he stands ready to devour Israel, "as the green herb, and as the grass of the field," (v. 26), and, like a roaring bull, utters "his rage against God." How calm and contemptuous are the words of Jehovah! "Because thy rage against me, and thy tumult, is come up into mine ears, therefore I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." (v. 28.) I am still struck with it daily. The contempt expressed in comparing him to a beast of burden, and the ease with which God could lead him away, like a bullock by the nose, are very fine.



The Buffalo.

The breed of horses is small, but excellent, resembling in many points the Canadian pony. They are capable of enduring great fatigue, and never need shoeing, but are not used for draught. For this latter purpose the buffalo is principally employed.

Dogs, breeding unrestrained, are so numerous in the villages as to be a sad nuisance, to foreigners at least. Receiving very little attention, they are compelled by hunger to eat every species of offal, and in this respect are of some service in a country where scavengers are unknown.

The elephant must of course be named among domestic animals, as well as wild. All, wild and tame, are owned by the king; but great men keep more or less, as they are permitted or required. There are said to be two thousand of them in the empire, properly trained. Next to the white elephant, those are most prized who have most flesh-colour about the ears, head, and trunk. This always appeared to me a blemish, and has a diseased, spotted appearance. The other points of beauty are to have the fore legs bow out much in front, and the crupper to droop very low.

Burmans rarely use them for any other purpose than riding or war. Instead of preferring females, as do the more effeminate Hindus, because more docile, Burmans will scarcely use them. They are kept for breeding, and for decoys in capturing the wild animal. It has been often denied that the elephant will breed in a domestic state; but it is most certainly the fact in this country, and to a considerable extent. I have often seen them in the pastures with their young. The process of catching and taming elephants is too similar to that practised elsewhere in the east to need description here.

The ornithology of Burmah has never yet been given, but is probably similar to that of Hindustan, on which splendid and extensive works are before the public.

The Henza, or Braminy goose, a species of kite, is the symbol of the empire, but is not regarded with religious veneration. Kites seem to remain only in the dry season. In the forests are found the vulture, hawk, partridge, parrot, pheasant, bird of paradise, doves of several varieties (one almost as large as a hen), raven, two species of pheasants, a great variety of woodpeckers, sparrows, and martins. Pigeons are both wild and tame, as are also pigeons and parrots. Jungle-fowl abound in the forests. It resembles the common barnyard fowl, except that, like other wild fowl, its plumage is variably the same, namely, a dark red, with black

breast and legs. The male crows like the common cock. The flesh is excellent food.

Wild ducks (of several varieties), cormorants, pelicans, plovers, snipe, teal, and a variety of other aquatic birds, are common. Sparrows are so numerous as to be in some places a serious injury to husbandmen. The beautiful and gacious bottle-nest sparrow (sometimes called *toddy-bird*) is abundant. It has no song, but a cheerful chirp; and as they associate in communities, they enliven the place of their retreat most agreeably. The nest has often been described. It may rather be called a house, as it is seldom less than a foot in height, and twice as much in circumference, containing not only the nest where incubation is performed, but an apartment for the male bird, who gives much of his time to his mate during this process. Few Burman birds have a pleasant song, though some are by no means disagreeable.

Around villages, crows are innumerable. Secured from molestation by Burman faith, and fed by the pagoda offerings, they multiply without restriction. Though valuable as general scavengers, they are often very troublesome, even coming into the house and stealing food from the table. The noise of them at Tavoy, Rangoon, and some other places, kept up all day, by thousands, was to me, for the first few days, exceedingly annoying.

Domestic fowls are common. Among the varieties is one whose feathers, skin, and bones, are perfectly black. I often ate them, but perceived no difference in the taste, except, perhaps, that they are more tender. Ducks are somewhat common, but geese are very rare, and turkeys have not been introduced.

Fishes are in multitudes on all the coasts, and in every river, creek, and even tank. Few of them resemble those of our hemisphere; but in quality some are quite equal to the best we have. About fifty kinds have been noticed, but I could only get the English or Bengalee names of the following:—cockup, beekty, mullet (four or five kinds), pomfret, hilsah or sable, saher or luckwah, ruce, sole, mango, catfish, eel, bumela or latea, carp, datuna, pungu, flounder, skate, and rock-cod.

Prawns, crabs, oysters, mussels, periwinkles, cockles, &c. &c., are found in any quantity on the sea-board, and in some places are a good deal relied on for food.

Reptiles are numerous, but less troublesome or dangerous than is supposed in this country. Injuries from them are very rare, even among natives whose habits expose them more than foreigners.

Serpents are numerous in some places, but few are venomous. A species of water-snake is dreaded as most poisonous. The boa constrictor, and several species of *cobra*, are occasionally seen of large size. The former are sometimes killed with a *hid*, or even a calf, in their stomachs entire! The rat-snake is often six feet long, and even more. One of the most dreaded snakes is a species of viper, which is perfectly deaf, and cannot be awaked by any noise; the slightest touch, however, rouses it in an instant.

Scorpions are of two kinds, black, and whitish brown. The former attain the length of five or six inches, and their bite is often fatal. The latter are more common, but smaller and less venomous. At Mergui, and possibly elsewhere, there is a flying lizard, about five inches long, not unlike the common picture of the dragon. I procured and preserved several in alcohol, which are now in the Museum of the Boston Society of Natural History. The wings are leathery, like those of a bat, and extend along the whole side of the body. They have about the same power of flight as the flying squirrel of our country.

Lizards of various kinds are common. They inhabit pagodas, trees, rocks, and the roofs of houses. A small kind, which feeds principally upon flies, inhabits all dwelling-houses. It is always a welcome resident, and is allowed to run about the walls, and even come upon the table to catch the insects which gather round the lamp. The *Toukay*, or *Gecko*, is a beautiful creature, about six inches long. Some consider it venomous, but this is not

clear. The *Pa-dat* attains a much greater size than the *Touk-tay*. The *Then-like* is apt to sting, and is by some deemed poisonous. The *Poke-then*, a sort of chameleon, with a mane along the top of his neck, which changes colour beautifully. It is called in Madras the blood-sucker. The *Iguana* is generally from two to four feet long, including the tail. Sometimes they are seen as large as a child seven or eight years old. They are not common, except in the jungle; and are prized as a very delicate food.

Spiders of various sorts are, of course, not wanting; some of them are as large as a common crab, and as poisonous as hornets.

Leeches are inconceivably numerous in many places, and so large as to create serious inconvenience to persons who are obliged to work in the water.

Centipedes are very common. The most common kinds are two or three inches long; but some are double that size. Their venom has been greatly exaggerated. Many persons who have been bitten by them assured me that the pain and inflammation were not greater than are produced by the sting of a common bee. It varies, as that does, in different persons.

Insects, in all the varieties common to a tropical climate, abound in Burmah; but there is no record of their having been so numerous as to create local devastations. The white ants are most destructive. These are abundantly described in encyclopedias. The mosquito is troublesome in low places, but seems not so poisonous as ours, or at least only to new comers. On the delta of the Irrawaddy, and some other moist districts, they swarm so as to fill the air as soon as it is dark, and cattle can only be kept alive, by placing them at night in the midst of a thick smoke. I have been in many parts of America, however, particularly the sea-coast of Jersey, where these insects are as troublesome. *Papiliones*, libellule, scarabei, cicadæ, cantharides, and many more, are active all day, but give place to far greater multitudes, which fill the air at night. I believe no collection of Burman insects has ever been made; but it was utterly out of my power to gather any.

CHAPTER III.

Population. Form and Features. Buildings. Food. Dress. Manners and Customs. Character. Condition of Women. Marriage. Polygamy. Divorce. Diseases. Medical Practice. Midwifery. Funerals. Amusements. Musical Instruments. Manufactures.

Few countries have had their population so variously estimated. Old geographies stated it at 30,000,000; Synnues made it 17,000,000; Cox afterwards reduced it to 8,000,000; and Balbi allows it only 3,700,000. The chief woon-gyee at Ava informed me that the last census gave a total of 300,000 houses. Allowing a fraction short of seven persons to a house, this would make 2,000,000; presuming one-third of the houses to have escaped enumeration, we have 3,000,000. After the most careful inquiries, I am led to put down the number of the inhabitants, to whom the Burman tongue is vernacular, at 3,000,000. This estimate was confirmed by many persons and numerous facts. The *Shyans* are probably 3,000,000 more, and, with other subsidiary tribes, bring up the total population to about the estimate of Cox.

The people, though not so tall as *Hindus*, are more athletic. The average height of men is about five feet two inches, and of women four feet ten inches; that is to say, about four or five inches shorter than the average height of Europeans. Women have more slender limbs than men, but are universally square-shouldered. Corpulence is not more frequent than in this country. In features they are totally dissimilar to the *Hindus*, and rather resemble the *Malays*, especially in the prominence of cheek-bones, and squareness of the jaw. The nose is never prominent, but often flat, and the lips generally thick. The complexion of young

children, and those who have not been exposed to the sun, is that of our brightest mulattoes. Few, except among the higher classes, retain this degree of fairness, but none ever become, by many shades, so black as *Hindus*. I saw few whose complexions were clear enough to discover a blush. The standard of beauty seems to be delicate yellow; and in full dress, a cosmetic is used by ladies and children which imparts this tint. It is remarkable that this hue should be admired not only here, but amongst the almost black natives of Hindustan, and the many-coloured inhabitants of the islands of the Indian Ocean.

The hair of the head is very abundant, always black, rather coarse, and rendered glossy by frequent anointings. On the limbs and breast there is none, strongly contrasting in this respect with *Hindus*, whose bodies are almost covered with hair. Their beard is abundant on the upper lip, but never extends over the cheeks, and is but scanty on the chin.

Puberty does not occur much earlier than with us; women bear children to nearly as late a period. The average length of life seems not perceptibly different from that of Europe.

Dwellings are constructed of timbers, or bamboos set in the earth, with lighter pieces fastened transversely. When good posts are used, they are set seven feet apart; lighter ones and bamboos are placed closer. A frame set on stone or brick pillars, is never seen. The sides are covered, some with mats, more or less substantial and costly; or with thatch, fastened with split ratans. The roof is usually of thatch, even in the best houses. It is very ingeniously made and fastened on, and is a perfect security against wind or rain. The cheapest is made of strong grass, six or seven feet long, bent over a thin strip of cane four feet long, and stitched on with ratan. A better kind is made of attap or donnee leaves, in the same manner. These are laid on like wide boards, lapping over each other from twelve to eighteen inches. They cost a mere trifle, and last about three years.

The floor is of split cane, elevated a few feet from the earth, which secures ventilation and cleanliness, and makes them far more comfortable and tidy than the houses of Bengal. The open crevices between the slats, however, too often invite carelessness, by suffering offal and dirty fluids to pass through; and not unfrequently, among the lower ranks, the space under the house is a nasty mud-hole, alive with vermin. The doors and windows are of mat, strengthened with a frame of bamboo, and tied fast at the top. When opened, they are propped up with a bamboo, and form a shade. Of course, there are no chimneys. Cooking is done on a shallow box, a yard square, filled with earth. The whole house may be put up in two or three days, at an expense of from sixty to one hundred rupees, though many do not cost half that sum. Posts of common timber last from ten to fifteen years, iron-wood forty or fifty, and good teak eighty or a hundred. The houses of the more opulent, in large towns, are built of wood, with plank floors and panelled doors and window shutters, but without lath, plaster, or glass.

Such houses furnish a fine harbour for spiders, worms, lizard, and centipedes, but create no inconvenience in general, except the particles of dust which are constantly powdered down from the thatch, as the worms eat it up. The lizards are not only harmless but useful, consuming flies, mosquitoes, &c. The centipedes are poisonous; but it is very rare that any one is bitten, and the result is merely a painful swelling and inflammation for a few days.

The rank of the opulent is particularly regarded in the architecture of the dwelling, and a deviation from rule would be instantly marked and punished. The distinction lies chiefly in hips or stages in the roof.

The whole of the architectural skill of this people is by no means exhibited in their dwellings. Some of the *zayats*, pagodas, and temples, are truly noble. There can be no doubt that if the people were not proud

tited, they would often erect for themselves substantial stone or brick buildings. It has been said that they have lost the art of turning an arch, but this is wholly a mistake. I have seen many fine arches, of large span, evidently erected within a few years, and some not yet finished, constructed wholly by Burman masons. The stucco, which covers all buildings, is put on with extraordinary durability, and generally with tasteful ornaments. Floors and brick images, covered in this way, have often a polish equal to the most exquisitely wrought marble. The mortar is made of the best lime and sand, with a liberal mixture of jaggery, but without hair. No one can form a proper estimate of Burman architecture who has not visited Ava, or one of the ancient seats of government. Religious structures are there far more numerous and magnificent than in distant parts of the empire. As in other countries, the state religion shines most, in temporal endowments and honours, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Though Burmans spend all their zeal on useless pagodas, there are near the capital some other structures of public utility. Some tanks have been constructed, which secure irrigation, and consequent fertility, to a fine region of adjacent country. One of these, near Mokesobo, is truly a noble work. Across the little river at Ava, and the marsh adjacent, is a very long bridge, which I have not seen surpassed in India, and scarcely in Europe. Various other edifices, both civil and military, ornament the metropolis, and would do honour to any people.

The favourite food, in common with all India and China, and universally used by all who can afford it, is rice. This is often eaten without any addition whatever, but generally with a nice curry, and sauces of various stewed melons, vegetables, &c. Except among the very poor, a little meat or fish is added. Sweet oil, made from the sesamum seed, enters largely into their seasoning. But the great condiment is chillie, or capsicum. From the highest to the lowest, all season their rice with this plant. The consumption is incredibly great, and in its dried state it forms a considerable branch of internal trade. The whole pod, with its seeds, is ground to powder on a stone (a little water being added if the peppers are dried), and mixed with a little turmeric, and onions or garlic, ground up in the same manner, and generally acidified with some sour juice: often, instead of water, the expressed juice of rasped cocoa nut is used to make the curry. In this the fish or meat is stewed, if they have any, and a very palatable sauce is made, at almost no expense. Sweet oil, made of the cocoa-nut, sesamum, or mustard seed, is a very admired addition to their various messes, and almost entirely supersedes the use of butter. The latter is used only in the clarified state, called *pau-bot*, and by Europeans *ghee*.

In the upper districts, where rice is dearer than below, wheat, maize, sweet potatoes, onions, peas, beans, and plantains, enter largely into the common diet. Indeed, a Burman seems almost literally omnivorous. A hundred sorts of leaves, suckers, blossoms, and roots, are daily gathered in the jungle, and a famine seems almost impossible. Snakes, lizards, grubs, ants' eggs, &c., are eaten without hesitation, and many are deemed delicacies. An animal which has died of itself, or the swollen carcass of game killed with poisoned arrows, is just as acceptable as other meat. Like the ancient Romans, the Burmans are very fond of certain wood-worms, particularly a very large species, found in the trunks of plain-trees. I have seen several foreigners, who had adopted it as one of their delicacies.

Though the law forbids the taking of life, no one scruples to eat what is already dead; and there are always sinners enough to keep the sanctimonious ones supplied with animal food. Indeed, very few scruple to take game or fish. Thousands of the natives are fishermen by profession. I asked some of these what they thought would become of them in the next state. They admitted that they must suffer myriads of years

for taking so many lives, but would generally add, "What can we do!—our wives and children must eat."

Cooking is done in a thin, earthen pot, narrow at the mouth, placed close to the fire, on three stones. Very little fuel is used, and this of a light kind, often the stalks of flowers, reminding me of the remark of our Saviour (Matt. vi. 30), when he reproved unreasonable anxiety about raiment. The variety of modes in which the different kinds of rice are prepared is surprising. With no other addition than sugar, or a few nuts, or a rasped cocoa-nut, they make almost as many delicacies as our confectioners; and such as I tasted were equally palatable.

lity, it is much less valued than rice, and sells for less money. Its name, "foreigner's rice," shows it not to be indigenous; but when it was introduced is not known. Its being also called *gying*, which is a Bengalee name, intimates that it might have been received from thence. Animals are fed with it, and, in some places, it forms a large part of the people's subsistence; not ground and made into bread, but cooked, much as they do rice. The bread made of it by foreigners is remarkably white and good, the fresh juice of the toddy-tree furnishing the best of leaven. The bakers are generally Bengalese, who grind the flour, in the manner so often alluded to in Scripture, in a hand-mill. Wherever there are Europeans, there are some of these bakers, who furnish fresh bread every day, at a rate not dearer than with us.

In eating, Burmans use their fingers only, always washing their hands before and after, and generally their mouths also. A large salver contains the plain boiled rice, and another the little dishes of various curries and sauces.

They take huge mouthfuls, and chew the rice a good deal. Sometimes a handful is pressed in the palm till it resembles an egg, and is in that form thrust into the mouth. The quantity taken at a meal is large, but scarcely half of that devoured by a Bengalee. Only the right hand is used in eating, the left being consigned to the more uncleanly acts. They eat but twice a-day, once about eight or nine o'clock, and again towards sunset. They avoid drinking before or during eating, on the plea that they then could not eat so much: after eating, they take free draughts of pure water, and lie down to take a short nap.

The dress of men in the lower classes, while engaged in labour, is a cotton cloth, called *pes-só*, about four and a half yards long, and a yard wide, passed round the hips, and between the thighs, most of it being gathered into a knot in front. When not at work, it is loosed, and passed round the hips, and over the shoulder, covering, in a graceful manner, nearly the whole body. A large part of the people, especially at Ava, wear this of silk; and there is scarcely any one who has not silk for special days. A jacket with sleeves, called *ingee*, generally of white muslin, but sometimes of broadcloth or velvet, is added, among the higher classes, but not habitually, except in cold weather. It buttons at the neck and bottom. Dressed or undressed, all wear the turban, or *goun-boung*, of book-muslin, or cotton handkerchiefs. The entire aspect of a respectable Burman's dress is neat, decorous, and graceful. On the feet, when dressed, are worn sandals of wood, or cow-hide covered with cloth, and held on by straps, one of which passes over the instep, the other over the great toe. On entering a house, these are always left at the door.

Women universally wear a *te-mine*, or petticoat, of cotton or silk, lined with muslin. It is but little wider than is sufficient to go round the body, and is fastened by merely tucking in the corners. It extends from the arm-pits to the ankles; but labouring women, at least after they have borne children, generally gather it around the hips, leaving uncovered all the upper part of the form. Being merely lapped over in front, and not sewed, it exposes one leg above the knee, at every



Burman Lady.

step. By the higher classes, and by others when not at work, is worn, in addition, an *in-gee*, or jacket, open in the front, with close, long sleeves. It is always made of thin materials, and frequently of gauze or lace. Labouring women and children frequently wear, in the cold season, a shorter gown, resembling a sailor's jacket, of common calico. Nothing is worn on the head. Their sandals are like those of men. The picture represents a genteel woman, with a cigar, as is very common, in her hand.

Boys go naked till they are five or six in cities, and seven or eight in country places. Girls begin to wear clothing several years earlier. Both sexes wear ornaments in their ears. They are not rings, or pendants, but *cylinders* of gold, silver, horn, wood, marble, or paper, passed through a hole in the soft part of the ear. The perforation is at first small, but the tube is from time to time enlarged, till it reaches the fashionable dimensions of about an inch in diameter. As in all countries, some are extreme in their fashions, and such enlarge it still more. I have seen some of these ear ornaments larger round than a dollar. The boring of a boy's ear is generally made, by those who can afford it, an occasion of a profuse feast and other entertainments. After the period of youth, few seem to care for this decoration, and the holes are made to serve for carrying a spare cheroot, or a bunch of flowers.

Men generally wear mustachios, but pluck out their beard with tweezers: old people sometimes suffer it to grow; but it never attains to respectable size. Both sexes, as a matter of modesty, pluck out the hair under the arm, which certainly diminishes the repulsive aspect of the naked bust.

Both sexes wear their hair very long. Men tie it in a knot on the *top* of the head, or intertwine it with their turban. Women turn it all back, and, without a comb, form it into a graceful knot *behind*, frequently adding chaplets or festoons of fragrant natural flowers, strung on a thread. As much hair is deemed ornamental, they often add false tresses, which hang down behind, in the manner shown in the last picture. Both sexes take great pains with their hair, frequently washing it with a species of bark, which has the properties of soap, and keeping it anointed with sweet oil.

Women are fond of rendering their complexions more fair, and at the same time fragrant, by rubbing over the face the delicate yellow powder already mentioned, which is also found a great relief in cutaneous eruptions, and is often used for this purpose by the missionary, with success. They occasionally stain the nails of the fingers and toes with a scarlet pigment. Bathing is a daily habit of all who live in the vicinity of convenient water. I was often reminded, while sitting in their houses in the dusk of the evening, of our Saviour's remark (John xiii. 10), "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." The men, having finished their labour, bathe, and clean themselves at the river, or tank; but walking up with wet feet defiles them again, so that they cannot with propriety come and take their place on the mat or bed. Taking up some water, therefore, in a cocoa-nut dipper, out of a large jar which stands at the door of every house, they easily rinse their feet as they stand on the step, and "are clean every whit."

All ranks are exceedingly fond of flowers, and display great taste in arranging them on all public occasions. The pagodas receive daily offerings of these in great quantity, and a lady in full dress throws festoons of them around her hair. Dressy men, on special occasions, put a few into the holes in their ears.

In all Burman pictures, it is observable that the arm, when used to prop the body, is curved the wrong

way. This arises from the frequency of such a posture to persons who sit on the floor with their feet at their side, and from the great flexibility of the joints of orientals. It is deemed a beauty in proportion to its degree of flexure. I found the same fashion prevailing in Siam. The stories, in some books, of their dislocating their elbow at pleasure, and even putting up the hair, &c., with the joints reversed, are absurd.

The mode of kissing is curious, though natural. Instead of a slight touch of the lips, as with us, they apply the mouth and nose closely to the person's cheek, and draw in the breath strongly, as if smelling a delightful perfume. Hence, instead of saying, "Give me a kiss," they say, "Give me a smell." There is no word in the language which translates our word *kiss*.

Children are carried, not in the arms, as with us, but astride the hip, as is the custom in other parts of India. The cradle of an infant is an oblong basket, without rockers, suspended from the rafters. The least impulse sets it swinging; and the child is thus kept cool and unannoyed by the flies.

The custom of blacking the teeth is almost universal. It is generally done about the age of puberty. The person first chews alum or sour vegetables several hours, after which a mixture of oil, lamp-black, and perhaps other ingredients, is applied with a hot iron. When done by the regular professors of the art, it is indelible. At the metropolis, the practice is getting into disrepute, and still more so in the British provinces; and as intercourse with foreigners increases, the practice may become obsolete. Whenever I asked the reason of this custom, the only answer was, "What! should we have white teeth, like a dog or a monkey?"

Almost every one, male or female, chews the singular mixture called *coon*, and the lackered or gilded box containing the ingredients is borne about on all occasions. The quid consists of a slice of areca-nut, a small piece of cutch, and some tobacco rolled up in a leaf of betel pepper, on which has been smeared a little tempered quicklime. It creates profuse saliva, and so fills up the mouth that they seem to be chewing food. It colours the mouth deep red; and the teeth, if not previously blackened, assume the same colour. It is rather expensive, and is not taken very often through the day. Smoking tobacco is still more prevalent among both sexes, and is commenced by children almost as soon as they are weaned. I have seen little creatures of two or three years, stark naked, tottering about with a lighted cigar in their mouth. It is not uncommon for them to become smokers even before they are weaned, the mother often taking the cheroot from her mouth and putting it into that of the infant! Such universal smoking and chewing makes a spittoon necessary to cleanly persons. It is generally made of brass, in the shape of a vase, and quite handsome. Hookas are not used, and pipes are uncommon. The cheroot is seldom wholly made of tobacco. The wrapper is the leaf of the then-nat tree; fragrant wood rasped fine, the dried root of the tobacco and some of the proper leaf, make the contents.

Men are universally tattooed on the thighs and lower part of the body. The operation is commenced in patches, at the age of eight or ten years, and continued till the whole is finished. The intended figures, such as animals, birds, demons, &c., are traced with lamp-black and oil, and pricked in with a pointed instrument. Frequently the figures are only lines, curves, &c., with an occasional cabalistic word. The process is not only painful but expensive. The tattooing of as much surface as may be covered by "six fingers," costs a quarter of a tical when performed by an ordinary artist; but when by one of superior qualifications, the charge is higher. Not to be thus tattooed, is considered as a mark of effeminacy. The practice originates not only from its being considered ornamental, but a charm against casualties. Those who aspire to more eminent decoration have another tattooing with a red pigment, done in small squares upon the breast and arms.

A few individuals, especially among those who have

made arms a profession, insert under the skin of the arm, just below the shoulder, small pieces of gold, copper, or iron, and sometimes diamonds or pearls. One of the converts at Ava, formerly a colonel in the Burman army, had ten or twelve of these in his arm, several of which he allowed me to extract. They are thin plates of gold, with a charm written upon them, and then rolled up.

The upper classes sleep on bedsteads, with a thin mattress or mat, but most people sleep on the floor. Some have a thick cotton cloth to wrap themselves in at night, but the majority use only the clothes worn in the day. Sheets are not thought of by any class: even Europeans prefer to have their mattresses enclosed in the fine mats of the country, and sleep in suitable dresses.

Respectable people are always attended in the streets by a few followers, sometimes by quite a crowd. A petty officer of middling rank appears with six or eight: one carries a pipe, another a coon-box, another a water-goblet, with the cup turned upside down on the mouth, another a spittoon, another a memorandum book, &c. All classes use umbrellas when walking abroad. Peasants and labourers, when at work, generally wear hats two or three feet in diameter, made of light bark.

It is scarcely safe for travellers to attempt to portray national character. Calm and prolonged intercourse, at every place, with men long on the ground, and daily contact with natives, merchants, civilians, soldiers, and missionaries, gave me, however, opportunities for forming opinions such as fall to the lot of few.

The Burman character differs, in many points, from that of the Hindus, and other East Indians. They are more lively, active, and industrious, and though fond of repose, are seldom idle when there is an inducement for exertion. When such inducement offers, they exhibit not only great strength; but courage and perseverance, and often accomplish what we should think scarcely possible. But these valuable traits are rendered nearly useless, by the want of a higher grade of civilisation. The poorest classes, furnished by a happy climate with all necessaries, at the price of only occasional labour, and the few who are above that necessity, find no proper pursuits to fill up their leisure. Books are too scarce to enable them to improve by reading, and games grow wearisome. No one can indulge pride or taste in the display, or scarcely in the use, of wealth. By improving his lands or houses beyond his neighbours, a man exposes himself to extortion, and perhaps personal danger. The pleasures, and even the follies, of refined society, call forth talents, diffuse wealth, and stimulate business; but here are no such excitements. Folly and sensuality find gratification almost without effort, and without expenditure. Sloth, then, must be the repose of the poor, and the business of the rich. From this they resort to the chase, the seine, or the athletic game; and from those relapse to quiescent indulgence. Thus life is wasted in the profitless alternation of sensual ease, rude drudgery, and active sport. No elements exist for the improvement of posterity, and successive generations pass, like the crops upon their fields. Were there but a disposition to improve the mind, and distribute benefits, what majesty of piety might we not hope to see in a country so favoured with the means of subsistence, and so cheap in its modes of living! Instead of the many objects of an American's ambition, and the unceasing anxiety to amass property, the Burman sets a limit to his desires, and when that is reached, gives himself to repose and enjoyment. Instead of wearing himself out in endeavours to equal or surpass his neighbour in dress, food, furniture, or house, he easily attains the customary standard, beyond which he seldom desires to go.

When strangers come to their houses, they are hospitable and courteous; and a man may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without money, feeding and lodging as well as the people. But otherwise they have little idea of aiding their neighbour. If a boat or a waggon, &c., get into difficulty, no one stirs to assist,

unless requested. The accommodation of strangers and travellers is particularly provided for by *suyats* or caravansaries, built in every village, and often found insulated on the highway. These serve at once for taverns, town-houses, and churches. Here travellers take up their abode even for weeks, if they choose; here public business is transacted, and here, if a pagoda be near, worship is performed. They are always as well built as the best houses, and often are amongst the most splendid structures in the kingdom. Though they furnish, however, no accommodations but a shelter, the traveller procures at the bazaar all he finds necessary, or receives, with the utmost promptitude, a full supply from the families around. A missionary may travel from one end of the country to the other, and receive, wherever he stops, all that the family can offer.

Temperance is universal. The use of all wine, spirits, opium, &c., is not only strictly forbidden, both by religion and the civil law, but is entirely against public opinion. I have seen thousands together for hours, on public occasions, rejoicing in all ardour, without observing an act of violence or a case of intoxication. During a residence of seven months among them, I never saw but one intoxicated; though the example, alas! is not wanting on the part of foreigners. It is greatly to be deplored that foreigners, particularly Moguls and Jews, tempt their boatmen and labourers to drink ardent spirits, and have taught a few to hanker after it.

During my whole residence in the country, I never saw an immodest act or gesture in man or woman. The female dress certainly shocks a foreigner by revealing so much of the person; but no women could behave more decorously in regard to dress. I have seen hundreds bathe without witnessing an immodest or even careless act, though, as in the case of woman's dress, the exposure of so much of the person would, with us, be deemed immodest. Even when men go into the water by themselves, they keep on their pisso. As to general chastity, my informants differed so greatly that I cannot speak. It is certain, that among the native Christians there has been much trouble produced by the lax morality which prevails in this respect among married people.

Children are treated with great kindness, not only by the mother, but the father, who when unemployed takes the young child in his arms, and seems pleased to attend to it, while the mother cleans her rice, or perhaps sits unemployed by his side. In this regard of the father, girls are not made secondary, though, as with us, boys are often more valued. I have as often seen fathers carrying about and caressing female infants as male. Infanticide, except in very rare cases by unmarried females, is utterly unknown. A widow with children, girls or boys, is much more likely to be sought again in marriage than if she had none. The want of them, on a first marriage, is one of the most frequent causes of polygamy.

Children are almost as reverent to parents as among the Chinese. They continue to be greatly controlled by them, even to middle life; and the aged, when sick, are maintained with great care and tenderness. Old people are always treated with marked deference, and in all assemblies occupy the best seats among those of their own rank.

They are called an inquisitive people, and may be more so than other orientals, but I saw no particular evidence of it. Perhaps much of what travellers call inquisitiveness is no more than the common form of salutation. Instead of "How do you do?" their phrase is, "Where are you going?" They certainly seem fond of news, but not less fond of their own old customs, to which they cling with great tenacity.

Gravity and reserve are habitual amongst all classes; caused probably by the despotic character of the government and the insecurity of every enjoyment. Men are seldom betrayed into anger, and still less seldom come to blows. The women are more easily provoked, and vent their spleen with the most frantic violence of voice and gesture, but do not strike. Both sexes utter in

their quarrels, in default of profane oaths, of which their language is happily destitute, such obscene expressions as can scarcely be conceived; and not content with applying them to their adversary, they heap them upon his wife, children, and parents. They are certainly far from being irritable, and one daily witnesses incidents, which among us would excite instant strife, pass off without a sign of displeasure.

Gratitude is a virtue of great rarity. They never, on receiving a present or any other favour, make any acknowledgment; nor is there any phrase in the language equivalent to "I thank you." Those who have associated much with Christians, and especially Christians themselves, are exceptions to the general rule. These, and whoever else wish to express thankfulness, use the phrase, "I think it a favour," or "It is a favour." Buddhism necessarily tends to suppress gratitude by keeping up the constant sense of mercenariness. If a man does another a favour, he supposes it to be in order to obtain merit, and seems to feel as though he conferred an obligation by giving the opportunity.

Thieving and pilfering are common, but perhaps not more so than in other countries; and much less so than we might expect, considering the frail and accessible nature of their houses. These crimes, too, are for the most part perpetrated by a few of the basest sort, and cannot be regarded as stamping the character of the nation. The inadequacy of the government to the protection of the people makes it surprising that criminal offences are not more common. Sometimes gangs of robbers circumvent a house, and while some plunder it, others preclude all aid. Boats are very frequently robbed, as the offenders then are not easily traced. Murder not unfrequently accompanies these depredations.

Lying, though strictly forbidden in the sacred books, prevails among all classes. They may be said to be a nation of liars. They never place confidence in the word of each other, and all dealing is done with chicanery and much disputing. Even when detected in a lie, no shame is manifested; and unless put on oath, which a Burman greatly dreads, no reliance whatever can be placed on the word of any man. Of course there are honourable exceptions to this general character, as there are in the other vices.

Never, perhaps, was there a people more offensively proud. From the monarch, who adopts the most grandiloquent titles he can invent, to the pettiest officer, every man seems bloated with self-conceit. Accustomed to conquest under every king since Alompra, and holding all the adjacent tribes in vassalage, they carry themselves in a lordly manner. The meanest citizen seems to feel himself superior to the Peguans, Karens, Tongthoes, &c., around him. Gradations of rank are most minutely and tenaciously maintained, and are signified in every thing. Houses, dress, betel-box, water-goblet, cap, umbrella, horse-equipments, &c., are all adjusted by rule. To ride on an elephant is the privilege only of royalty and high office, though often granted as an indulgence to others. The king alone, and his immediate family, use a white umbrella; the next have them gilded, the next red or fringed, next green, &c. Subdivisions of these grades are marked by the number of umbrellas of each particular colour. Thus one has twenty, another ten, another eight, and so downwards.

The very language in which common actions are mentioned, is made to minister to this nicety. Thus there are three or four ways to speak of every thing, such as eating rice, walking out, sleeping, speaking, dying, one of which is always used of the king, another of priests, another of rulers, another of common persons. It would be an insult to use a lower phrase than the person is strictly entitled to, though a higher one is sometimes used as a sign of special respect. The same difference is made in the words for walking abroad, and many more.

This laughtiness is manifested as grossly to foreign ambassadors as is done in China. They are treated as supplicants and tribute-bearers. It has generally been

contrived to have them presented on the great "beg-pardon day," which occurs once in three months, when the nobles are allowed an audience with the king, and lay at his feet costly presents.

Both their religion and government contribute to this pride. Holding it as certain that they have passed through infinite transmigrations, they are sure they must have been highly meritorious in former states of existence to entitle them to be human beings, who are but little lower than Nats, and stand the highest possible chance for heaven.

Burmans seem particularly addicted to intrigue and chicanery. The nature of the government tends to this, as will be seen in a subsequent chapter. In dealing with Europeans, they are also tempted to such practices by consciousness of ignorance, and by having often been shamefully overreached. But while evasiveness and subtlety are discernible in all their intercourse with government men and foreigners, those of the same village seem to do business in good faith; and when a ruler or European has established a character for fair and punctual dealing, he is seldom deceived by those in his employ.

That polished suavity of manners which so strikingly characterises Hindus, even of low caste, is wholly wanting among the Burmans. They have nothing which resembles a bow, or the shaking of hands. When one is leaving a house, he merely says, "I am going," and the other replies, "Go." On receiving a gift or a kind office, an acknowledgement is scarcely ever uttered or expected. When great reverence is intended, the palms of the hands are put together, and thus raised to the forehead, adoringly, as in worship; but this, of course, rarely occurs, except in addressing superiors, and is then never omitted.

In general they are uncleanly. Some regard, to be sure, ought to be had to the light fabrics they wear. If we wore a white jacket as long as we do one of black bombazine, it would look filthy enough. Yet it is not more clean. Burmans are fond of appearing neat, and the better classes, when seen abroad, are generally very tidy. But their skin, their hair, and their houses, are decidedly slovenly. Persons are always seen bathing at the river or public wells, but the proportion to the whole population is very small. Very little is accomplished towards removing the filth from their bodies by their daily ablutions, as they seldom use soap, and their skin is generally more or less moistened with oil. Few are without vermin in their heads, and washing common clothes is done only at very distant intervals.

This brief delineation of character may serve to show how distorted and partial are the views which mere theorists take of heathen society. Formerly, it was the fashion to ascribe the greatest purity and dignity to an uncivilised and primitive state of manners, and to expatiate on the crimes, follies, and effeminacy, of more artificial and polished communities. More recently, it has been the fashion to consider all who have not received our customs, and our religion, as sunk in degradation, devoid of every moral and natural excellence, and destitute of every species of human happiness. The truth, as to Burnmah at least, lies between these extremes.

Women probably have their place assigned them as correctly in Burnmah as in any other nation. Their intercourse is open and unrestricted, not only with their countrymen but with foreigners. The universal custom is to give them the custody of their husbands' cash; and by them is done the chief part of all buying and selling, both in shops and in the bazaar. They clean rice, bring water, weave, and cook; occasionally assisting in the management of a boat or the labours of the field. But hard work, of all kinds, the universal custom assigns to men. They are by no means denied education, nor is any impediment placed in the way of their attaining it; but the monastic character of the schools prevents admission there. Private schools for girls are not uncommon in large places. Females of the higher classes do not contemn industry, and affect

the languid listlessness of some orientals. They furnish their servants with useful employment, over which they preside with attention. A British ambassador, when formally presented to the mother of the queen, observed in one of the galleries three or four looms at work, operated by the maidens of her household. Such a fact reminds us of the occupations of Greek ladies, as intimated in the advice Telemachus gives Penelope, in Homer's *Odyssey* :—

"Retire, oh queen! thy household task resume;
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom.
There rule, from public care remote and free:
That care to man belongs."

Burmans cherish none of those apprehensions respecting surplus population, which dishonour some countries in Europe. Like the Chinese, they deem the increase of subjects the glory and strength of the throne. Hence their readiness to have foreigners marry Burman women. Hence, too, they are not allowed to leave the kingdom, nor are the female progeny of mixed marriages. Every ship is searched before leaving the country, and heavy penalties would be incurred by the attempt to smuggle away any female.

Marriages are not often contracted before puberty, and are consummated without the sanction of priests or magistrates. Parents do not make matches for children; and every youth looks out his own companion. As in more civilised countries, however, this reasonable boon is denied the children of royal blood. Among common people, when a young man has made his choice, he declares himself to the mother, or some friendly matron; and if there be no objection, he is permitted to frequent the house, and something like a regular courtship takes place. He continues his intimacy till all parties are agreed, when he is admitted to eat with the daughter, and sleep at the house. He is then her husband, and the neighbours gradually ascertain the fact. The ratification of marriage consists in eating out of the same dish. Whenever this is seen, marriage is inferred: indeed, if it can be proved, they are married, and must live as husband and wife. After marriage, the young man must reside with his wife's parents three years, three months, and three days, serving them as a son. If he choose not to do this, and the bride be willing to leave her parents' home, he must pay them sixty ticals; and if, at a subsequent stage of his domestication, he choose to depart, he pays such a proportion as can be agreed on.

Among the higher classes, marriages are more ceremonious. On the wedding day, the bridegroom sends to his intended suits of apparel and jewellery. Mutual friends assemble with him at the house of the bride, where a liberal entertainment is given. The hands of the couple are solemnly joined, in the presence of the company, and they partake out of the same dish a little pickled tea.

Polygamy is authorised by law, but is exceedingly rare, except among the highest classes. The original wife generally retains pre-eminence, and the others perform subordinate duties in the house, and attend her when she goes abroad.

Divorces are shockingly common. If both parties agree on the measure, they have only to go before a magistrate, and declare their desire, when he grants the separation, without any further ceremony than requiring them to eat pickled tea before him, as was done at their marriage. If one party seek to put away the other, more trouble and expense is requisite. A process of law must be commenced, and a regular trial had. It is therefore seldom attempted. Women may put away their husbands in the same manner, and with the same facilities, as husbands put away wives. Each party, in all divorces, is at liberty to marry again. According to the written law, when a man and wife separate by mutual consent, the household goods are equally divided, the father taking the sons, and the mother the daughters.

Instead of the expensive mode of putting away a

husband or wife which common law furnishes, a much easier is often resorted to with complete success. The parties aggrieved merely turn priests, or nuns; and the matrimonial bond is at once dissolved. They may return to secular life at any time, and marry another; but for appearances' sake, this is generally deferred some months.

In the British provinces, considerable effort has been made to check the frequency of divorces, but without much success.

It will be supposed, from the description given of the salubrious climate and simple diet of the Burmans, that diseases are few, and the people generally healthy. Such is the fact. Life is often prolonged to eighty, and even ninety years, though a person is old at sixty. No general pestilence has ever been known but the cholera, which seldom appears, and then in a milder form than in most other countries.

The principal diseases are fever, rheumatism, consumption, and bowel complaints. Consumption is a common mode by which old persons are carried off, but it attacks youth comparatively seldom. Intermit- tent fevers are scarcely known, but remittent and continued types are very common. The stone and scrofula are almost unknown, but dropsy, and asthma, and hernia, are not uncommon. The small-pox comes round occasionally, and carries off great numbers, especially children. Inoculation has been a good deal resorted to, since the English war; but though great efforts have been made, for twenty years, to introduce vaccination, it has not succeeded. Matter has been brought from Bengal, Madras, England, France, and America, put up in every possible mode, but in vain. Fifteen or twenty healthy persons, in the full course of cow-pox, were sent to Maulmain, a few years since, at the expense of the East India Company, from whom many were vaccinated, but only a few successfully; and from those it could not be propagated again. Leprosy, in several forms, is seen at the great cities, where its victims collect in a separate quarter, and live chiefly by begging—the only beggars in the country. The general form is that which attacks the smaller joints. I saw many who had lost all the fingers and toes, and some both hands and feet. In some cases, the nose also disappears. It does not seem much to shorten life, and is not very painful, except in its first stages. Those with whom I conversed declared that they had not felt any pain for years. In many cases, it ceases to increase after a time; the stumps of the limbs heal, and the disease is in fact cured. I could not hear of any effectual remedy: it seems in these cases to stop of itself. It can scarcely be considered contagious, though instances are sometimes given to prove it so. Persons suffering under it, are by law separated entirely from other society; but their families generally retire with them, mingling and cohabiting for life. The majority of the children are sound and healthy, but it is said frequently to reappear in the second or third generation. Lepers, and those who consort with them, are compelled to wear a conspicuous and peculiar hat, made like a shallow, conical basket. The children, whether leprous or not, are allowed to intermarry only with their own class.

Cutaneous diseases are common, arising, doubtless, partly from general want of cleanliness, and partly from the frequent checks which perspiration must receive, where so little clothing is worn by day or night. It is thought by the natives that these diseases arise from the habitual and free consumption of fish. The itch is very common. I have seen neighbourhoods where almost every individual was affected. A sort of tetter, or whitish spots, spreading over parts of the body, is exceedingly common, but does not seem to affect the general health. It is of two kinds; one, in which the spots retain sensitiveness, and another, in which they are entirely insensible. The natives regard the latter kind as indicating approaching leprosy.

Ophthalmia is common. Besides the brilliancy of a

tropical sun, from which their light turban in no degree defends the eyes, it is probable that the general practice of keeping new-born infants in rooms but little darkened, and taking them into the open day, may have a tendency to produce this. I never saw a Burman squint. *Lues venerea* is much more rare than with us, and generally wears a milder form. There are, occasionally, some horrible cases. Of the *goutte*, said to be common in the Indian Ocean, I never saw a case; nor had any person of whom I inquired.

Among children, worms seem to produce the most frequent and fatal diseases, probably owing to the want of animal food, and the unrestricted use of vegetables and fruits, ripe and unripe. Teething is far less hazardous than with us, and is rarely fatal. The natives scarcely think of ascribing any bad symptoms to the process of dentition.

There are many medical men, but few who are respectable in their profession. As a body, they are the worst of quacks. They are divided into two schools. One is called *Dai*, literally "element." These give no medicine, but operate wholly by regulating the diet. They are in general the most respectable class, and in many cases succeed very well, particularly in fevers, where they allow an unlimited quantity of acidulated drink, particularly tamarind water. The other class is called *Say*, literally "medicine." These go to the opposite extremes, giving enormous doses of the most heterogeneous substances. They sometimes boast that a particular pill is made up of forty, fifty, or sixty ingredients, deeming the prospect of hitting the cure to be in proportion to the number. The medicines are generally of a heating kind, even in fevers. In all the bazaars are stalls of apothecaries, who display a most unimaginable assortment of roots and barks, pods and seeds. I have seen English walnut-shells exhibited prominently; indeed, whatever is astringent, is carefully saved. Mercury and arsenic have long been in use, and are, in general, given with discretion; but nearly all their remedies are drawn from the vegetable kingdom.

Both classes of doctors, occasionally, add conjuring and charms to their other practices, and many medicines are vended to neutralise the effects of these dreaded mysteries. As to anatomy, they know nothing. They indeed make pretensions to this science, and have books upon it; but the sum of their knowledge is, that the human body has 360 bones, 900 veins, 900 muscles, discharges impurities by 9 apertures! &c. Dissection is never thought of.

A favourite treatment, particularly for local pains, is *hit-king*—a practice similar to the champooing of the Hindus, but sometimes performed more roughly. For ordinary pains, the limbs and body are gently squeezed with the hands, or pressed and kneaded. For sharper pains, the elbow is employed, and for extreme cases, operation is performed by standing on the patient with naked feet, and carefully moving about on the part affected. I found the gentler plan a great relief for pain in the bowels, or rheumatism, and exceedingly refreshing after great fatigue. It often proved a delightful soporific, when nothing else would enable me to sleep.

The treatment of small-pox is very like that formerly practised in this country. The air is carefully excluded by curtains, and little or no medicine is given. The skin is occasionally washed with spirits, or the patient bathes in water. The latter plan seems eminently hazardous, but missionaries have not only bathed daily in cold water in every stage of the pustules, with safety, but found it a delightful relief.

The profession of midwifery is confined wholly to women, and it is exceedingly rare that any difficulty occurs. Their practice, however, seems very barbarous. It consists chiefly in champooing the patient, and frequently with the most revolting violence. After delivery, she is roasted before a hot fire for several days, while fresh air is carefully excluded from the apartment. If any difficulty afterwards occurs, it is

attributed to her not having been sufficiently sweated. This roasting exceeds in severity any thing which we should think endurable. The amount of wood allowed for this purpose would suffice the family, in ordinary times, for months.

Funerals are conducted with many demonstrations of grief on the part of immediate relations, or hired mourners. No sooner is a person dead than the nearest female relatives set up loud lamentations, talking the while, so as to be heard far and near. The house is soon filled with the friends of the family, who suffer the relations to vent their grief, while they assume all the necessary cares and arrangements. The body is washed in warm water, and laid out upon a mat or couch, in good clothing, generally white, which is the mourning colour. A coffin is prepared, ornamented more or less, according to station, in which the corpse remains several days, when it is carried in procession to the place of the dead, and there burned, with the coffin. Sometimes the place of the viscera, and parts of the coffin and funeral car, are stuffed with gunpowder, so that, when the conflagration reaches a certain point, the deceased is *blown up* to the Nats!—exploded into heaven! The charges are borne by the friends, who bring to the house money and gifts, amounting sometimes to a considerable surplus. The principal expenses are the customary donatives to priests, who benefit largely on these occasions; but the funeral cars are often costly, and it is usual to give alms to the poor.

Infants are carried to the grave in their basket cradle, suspended from a pole between men's shoulders, with a neat canopy of fringes, drapery, &c. The mother, instead of being dressed up for the occasion, follows weeping, clad in the common and soiled raiment, worn during her maternal assiduities around the bed of death. They are not burned, but buried; and the cradle, placed upside down on the grave, preserves for a while the identity of the spot, in an appropriate and touching manner. All are buried, without burning, who are under fifteen years of age, or die of small-pox, or in child-birth, or are drowned.

When a rich man dies, the body is cleaned of the internal viscera, and the fluids squeezed as much as possible from the flesh. Honey and spices are then introduced, and the body, encased in bees'-wax, remains in the house sometimes for months. When the time for burning arrives, the town wears the appearance of a holiday. Musicians are hired, relations are feasted, and throngs of people attend in their best clothes. The body, when brought out, is placed on a sort of triumphal car, some resisting, and others propelling, with such earnestness and confusion, that the coffin seems in danger of being dropped between the house and the car. One party cries, "We will bury our dead!" the other vociferates, "You shall not take away my friend!" When placed in the car, the same struggle is renewed, and two or three days are spent in this manner; the people manifesting all the jollity of a festival. It is, of course, understood that the resistance must not be serious, and the party who carry out the body ultimately succeed. The rest of the ceremony resembles the funeral of a priest, described in a subsequent chapter. Sometimes the body is carried round about, that the ghost may not find its way back to the house. The remains of great personages, after burning, are collected in small urns of glass, ivory, gold, or silver, and preserved in the family. Persons dying of cholera, which is deemed infectious, are not burned, but must be buried the same day.

The following account of the burning of an At-wen-woon's wife, from Crawford,* gives a very satisfactory idea of a court funeral, which I had no opportunity of seeing.

"The insignia of the At-wen-woon were borne in front; then came presents for the priests, and alms to be distributed amongst the beggars, consisting of sugar-

* Journal of an Embassy to the Court of Ava.

cabe, bananas, and other fruits, with garments. An elephant, on which was mounted an ill-looking fellow, dressed in red, followed these. The man in red had in his hands a box, intended to carry away the bones and ashes of the deceased. This, it seems, is an ignominious office, performed by a criminal, who is pardoned for his services. Even the elephant is thought to be contaminated by being thus employed, and for this reason an old or maimed one is selected, which is afterwards turned loose into the forest. A band of music followed the elephant; after which came a long line of priestesses, or nuns, all old and infirm; then came ten or twelve young women, attendants of the deceased, dressed in white, and carrying her insignia. The state palanquins of the deceased and her husband; the bier; the female relations of the family, carried in small litters, covered with white cloths; the husband's male relations on foot, dressed in white, followed in order. The queen's aunt, the wives of the Woon-gyee, the At-wen-woon's, and Woon-daiks, with other females of distinction, closed the procession.

The body was conveyed to a broad and elevated brick terrace, where it was to be burnt. We assembled on this to see the ceremonies to be performed. The coffin, which was very splendid, was stripped of the large gold plates with which it was ornamented; and the class of persons whose business it is to burn the bodies of the dead, were seen busy in preparing the materials of the funeral pile. This is a class hereditarily degraded, living in villages apart from the rest of the inhabitants, and held to be so impure that the rest of the people never intermarry with them. By the common people they are called *Thula-raja*, the etymology of which is uncertain; but their proper name is *Chandala*, pronounced by the Burmans *Sandala*. This is obviously the Sanscrit name of the Hindoo outcasts. The Chandalas, united with the lepers, beggars, and coffin-makers, are under the authority of a wun, or governor; hence called *Le-so-wun*, or 'governor of the four jurisdictions.' He is also occasionally called *A'-rwat-wun*, which may be translated, 'governor of the incurables.' This person is by no means himself one of the outcasts, but, on the contrary, a dignitary of the state. Like all other public functionaries, he has no avowed salary, but draws his subsistence from the narrow resources of the degraded classes whom he rules. Their villages are assessed by him in the usual manner; and being invested with the administration of justice over these outcasts, he draws the usual perquisites from this resource. A considerable source of profit to him also is the extortion practised upon the more respectable part of the community. The scar of an old sore or wound will often be sufficient pretext to extort money from the individual marked with it, to enable him to escape from being driven from society. If a wealthy individual have a son or daughter suffering from leprosy, or a disease which may be mistaken for it, he will have to pay dearly to avoid being expelled, with his whole family, from the city. The Chandalas, or burners of the dead, were represented to me as having originated in criminals condemned to death, but having their punishment commuted. They differ from the *Taong-m'hu* in this—that the punishment of the former descends to their posterity, whereas that of the latter is confined to the individual.

In a short time, the mourners, consisting of the female relations and servants of the deceased, sat down at the foot of the coffin, and began to weep and utter loud lamentations. Their grief, however, was perfectly under control; for they ceased, as if by word of command, when the religious part of the ceremony commenced. It sometimes happens that, when the families of the deceased have few servants or relations, hired mourners are employed for the occasion. The first part of the office of the burners was to open the coffin, turn the body prone, bend back the lower limbs, place six gilded billets of wood under its sides, and four over it. The rahans, or priests, had hitherto neither joined the procession nor taken any share in the funeral rites,

but were assembled in great numbers under a shed at no great distance. The high-priest, or *Sare d'han*, and another priest, now came forward, and, along with the husband, took in their hands the end of a web of white cloth, of which the other was affixed to the head of the coffin. They sat down, and the friends and principal officers of government joined them. The priest, followed by the assembly, with their hands joined, muttered the following prayer or creed, namely: 'We worship Boodh'; 'We worship his law'; 'We worship his priests'; and then repeated the five commandments—'Do not kill'; 'Do not steal'; 'Do not commit adultery'; 'Do not lie'; 'Do not drink wine.' The husband poured water upon the cloth from a cocoa-nut shell, pronouncing, after the priest, these words: 'Let the deceased, and all present, partake of the merit of the ceremonies now performing.' The assembly pronounced the words, 'We partake,' or, 'We accept.' The pouring of water upon the ground is considered by the Burmans the most solemn vow. It is as if it were calling the earth to witness, or rather the guardian Nat, or tutelary spirit of the place, who, it is supposed, will hold the vow in remembrance, should men forget it. Two other priests followed the first, repeating the same, or similar prayers and ceremonies. After this, the company retired to some distance, and fire was set to the funeral pile. Notwithstanding the pomp and parade of this ceremony, it was, upon the whole, not solemn, and indeed, in all respects, scarcely even decorous. The persons not immediately concerned in the performance of the funeral rites, laughed and talked as at a common meeting; and the solemnity of the occasion seemed to affect no one beyond the husband, the son, and the female relations."

Among the chief amusements are the drama, dancing, tumbling, music, athletic feats, and chess. The first four of these, as with other nations, are generally connected in one exhibition. The dramatic representations are rather respectable; though the best performers are generally Siamese, who, in these matters, are said to excel all others in India. The performances are always open to the public, generally under a temporary canopy, extended over the street; and in passing, I sometimes stopped a few moments, but not long enough to understand the plot. The dresses are modest, but showy, and apparently expensive. Symmes pronounces the dialogue to be "spirited, without rant, and the acting animated, without being extravagant."

Clowns, harlequins, and buffoons, whose performances are not different from our own, fill up the intervals between the acts. Theatres are not established at any appropriate building. The actors are always perambulatory, and perform at the sole expense of persons giving an entertainment.

The dancing is the reverse of ours; being performed with very slow and stately movements, and less with the feet than with other parts of the body. The dancer walks round the stage, extending his arms, and placing himself in every possible attitude. The head, arms, back, wrists, knees, and ankles, are strained this way and that, keeping time to loud music. No figures or combinations are attempted, but each dancer makes gesticulations, according to his own ideas of gracefulness. Males and females do not dance together; indeed, there are scarcely any female dancers, the men assuming female costume for the occasion. Their long hair, done up *à la femme*, makes the deception so complete, that strangers are confident they are females. The English practice of dancing, *one's self*, for amusement, is quite astonishing in all parts of India. The effort seems downright drudgery, and the more absurd as they can have it done for them better, and yet so cheap, by those whose profession it is! I have often been watched with astonishment while walking backward and forward on the shore, when my boat was moored for the night. They are amazed that a man who might sit, should choose to walk, or that, if able to lie down, he should choose to sit.

The boxing differs little from similar abominations in England, except in being conducted with far less barbarity. The first appearance of blood terminates a contest.

Cock-fighting is very prevalent in some parts of the country. The fowls are of extraordinary courage, and the spurs are armed with gaffes. Engagements of this kind may be seen daily in the streets.

Foot-ball is very common, and played with great skill. The ball is a hollow sphere, of split *ratan*, from six to ten inches in diameter, which, being perfectly light, is thrown high in air at each stroke. The object is to keep it aloft. It is struck not only with the instep, but with the head, shoulder, knee, elbow, heel, or sole of the foot, with almost unerring precision. This is certainly a remarkable amusement for sedentary orientals, and seems to be derived from the active Chinese, whom I have seen at this game in several other parts of the east.

Chess is common, especially among the better classes. It is in some sort sanctioned by the sacred books; at least, instances are there recorded of celestial personages having played at the game. The board is like ours; but instead of a queen, they have a prime minister, whose moves are more restricted.

All games of chance are strictly forbidden by their religion, and may be said to be generally avoided. Several such games are, however, in use. One of these is played with cowries thrown into a bowl, and seems to be the same practised by schoolboys in America, called *props*. It prevails extensively, and the jingling of the shells may often be heard all night. I several times saw dominoes played. Card-playing is by no means unknown, though less general than many other games. The card is about the size of ours, but the pack is more numerous and more beautiful. I had one offered me for sale for about twenty dollars, which had elaborate paintings on every card.

The people may be said to be addicted to music, though few are skillful in producing it. The common street music is horrible; but among the great men I found several performers, who showed not only great skill but genuine taste. It is remarkable that all their tunes are on a minor and plaintive key, abounding in semitones and slurs.

Their variety of instruments is not large, and, I think, are all specified in the following enumeration:—

The *Moung*, or gong, is a sort of bell, shaped like that of a clock, or a shallow wooden bowl with the edge turned in, composed of tin, bismuth, and copper. It is evidently borrowed from the Chinese, though made by themselves. It is of various sizes, from a diameter of three or four inches to that of twenty or thirty. It is struck with a mallet covered with rags or leather, and produces a deep, solemn tone, not unpleasant.

The *Pan-ma-gyee*, or drum, is not unlike our great hand-drum, but much heavier, being made, as all their drums are, of solid wood excavated. The parchment is stretched by the same arrangement.

The *Tsing*, or *S'hing*, or *Boundaw*, is a collection of small drums, suspended round the inside of a richly carved frame of wood, about three feet high. They regularly diminish in size from that of a two-gallon measure to that of a pint. The player sits within the circle, and with his hands produces a rude tune or accompaniment. Drum-sticks are not often used. In the full band the boundaw is never omitted.

The *Megoun*, or *Me-kyoung*, is a guitar, in the shape of a crocodile, with the strings extending from shoulder to tail, supported by a bridge in the centre, and played with the fingers.

The *Soung* is a harp, and resembles that used in Wales, but much smaller, and less perfect. At one end of a hollow base an arm rises with a full curve, to which the strings being fastened, it gives them different lengths. The performer gives semitones by applying the finger of the left hand, occasionally, near the end of a string, which has the effect of shortening it. He per-

forms, however, in general, with both hands. I have heard really delightful music from this instrument. It is of various sizes, from two to four feet long.

The *Tey-ou*, or *Ta-yau*, is a violin, with two or three strings, played with a bow. The belly is sometimes carved out of a solid piece. The tone is far from being pleasant.

The *Kyay-ryng* is a collection of twelve or sixteen small gongs, set either in a square or circular frame, varying in their tones according to a just scale. They are struck with small sticks an inch in diameter and six or seven long, covered with cloth. From this instrument, also, accompanied by the voice, I have heard very sweet music, particularly when performed upon by the Meawade Woongyee at Ava. It is an instrument common to all Farther India, and deserves to be introduced into Europe.

The *Kyay-Kouk*, called by Symmes *Kyengoup*, is a similar instrument, differing only in the form of the frame in which the gongs are fixed.

The *Pa-to-lah* is a row of flat pieces of bamboo, the largest two inches broad, and twelve or fifteen long, placed on horizontal strings, and struck with a little hammer in each hand. It is very ancient, and has doubtless given rise to our instrument resembling it, made of pieces of glass.

The *Pay-loay* is a sort of hautboy. The sound is that of an inferior flute. The mouth-piece is like that of a clarinet.

The *Hueh* is a clarinet without keys, the end opening very wide, like a trumpet. The sound is keen and shrill. It is always in the public bands of music, but I never heard pleasant tones from it.

It is remarkable that Burmans are entirely ignorant of whistling. I have seen them stare intently on a person who did so, and saying to one another, in surprise, "Why! he makes music with his mouth!"

The manufactures of this country are by no means contemptible, and many trades are carried on skilfully, particularly in large cities.

Ship-building, on European models, is conducted on an extensive scale at Rangoon. Colonel Franklin computes that, from 1790 to 1801, 3000 tons were built thus in that city. The cost of such vessels is a third less than at Calcutta, a half less than at Bombay. Native vessels are very numerous, owing to the absence of roads, and the great size and number of the water-courses. These are very ingeniously constructed, and admirably adapted to inland navigation, though utterly unlike any thing seen in this country. Some of them are of two hundred or two hundred and fifty tons burden. The canoes are often large enough to carry eight or nine tons. In excavating these, they do not first remove half the tree, but open only a narrow groove, and, after the excavation, widen it by fire. A single log thus makes a boat seven or eight feet wide. When opened to this extent, it is common to add a board, a foot wide, round the edge.

Good earthenware is made in several parts of the empire, some of which is exported. It consists, for the most part, of water-jars and cooking utensils, of various sizes, generally unglazed. These are said to be the best made in India, and are very cheap. A jar the size of a common dinner-pot costs but about three cents. Some of them are the largest I ever saw, and contain from sixty to one hundred gallons, thick, black, and well

ed. The lamps are of earthenware, about eight inches high, much on the ancient classical model. The wick is the pith of a twig.

They make no porcelain, and indeed need very little, their utensils of turned wood, and their lackered cups and boxes, answering the purpose. Specimens of this lackered ware have been sent home by many of the missionaries. They are first woven, like a basket, of fine split *ratan*, and rendered water-tight by successive layers of varnish. The figures are scratched on with a sharp style, and coloured by spreading on paint, which

alides in these traces, but is wiped off with a cloth from the smooth surface. Of these boxes, &c., there is a great variety, some large enough to contain a bushel. Those about four inches in diameter, and the same depth, are generally used as coon-boxes. The best of this ware is made by the Shyans.

Jewellery is made at all the principal places, but it is rare that any thing of much taste and beauty is produced in this way. Embossing and filigree work form their chef-d'œuvres; and some specimens which I brought home would do honour even to a Chinese. One of these is a silver box, such as is used for the tempered quicklime in coon; another is a cocoa-nut shell, on which are the twelve signs of the zodiac, according to their names and ideas. I have never seen more beautiful embossing than these present. Gems are beautifully cut and polished.

In gilding they certainly excel; putting on the leaf with great precision, and making it resist dampness. No European picture-frames, though kept with the greatest care, withstand the long and pervasive damp of the rainy season. But these artists make their gilding endure not only in the house, and on the iron tees of pagodas, but even when spread over common mortar on the outside of a building. To give both smoothness and tact, they use nothing but the common thitsay (literally "wood-oil") of the country, which is laid on repeatedly, like successive coats of black paint.

The assayers of precious metals are expert and exact; and as money goes by weight, and is therefore constantly getting out to pieces, and alloyed, these persons are numerous. I saw a couple of them at work in the Rangoon custom-house. A small furnace is set in the earth, urged by a double bellows, made of two large bamboos. From each bamboo a small tube near the bottom conveys the air directly to the fire. The melted metal is cast into cakes, weighing two or three dollars; and thus passes into circulation, to be again cut into pieces as occasion may require.

Cotton and silk goods are made, in sufficient quantity to supply the country. Some of them are fine and beautiful; but in general they are coarse and strong, and always high-priced. In getting the seed from the cotton, they universally use a small and ingenious machine, of which a good idea may be got from the picture. It consists of



Cleaning Cotton.

two small cylinders, in contact, one of which, moved by a crank, turns the other; the cotton is drawn through, and leaves the seed behind. One person cleans thus *ten viss*, or thirty-six pounds per day. About two-thirds of the weight is left in seed. The seeds, sprinkled with oil, are used for torches at festivals, &c., in the open air. The whole process of making cotton and silk goods from the raw material, is managed by women. The spinning-wheel is like ours, only smaller, and without legs, as the people sit on the floor. In preparing the rolls, they have nothing like cards, and after whipping it fine with a furrier's bow, they form the rolls with their fingers.

Their loom differs in no respect that I could discover from our common loom in America, except that for foot-paddles they have rings or stirrups, in which the feet are placed. When figures are to be introduced, however, the mechanism is ingenious, and the labour very tedious. The colours for this purpose are each on a separate bobbin, or shuttle, passed back and forth with the finger, as the weaving advances. In this manner, the stripes have both warp and woof of the same colour, like ribbons put together. Sometimes a more curious process is adopted, which carries the figure aside into other stripes, in a manner which no British loom could imitate. To comb the warp, they use the fruit of the *Sabha*, a strong grass, eight or ten feet high, with jagged, thorny leaves. The fruit is the size of an ostrich egg, having a shell like a young pine

bur. This being removed, leaves a sharp, strong hair, which makes an excellent brush for the purpose.

The process of dyeing is well understood, and the colours beautiful and various; but, probably for want of proper mordants, or from frequent wetting and strong sun, they are apt to be transient. The colours of silks, however, are permanent.

Near Summei-kyoung saltpetre is obtained; and the principal occupation of many of the inhabitants of that region is the manufacture of gunpowder. This is of pretty good quality, but the process of making it I had no opportunity of seeing. In making fire-works, which are liberally used on public occasions, particularly rockets, they display great ingenuity. Some of them are of incredible magnitude. I have seen some from eight to twelve feet long, and four to seven inches in diameter. They are sometimes still larger. Cox declares that when he was at Ava, he saw some made which contained 10,000 pounds of powder each. If such were the fact, which seems impossible, the powder must have been exceedingly weak. Large rockets are made of a log of mahogany, or other tough wood, hollowed out, and well hooped with strong ratans or thongs of raw hide.

Iron ore is smelted in several districts, and forged into implements at all the principal places. But they cannot make steel, and receive that article from England, by way of Bengal. Their chief tool, and one used for all manner of purposes, from the felling of a tree to the paring of a cucumber, is the *dah*. The handle is like that of a cleaver, and the blade like a drawing-knife. It is also a prominent weapon, and when made for this purpose, is somewhat more long and slender.

Brass is compounded and wrought with more skill than is shown in almost any other of their manufactures. A good deal is made in sheets, and wrought into water-vases, drinking-vessels, spittoons, &c. The latter are always of one form, namely, that of a vase with a very wide top.*

In casting bells, Burmah transcends all the rest of India. They are disproportionately thick, but of delightful tone. The raised inscriptions and figures are as beautiful as on any bells I have seen. They do not flare open at the mouth, like a trumpet; but are precisely the shape of old-fashioned globular wine-glasses, or semi-spheroidal. Several in the empire are of enormous size. That at Mengoon, near Ava, weighs, as the prime minister informed me, 88,000 viss—more than 330,000 pounds! It seems almost incredible; but if any of my readers, interested in such matters, will make a computation for themselves, they will find it true. The bell, by actual measurement, is twenty inches thick, twenty feet high, including the ear, and thirteen feet six inches in diameter.* The weight was ascertained by the Burmans, before casting, and its bulk in cubic inches proves them correct. It is suspended a few inches from the ground, and, like their other great bells, is without a tongue. That at Rangoon is not much smaller. It will be recollected that the largest bell in the United States does not exceed 5000 pounds. The Great Tom, at Oxford, in England, is 17,000 pounds, and the famous but useless bell at Moscow is 444,000 pounds.

Gongs are made at or near Ava, but I could not see the process. Kettles, ornaments, images, &c., are nicely cast at the capital.

Two kinds of paper are made by Burmans. One is thin, blackened pasteboard, made of macerated cane, and used for writing upon with a pencil of soap-stone. From this the writing may be removed with a sponge, as from a slate. Sometimes, though rarely, it is made white, and written on with ink. The other is a thin, but very strong paper, rather fine, and used in the manufacture of umbrellas. English and Chinese papers

* A friend, distinguished as a civil engineer, computed the weight, from this measurement, to exceed 500,000 pounds, supposing the bell-metal to consist of three parts copper, and one part tin.

are sold in the bazaars. The umbrellas are framed of bamboo, and covered with glazed paper, and ornamented inside with floss silk, like a rose on a blanket. They cost from twenty-five to fifty cents a-piece, and will last two or three seasons. I saw various manufacturing of them in the upper cities; but the seaboard is chiefly supplied from China, by way of Penang.

Along the coast, salt is made to a considerable extent; but solar evaporation, so far as I could learn, is not resorted to. It is a monopoly of government, and yields a considerable revenue. The process is hasty and imperfect, and so conducted that little or nothing can be done but in the months of February, March, and April. Each manufacturer pays a tax of about forty *ticals*, without reference to the extent of his works. The article, though thus taxed, is but half the price, or less, which it costs, when cheapest, in Bengal, seldom averaging more than fifty cents per bushel.

The manufacture of marble is almost confined, as has been stated, to images of Gaudama. They are made principally at the quarries near Sagaing, a few miles from Ava. The export of these idols is prohibited, but some may be obtained from the Tenasserim provinces.

Glass is not made at all; nor do the habits of the people require it. Good cordage, even to large cables, is made of coir, or coya, the bark of the cocoa-nut tree. Fishing-nets and small cordage are truly beautiful. Sandal-makers are numerous, and their work handsome and durable; but boots and shoes, in our mode, they cannot make. Foreigners, however, find no difficulty in getting them made by Chinese, who live in all the towns, and make almost any thing if the pattern be furnished.

CHAPTER IV.

Government. Orders of Nobility. Grades of Community.
Magistracy. Laws. Division of Property.

THE monarch is absolute. Custom and convenience require him to ask counsel of the nobles touching important matters, but he is not bound to adopt it. Indeed, he often treats his courtly advisers with contempt, and sometimes with violence, even chasing them out of his presence with a drawn sword. On a late occasion, for a very slight offence, he had forty of his highest officers laid on their faces in the public street, before the palace wall, and kept for hours in a broiling sun, with a beam extended across their bodies. He is, however, seldom allowed to know much of passing events, and particularly of the delinquencies of particular officers, who are ever ready to hush up accusations by a bribe to their immediate superior. No office, title, or rank, except that of the king, is hereditary. Promotion is open to all classes.

Next in rank to the royal family are the woon-gyees (from woon, *governor*, and *gyee*, *great*), or public ministers of state. Of these there are commonly four, but sometimes five or six, forming a court or council, which sits daily in the lot-dau. His majesty is sometimes, though rarely, present at the deliberations. Royal acts are issued, not in the king's name, but in that of this council. Causes of every kind may be brought here for decision.

Below these are the woon-douks (from woon, *governor*, and *douk*, *prop*), or assistant woons, who attend at the lot-dau, and express their opinions. They have no right to vote, but may record their dissent. They co-operate in carrying into execution great matters of state policy, and are often exceedingly influential.

Of about the same grade, but rather inferior, are the a-twen-woons (from a-twen, *inside*, and woon, *governor*), of whom there are generally from four to six. These constitute the cabinet, or privy council, and have access to his majesty at all times. They do not act publicly as king's officers, nor sign imperial documents, but are in daily session in a room near the palace. Their influence with the king procures them great respect, and many bribes.

There are six or eight government secretaries, called *sa-redau-gyee* (*great government writers*), whose business is similar to that of the state secretaries. It is not necessary to describe minutely the other grades of officers. They descend in regular progression, down to the head-man of a hamlet, each exercising arbitrary sway over those next beneath.

The life of men in power is divided between idleness, sensuality, intrigue, and oppression. To their superiors they cannot without danger avoid flattery, fawning, and deceit. From inferiors they derive a maintenance by fraud, deceit, bribery, and violence. General knowledge is beyond their reach, for the books of the country do not contain it. The liberality and intelligence gained from intercourse with foreigners is wanting, for this also they do not have. From first to last, they are, with few exceptions, harpies, who seek only their own advantage, and neither love nor pity the people. The country labours under the curse which Jehovah threatens to send upon a wicked people—"Governors who should be like fire among the wood, and like a torch of fire in a sheaf; who should devour all the people round about, on the right hand and on the left."

Orders of nobility are marked by the *tsa-lo-ay*, or gilded necklace. The particular grade is indicated by the number of chains composing it, which are united at different places by bosses. Three strands of common chain-work indicate the lowest rank; three, of more curious construction, the next above; then come those of six, nine, and twelve, which last is the highest for a subject. Chief princes of the blood wear eighteen, and the monarch himself twenty-four.

The community is, by common estimation, divided into eight classes—the royal family, great officers, priests, rich men, labourers, slaves, lepers, and executioners,* and perhaps some others. Even among these are different degrees of respectability. None of the classes constitute an hereditary caste, except lepers and slaves of pagodas. The latter are the most respectable of all outcasts. All, except slaves and outcasts, may aspire to the highest offices, which are frequently filled by persons of low origin.

The legislative, executive, and judicial functions, are not separated, but a measure of power in each is enjoyed by every officer. Hence arise innumerable and shameful abuses. Having no salary, every government man regards his district, or office, as his field of gain, and hesitates at no measures to make it profitable. Most of the rulers keep spies and retainers, who discover who has money, and how it may be got. Accusations of all sorts are invented, and the accused has no way of escape but by a present. Real criminals may almost invariably elude justice by a bribe, if it bear some proportion to the magnitude of the offence. Gangs of robbers frequently practise their trade by the connivance of a ruler who shares their gains. One of the native Christians, who had been in the employ of a ruler before his conversion, assured me, that often, on finding some one who had laid up a little wealth, his master would employ some retainer to place a few goods under the intended victim's house by night, in order to bring against him the charge of theft. In the morning it would be loudly proclaimed that this retainer of the great man had been robbed. A general search would ensue, and the goods being soon detected under the victim's house, the evidence would be declared complete. The wretched man, whose only fault was thrift and saving, would be condemned to some severe punishment, and escape only by paying a fine as great as it was supposed he was able to bear.

It would require greater space than can here be spared, to give any correct conception of the general misrule of men in power. We give one other instance. The late war having introduced into Rangoon and

* Executioners are reprieved felons, dead in law, and marked by a tattooed circle on the cheek, and often by the letters of their crime tattooed in legible letters upon their breast. They are not allowed to sit down in any man's house, and all them is forbidden.

slightly the Bengal coins, the woot-gye engage largely in making four-anna pieces, which were real worth but two. They were soon well known, and on passed for their real value. The incensed great man sent the herald about the city, proclaiming that who ever objected to take them at their nominal value should suffer a specified fine and imprisonment. Business was for a while completely checked, and at length after making some severe examples, he was obliged to let the people return to weighing their money as before.

An absolute monarch being, in fact, proprietor both of his domains and his people, he cannot but see that the number of his subjects, and their prosperity, form his true greatness and honour. Hence, though he may be a bad man, prudence and policy dictate a rule which shall minister to the general good. It seems ever to have been thus in Burmah. The king enacts salutary laws, and views his people with kindness; but sycophants and intriguers pervert his plans, and frustrate his intentions. Around Ava, his personal knowledge and accessibleness to petition through many avenues, check the movements of unprincipled nobles and spread comparative peace and security. Hence the superior populousness of that vicinity. The following account of the system of provincial administration is extracted from "Crawford's Embassy to the Court of Ava;" that gentleman having had, by several months' intercourse with Burman officers, a better opportunity than myself of ascertaining these points. I allow myself to dwell on this topic, as giving the reader an opportunity of judging of the state of the country and degree of civilisation.

"The country is divided into provinces of very unequal size; these into townships, the townships into districts, and the districts into villages and hamlets, of which the number in each is indefinite. The word Myo [Myu] which literally means a fortified town, is applied both to a province and a township, for there is no word to distinguish them. The province is, in fact, an aggregate of townships; and each particular one derives its name from the principal town within its boundary, being the residence of the governor. The district or subdivision of the township, in like manner, takes its name from the principal village within it. This arrangement somewhat resembles that which prevails in China, although much ruder. The governor of a province is called Myo-wun, and is vested with the entire charge of the province, civil, judicial, military, and fiscal. The Myo-wun commonly exercises the power of life and death; but in civil cases, an appeal lies from his authority to the chief council at the capital. All the public business of the province is transacted in an open hall, called a rung, with the epithet *d'hau*, or royal.

The government of the townships is entrusted to an officer, named a Myo-thu-gyi. These words, commonly pronounced by us, and by Mahomedans, Myo-su-gi, may be interpreted 'chief of the township;' for the word 'thu' means *head*, or *head-man*; the others have been explained. The districts and villages are administered by their own chiefs, named Thu-gys; in the latter instance the word 'rua,' pronounced 'yua,' a *village*, or *hamlet*, being prefixed. These are all respectively subordinate to each other.

No public officer under the Burmese government ever receives any fixed money-salary. The principal officers are rewarded by assignments of land, or, more correctly, by an assignment of the labour and industry of a given portion of the inhabitants; and the inferior ones by fees, perquisites, and irregular emoluments, as will be afterwards explained. Extortion and bribery are common to the whole class.

The executive and judicial functions are so much blended in the Burmese form of administration, that the establishments peculiarly belonging to the latter are not very numerous. At the capital there is a judicial officer of high rank, called the *Ta-ra-na-thu-gyi*; the principal administration of justice at the capital, at least, appears in former times to have been conducted by this officer, but he seems now to have been deprived

of the greater part of it by the encroachments of the two executive councils. The inducements to this, of course, were the profits and influence which the members of these bodies derived from the administration of justice. The three towns, with their districts, composing the capital, have each their Myo-wun, or governor, and these are assisted in the municipal administration of their respective jurisdictions by officers named Myo-charé, commonly pronounced Myo-sayé, meaning 'town scribe.' They are in reality, however, a sort of head constables, and well known as such to all strangers, as the busy, corrupt, and mischievous agents of the local authorities. The palace, from its peculiar importance in Burman estimation, has its own distinct governors, no less than four in number, one to each gate; their name, or title, is Wen-m'hu; they have the reputation of having under their authority each a thousand men. In the municipal or provincial courts there is an officer called the Sit Kai, who is a kind of sheriff or principal conservator of the peace, and in imitation of the councils at the capital, an officer named Na-kan-d'hau, who discharges the office of public informer. Most of the Burman officers in the provinces, down to the Rua-thu-gyi, or chief of a village, have assessors of their own nomination, called Kung, who take the drudgery off the hands of their chiefs, leaving the decision to the latter. A Myo, or town, it should be observed, is divided into wards, or Ayats, each of which is under the direction of an inferior police officer, called the Ayat-gaung. The most intelligent and active officers connected with the administration of justice, are the Shenés, or pleaders. These persons are described as being tolerably well acquainted with the law and its forms, and are occasionally useful and industrious. To each court and public officer there are attached a competent number of Na-lains or messengers; and annexed to the principal courts is always to be found the T'haong-m'hu, or executioner, with his band of branded ruffians.

The Myo-thu-gyis and Rua-thu-gyis, or chiefs of townships, districts, and villages, exercise a limited judicial authority within their respective jurisdictions, and are answerable for the conservation of the peace. Appeals, in most instances, lie from their authority to that of the provincial officers. In civil cases, these inferior officers try all causes subject to appeal; but in criminal ones, their authority is limited to inflicting a few strokes of a ratan, and they can neither imprison nor fetter. In all cases of any aggravation, it is their duty to transmit the offender to the T'haong-m'hu, sheriff, or executioner of the provincial town. The authority of the chief of the township was, of course, somewhat more extended than that of the district or village, and it rested with him to hear and decide upon causes where the parties belonged to different districts or villages. When the chiefs of towns or villages failed to produce offenders under accusations, they were made to answer the accusation in their own persons at the provincial courts."

The written code, civil and penal, though severe, is, on the whole, wise and good, but is little better than a dead letter. It is principally derived from the Institutes of Menu. This work, of great celebrity among the Hindus, was translated into English by the late Sir W. Jones. It seems to have been received by the Burmans from Arracan, but at what period is not certain. Their translation is called *Dam-a-that*. Every monarch adds to it, or alters, as may please him, and under some reigns it bears little resemblance to the original. For all practical purposes it is almost a nullity, being never produced or pleaded from in courts. Rulers, from highest to lowest, decide causes according to their own judgment, or, more frequently, according to their interest. As a great part of their income is derived from lawsuits, they generally encourage litigation. They receive bribes unreservedly, in open court, and do not hesitate to accept the gifts of both parties. Their oppressions have scarcely any restraint but the fear of ruining their own interest by carrying matters too far. As

to seeking the good of their country, or the promotion of justice, there appears to be no such thing thought of, except perhaps by the king and a few of those immediately about him.

The form of a judicial oath deserves insertion, as a curiosity. It is as follows:—"I will speak the truth. If I speak not the truth, may it be through the influence of the laws of demerit, namely, passion, anger, folly, pride, false opinion, immodesty, hard-heartedness, and scepticism; so that when I and my relations are on land, land animals, as tigers, elephants, buffaloes, poisonous serpents, scorpions, &c., shall seize, crush, and bite us, so that we shall certainly die. Let the calamities occasioned by fire, water, rulers, thieves, and enemies, oppress and destroy us, till we perish and come to utter destruction. Let us be subject to all the calamities that are within the body, and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, deafness, leprosy, and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunderbolts and lightning, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking truth, may I be taken with vomiting clotted black blood, and suddenly die before the assembled people. When I am going by water, may the aquatic genii assault me, the boat be upset, and the property lost, and may alligators, porpoises, sharks, or other sea-monsters, seize and crush me to death; and when I change worlds, may I not arrive among men or nats, but suffer unmixed punishment and regret, in the utmost wretchedness, among the four states of punishment, Hell, Prita, Beasts, and Alhurakai.

If I speak truth, may I and my relations, through the influence of the ten laws of merit, and on account of the efficacy of truth, be freed from all calamities within and without the body; and may evils which have not yet come, be warded far away. May the ten calamities and the five enemies also be kept far away. May the thunderbolts and lightning, the genii of the waters, and all sea-animals, love me, that I may be safe from them. May my prosperity increase like the rising sun and the waxing moon; and may the seven possessions, the seven laws, the seven merits of the virtuous, be permanent in my person; and when I change worlds, may I not go to the four states of punishment, but attain the happiness of men and nats, and realise merit, reward, and annihilation." A Burman seldom ventures to take the oath, not only from his terror of its imprecations, but from the expense. Captain Alves* states the following to be the charges in a certain case—"Administration of the oath, ten ticals; messenger for holding the book over the head, one tical; other messengers, two ticals; recorders, two ticals; pickled tea used in the ceremony, half a tical."

Trial by ordeal is very seldom used, but is not wholly unknown. It is practised in various ways. Sometimes the parties are made to walk into the water, and whichever can hold out longest under the surface, gains the cause. Sometimes it is by trying which can hold the finger longest in hot water or melted lead. A very common mode of punishment is the stocks, used also as a torture to extract confessions or bribes. The instrument resembles the one which is well known in Europe, only that it is so constructed as to raise the feet from the ground, if desired. The accused is thus raised sometimes till his shoulders or head barely touch the floor. In this painful position, he is glad to pay any demands in order to be lowered again. Burman prisons are so insecure as to make it necessary to resort generally to the stocks or iron fetters.

The following notices of Burman laws are deemed important, as throwing light on the character of the people. The wife and children of an absconding debtor are responsible for his debts; but a woman is not required to pay debts contracted by her husband during a former marriage. If a debtor wish to prosecute his creditor for vexatious endeavours to get his pay, his cause cannot be heard by the judge till the debt is first

paid. Where several persons are securities for a debt, each security is responsible for the whole amount, so that the first one the creditor can lay hold of must liquidate the debt. The property of insolvents must be divided equally, without any preference of creditors. Property proved to be lost in any town, must be made good by a tax on the inhabitants, if the thief be not discovered. A man finding lost silver or gold receives, on restoring, one-sixth; if other property, one-third. The eldest son inherits all the arms, apparel, bed, and jewels, of his father; the remainder of the property is divided equally into four parts, of which the widow takes three, and the other children one between them. If a father give one of his sons a sum of money for the purposes of trade, that son returns the capital, without interest, at the death of the father, to be divided with the rest of the inheritance; but the gains are his own. Before a man's property can be divided, the widow must pay all his debts, and give a portion in alms.

The common punishments are, for minor offences, imprisonment, labour in chains, the stocks, and fines. Then follow flogging, branding, maiming, slavery to pagodas, and death.

Theft is punished by putting the offender in the stocks, where he stays till his friends can raise money enough to appease the great man, besides making restitution. For repeated offences, imprisonment and fetters are added; and the incorrigible, when no longer able to pay fines, are tattooed with a circle on the cheek, or the name of the offence on their breast. Persons thus marked are deprived of all civil rights, that is, become dead in law, and are consigned to the class of executioners.

Capital punishment seldom occurs, and almost exclusively for murder and treason. It is inflicted by beheading, drowning, or crucifixion. The number of executions in the viceroyship of Rangoon is about twenty in a year. Killing a person of the labouring class, in the heat of passion, is punished by a fine of ten slaves, and proportionally up to seventy or 100 slaves, for a person of higher rank. If a man insults another grievously, he must, if able, pay a proper fine; but if very poor, he is to be led through the town with his face smeared with charcoal. A libel is punished by inflicting the same penalty which would have been incurred by the fault unjustly charged upon another. But if the truth of the charge be proved, it is not a libel. Whoever refuses to appear before the judge, loses his cause.

A husband may administer corporal punishment to his wife, for encouraging too great intimacy with other men, neglect of domestic duties, quarrelsomeness, gadding about, meddling too much in the concerns of neighbours, or extravagance. He is first required, however, to admonish her repeatedly in the presence of witnesses. If she still remain incorrigible after a reasonable number of floggings, he may divorce her.

If a man accidentally set fire to a neighbour's house, he is fined one-third the value of his body;* but if he was drunk, or in a violent passion at the time, he must pay the full value of his body. A woman whose husband has gone as a soldier, may marry again if she hear not from him for six years: if he went on business, seven years are required, and if on a religious object, ten. If a woman buy a man and marry him, and afterwards divorce him, he is no longer a slave. If a father sell his child, and afterwards die possessed of property, so much of it as is equal to the price for which the child was sold must be paid to that child, in addition to his share of the inheritance. A slave sent to war and captured, is free if he escape and return. If a master violently beat his slave, his bond debt is reduced one-third. If death ensue, the parents of the slave may claim twice the value of his body; and if there be no parents, that sum is paid to the judge. If a slave abscond from a master known to be cruel, there is no penalty for the person who receives and harbours him. If the master has not been cruel, he may exact full

* Report on Basselin.

* This will generally pay for the house of a common people.

CHAPTER V.

Revenue. Commerce. Currency. Army. Navy. Slavery.
Division of Time. Weights and Measures. Language. Literature. Degree of Civilisation.

value of the slave's services for the time. If a man permit his runaway slave to be maintained by another during a time of scarcity, he cannot afterwards claim him. A master may not seize his runaway in another village, but must notify the head-man, who shall deliver him up. If a stranger harbour a runaway, knowing him to be such, he is punishable as a thief; but if he be a near relation, there is no penalty.

If a man die insolvent, and charitable people choose to defray the expenses of a regular funeral, they are not chargeable with any of his debts; but if they be particular friends, or distant relations, they must pay one-quarter of his debts; and if near relations, one-half. The head-man of a village or district is held responsible for all robberies committed in his jurisdiction, and must make good the loss, with heavy fines, or produce the offenders.

Changing a landmark is punished by a heavy fine. Debts contracted by betting may be recovered from the loser, but not from his family or heirs. A man hurt in wrestling, or other athletic games, cannot recover damages; but if he be killed, the injurer must pay the price of his body. A woman or a child charging a man with bodily injury, may adduce, as evidence, marks of violence on their persons. But if a man charge a woman or a child in the same manner, such marks are not received as proof, but witnesses must be adduced. An empty vehicle must give place, on the road, to one that is loaded, and if loaded men meet, he who has the sun on his back must give way.

The value of the bodies of men and animals is fixed. Thus a new-born male child is four ticals, a female three, a boy ten, a girl seven, a young man thirty, a young woman thirty-five. Of rich persons twice these prices are exacted; and of principal officers still larger sums, rapidly increasing in proportion to rank.

In the provinces held by the East India Company, a salutary change has taken place in the administration of justice, though it is still susceptible of great improvement. The criminal code is nearly like that of Bengal, and the civil is founded on Burman practice, the Dama-that, and the Yesa-that or Raja-that, which last is a collection of decisions and laws made by successive kings. A qualified Burman is connected with every catchery, who explains provincial customs for the information of the magistrate. The only tax on justice is a charge of ten per cent. on the amount of a suit, paid by the plaintiff, but which is not exacted of the very poor. One rupee is paid for a summons, and half a rupee for each subpoena to witnesses; but these also are remitted to the indigent. Professional pleaders are not allowed, but each party manages his own cause, or gets a friend to do it for him. The trial by jury has been partly introduced, and delights the natives. They deem the office of jurymen honourable, and will accept no pay for their services. Changes also have been made in the mode of taxation, which tend to alleviate the condition of the people, though the entire amount assessed is about as before.

Perhaps no country could have a better system for the division of property. The land is all regarded as belonging to the crown; but any one may occupy as much as he pleases, and in any place not already held by another. He has only to enclose and cultivate it, and it is his. If the boundary be not maintained, or the enclosed space be for several successive years unimproved, it reverts to the king, and may be taken up by any other. Of course there are no very large landholders; and it is worth no man's while to hold large unimproved estates.

This system does not in any degree prevent the regular inheritance, sale, or renting of estates, which proceed just as with us. The king himself often purchases lands. Mortgages, leases, &c., are also taken; but a man who loans money on mortgage has the entire use and income of the land or house, instead of a fixed rate of interest, and if not paid in three years, the property is forfeited to the lender, be it what it may.

This revenue of the crown is derived from a tenth of all importations from abroad, tonnage, export duties, a stated tax on every family, and an excise on salt, fisheries, fruit-trees, and petroleum. Except the tax on families, which is generally required in specie, these are taken in kind. Whatever the government is obliged to purchase, is generally paid for in articles so obtained. A small part is exchanged for the precious metals. No tax is levied on lands or personal property. Unmarried men are not taxed, except in bearing their proportion of the assessment on families. The royal treasury is further replenished by fines, escheats, confiscations, presents, the produce of crown lands, and ivory, all of which belong to the king.

Arbitrary assessments are made from time to time on particular provinces, districts, cities, or villages, from which the people have no escape. The royal order for a certain amount is transmitted to the local chief, who proportions at his pleasure the part each family shall pay, and takes care always to levy a larger sum than he is required to transmit. If a few men or boats are required, he is almost sure to call on those whom he knows will pay to be excused, and thus makes it an opportunity for taxing to his own benefit. The same is done when artificers or soldiers are required. Thus the general government is really poor, while the people are oppressed. It of course often happens that individuals assessed for their proportion of these multifarious exactions plead poverty. In such cases, the stocks or the ratan soon extract consent, and often compel persons to sell their little property, or even their children, to satisfy the demand.

All the worst features of this horrible system are seen in the case of the Karens, Tounghthos, Zebains, and other tribes mixed among the Burmans, and treated as inferiors and vassals. These poor creatures are taxed about fifteen ticals per family per annum, besides being subject to the exactions above named.

Princes, governors, and other principal officers, are allowed to collect, for their own benefit, the taxes from specified villages or districts, and generally exercise an unbridled spirit of extortion. Lower chiefs have the costs of litigation, &c., for their support, to which they add the profits of shameless bribery. The meanest subordinates contrive to make their posts lucrative; and even the keeper of a city gate expects occasional fees for allowing persons to pass through with their common burdens.

Of course, the welfare of every little province depends greatly on its local ruler. The only remedy, when exactions become intolerable, is to remove into a district more equitably governed. Such a course is necessarily attended with loss and inconvenience; and sooner than resort to it, the people endure much and long. It is, however, by no means uncommon for them to seek his relief. As the grants of district revenues are made by the fiat of the king, and revoked at his pleasure, no great man is sure of continued wealth. The loss of favour at court is attended with the immediate loss of his estates. All the local agents and officers being dependent on their feudal lord, they, too, hold an uncertain tenure. Thus, from highest to lowest, there is no encouragement to attempt the improvement of land or people. In all its ramifications, the government is system of covetousness.

Among the possessions of the king, we must not omit to notice his elephants. He is regarded as owning all in the kingdom, and has generally from 1000 to 2000 which have been caught and tamed. The white elephant, of which there is now but one, is estimated beyond all price. He is treated like a prince of the blood, and has a suite composed of some of the most prominent officers in the court. Indeed, the vulgar

actually pay him divine honours, though this is ridiculed by the intelligent.

Burmah has considerable foreign commerce, but wholly carried on in foreign bottoms. The natives, however, perform coasting voyages, which they sometimes extend to Mergui and Chittagong, and, in rare cases, to Calcutta, Madras, and Penang.

The limited extent of sea-coast now left to Burmah, furnishes but two good harbours, namely, Rangoon and Bassein. These are both excellent; but the latter has very little trade, and foreign vessels never go there.

The harbours in the British possessions are inferior to these. Mergui is very safe and easy of access, but very small. Amherst is middling, but approachable only by a narrow channel, which extends across the tide. Ships of 300 tons or more may with caution go up to Maulmain, the channel being well buoyed, and pilots always to be had at Amherst.

The number of clearances of square-rigged vessels from the port of Rangoon amounts to about a hundred annually.

The exports are teak-wood, cotton, ivory, wax, cutch, and stick lac, and in small quantities, lead, copper, arsenic, tin, edible birds' nests, indigo, amber, tobacco, honey, tamarinds, gnappee, gems, sharks' fins, orpiment, sapan-wood, and sea-slugs. The nine last named articles are of such limited amount as scarcely to deserve notice. By far the most important item is teak, which is chiefly sent to Calcutta and Madras. The value of this article alone amounted, in former years, to £200,000 per annum. It is now not more than a fifth part of that quantity. About two million pounds of raw cotton is sent to Dacca, where it is used in the manufacture of the fine muslins for which that place has been so celebrated. The Burman collector informed a merchant at Ava, that about thirty million pounds are sent up the Irrawaddy, annually, to China; but Colonel Burney estimates it at about four millions. Nearly four millions per annum are sent to Arracan. None is exported in the seed. The sea-slug is derived from the coasts of Mergui. It is commonly called *Piche de mer*. It is a large marine worm, somewhat resembling a leech, which, when properly cured, is regarded as a great luxury by the Chinese. The mode of curing is to boil them in salt water, and then dry, or perhaps smoke them. There are three principal kinds—black, red, and white. The white sell at ten to twelve dollars per picul (133 pounds), the red for twenty-five dollars, and the black for fifty dollars. Of each of these there are various sizes. Some, when dried, are seven or eight inches long, and one and a half in diameter; others are not larger than a man's finger. The sharks' fins have a skin which is valued for polishing substances, in the manner of fine sand-paper. Their chief value is for the tendons, which are an article of food with the Chinese. They are drawn out and dried, resembling in this state silver wire, and are used in soup, as the Italians use vermicelli. Gnappee is made from prawns, shrimps, or any cheap fish, salted and pounded into a consistent mass. It is frequently allowed to become partially putrified in the process. It is sometimes called in commerce *Balachong*.

An active trade is carried on with China, chiefly by way of Yunnan. Small caravans begin to arrive at Ava from that province, in December. About the 1st of February, the great caravan arrives, and afterwards smaller ones, till the 1st of March. The smaller consist of fifty, a hundred, or two hundred men, and the great one of about a thousand. Each man has several ponies, or mules, sometimes fifteen or twenty, who carry, in panniers, from one hundred to two hundred pounds. Being twenty-five days on the road, the beasts are in low condition. They are guided by large, black, shaggy dogs, some of which go before, and others fetch up stragglers. These are sometimes sold at Ava at from twenty to thirty ticals, but they generally pine away in the hot season, and die.

The Chinese mart, where these caravans stop, is at

Madah, thirteen miles north of Umerapoora, inhabited chiefly by Cassayars. Extensive enclosures are there, in which the fair is opened, while the cattle are sent to graze. They bring raw and floss silk (which the Burmans weave), satins, velvets, crapes, cordage, yellow sulphuret of arsenic, tea, spirits, honey, paper, gold leaf, hams, shallow iron pans, sweetmeats, dried fruits, walnuts, chestnuts, and apples. They take back chiefly raw cotton, Bengal opium, British goods, gems, amber, ivory, betel-nuts, sharks' fins, and birds' nests. Many of these merchants avail themselves of the Irrawaddy river, for a considerable distance above Ava. Crawford estimates this interior trade with China to amount to nearly two millions of dollars per annum.

There are several caravans of Shyans, who come annually to the city of Ava, where a large suburb is appropriated. They come and go in troops of fifty or one hundred, from December to March, and amount in the whole to about a thousand. Their goods are brought on bullocks, which are in fine order, and often on their own backs. They bring a few horses, but only for sale, and they are not loaded. Their goods are stick lac, umbrellas, black jackets, cotton cloth of various sorts and colours, lackered boxes (which are far superior to those of Burman manufacture), ground-nuts, sugar, lead, &c. They take back salt, gnappee, dried fish, and betel-nuts.

Money is a great mart of internal trade, and sends annually to Maulmain a trading caravan, and many cattle for the supply of the British troops. The journey occupies from twenty-five to thirty days. The amount of the trade is about 75,000 rupees per annum.

Considerable inland trade is carried on from one part of the kingdom to another, by boats and waggons.

The lower provinces send up the country salt, rice, dried fish, gnappee, and foreign manufactures; receiving in return petroleum, saltpetre, paper, piece goods, sugar, tamarinds, and various other articles.

In Pegu, a region scarcely equalled in facilities for inland navigation, trade is carried on almost wholly by boats, and few roads exist; mere paths connect the towns and villages. In the upper provinces, which are hilly, and have few boatable streams, good roads are maintained, and merchants transmit their goods from town to town, in waggons drawn by oxen.

The trading vessels on the Irrawaddy are all constructed on the same plan, except those built by or for foreigners. They are long, flat, and narrow, the larger ones being provided with outriggers to prevent their oversetting. Oars and setting poles are almost entirely depended upon to propel them, and tracking is often resorted to, but square sails are spread, when the wind is fair and the water high. Those of the larger sort have one mast, and a yard of great length, on which are suspended as many sails as the case requires, one being slightly attached to the other. Smaller boats have the sail stretched between two bamboo masts fastened to the sides near the bow. Of these, a good idea may be obtained from the cut on page 27. These sails, in very small boats, often consist of the pesos of the boatmen.

The waggons and carts are superior in construction to those of Bengal, and some other parts of India. The wheel consists of one strong piece of wood, the length of the diameter, and about two feet wide, through which the axle passes, and the remainder of the rim is made of fellahs.

When used for merchandise, they are well covered with bamboo mats, over which a painted cloth is often spread. A travelling team consists of four or six bullocks, and proceeds about 15 miles a day; a spare bullock or two following, in case of any becoming sick or lame. Merchants generally go in companies, and at night draw up the waggons in a circle, to secure them and their cattle from wild beasts. Within this circle the drivers and their passengers light their fires, dress their food, attend their cattle, tell their romances, and pass the night.

Not the slightest restriction is laid on merchants or

traders from any nation. On the contrary, they are invited and encouraged, and generally accumulate property. They may go and come, or settle in any part of the kingdom.

In the Tenasserim and Arracan provinces, no duties are levied on any articles from any country, and probably will not be for many years. The policy is to open markets for English manufactures, and this is gradually being done, not only in the provinces under their sway, but in adjacent districts, especially the Shyan country round Monay.

The commerce of particular cities and towns, such as Rangoon, Maulmain, &c., is more fully stated in my accounts of those places.

The country has no coinage. Silver and lead pass in fragments of all sizes, and the amount of every transaction is regularly weighed out, as was done by the ancients. (Gen. xxiii. 16. Ezra, viii. 25.) It is cast by the assayers, in thin round cakes, weighing two or three ticals, but is cut up with mallet and chisel, to suit each sale. The price of a thing, therefore, is always stated in weight, just as if we should say, in answer to a question of price, "an ounce," or "a drachm." When an appearance like crystallisation is upon the centre of the cake, it is known to be of a certain degree of alloy, and is called "flowered silver." Of this kind, which is called *Huet-nee*, the tical is worth fifteen per cent. more than the *Sicca rupee*. The *Dyng* has the flowered appearance over all the cake, in larger and longer crystals, and is cast into cakes weighing about twenty ticals, but varies exceedingly in fineness, being of all qualities, from *Huet-nee* to ten per cent. purer. It is assumed to be five per cent. purer.

An inferior kind of silver, even to twenty-five per cent. alloy, circulates freely, for smaller barter. The people, however, are not deceived in its quality, for the purity is detected by them with great readiness, chiefly by the appearance left on the cake at cooling.

Silver, in passing from hand to hand, becomes more and more alloyed, so that, when a man is asked the price of a thing, he says, "Let me see your money!" He then regulates his charge by the quality of the silver, and a piece is chopped off to meet the bill; change, if any, being weighed in lead.

Gold is scarcely used as a circulating medium, being absorbed in gilding sacred edifices, or in jewels. By Burman estimate, gold is eighteen times the value of silver. It often rises to twenty or more, when the people are compelled to obtain it at any price, to pay their tax towards the gilding of some pagoda.

Small payments are made in lead. Each vender in the bazaar has a basket full of this lead. Its general reference to silver is about five hundred to one. It varies exceedingly, however, in its proportion; sometimes fifteen viss of lead is given for a tical, and sometimes only seven or eight, at Ava. In distant parts of the country, where the silver is more alloyed, three or four viss is given for a tical.

The late king, Menderagye, attempted to introduce small silver coin, which he made with a mint establishment imported from England. But he required his ticals to pass for sixty per cent. above their real worth; and the copper for nearly three times its worth. The consequence was a universal stagnation of business; and after urging his law so far as to execute some for contumacy, he was at length obliged to let silver and lead pass by weight, according to their real worth, as before. The people are not anxious for coin. They cannot trust their rulers; they love higgling in bargains; they make a profit on their money, as well as goods, by increasing its alloy; and a numerous class of assayers, or brokers, called *Pwa-zahs* (by foreigners, *Poy-zahs*), subsist by melting up silver, to improve or deteriorate it as they are desired. Thus they do before the owner's face, and have only the crucible and scorifier for their trouble.

At Rangoon, the Madras rupee circulates generally

for a tical; and along the rivers up to Prome, it is known, and will be received. But at the capital, and throughout the interior, it is weighed, and deemed an inferior silver. In Arracan and the Tenasserim provinces, rupees, pice, and pie, now circulate as in Bengal, and money is scarcely ever weighed.

The common rate of interest, when collateral security is deposited, is two or three per cent. a month; when there is no security, four or five per cent. If the interest become equal to the principal, the debt is cancelled. Creditors, therefore, exact new notes from their debtors every few months, if the interest be not paid.

There is no standing army, though a few men are hired by the month, in some principal places, to bear arms, as a sort of guard. There is no military class in Burmah, probably owing to the religious prohibition of taking life. It is indeed never difficult to raise an army, as each petty ruler is obliged to bring forth his men by conscription; but when raised, it is a mere rabble, destitute both of the spirit and the officers requisite to constitute a respectable force. They march under the same men who rule them in private life, and can seldom have the slightest inducement to leave their homes. There is no cause of exemption from military duty, but bodily incapacity; and every man whose immediate ruler selects him must march. In general, he receives neither pay nor rations, but shares the plunder. But in the late war, the government paid wages and a large bounty. The march of an army through their own country is marked with nearly the same extortions as in a conquered province. Cases of desertion or disobedience are severely punished in the persons of the soldier's family or relations, who, for his misconduct, are spoiled of their goods, sold, or even put to death. Of late years, muskets have been imported in considerable quantities, and some cannon. The former are of the poorest quality, and the latter lie about for the most part without carriages, and are of little consequence.

Burman soldiers are crafty, hardy, and courageous. Though, in the late war, cannon and Congreve rockets robbed them of much of their established character for valour, yet, on all occasions, they behaved with a bravery which British troops have seldom met in the East. Discarding the turban in the hour of battle, they rush rapidly on, with dishevelled hair and fierce gesticulations; and whatever personal courage without proper arms can do, they generally accomplish.

There can scarcely be said to be any navy, as it consists only of long canoes, wholly unfit for sea. These are rowed and fought by the same men. They generally contain forty or fifty men, who sit two on a seat, using short oars, and having their dah beside them. As a river police, they are all-sufficient. Many of these are perfectly gilded, within and without, and even the oars. Some of them are intended to convey the king and royal family, and have handsome canopies, built in the centre or bow, for that purpose.

Slavery exists throughout the kingdom and its dependencies, and of course in the provinces lately ceded to the British. It is produced both by debt and capture. Around Ava, most of the slaves are prisoners of war and their descendants. In other places they are chiefly bond-debtors. A few are annually introduced through a slave-trade habitually carried on along the frontiers. I cannot learn that Burmans themselves engage in this traffic, but they do not hesitate to purchase. Munniporians and Arracanese are brought into Ava, especially on the Siam frontier, where they are often caught and carried across the ill-defined boundary. The entire number of persons brought into bondage by this slave trade is proportionably small. Debtor slaves are numerous in every part of the country. The king's brother told me he estimated their proportion to the rest of the population as one to seven or eight. This might be true at Ava, but I think it much more than the general

average. Persons borrowing money, mortgage themselves when unable to give other security, and become servants to the lender, till the money is paid. The sum borrowed is sometimes very small, perhaps only a few rupees; but this makes no difference in the condition, or in the services required.

In Burmah Proper there is no remuneration towards liquidating the debt; so that the person continues in bondage for life, except the money can somehow be obtained. In the provinces ceded to Britain, it is provided by law, that the debt shall diminish at the rate of four pice (about three cents) per day, by which process freedom is ultimately obtained. The master has power to inflict corporeal and other punishments on bond-servants as on other slaves, but not to the extent of drawing blood. They are also bought and sold without their consent, but may change masters at pleasure by obtaining a person to offer for them the amount of the debt. On the sum being tendered by the servant, the master is not at liberty to refuse.

The progeny of servants are free. By the written laws, if a man become father to a male child by his slave, he may keep it, but the woman is thenceforth free. If it be a female child, the father and mother are considered to own but half; and if she pay, or procure to be paid, the other half, the child is necessarily free. But this rule is obsolete; and, by universal custom, a slave who bears to her master a child of either sex is free. If she choose to remain, he is obliged to support her as his wife. Fathers may pledge their wives and children for money borrowed, or in other words, sell them, as the money is often taken up without intention of repayment. The only escape from slavery from life, in such a case, is for the person to obtain by some means the amount due. Such sales are very common, as a man seldom has any other security to give; but in most cases a man redeems his family as soon as he can.

Slaves are not treated with more severity than hired labourers. A state of society where the modes of living are so simple, renders the condition of the slave little different from that of his master. His food, raiment, and lodging, among all the middling classes at least, are not essentially different. Being of the same colour, they and their children incorporate without difficulty with the mass of the people on obtaining freedom. The same fact tends to ameliorate their condition. In fine, their state does not much differ from that of hired servants who have received their wages for a long time in advance. Belonging to persons in the higher conditions does not increase the severity of the bondage; for though the distinction is greater, the services are less. Many slaves live at their own houses, just as other people, but liable to be called on for labour, which in many cases is required only at certain seasons of the year.

In a country where rank is never for a moment forgotten, and where the master has the power of a magistrate over all his dependents, servitude creates a boundary which is in no danger of being passed. The effect is to make the servant, in many cases, the friend and companion of the master, to a degree not ventured upon by masters in countries where employment does not create dependence, and where familiarity may induce assumptions. Still the slaves of a despotic master can never be certain of his favour, and can seldom afford or dare to be honest. They enforce his most unjust exactions as readily as any other commands. From infancy they are trained to craftiness, and all their life serves to confirm this vice.

The slaves to pagodas are in some respects better off than other slaves, or even than common poor people, though it is considered as a condemnation. They become such, chiefly by being given to some pagoda by a great man, as a meritorious offering. Sometimes they are malefactors, whose punishment is thus commuted. More generally they are unoffending inhabitants of some district, whose prince or ruler, for any cause, chooses to make such a donation.

The Burman year consists of twelve lunar months, making the year only 354 days long. To supply this deficiency, a whole intercalary month is introduced every third year. The further rectifications which become necessary, are made, from time to time, by royal proclamation, at the instance of the astronomers. The common era corresponds with our A. D. 639. The year commences about the middle of April, so that the 15th of April 1839, is the first day of their year 1201. In numbering the days of the month, they go no higher than fifteen; that is, from new moon to full, and from full moon to new.

They have four worship-days in a month, namely, new and full moon, and half way between them; so that there is an interval, sometimes of seven days, and sometimes of eight. Without any regard to this arrangement, time is divided into exact weeks of seven days each. What is very remarkable, the days are called from the planets, as are ours. Thus they name the first day of the week from the sun, the second from the moon, third from Mars, fourth from Mercury, fifth, Jupiter, sixth, Venus, seventh, Saturn. The arrangement is the same in Siam.

Both day and night are divided into four equal parts. I never found any instrument for keeping time, though there is a sort of clepsydra at Ava. In the "provinces," our mode of arranging the hours is becoming common; and time-pieces are not uncommon in the hands of wealthy natives.

Burman weights are exhibited in the following table, and are used both for goods and money:—

2 small ruays equal 1 large ruay, or 1 pice; 4 large ruays equal 1 bai or ruay, or 1 anna; 2 bais equal 1 moo, or 2 annas; 2 moos equal 1 mat, or 4 annas (62½ gr. troy); 4 mats equal 1 kyat, or 1 tical; 100 kyats equal 1 piakthah or viss (3 65-100ths pounds avoirdupois).

The small ruay is the little scarlet bean (*abrus precatorius*), with a black spot upon it, called in America *crab's eye*. The large ruay is the black oblong bean, of the *adenanthera pavonina*. The other weights are of brass, handsomely cast, and polished.

By late experiments at the Calcutta mint, the tical is found to be 252 grains troy, and to weigh exactly one cubic inch of distilled water, at the temperature of 90°.

The kind of silver used may make the value more or less than these rates. See more on this subject, under the head Currency.

Measures of length.—8 thits (finger's breadth) equal 1 maik (breadth of the hand with thumb extended); 1½ maiks equal 1 twah (span); 2 twahs equal 1 toun (cubit); 4 tounes equal 1 lan (fathom); 7 tounes equal 1 tah (bamboo or rod); 140 tounes, or twenty tahs, equal 1 okethapah; 7000 tounes, or 1000 tahs, equal 1 taing (2 miles, 581 ft., 8 in.); 6 4-10ths taings, or daings, or 6400 tahs, or 320 okethapahs, equal 1 uzena, or about 12 72-100ths miles (in little use except in the sacred books).

Measures of capacity.—2 lamyets equal 1 lamay; 2 lamays equal 1 salay (about 1 pint); 4 salays equal 1 pyee (two quarts); 2 pyees equal 1 sah (a gallon); 2 sahs equal 1 saik (a peck); 2 saiks equal 1 kwai; 2 kwais equal 1 ten; 100 tens equal 1 coyan.

The ten is what Europeans in the country call a *basket*, from the basket measure of that capacity. This full of clean rice is a common allowance to a labourer for one month. It is deemed to weigh fifty-eight and two-fifths pounds avoirdupois, or sixteen viss, or forty Penang catties.

The language is remarkably dissimilar to the other languages of the east. The character is beautifully simple, and is written with facility. The style of forming letters, whether in printing or writing, is precisely the same. There are eleven vowels and thirty-three consonants. About a thousand characters must be used in printing, in consequence of the numerous combinations.

The structure of the language is natural, but very unlike the English. The pronunciation is difficult, owing partly to the gutturals, and partly to the extreme nicety of the difference in sound between words which mean very different things, and are often spelled precisely alike; and, on the whole, it is a difficult language to acquire. All pure Burman words are monosyllables, but there are numerous polysyllables, derived chiefly from the Pali. There being no inflections to any part of speech, greatly simplifies the grammar. Number, person, mood, and tense, are formed by suffixes. Negatives and adjectives are formed by prefixes to verbs. The fastidiousness respecting rank, introduces a perplexing variety of phrases to mean the same action in different persons, to which allusion has already been made. Even in regard to common actions, the verbs used are widely different; for example, for our term to *wash*, are many words; one is used for washing the face, another for washing the hands, another for washing linen in mere water, another for washing it with soap, another for washing dishes, &c.

Instead of a perplexing variety of spelling-books, they have a *Them-bong-gyee*, or spelling and reading book, of about forty pages octavo, of great antiquity, and so perfect, that no other has ever been deemed necessary by the missionaries. It is drawn up philosophically, and when committed, the learner is in possession of every possible sound in the language, except a few from some Pali words which have crept into common use.

Books, as is generally known, are written usually on palm-leaf, with an iron pen or style. The leaf is prepared with care, and of good books the edges are gilded. Some have the margins illuminated, and gilded with considerable elegance. The book is defended by thin slabs of wood, more or less ornamented. Sometimes thin leaves of ivory are used, and occasionally gilded sheet iron. For common books, a thick black paper is used, which is written upon with a pencil of steatite. The writing may be removed with the hand, as from a slate; and such books, called *Tha-bike*, last a long time. They are in one piece of several yards long, and folded like a fan. They can, of course, be used on both sides; and every portion may be sealed up by itself, thus furnishing a good idea of the book mentioned Rev. v. 1, which was "written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals."

The number of books is, of course, not large, in a country where printing is unknown. All principal citizens, however, possess a few; and the royal library at Ava contains some thousand volumes, kept in large and elegant chests, assorted under different heads, such as law, history, medicine, poetry, painting, and music. The greater part of the literature is metrical, and consists of ballads, legends of Gaudama, histories of the kings, astronomy, and geography.

The sacred books are in Pali, a dialect or corruption of the Sanscrit. It is wholly a dead language, few even of the priests being able to read it, and still fewer understanding what they read. It was probably the vernacular tongue of Gaudama, that is, the Magdoh or Magadeh of Behar. Buchanan seems mistaken in supposing the Pali of Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, to be different. He was probably led into the error by the language being written in the respective characters of those countries, as it often is. Mr Wilson thinks it a misnomer to call the language *Pali*, and that that term belongs properly to the character, and *Magadeh* or *Punorit* to the language, corresponding to the terms *Magari* and *Sanscrit*. He remarks, also, that the language differs from *Sanscrit* only in enunciation, being more soft, and liquifying all the harsh sounds.

The rudiments of education are widely diffused, and most men, even common labourers, learn to read and write a little. But few go beyond these attainments. Women of respectability generally can read, but comparatively few of those in humble life. There is no objection manifested to their learning; but as almost the only schools are the *Kyongs*, where girls are not

admitted, they are necessarily left untaught, except where the parents can afford to pay a schoolmaster. Boys begin to attend the *Kyoung* at eight or ten years, but do not assume the yellow cloth till several years after. They learn slowly, and, at the expiration of four or five years, have attained little more than, in a very bungling way, to read and write, and to add, subtract, and divide. Those who take the yellow cloth, and live in the *Kyoung*, become able to understand a few books, and learn their system of the universe. If they continue priests, and aspire after literature, they go on to get a smattering of Pali and astrology, and if they mean to reach the summit of Parnassus, study the *Then-gyo*, or book of metaphysics.

It has been often said that the Burmans are "a reading people." They might more properly be called "a people that can read." The written and colloquial styles are so different, that few understand readily the sentiments of a book. The mass of the people being wholly without books or periodicals, their reading is confined to the short written instruments employed in the transaction of business. It is truly remarkable that so many children are taught to read, when it is foreseen so little use can ever be made of the acquisition. It certainly is a providential preparation for the diffusion of the word of truth, and ought to encourage the friends of missions in their design of distributing the Scriptures and scriptural tracts.

Properly speaking, there are no literary institutions in the country, and few ever go beyond their acquisitions at the *Kyoung*. Such as the literature is, it is almost abandoned to the pongeys. A very few, especially among the nobles, are addicted to reading. The most distinguished now is the Mekara prince, who reads English, and collects foreign pictures, maps, coins, implements, &c.

As to astronomy and geography, the more they learn, the more they are in error, for a more absurd system could not be. They describe eight planets, namely, the sun, moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and *Rahu*, the last being invisible. All these revolve round the earth, the sun going quicker than the moon. None of these planets are round, but are extended plains, formed in the manner explained in the chapter on religion. Eclipses are produced by *Rahu* (pronounced *Ya-hu*), an immense monster, who puts the sun or moon under his chin, when the eclipse is partial, or takes it into his huge mouth, and then the eclipse is total.

They are not without maps of various portions of their country, but sadly rude and imperfect, being made without mathematical or astronomical instruments of any sort. I saw some in which the artist, coming to the edge of the paper in tracing out a river, turned up the side, and round the top; thus placing cities and streams to the north and north-west, which, in fact, were due east!

No branch of knowledge is cultivated with avidity but alchemy, in which absurd pursuit nearly every person pretending to literature engages more or less. The royal family is not exempt from this folly. Their only hope is to transmute base metals, minerals, &c., into gold. In procuring specimens of mineralogy, the natives always supposed this was my sole purpose; and in every bazaar are sold stones and petrifications, for the operatives in this sublime science. As to the elixir of immortality, which former lunatics of this sort hoped to discover, it never enters into the head of a Burman alchemist. He has no idea of immortality. Neither his religion or philosophy permits the thought. Did he obtain it, it would dash all his hopes of *nie-ban*.

Whether the state of society exhibited in Burmah be, on the whole, more conducive to happiness than the species of civilisation which we enjoy, is a question I leave to philosophers. It ill becomes us to scorn all states of society which differ greatly from our own, without inquiring how far our estimate may be formed by mere education and habit. I would certainly prefer to engraft science and religion on the condition of

man in Burmah, to having them accompanied by our forms of society and social constitution. There, human wants have a definite limit, easily reached, and leaving ample leisure to almost every member of society for the pursuits of religion and science. With us, it is scarcely possible for the great majority to fulfil the precepts of religion, or cultivate by science their immortal powers. The labouring man can only by incessant efforts keep himself and family supplied with what they think necessities. With every grade above, it is the same. Not only is religion, but reason and health, sacrificed, in our pursuits, exertions, and amusements. In vain do sacred teachers and philosophers cry out against the universal perversion. So long as society is so constructed, the evils must remain. Prisons, hospitals, poor-rates, executions, poverty, disease, celibacy, and innumerable sufferings, grow up from these evils.

On the whole, the Burmans are fully entitled to be called a civilised people. A regular government, a written language, an established literature, a settled abode, foreign commerce, respectable architecture, good roads and bridges, competent manufactures, adequate dress, gradations of rank, and the conditions of women, conspire to establish their claim to be so considered. Their exact place in the scale of civilisation is not so easily settled. In intellect, morals, manners, and several of the points just named, they are not surpassed by any nation of the East, and are certainly superior to any natives of this peninsula. Prior to the recent entrance of Europeans, the degree of civilisation, whatever it was, seemed to be fixed and complete. No change in laws, habits, manufactures, food, dwellings, poetry, painting, or indeed any thing else, had been made for centuries; or if made, yet so slowly as to impart no excitement to the public mind. Now the case is decidedly different. They not only have contact with Europeans, but confess inferiority; and in some things are adopting our modes and manufacture. In the Tenasserim provinces, this is especially the case; and should England resign those possessions, the effects of her dominion on the population will remain and extend. If the present king should retain the views of state which he expressed to me while a subject, and which he is the fittest man in the kingdom to execute, Burmah must rapidly rise in political importance.

The introduction of the art of printing would, probably, do more for this people than any other in India. Active, intelligent, and persevering, the whole community would feel the impulse of diffused knowledge. All would read, all would be quickened, all would contribute to the general improvement. It would bring with it that stupendous influence, which is the wonder of these latter days—the power of voluntary association. Men and women would form small communities for the accomplishment each of some favourite aim. Every improvement could be made general. Every useful project would find friends, and succeeding generations enjoy accumulating light.

But in allowing myself these anticipations, I take for granted that missionary efforts will be hugely increased, and their effects fall upon the whole community. True religion can alone enable the press to produce its fullest blessings. Without this, it may elevate the arts, improve science, and advance the general wealth; but it leaves them a race of rebels against the eternal Lord—a kingdom of Satan. Indeed, without religion, the press could not accomplish the worldly prosperity of the state. A press, directed by genuine, steady, and persevering benevolence, must operate for Burmah, ere she rise from the dust, and sit joyously among the nations. As yet all the power of the press is in our hands. What a trust! How are the Baptists in America bound to follow up, with tenfold energy, the work they have so well begun! How should the friends of man lend their aid in disseminating among this people the rudiments of true science, the principles of right government, and the blessings of pure religion! Even now she is the first native power in Farther India, and is second in all the East only to China. Within and around her are

a hundred tribes of people, over none of whom is her influence less than that of France over the smaller states of Europe. Let Burmah embrace the Christian faith, and she has at her command money and missionaries for all their tribes.

CHAPTER VI.

Extent of Boodhism. Meaning of the Term. Antiquity of the System. History of Gaudama. The next Boodh. The Bedagat. Theory of the Universe. Moral Code. Discourse of Gaudama. Religious Edifices, &c. Remarks.

BOODHISM is, probably, at this time, and has been for many centuries, the most prevalent form of religion upon earth. Half of the population of China, Lao, Cochinchina, and Ceylon; all of Cambodia, Siam, Burmah, Thibet, Tartary, and Loo-choo; and a great part of Japan, and most of the other islands of the southern seas, are of this faith. A system which thus enchains the minds of half the human race, deserves the attention of both Christians and philosophers, however fabulous and absurd.

Chinese accounts make the introduction of Boodhism into that empire to have occurred about A. D. 65. Marshman supposes the Siamese and Laos to have received the system about three centuries before Christ. A very great increase of the Boodhist faith is known to have occurred in China early in the sixth century, which may have resulted from the flight of priests with him, about that time, from the persecution of the Brahminists.

Boodh is a general term for divinity, and not the name of any particular god. There have been innumerable Boodhs, in different ages, among different worlds, but in no world more than five, and in some not any. In this world there have been four Boodhs, namely, Kakka-than, Gau-na-gong, Ka-tha-pa, and Gaudama. In the Siamese language, these are called Kak-a-san, Kona-gon, Kasap, and Kodom. One is yet to come, namely, Aree-ma-day-eh.

It has been often remarked, that Gaudama was one of the incarnations of Vishnu, and appeared in the form of a cow. This idea has probably originated with the Hindus, and is advanced to support their assertion, that this religion is a branch of theirs. But no two systems can be more opposite, or bear less evidence of one being derived from the other. Brahminism has incarnations, but Boodhism admits of none, for it has no permanent God. If, in its endless metempsychosis, any being should descend from the highest forms of existence to take human nature, it would not be an incarnation of Deity, but a real degradation of being, and the person so descending would become *literally* a man. If he ever rise again, it must be by another almost infinite change, now to better, and now to worse, as merit is gained or lost. While Hinduism teaches one eternal deity, Boodhism has now no god. That has a host of idols; this only one. That enjoins bloody sacrifices; this forbids all killing. That requires atrocious self-tortures; this inculcates fewer austerities than even Popery. That makes lying, fornication, and theft, sometimes commendable, and describes the gods as excelling in these enormities; this never confounds right and wrong, and never excuses any sin. That makes absorption into deity the supreme good; this annihilation. In fine, I know of no important resemblance. None of the Brahminical books are regarded by Boodhists as authoritative, and no practices seem to be derived from them. The fact that Boodhist priests often worship kneeling on a cow-hide, is no evidence of affiliation to Brahminism, as has been asserted. They disclaim any religious preference for the hide of a cow. It is, in fact, just a piece of leather of any kind, folded up like a book, carried either by the priest or his attendant, and laid on the ground when he kneels before a pagoda, to keep him from soiling his robe.

There are some reasons for considering Boodhism, if not the parent system, yet probably more ancient than Brahminism. In various parts of Hindustan are found

indications that Boodhism was once the prevailing faith. The caves of Elephanta* and Elora† contain images of Gaudama of great antiquity.‡ Colonel Franklin discovered one of colossal size among the ruins of Palibothra. I have one of terra-cotta, bearing inscriptions in the ancient Devnagari character. The Vedas themselves mention Boodh. The Poorannas were unquestionably written some centuries later than the period of Gaudama. The splendid ruins at Prambana, Boro Budo, and Singa Sari in the interior of Java, are regarded by Sir Stamford Raffles as having claims to the highest antiquity of any such structure on the island; and from Captain Baker's descriptions of these, there can be no doubt of their Boodhist origin. The images are of Boodh. The very term *Budo*, or *Bud'ho*, is in the Javanese language synonymous with "ancient" or "pagan." The Javanese speak of the times when Boodhism was the religion of their country as the "ancient times." Their ancient laws make no distinctions, in the award of punishment, in favour of a Brahmin, but always in favour of a king. This is so opposite to the religion of the Hindus, that when they were made, Brahmins could have had no ascendancy. They, however, early acquired power, and when Mahometanism was brought to Java, it found the Hindu faith established as the religion of the country.

Brahminism was introduced into Bali between three and four hundred years ago, previous to which, the reigning religion was Boodhism.§ The existence of caste, and the position of Brahmins on the pinnacle of it, indicate the seniority of Boodhism. Had the religion of the latter been the progenitor, the whole system of caste would have been inherited, almost beyond a doubt. We can scarcely imagine that an established priesthood should resign such power and rank as is held by the political, money-making, haughty, and sensual Brahmins.

Boodh is possibly the Buddha or Butta of Bochart and Beausobre; the Bod of the Arabians; the Boutta of Clemens Alexandrinus; the Baouth of Gentil. The pyramids of Egypt are so similar in their structure to a pagoda, and so evidently contain sacred relics, and not the bones of kings, that they bear strong evidences of being Boodhist pagodas.

The probability seems to be that Brahminism grew out of Boodhism, and gained power and numbers in Hindustan till the close of the first century of the Christian era, when they were able to commence that persecution of which their own records speak, and which drove out the teachers of Boodhism into Farther India, whence it extended into China.

Gaudama was the son of Thoke-daw-da-reh, or, as it is written in Sunscrit, Soodawdaneh, king of Ma-ge-deh (now called Behar), in Hindustan. He was born about B. C. 626.

He had previously lived in four hundred millions of worlds, and passed through innumerable conditions in each. In this world, he had been almost every sort of worm, fly, fowl, fish, or animal, and almost every grade and condition of human life. Having, in the course of these transitions, attained immense merit, he at length was born son of the above-named king. The moment he was born, he jumped upon his feet, and, spreading out his arms, exclaimed, "Now am I the noblest of men! This is the last time I shall ever be born!" His height, when grown up, was nine cubits. His ears were so beautifully long, as to hang upon his shoulders; his hands reached to his knees; his fingers were of equal length; and with his tongue he could touch the end of his nose! All which are considered irrefragable proofs of his divinity.

* On an island of that name near Bombay.

† In the province of Arungabad.

‡ For descriptions of these very remarkable caves, see Seeley's *Wonders of Elora*; C. Malet; *Transactions of Bombay Lit. Soc.* art. 9 and 15; *Daniel's Voyage to India*; *Transactions Royal Asiat. Soc.* vol. 11; *Modern Traveller*, vol. 17; *Duperron's Prelim. Disc.* to his *Zend Avista*; *Asiatic Researches*, vol. 1.

§ Crawford's *Indian Archipelago*, book vi, ch. 2.

When in this state his mind was enlarged, so that he remembered his former conditions and existences. Of these he rehearsed many to his followers. Five hundred and fifty of these narratives have been preserved, one relating his life and adventures as a deer, another as a monkey, elephant, fowl, &c. &c. The collection is called *Deat*, and forms a very considerable part of the sacred books. These legends are a fruitful source of designs for Burman paintings. Of these I purchased several, which do but bring out into visible absurdity the system they would illustrate.

He became Boodh in the thirty-fifth year of his age; and remained so forty-five years, at the end of which



Gaudama.

time, having performed all sorts of meritorious deeds, and promulgated excellent laws, far and wide, he obtained "nic-ban," that is, entered into annihilation, together with five hundred priests, by whom he had been long attended. This occurred in Hindustan, about 2380 years ago, or B. C. 546. The Cingalese make his death to have occurred B. C. 542, and the Siamese, who also reckon time from that era, make it B. C. 544. At his death, he advised that, besides obeying his laws, his relics and image should be worshipped, and pagodas built to his memory, till the development of the next Boodh. He is invariably represented in the same manner, except that sometimes he is made to wear a crown, necklace, ornaments on his arms, &c. The common representation is given in my Bible Dictionary; the other is exhibited in the accompanying cut. I have seen them of all sizes, from half an inch long to seventy-five feet—of wood, stone, brass, brick, clay, and ivory.

The next Boodh is to appear in about seven or eight thousand years from the present time. His height will be eighty cubits; his mouth will be five cubits wide, and the length of the hairs of his eyebrows five cubits. The precise time of his arrival is not predicted.

No laws or sayings of the first three Boodhs are extant. Those of Gaudama were transmitted by tradition, till four hundred and fifty years after his decease, when they were reduced to writing in Ceylon, that is, A. D. 94. These are the only sacred books of the Burmans, and are all in the Pali language. They are comprised in three divisions, or books, namely, *Thoke*, *Winnee*, and *Abeedamah*. Each of these is divided into distinct books, or sections. The whole is called *the Bedagat*. Copies of parts of these works are not scarce, though found chiefly with the priests. Entire copies are rare. Some of them are truly elegant, the leaf being covered with black varnish, as fine and glossy as enamel, and over this the words written in gold letters.

They are all in the same form, and strung on a cord. The outsides are often defended by a handsomely carved and gilded board, of the same size as the leaves. The strings with which they are tied are about an inch wide, and a fathom long, with some sentence woven in with the texture. These are either some quotation from a sacred book, or some pious sentiment. One of those in my possession reads thus:—"This book-string is offered you, with affectionate regard, to tie up your sacred book; that precious book where you will find the door by which to enter nic-ban."

The cosmogony of the *Bedagat* is not precisely alike in the different books; and even in the same book in-

consistencies often occur. The following sketch, therefore, though derived from the best informed priests and missionaries, differs in some respects from various statements which have appeared, and is to be received as the scheme set forth in such books as my informants had read.

The universe is composed of an infinite number of systems, called *Sak-ya*. These systems touch each other at the circumference, and the angular spaces between them are filled up with very cold water. Each side of these spaces is 3000 *uzenas* long. Of these innumerable systems, some are constantly becoming chaotic, and reproduce themselves in course of time. Of these formations and dissolutions there was never a beginning, and will never be an end.

Each system consists of a great central mountain surrounded by seas, and four great islands, each surrounded by 500 smaller ones, and with celestial and infernal regions. Of this great mountain, the eastern side is of silver, the western of glass, the northern of gold, and the southern of dark ruby. It is called *Myenmo*, and is 84,000 *uzenas* high. Its base is equally deep. The top is flattened to a plain 48,000 *uzenas* in diameter. Seven chains of mountains, and seven great rivers or seas, encircle the mount on every side.

The four great islands have each a shape, to which that of the smaller ones belonging to it is exactly conformed. Ours is oval, the western is round, the northern is a parallelogram, and the eastern semilunar. The colour of each set of islands is derived from that side of the mountain next to them. The inhabitants have both their colour and the shape of their faces conformed to that of the island on which they dwell. Those on the eastern islands are nine cubits high, those on the western six, those on the northern thirteen. The inhabitants of the eastern and western islands practise agriculture and the arts, much as we of the southern do; but those of the northern have no such employments. A tree is there which yields all manner of garments, meats, fish, &c. They have no sorrows or pains; and every individual lives just 1000 years. Between the great islands ships cannot pass. The sea there rises in waves sixty or seventy *uzenas* high, and contains fishes 600 and 700 *uzenas* long, the mere movement of whose bodies often creates tempests which reach hundreds of *uzenas*!

This earth is the southern cluster of islands, and we are living on the large one. It is a convex plane, not a sphere, and is divided by mountains and navigable seas. Its diameter is 10,000 *uzenas*, and the thickness of the crust or surface on which we live is 240,000 *uzenas*. Below this is water twice as deep as the earth is thick. The whole is supported on a stratum of air twice as deep as the water, and which supports itself by internal concussions or explosions. Beneath is vacuum.

In the other three islands and their dependencies, the inhabitants have always had the same length of life. But in ours, the period constantly varies. At first, our race lived as many years as there would be drops of rain if it rained three years incessantly. In a Siamese version of the same book, it is given as a period of years embracing 168 ciphers. Falling off in virtue and correct habits, the term gradually contracted, in the course of myriads of ages, to ten years. Then mankind was led to reflect and reform, and the period gradually enlarged, as they became more temperate and correct, till it rose even to the primitive duration. By succeeding degeneracy, it gradually contracted again to ten. Of these increases and diminutions there have been eleven, and will be fifty-three more, before the *sakiya* system, to which we belong, will be again destroyed. At this time, the period of life is contracting through our increasing degeneracy, and has fallen to eighty years.

The inhabitants of the three other islands and their dependencies are always reproduced in the same island. But our world has this advantage, that by merit we may rise to the several heavens, and even to *nic-ban* itself.

When by the power of fate a system is to be destroyed, it occurs either by fire, water, or wind. The process of renovation is exemplified in the following account of our own world, which, like the others, has repeatedly been destroyed and renewed. After lying in a state of chaos many ages, the crust of the earth recovered firmness, and was covered with a thin crust of sweet butter. The grateful fragrance ascending to the heavens, celestial beings were filled with desire to eat it, and, assuming a human shape, came down in large numbers. Their bodies were luminous, and they needed no other light. Becoming quarrelsome and corrupt, the delicious crust disappears, and their bodies become dark. In their distress, the sun appears; and afterwards, the moon and stars. Compelled now to seek other food, they find rice growing without a husk, and thus needing no labour. Fire, spontaneously issuing from the stones, cooks it. This gross food at length excited various passions, and mankind became divided into sexes. Marriage followed. The race degenerating still more, was obliged to choose a king. Quarrels multiply, and men disperse over the world. Climate, water, and food, then produce the diversities we see among nations.

The celestial regions consist of twenty-six heavens, one above another; and the infernal regions of eight principal hells, each surrounded by sixteen smaller ones. The base of *Myenmo* Mount is inhabited by dragons, great birds, and animals of unknown shapes. The middle region constitutes the lower of the six inferior heavens, and is inhabited by powerful beings, called *Seedoo-mahah-rajah*. The summit is the next inferior heaven, called *Tuh-wa-ling-tha*. Above, in open space, are the four others, namely, *Ya-mah*, *Take-the-dah*, *Par-an-ing-meta*, and *Etha-wu-dee*. The inhabitants of all these are called *Nats*. They never perform servile labour, for trees bear in profusion every object of necessity or gratification. The term of their lives is about nine million times longer than the present term of ours. Their children are born with the degree of maturity that ours have at fifteen years old. What we call thunder, is the noise they make when at play; and rain is produced by the agitation they make in the air in running about.

In these first six heavens, the inhabitants have body and soul, like ourselves; in the next sixteen, they are pure matter; and in the last four, pure spirit.

The aim of mortals is to attain, after death, to *Tah-wa-ling-tha*, the diameter of which is the same as this earth. Like the abodes of the *Nats*, it abounds in good things, of which the *Bedagat* contains copious and minute details. Among the glorious possessions of *Thig-ya-men*, its king (whose principal residence is fully described) is a huge white elephant. This animal, named *Ay-ra-woon*, is fifty *uzenas* high, and has seven heads; each head has seven tusks, and each tusk seven tanks. In each of these tanks grow seven lilies; each lily has seven blossoms; each blossom has seven petals; each petal bears up seven palaces, and in each palace are seven nymphs, or wives of the king, each surrounded by 500 attendants. Another elephant has one great head, thirty *uzenas* long, on which the king occasionally rides; and thirty-two smaller heads, for the thirty-two royal princes.

Of the principal hells, four inflict punishment by heat, and the other four by cold. Each of these is 10,000 *uzenas* wide. In the sixteen minor hells, the wicked suffer every conceivable misery, not connected with cold or heat. Worms of vast size bite them, their bowels are torn out, their limbs racked, and their bodies lacerated or beaten with dreadful hammers. They are pierced with red-hot spits, crucified head downwards, gnawed by dogs, and torn by vultures. These and a thousand other evils are described with minuteness in the *Bedagat*, and often depicted in the drawings of native artists. The inhabitants are six miles high, and are continually creeping and roaming about, in the vast caves of their dreadful abode.

For killing a parent or a priest, a man will suffer in

one of the hells of fire, during the whole period of a *sakiya* system. To deny or disbelieve the doctrines of Gaudama, incurs *eternal* suffering in fire. Killing men or animals, causing criminals to be executed, insulting women, old men or priests, cheating, receiving bribes, selling any intoxicating liquor, and parricide, are punished in the worst hells. In some books, a regular scale is made out for estimating the gradation of guilt in all these crimes.

Merit may be gained by good conduct in any of these hells, so that except the criminality has incurred *eternal* torment, the sufferers may rise again to become insects, beasts, men, nats, &c.

Such are the accounts which fill the sacred books, and with which I might fill many pages. It is not important that I quote more. I have quoted thus much, as part of the history of the human mind, and as necessary to a proper estimate of the Buddhist religion.

Of any supreme God, or any eternal self-existent being, Buddhism affords no intimation, nor of any creation or providence. From the annihilation of one Buddh till the development of another, there is literally no God. Intervening generations must worship his image, law, and priests, and for their rules of life keep the sayings of the last Buddh, namely, Gaudama.

Not only has the universe and all its *sakiya* systems existed from eternity, but also the souls of all the inhabitants, whether animals, men, or celestials. These souls have from eternity been transmigrating from one body to another, rising or falling in the scale of existence and enjoyment, according to the degree of merit at each birth. This rise or fall is not ordered by any intelligent judge, but is decided by immutable fate. In passing through these various forms of existence, the amount of sorrow endured by each soul is incalculable. The *Bedagat* declares that the tears shed by any one soul, in its various changes from eternity, are so numerous, that the ocean is but as a drop in comparison! Existence and sorrow are declared to be necessary concomitants, and therefore "the chief end of man" is to finish this eternal round of changes, and be annihilated.

The great doctrines of this faith are five, namely, 1. The eternal existence of the universe, and all beings. 2. Metempsychosis. 3. *Nic-ban*, or annihilation. 4. The appearance, at distant periods, of beings who obtain deification and subsequent annihilation. 5. The obtaining of merit. Of the first four of these, enough has been already said. The last is more deserving of notice, embracing, as it does, the whole system of morals.

Merit consists in avoiding sins, and performing virtues, and the degree of it is the sole hope of the Buddhist. The forgiveness of sins, and the receipt of favour through the merit of another, are doctrines unknown. That suffering can be in any way regarded as a blessing, is to him absurd.

The sins which are to be avoided are described in a moral code, consisting of five principal and positive laws:—1. Thou shalt not kill. 2. Thou shalt not steal. 3. Thou shalt not commit adultery. 4. Thou shalt not lie. 5. Thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquor. These are explained and branched out, so as to include all sins of the same kind, under each head. The first of these laws is extended to all killing, even that of animals for food. The very religious will not kill vermin. War and capital punishments are considered forbidden by the first law.

Sins are divided into three classes:—1. Those of the body; such as killing, theft, fornication, &c. 2. Those of the tongue; as falsehood, discord, harsh language, idle talk, &c. 3. Those of the mind; as pride, covetousness, envy, heretical thoughts, adoring false gods, &c.

The sacred books pourtray strongly the evils of pride, anger, covetousness, and inordinate appetites. Men are urged to avoid excessive perfumes, ornaments, laughter, vain joy, strong drink, smoking opium, wandering about the streets in the night, excessive fondness for amusements, frequenting bad company, and idleness. Those who aspire to *nic-ban* are cautioned to abhor sorcery,

not to credit dreams, nor be angry when abused, nor elated when approved, not to flatter benefactors, nor to indulge in scorn or biting jests, and most carefully to avoid enkindling strife.

The states of the mind are resolved into three classes:—1. When we are pleased in the possession of agreeable things. 2. When we are grieved and distressed by evil things. 3. When neither do good things gratify us, nor evil things distress. The last is the best state, and in it a man is rapidly preparing for *nic-ban*. In this there is no small resemblance to the doctrine of the Stoics, and some approach to the Christian doctrine of weariness from the world. Some of their books abound in good comparisons, such as, that he who runs into sinful enjoyments is like a butterfly who flutters round a candle till it falls in; or one who, by licking honey from a knife, cuts his tongue with the edge. There is scarcely a prohibition of the *Bedagat* which is not sanctioned by our Holy Scriptures, and the arguments appended to them are often just and forcible.

Merit is of three kinds:—1. *Theala*, or the observance of all the prohibitions and precepts, and all duties fairly deducible from them; such as beneficence, gentleness, integrity, lenity, forbearance, condescension, veneration to parents, love to mankind, &c. 2. *Dana*, or giving alms and offerings. This includes feeding priests, building *kyoungs*, pagodas, and *zayats*, placing bells at pagodas, making public roads, tanks, and wells, planting trees for shade or fruit, keeping pots of cool water by the way-side for the use of travellers, feeding criminals, birds, animals, &c. 3. *Bawana*, or repeating prayers, and reading religious books. Of this last, there are three degrees, or sorts; the first consisting in merely reciting prayers, or reading thoughtlessly; the second, and more meritorious, is praying or reading, with a mind attentive to the exercise; the third, and most excellent, is the performing these exercises with strong desires and awakened feelings. He who neglects to lay up merit is compared to a man who sets out on a journey through an uninhabited country, beset with wild beasts, and provides himself neither with food nor weapons.

Alms-deeds are meritorious according to the objects on which they are bestowed, according to the following general scale:—1. Animals. 2. Common labourers, fishermen, &c. 3. Merchants and the upper classes, when in necessity. 4. Priests. For alms of the first class, the rewards are long life, beauty, strength, knowledge, and prosperity, during a hundred transmigrations; for those of the second class, the same during a thousand transmigrations; for the third, the same, during ten thousand; for the fourth, a vastly greater number, but indefinite, being graduated according to the degree of sanctity the particular priests may possess. Alms given by a poor man are declared to be incomparably more meritorious than those given by the rich. So great merit is conferred by acts of *Dana*, that persons are distinguished in society by honourable appellations on this account. The most meritorious deed is to make an idol, and this in proportion to its size and value. He who has done this is called thenceforth *Pya-taga*. He who builds a pagoda becomes a *Tsa-dee-taga*. Next is he who builds a *kyoung*—*kyoung-taga*. He who has sacred books transcribed is a *Sah-taga*. He who incurs the expenses of making a priest, is *Thengan-taga*. The builder of a *zayat* is *zayat-taga*; the maker of a tank, *yoy-gon-taga*. These, and similar titles, are in common use, and are regarded with the same respect as squire, captain, colonel, deacon, &c., are with us.

In attaining *Bawana*, the third sort of merit, a prominent exercise is the frequent repetition of the words "*ameit-sa, doko-kha, Ah-nah-ia*." The first of these words implies our liability to outward injuries and evils; the second, our exposure to mental sufferings; the third, our entire inability to escape these evils. The repetition of this prayer or soliloquy is of far greater merit than even alms-giving. To keep some reckoning in this most important particular, the votary commonly

uses a string of beads, and passes one through his fingers at each repetition.

Many discourses said to have been delivered by Gaudama, are given in the *Bedagat*. In these, the duties of parents, children, husbands, wives, teachers, scholars, masters, slaves, &c., are drawn out and urged, in a manner which would do honour to any casuist.

The following is part of one of these, addressed to a distinguished personage, who sought his instruction how to avoid evil :—

“ Know thou, that to keep from the company of the ignorant, and choose that of learned men, to give honour to whom it is due, to choose a residence proper to our station, and adapted for procuring the common wants of life, and to maintain a prudent carriage, are means to preserve a man from evil doings. The comprehension of all things that are not evil, the exact knowledge of the duties of our station, and the observance of modesty and piety in our speech, are four excellent modes of renouncing wickedness.

By ministering a proper support to parents, wife, and family, by purity and honesty in every action, by alms-deeds, by observing the divine precepts, and by succouring relations, we may be preserved from evil. By such a freedom from faults, that not even the inferior part of our nature manifests any affection for them, by abstinence from all intoxicating drink, by the continual practice of works of piety, by showing respectfulness, humility, and sobriety before all, and gratitude to our benefactors, and, finally, by listening often to the preaching of the word of God, we overcome evil inclinations, and keep ourselves far from sin. Docility in receiving the admonitions of good men, frequent visits to priests, spiritual conferences on the divine laws, patience, frugality, modesty, the literal observance of the law, keeping before our eyes the four states into which living creatures pass after death, and meditation on the happy repose of *nic-ban*—these are distinguished rules for preserving man from wickedness.

That intrepidity and serenity which good men preserve amid the eight evils of life (abundance and want, joy and sorrow, popularity and abandonment, censure and praise); their freedom from fear and iniquity; from the dark mists of concupiscence; and, finally, their insensibility to suffering; these are four rare gifts, that remove men far from evil. Therefore, oh sir! imprint well upon your heart the thirty-eight precepts I have just delivered. Let them be deeply rooted there, and see that you put them in practice.”

Pagodas are innumerable. In the inhabited parts, there is scarcely a mountain peak, bluff bank, or swelling hill, without one of these structures upon it. Those of Pegu and Siam are all formed upon one model, though the cornices and decorations are according to the builder's taste. In general, they are entirely solid, having neither door nor window, and contain a deposit of money, or some supposed relic of Gaudama. From the base they narrow rapidly to about mid-way, and then rise with a long spire surmounted with the sacred *tee*. Some of those around Ava, and especially those at Pagan, are less tapering, and more resembling temples.

The sacred *tee* is of sheet iron, wrought into open work and gilded. It of course rusts off in time, and is seldom seen on an old structure. Its shape is that of a bell, or the bowl of a wine-glass. Round the rim are suspended small bells, to the clappers of which hang, by a short chain, a sheet-iron leaf, also gilded. The wind moving the pendant leaf, strikes the clappers against the bells, and keeps up a pleasant chime. Around all chief pagodas are smaller ones, sometimes amounting to hundreds, and of great size.

I am not sure of the origin of the term *pagoda*, applied by European writers to this structure. The term is unknown to Burmans or Siamese. The former call it *Ta-dee*, and sometimes *Pra-ta-dee*, but more commonly simply *P'ha*—god. The latter call it *Cha-dee*, or *Prachadee*.

Zayats are not exclusively religious buildings. Some are intended to contain idols, and some are for the ac-

commodation of worshippers and travellers, and for town-halls. The majority contain no idols, and are intended only to afford shelter for worshippers and travellers. Some of these are mere sheds, open on all sides; but in almost all cases they are built in a far more durable and costly manner than dwelling-houses.

Every village has a *zayat*, where the stranger may repose or stay for many days, if he please; and many a time I found them a comfortable lodging-place. Like the chultries of Hindustan, they are of unspeakable utility in a country destitute of inns, and where every house has its full complement of inmates.

Many *zayats*, especially near great cities, are truly beautiful, and very costly. The ceilings and pillars are not only elaborately carved, but completely gilded, and the stucco floors rival marble in hardness and polish.

Near all considerable cities are a number of *zayats*, which may be called temples, erected to contain collections of idols, amounting in some cases to hundreds. In general these are all colossal, and some are huge. In each collection will be found a recumbent image, sixty, eighty, or even a hundred feet long, made of brick covered with stucco, and often gilded. Almost all the idols which are larger than life are thus formed; but so skilful are the artists in working in lime, that the images have the appearance of polished marble. Groups of images representing Gaudama walking with his rice-pot, followed by attendants with theirs, or illustrating some conspicuous passage in his life, are not uncommon. The doors or gateways of religious edifices are generally guarded by huge Balus and lions, as they call them.

Sometimes other images are added, as crocodiles, turtles, dogs, &c. In the compounds of the best pagodas are various structures, more or less elegant, presented by wealthy worshippers. Some of these resemble umbrellas; others are like shrines; but the most common are streamers, fastened to a mast. Some of these are truly beautiful. They are cylinders of fine book muslin, kept round by light hoops of ratan, and ornamented with figures cut out of silver or gold paper. On the top is the carved and gilded *hensa*, or sacred bird—a creature of imagination, resembling nothing in heaven above or earth beneath.

Images and sacred edifices pass through no form of consecration; and an intelligent Burman, when pressed in argument, strenuously denies that he worships these things. He claims to use them as papists do a crucifix. He places no trust in them, but uses them to remind him of Gaudama, and in compliance with Gaudama's commands. Hence he feels no horror at beholding them decayed; and the country is full of such as have gone to ruin. The merit of making a very small pagoda, or image, is much greater than the repairing even of the largest. The son, therefore, suffers the father's structure to sink into ruin, though trifling repairs might prolong its existence for years. The builder himself seldom attempts to repair the ravages of time, which in this country proceed with extraordinary rapidity, preferring to build anew, if again prompted to the same species of piety. That the common people do really and truly worship the very pagodas and images, is most evident. Indeed, such seldom deny it. Few would dare to strike or deface one. Even the Christians are often unable to summon courage to do such a deed.

Impressions of Gaudama's foot are shown in various places, and receive religious worship. Several of these, not only in Burmah, but in Ceylon, Siam, and Lao, are affirmed to have been really stamped there by the deity himself, and are adduced as evidences of his extensive travels. The rest are avowed copies of these impressions, and are more numerous. Some are in stone, and some in stucco, generally handsomely gilded and canopied by some respectable structure. Those of Burmah and Ceylon seem not to be precisely alike.

Worship is not performed collectively, though crowds assemble at the same time on set days. Each one makes his offerings, and recites his prayers alone. No priests officiate; no union of voices is attempted. On

arriving at the pagoda, or image, the worshipper walks reverently to within a convenient distance, and laying his offering on the ground, sits down behind it, on his knees and heels, and placing the palms of his hands together, raises them to his forehead, and perhaps leans forward till his head touches the ground. This is called the *sheeko*. He then utters his prayers in a low tone, occasionally bowing as before, and having finished, rises and carries forward his gift, laying it somewhere near the idol or pagoda. Some proceed first to one of the great bells which hang near, and strike several times with one of the deer's horns which always lie beneath. When one goes alone, this is seldom omitted.

The prayer consists of the form already quoted ("Aneitsa, Dokekha, Ahnaha"), or of a repetition of certain protestations, such as, "I will not lie, I will not steal, I will not kill," &c. Each speaks audibly; but no one is disturbed, though scores kneel side by side. No greetings or recognitions are seen; nothing seems to divert their attention; and the profound humility of both posture and gesture, gives a solemn aspect to the whole scene. Old people, who cannot remember the forms, and persons who are diffident of their ability in this exercise, get some priest to write them a few sentences, which they carry before the pagoda or idol, and fastening it in one end of a stick, stick the other end in the ground, and put themselves for a time into the posture of prayer behind it. At Ava, quantities of these may be gathered any worship-day. The beads used in worship are made usually of black coral, or of the hard shell of the cocon-nut. There are fifty or sixty on a string. Some persons carry them at all times in their hand, especially the priests, and appear, by passing over one at a time, to be saying their prayers, even in the midst of conversation.

Frequently a worshipper spends an entire day or night at the pagoda, reclining in some of the *zayats*. When the night is chosen, he takes his bed and some refreshments, candles, &c. These are so light that the most aged persons carry them with ease, suspending the bed from one end of a pole, and the water-jar, offering, &c., from the other. I often met these people in the *zayats* lying about, reading from palm-leaves, or returning in the morning to their homes. They reminded me of the embarrassment I felt when a child, in reading of our Saviour's ordering men to "take up their bed and walk." These beds consist of a clean mat, which weighs but three or four pounds, and a short round pillow, with sometimes a cloth or sheet. The latter are rolled up in the mat, and tied with a twine, so that the whole is both light and portable.

None but priests go to the pagoda without carrying some offering, though it be but a flower, or a few sprigs plucked from a bush in passing. A tasteful nosegay is the common gift; but those who can afford it, carry, once a week, articles of food and raiment. The former is always cooked in the nicest manner, and delicately arranged in saucers made of the fresh plantain leaf. Women carry their gifts in shallow baskets on their heads, and men in their hands, or suspended from the ends of a shoulder-pole. They proceed in groups, gossiping and gay, and display their piety with exuberant self-complacency.

There are four days for public worship in every lunar month; namely, at the new and full moon, and seven days after each, so that sometimes their sabbath occurs after seven days, and sometimes after eight. The new and full moons are the principal sabbaths; but few persons observe even all of these. Even those who attend the pagoda, always continue their business, except during the brief absence. The aspect of the city or village, therefore, is not changed, and the stranger would not know the day had arrived, did he not visit the pagoda, or the principal avenues leading to it. There is, in fact, no sabbath in Burmah, nor is any required by their religion. It is meritorious to observe the day, but not sinful to disregard it.

The number of worshippers at the chief pagodas is always sufficient on Sundays to produce a large amount

of offerings, and on such days the slaves of the pagoda take care of such as are useful, and divide the whole among themselves. On other days, dogs and crows consume the offerings, often attacking a gift the moment the worshipper quits it, and devouring it without the slightest molestation. I used to supply myself sometimes with a handsome bouquet from before the idol, walking unmolested among prostrate worshippers. Whatever flowers or fragments are left to the next morning, are swept out like common dirt.

Burmans are oppressed with a multitude of inconvenient superstitions. They observe dreams, omens, lucky and unlucky days, and believe in the casting of nativities, supernatural endowments, relics, charms, witchcraft, invulnerability, &c. The aspect of the stars, the howl of dogs, the flight of birds, the involuntary motions of the body, the cawing of crows, the manner in which fowls lay their eggs, the holes made by rats, and a hundred such things, are constantly observed. A man will not make his canoe of the intended tree, if it falls in an unlucky manner, or the knots are discovered to be unfortunately arranged. They are especially observant of the lines in the palms of one's hand. If the lines on the end of the fore-finger are disposed in circles, it indicates prosperity; if in arcs of a circle, great unhappiness, &c.

Amulets and charms are worn by both sexes, but not by a large number as among Hindus. One of these, common among military men, is the insertion of pieces of gold, or other metal, and sometimes small gems, under the skin of the arm, between the elbow and shoulder. I was allowed, by one of the Christians at Ava, to take from his arm several of these. They are of gold, inscribed with cabalistic letters.

Circumstances, of course, often tend to confirm these imaginations. The fall of the royal spire when the king removed his residence from Umerapoora, was immediately succeeded by the news of the capture of Rangoon. Comets are regarded as portending great disasters, and one appeared during the advance of the British army.

The fear of witches prevails universally, and physicians derive much of their profits from the sale of medicines which are to give security from their arts. As in other countries, the persons charged with possessing infernal powers are generally poor old women. These sometimes favour the suspicion for purposes of gain, and sometimes are subject to maltreatment. Vultures and owls are birds of evil omen, and families will sometimes vacate a house on which one of these birds has alighted. The tattooing of the body is regarded as a charm. Endeavouring to ridicule an individual, once, for the extent to which he had carried this operation, he gravely assured me that it rendered him invulnerable. Pulling out my knife, and offering to test the assertion, he instantly declined, affirming that if he were a *good man*, such would indeed be the effect, but that he was not a good man.

Many of the people, especially among the Karens, Tounghoos, &c., worship Nats, which have been mentioned as inhabiting the six lower heavens, and are supposed to possess great power in human affairs. In honour of these, little huts, resembling a common dog-house, are erected on a post; and on another, of the same height in front, is fastened a flat board, on which the offerings are placed. Images of Nats are often seen among collections of idols, in the capacity of attendants. They bear a human form, and are portrayed as being very elegantly dressed. Such figures frequently ornament the base of the flag-staffs, and sacred umbrellas erected near pagodas. I never saw any, however, in or near the little huts erected for their worship. Feasts are often made to them, to avert calamity, or to be healed from sickness. On these occasions, every member of the family, far and near, assembles; and if any be absent, the service is considered nullified.

This worship of Nats forms no part of Buddhism, and is in fact discountenanced as heterodox. It seems to be a relic of the ancient polytheism, which prevailed in the country before its present religion was introduced.

The Burman term applied to a priest is *Pon-gyee*, or *Bon-ghee*; literally "great exemplar," or "great glory." The Pali term *Rahan*, or "holy man," is seldom used. The Siamese name is *P'hrasong*. Some authors speak of the priests as *Telapins*, but the term is never used by Burmans or Siamese. It seems to have been given to the priests by the French and Portuguese, perhaps from the custom of carrying, over their shaven heads, the large fan made of Tal-apot leaf.

Pongyees are not a caste, or hereditary race; nor, as has been remarked, is there any such thing as caste in Burmah. Any one may become a priest, and any priest may return to secular life at pleasure. Thousands do, in fact, thus return every year, without the least reproach. The far greater number enter with the avowed purpose of remaining only a few months, or years, for the acquisition of learning and merit. Indeed, the majority of respectable young men enter the novitiate for a season, not only to complete their education, but because the doing so is considered both respectable and meritorious. The more acute and energetic re-enter society, and, as the phrase is, "become men again." The dull, the indolent, and those who become fond of religious and literary pursuits, remain.

When a youth assumes the yellow robe, it is an occasion of considerable ceremony, of neighbourly festivity, and of emolument to the monastery.* The candidate, richly clad, is led forth, on a horse handsomely caparisoned, attended by a train of friends and relations, and passes in pomp through the principal streets. Before him go women bearing on their heads his future robes of profession, and the customary utensils of a priest, with rice, fruit, cloth, china cups, &c., intended as presents to the young, and its superior.

This splendour of array bears a striking similarity to the display of dress, &c., made by a nun when about to renounce the world. Henceforth, at least while he remains a priest, the youth is no more to wear ornaments, ride on horseback, or even carry an umbrella. The candidate is also made to pass an examination as to his belief, motives, &c., and to take upon himself certain vows.

Priests are not only to observe all rules binding on common people, but many more. They are bound to celibacy and chastity; and if married before their initiation, the bond is dissolved. They must not so much as touch a woman, or even a female infant, or any female animal. They must never sleep under the same roof, or travel in the same carriage or boat with a woman, or touch any thing which a woman has worn. If a priest's own mother fall into the water, or into a pit, he must not help her out except no one else is nigh, and then he must only reach her a stick or a rope. They are not to recognise any relations. They must not have, or even touch, money; nor eat after the noon of the day; nor drink without straining the water; nor build



Priest walking out.

a fire in any new place, lest some insect be killed; nor spit in water, or on grass, lest some creature be defiled by eating. They must not dance, sing, or play upon musical instruments, nor stand in conspicuous places, nor wear their hair long, or any ornaments, nor have a turban, umbrella, or shoes; and their raiment must be made of rags and fragments gathered in the streets. As the burning sun makes some shelter absolutely necessary for a shorn, unturbaned head, they are allowed to carry their huge fan for this purpose, as shown in the cut. They must hold no secular office, nor interfere in the least with government. Seclusion, poverty, contemplation, and indifference to all worldly good or evil, are henceforth to distinguish them.

In eating, a priest must inwardly say, "I eat this rice, not to please my palate, but to support life." In dressing himself, he must say, "I put on these robes, not to be vain of them, but to conceal my nakedness." And in taking medicine, he must say, "I desire recovery from this indisposition, only that I may be more diligent in devotion and virtuous pursuits."

All this strictness, though required in the sacred books, is by no means exemplified in the conduct of the priests. They wear sandals, carry umbrellas, live luxuriously, and handle money. They not only wear the finest and best cotton cloth, but some of them the most excellent silks. They, however, preserve a shadow of obedience, by having the cloth first cut into pieces, and then neatly sewed together. They even look at women without much reserve. The huge fan, peculiar to priests, is intended partly to prevent the necessity of their seeing women when preaching, &c.; but the manner in which they are represented in native pictures, as looking over them, is not more amusing than true.

Their dress covers much more of the person than that of the laity; indeed, it veils them completely from neck to ankles. It consists of two cloths, one put on so as to form a petticoat, and fastened with a girdle, the other thrown gracefully over the shoulders and round the neck. The rule is to keep the head shaved entirely; but some permit it to grow an inch or two. I found the rule in Siam was to shave the head twice a month; and probably the same prevails in Burmah. Yellow is appropriated as the colour for the dress of the priesthood, and it would be deemed nothing less than sacrilege in any one else to use it: so peculiarly sacred is it held, that it is not uncommon to see one of the people pay his devotions in due form to the old garment of a priest, hung on a bush to dry, after being washed.

Kyongs are found in all cities and villages, and often in very small hamlets. As a partial compliance to the law, which forbids them to be erected in such places, they are generally placed at the outskirts. They are enclosed within an ample space, generally set out with fruit and shade trees. The ground is kept clear of grass or weeds, in proportion to the strictness of the superior. The kyongs are always vastly better built than the dwellings of even the richest among the laity; and near the metropolis many of them are truly grand. With few exceptions they are built in the same manner as good dwelling houses, only decorated with carved work, and having massive steps of brick and mortar leading up to them. The distinctive mark between common and religious or royal residences, is always observed, namely, the stages or hips in the roof. The number of these breaks depends on the beauty, size, and sacredness of the structure. The apartments are all on one floor, and often rendered truly imposing by the height and decorations of the roof. I have been in some monasteries of great size, which were solidly gilded, within and without, from top to bottom.

As to the morality of the priesthood, my information is too vague and contradictory to allow me to venture an opinion. Perhaps, however, this contradictoriness arose from a real diversity in the characters of the priests whom my different informers had known. It is certain that if they choose to transgress, they may do so with little danger of detection, by assuming the turban and robe of the laity. They cannot be distinguished by their shorn heads, as that is a sign of humiliation practised by all who go into mourning for relations. Sometimes half the community adopt this sign at the death of some very great man or member of the royal family.

Such as their literature is, it is chiefly confined to the priesthood. Few others can so much as read, without hesitation, a book they never saw before, still less understand its contents. The thousands who "finish their education" in the monasteries, furnish but few exceptions to this remark. The nation has acquired the character of "a reading people" from the fact that nearly all males do learn to read in the kyong. But it is as the bulk of the Jews read Hebrew, without understanding any thing they read.

* He who incurs the expense on this occasion, is said to have made a priest, and becomes a Thengan-taga or P'on-gyee-taga.

Their office may be called a sinecure. Few of them preach, and those but seldom, and only on special request; after which donations of clothing, &c. are always made to them. On these occasions, though only one preaches, there are generally several present. They sit cross-legged, in a row, on a raised seat, and each holds up before him his fan, to prevent distraction by looking on the audience, and especially to avoid gazing at the women. In public worship, as has already been remarked, they have no services to perform. At funerals, they attend only when desired, and, after reciting the prayers, retire, with liberal gifts borne on the shoulders of boys. Marriage being utterly unholy, they have no services to render there. Part of them, in most kyongs, spend a portion of every day in teaching the noviciates, and whatever boys may come to learn. Deeming it wholly unprofessional to do any kind of work, most of them spend their time in sheer idleness. During their season of *lent*, as it has been called, the principal priests, especially some few of great reputation, are almost every day called to preach at some house. Liberal gifts are always expected at the close of each service.

It is the rule that each priest perambulate the streets every morning, till he receive boiled rice, &c., enough for the day. From the dawn of day till an hour after sunrise, they are seen passing to and fro, in groups and singly, carrying on their arm the *Thabike*, which is often sustained by a strap passing over the shoulder. They walk on briskly, without looking to the right or left, stopping when any one comes out with a gift, and passing on without the least token of thanks, or even looking at the giver.

The *Thabike* is a black earthen pot, containing about a peck, with a lid of tin or lackered ware, which is made to fit when inverted, so as to hold little cups of curry, meat, or fruits. The more dignified priests omit the morning perambulation, and either depend on a share of what their juniors receive, or have their own servants, and supply their private table from the bazaar, and from offerings which are brought them by the devout. Except in times of scarcity, the daily supply is superabundant, and the surplus is given to day scholars, poor persons, and adherents, who perform various services round the monastery. These retainers are very convenient to the priests in many ways. They receive money, which the priests may not openly touch; go to market for such little luxuries as may be wanted; sell the superabundant gifts of clothing, mats, boxes, betel-nut, &c. Some of the priests are known to have thus become rich. Father Sangermano, who spent many years among them, declares that they make no scruple of receiving even large sums, and that "they are insatiable after riches, and do little else than ask for them." Sometimes enormous swine are kept under the monasteries; for what purpose I could never learn, except that it is meritorious to feed dumb animals.

The daily gift of food to priests is supposed to be entirely voluntary, and doubtless generally is so. But I have often seen them make a full stop before a house, and wait for some time. A gift is generally brought at length; but if not, the priest moves on without remark. This certainly amounts to a demand. If any family is noticed constantly to neglect giving, complaint is lodged with the ruler, and fines are sure to follow. In some parts of the country, the priest, as he goes his round, rings a little bell, that all may know of his approach, and be ready. As the time of going round is long before the common hour of breakfast, families who intend to give to the priests rise before day to cook the rice. They give but about a coffee-cup full to each, and stand before their door, dealing it out thus, till the quantity

they have prepared is gone. They commonly add such fruits as are in season; with segars, betel, candles, and particularly curry, or sauce, in small saucers.

The company of priests is very great, but I found few places where the exact number was known. From the data I was able to obtain, I think their proportion to the people is about as one to thirty. In some places it is greater, in others less. Ava, with a population of 200,000, has 20,000 priests. The province of Amherst, with 36,000 souls, has 1010. Tavoy, with a population of 9000, has 450.

Besides the Ponghees, there are at Ava a considerable number of Brahmins, who are highly respected. They hold the rank of astrologers and astronomers to his majesty, in which they are supposed to be eminently skilled, and have committed to them the regulation of the calendar. They are consulted on important occasions, and give forth auguries, which are received with great confidence. The ancestors of these Brahmins appear to have come from Bengal at no distant period. Occasionally, new ones come still.

The priesthood is arranged into a regular hierarchy. The highest functionary is the *Tha-thena-byng*, or archbishop. He resides at Ava, has jurisdiction over all priests, and appoints the president of every monastery. He stands high at court, and is considered one of the great men of the kingdom. Next to him are the *Ponghees*, strictly so called, one of whom presides in each monastery. Next are the *Oo-pe-zins*, comprising those who have passed the novice, sustained a regular examination, and chosen the priesthood for life. Of this class are the teachers or professors in the monasteries. One of these is generally vice-president, and is most likely to succeed to the headship on the demise of the Ponghee. Both these orders are sometimes called *Itahans*, or *Yahans*. They are considered to understand religion so well as to think for themselves, and expound the law out of their own hearts, without being obliged to follow what they have read in books. Next are the *Ko-ye-ga-lay*, who have retired from the world, and wear the yellow cloth, but are not all seeking to pass the examination, and become *Oo-pe-zins*. They have entered for an education, or a livelihood, or to gain a divorce, or for various objects; and many of such return annually to secular life. Many of this class remain for life without rising in grade.

Those who remain five years honourably, are called *Tay*, that is, simply *priests*; and those who remain twenty, are *Maha Tay*, great or aged *priests*. They might have become Ponghees at any stage of this period, if their talents and acquisitions had amounted to the required standard. By courtesy, all who wear the yellow cloth are called Ponghees.

The death of a Ponghee or president of a kyong is regarded as a great event, and the funeral is conducted with pomp and ceremony. The body being embowelled, and its juices pressed out, is filled with honey, and swathed in many folds of varnished cloth. The whole is coated with bees'-wax; that which covers the face and feet being so wrought as to resemble the deceased. These parts are then gilded. The body often lies in state for many months, on a platform highly ornamented with fringes, coloured paper, pictures, &c.

During my stay at Tavoy occurred the funeral of a distinguished Ponghee. Its rarity, and the great preparations which had been made for it, attracted almost the entire populace. The body had been lying in state, under an ornamental canopy, for several months, embalmed Burman fashion. The face and feet, where the wax preserved the original shape, were visible, and completely gilded. Five cars, on low wheels, had been prepared, to which were attached long ropes of ratan, and to some of them at each end. They were constructed chiefly of cane, and not only were in pretty good taste, but quite costly withal, in gold leaf, embroidered muslin, &c. &c.

When the set day arrived, the concourse assembled, filling not only all the *zayats*, but all the groves, dressed in their best clothes, and full of festivity. Not a beggar,

* It was some time before the Christian converts could be reconciled to Mr. Judson's performing the marriage ceremony, or being present in any way. It seemed to them absolutely obscene. In Siam, priests are often present on these occasions.

† In Siam, those who are reputed for learning and sanctity, receive a regular but small salary from government.

or ill-dressed person, was to be seen. Almost every person, of both sexes, was dressed in silk; and many, especially children, had ornaments of gold or silver in their ears, and round their ankles and wrists. Not an instance of drunkenness or quarrelling came under my eye, or, that I could learn, occurred on either day. The body in its decorated coffin was removed, amid an immense concourse, from its place in the *kyoung* to one of the cars, with an excessive din of drums, gongs, cymbals, trumpets, and wailing of women. When it was properly adjusted in its new location, a number of men mounted the car at each end, and hundreds of people grasped the ropes, to draw it to the place of burning, half a mile distant. But it had not advanced many paces, before those behind drew it back. Then came a prodigious struggle. The thousands in front exerted all their strength to get it forward, and those behind with equal energy held it back. Now it would go ten or twelve paces forward, then six or eight backward; one party pretending their great zeal to perform the last honours for the priest, the other declaring they could not part with the dear remains! The air was rent with the shouts of each party to encourage their side to exertion. The other cars of the procession were dragged back and forth in the same manner, but less vehemently. This frolic continued for a few hours, and the crowd dispersed, leaving the cars on the way. For several days, the populace amused themselves in the same manner; but I attended no more, till informed by the governor that at three o'clock that day the burning would certainly take place.

Repairing again to the spot, I found the advancing party had of course succeeded. The empty cars were in an open field, while that which bore the body was in the place of burning, enclosed by a light fence. The height was about thirty feet. At an elevation of about fifteen or sixteen feet, it contained a sort of sepulchral monument, like the square tombs in our church-yards, highly ornamented with Chinese paper, bits of various coloured glass arranged like flowers, and various mythological figures, and filled with combustibles. On this was the body of the priest. A long spire, decorated to the utmost, and festooned with flowers, completed the structure. Shortly after the appointed hour, a procession of priests approached, and took their seats on a platform within the enclosure, while in another direction came "the tree of life," borne on the shoulders of men, who reverently placed it near the priests. It was ingeniously and tastefully constructed of fruits, rice, boxes, cups, umbrellas, staffs, raiment, cooking utensils, and, in short, an assortment of all the articles deemed useful and convenient in Burman house-keeping. Women followed, bearing on their heads baskets of fruits and other articles. All these offerings, I was told, were primarily for the use of the deceased. But as he only needed their spiritual essence, the gross and substantial substances remained for the use of the neighbouring monastery.

The priests, with a small audience of elderly persons, now mumbled over the appointed prayers, and having performed some tedious ceremonies, retired. Immediately sky-rockets and other fireworks were let off at a little distance. From the place of the pyrotechnics, long ropes extended to the funeral cars, to which were fastened horizontal rockets bearing various pasteboard figures. Presently, men with slow matches touched off one of these; but it whizzed forward only a little way, and expired. Another failed in the same manner, and shouts of derision rose from the crowd. The next rushed forward, and smashed a portion of the car, which called forth strong applause. Another and another dashed into the tottering fabric, while several men were seen throwing faggots and gunpowder into it, till, finally, a furious rocket entering the midst of the pile, the whole blazed up, and the poor priest was exploded to heaven! Fancy fireworks concluded the ceremony, and the vast crowd dispersed.

The circumstance that a great proportion of the males of the country are for a time members of the priest-

hood, while it serves to confirm and perpetuate the national faith, tends also to lower the influence of the clergy. Political influence they have none, and have never sought. They are respected while they continue to wear the yellow cloth, but on relinquishing it, retain no more consideration on that ground. Comparatively few remain permanently in the priesthood, and these not often the most intellectual. Their literary pursuits (so called) have, of course, no tendency to expand or elevate, being a tissue of fables and extravagances; but these books ascribing high merit to seclusion and contemplation, those who persist generally become calm, quiet, and austere. They maintain respect, not by lordly assumptions, but by a character for humility and piety. The higher priests are seldom intolerant, except when they consider their religion in danger, and are often men whom every one must respect. Foreigners generally receive at their hands kindness and hospitality. The inferior priests and novitiates are often the reverse of this in all things. Proud, empty, and presumptuous, they claim honours from foreigners, which they cannot receive, and display, in all their ways, bigotry and folly.

Though nowhere required, or even authorised, by the *Bedagat*, there are in many places bands of priestesses or nuns, called *Ma-theta-shen*, or sometimes *Ma-thao-dam*. They are few in number, and regarded with but little veneration. Like priests, they may return to common life at pleasure. Most of them are aged, though some are young. The latter often avow their object to be a better selection for a husband, through the conspicuity given them by the office. In most cases of the old people, the profession is regarded as little else than a pretext for begging. Unlike priests in this respect, they are seen about the streets all day long, often asking alms openly, and sometimes clamorously. They are known by dressing in white, which no other women do, and having their head shaved. They dwell, apart from society, near the *kyoungs*, into which they have free access, and where they perform various menial services.

Both priests and nuns are under the control of a civil officer, called *Kyoung-serai*, or clerk of the monasteries, who derives his appointment from the *Tha-thena-byng*, but is considered a crown officer. He keeps a register of all *kyoungs* and their lands, inquires into all disputes among the priests, or between them and the citizens, and in general watches over the outward demeanour of the clergy.

Though remarkably united in their religious opinions, Burmans are not entirely accordant. Sects have arisen, the chief of which is that of the *Kolans*, who are said to be numerous and spreading. *Kolan* was a reformer, who lived about fifty years ago, and taught a semi-atheism, or the worship of Wisdom. Homage was to be paid to this, wherever found; of course not a little was to be rendered to himself. Preachers and teachers of this sect, always from among the laity, frequently rise, and gain many followers. Many of the nobles are said to be of this sentiment. Most of this sect are near *Ava*, and in the towns on the *Irrawaddy*. They are called *Paramats*, from a word which signifies "the good law." They discard the worship of images, and have neither priests nor sacred books. *Kolon* took the *Bedam-ma* (the first part of the *Bedagat*), and, after revising it, adopted it as a good creed, but it is not much copied among his followers. Until lately, the *Kolans* have been greatly persecuted, but at present little notice is taken of them.

It has been observed by travellers that this people is remarkably tolerant in religious matters. In a restricted sense, this is certainly true. Foreigners of every description are allowed the fullest exercise of their religion. They may build places of worship of any kind, in any place, and have their public festivals and processions without molestation. But no nation could be more intolerant to their own people. No Burman may join any of these religions, under the severest penalties. Despotism as is the government, in nothing

does it more thoroughly display that despotism than in its measures for suppressing all religious innovation, and supporting the established system. The whole population is divided into allotments of ten families, under a petty officer. Over every ten of these allotments is another officer, to whom the others report. These chiefs of a hundred families are under the supervision of a higher officer, who takes cognisance of all causes. On stated days, every chief of ten families is required to bring forth his company to the appointed observances. He does not indeed notice mere remissness, but if any person be habitually absent, he must produce either a good reason or a bribe. The whole population is thus held in chains, as iron-like as caste itself; and to become a Christian openly is to hazard every thing, even life.

In the British provinces, the national faith being robbed of the support of the secular arm, seems to be cherished so much the more by national feeling. Expectancy that the religion of the new rulers may spread, seems to awaken greater vigilance that it may not. Pagodas, kyongs, and priests, are well supported, and the clergy seem anxious to propitiate popular favour to stand them instead of government patronage. It is therefore no easier to distribute tracts, or obtain an audience in Maulmain, than in Rangoon or Ava, though schools are more easily established. Persecution is shown in every form except official. Neighbourly acts are often refused to Christians, and in some cases, were it not for the missionary, the convert could scarcely escape absolute want.

REMARKS.

No false religion, ancient or modern, is comparable to this. Its philosophy is, indeed, not exceeded in folly by any other, but its doctrines and practical piety bear a strong resemblance to those of the Holy Scripture. There is scarcely a principle or precept in the *Bedagat* which is not found in the Bible. Did the people but act up to its principles of peace and love, oppression and injury would be known no more within their borders. Its deeds of merit are in all cases either really beneficial to mankind or harmless. It has no mythology of obscene and ferocious deities, no sanguinary or impure observances, no self-inflicting tortures, no tyrannising priesthood, no confounding of right and wrong, by making certain iniquities laudable in worship. In its moral code, its descriptions of the purity and peace of the first ages, of the shortening of man's life because of his sins, &c., it seems to have followed genuine traditions. In almost every respect, it seems to be the best religion which man has ever invented.

At the same time we must regard *Boodhism* with unmeasured reprobation, if we compare it, not with other false religions, but with truth. Its entire base is false. It is built, not on love to God, nor even love to man, but on personal merit. It is a system of religion without a God. It is literally atheism. Instead of a Heavenly Father forgiving sin, and filial service from a pure heart, as the effect of love, it presents nothing to love, for its Deity is dead; nothing as the ultimate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition but annihilation.

The system of merit corrupts and perverts to evil the very precepts whose prototypes are found in the Bible; and causes an injurious effect on the heart, from the very duties which have a salutary effect on society. Thus, to say nothing of its doctrines of eternal transmigration and of uncontrollable fate, we may see,

in this single doctrine of merit, the utter destruction of all excellence. It leaves no place for holiness; for every thing is done for the single purpose of obtaining advantage.

Sympathy, tenderness, and all benevolence, would become extinct under such a system, had not *Jehovah* planted their rudiments in the human constitution. If his neighbour's boat be upset, or his house on fire, why should the *Boodhist* assist? He supposes such events to be the unavoidable consequences of demerit in a former existence; and if this suffering be averted, there must be another of equal magnitude. He even fears, that by his interfering to prevent or assuage his neighbour's calamity, he is resisting established fate, and bringing evil on his own head.

The same doctrine of merit destroys gratitude, either to God or man. If he is well off, it is because he deserves to be. If you do him a kindness, he cannot be persuaded that you have any other object or reason than to get merit, and feels that he compensates your generosity by furnishing the occasion. If the kindness be uncommon, he always suspects you of sinister designs. In asking a favour, at least of an equal, he does it peremptorily, and often haughtily, on the presumption that you will embrace the opportunity of getting merit; and when his request is granted, retires without the slightest expression of gratitude. In fact, as has been already stated, there is no phrase in his language that corresponds with our "I thank you."

The doctrine of fate is maintained with the obstinacy and devotedness of a Turk. While it accounts to them for every event, it creates doggedness under misfortune, and makes forethought useless.

Boodhism allows evil to be balanced with good, by a scale which reduces sin to the shadow of a trifle. To sheeko to a pagoda, or offer a flower to the idol, or feed the priests, or set a pot of cool water by the wayside, is supposed to cancel a multitude of sins. The building of a kyong or pagoda, will outweigh enormous crimes, and secure prosperity for ages to come. Vice is thus robbed of its terrors; for it can be overbalanced by easy virtues. Instances are not rare of robbery, and even murder, being committed, to obtain the means of buying merit. All the terrors, therefore, with which hell is represented, do but serve to excite to the observance of frivolous rites. The making of an idol, an offering, or some such act, is substituted for repentance and reparation, for all inward excellence, and every outward charity.

It ministers also to the most extravagant pride. The *Boodhist* presumes that incalculable merit, in previous incarnations, has been gained, to give him the honour of now wearing human nature. He considers his condition far superior to that of the inhabitants of the other islands in this system, and his chance of exaltation to be of the most animating character. Conceit, therefore, betrays itself in all his ways. The lowest man in society carries himself like the "twice born" brahmin of Hindustan.

We need not multiply these remarks. It is enough to move our sympathy to know that this religion, however superior to any other invented by man, has no power to save. Though we have no stirring accounts to present of infants destroyed, or widows burned, or parents smothered in sacred mud, it is enough that *they are perishing in their sins*. It matters little whether a soul pass into eternity from beneath the wheels of *Juggernaut*, or from amid a circle of weeping friends. The awful scene is beyond! May the favoured ones of our happy land be induced to discharge their duty to these benighted millions!

END OF TRAVELS IN BURMAN EMPIRE.

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INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL
IN
GREECE TURKEY RUSSIA
AND
POLAND. .

BY J. L. STEPHENS,

AUTHOR OF "INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA,
AND THE HOLY LAND."

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE author has been induced by his publishers to put forth his "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland." In point of time they precede his tour in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land. The countries which form the subject of the following pages, perhaps do not, in themselves, possess the same interest with those in his first work ; but the author has reason to believe that part of his route, particularly from the Black Sea to the Baltic, through the interior of Russia, and from St Petersburg through the interior of Poland to Warsaw and Cracow, is comparatively new to most of his countrymen. As in his first work, his object has been to present a picture of the every-day scenes which occur to the traveller in the countries referred to, rather than any detailed description of the countries themselves.

New York, July 1838.

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INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

IN

GREECE, TURKEY, RUSSIA, AND POLAND.

CHAPTER I.

A Hurricane.—An Adventure.—Missilonghi.—Siege of Missilonghi.—Byron.—Marco Bozzaris.—Visit to the Widow, Daughters, and Brother of Bozzaris.

On the evening of the — February 1835, by a bright starlight, after a short ramble among the Ionian Islands, I sailed from Zante, in a beautiful cutter of about forty tons, for Padras. My companions were Doctor W., an old and valued friend from New York, who was going to Greece merely to visit the Episcopal missionary school at Athens, and a young Scotchman, who had travelled with me through Italy, and was going farther, like myself, he knew not exactly why. There was hardly a breath of air when we left the harbour, but a breath was enough to fill our little sail. The wind, though of the gentlest, was fair; and as we crawled from under the lee of the island, in a short time it became a fine sailing breeze. We sat on the deck till a late hour, and turned in with every prospect of being at Padras in the morning. Before daylight, however, the wind chopped about, and set in dead ahead, and when I went on deck in the morning, it was blowing a hurricane. We had passed the point of Padras; the wind was driving down the Gulf of Corinth as if old Æolus had determined on thwarting our purpose; and our little cutter, dancing like a gull upon the angry waters, was driven into the harbour of Missilonghi.

The town was full in sight, but at such a distance, and the waves were running so high, that we could not reach it with our small boat. A long flat extends several miles into the sea, making the harbour completely inaccessible except to small Greek caiques built expressly for such navigation. We remained on board all day; and the next morning, the gale still continuing, made signals to a fishing-boat to come off and take us ashore. In a short time she came alongside; we bade farewell to our captain—an Italian and a noble fellow, cradled, and, as he said, 'born to die on the Adriatic'—and in a few minutes struck the soil of fallen but immortal Greece.

Our manner of striking it, however, was not such as to call forth any of the warm emotions struggling in the breast of the scholar, for we were literally stuck in the mud. We were yet four or five miles from the shore, and the water was so low that the fishing-boat, with the additional weight of four men and luggage, could not swim clear. Our boatmen were two long sinewy Greeks, with the red tarbouch, embroidered jacket, sash, and large trousers, and with their long poles set us through the water with prodigious force; but as soon as the boat struck, they jumped out, and, putting their brawny shoulders under her sides, heaved her through into better water, and then resumed their poles. In this way they propelled her two or three miles, working alternately with their poles and shoulders, until they got her into a channel, when they hoisted the sail, laid directly for the harbour, and drove upon the beach with canvases all flying.

During the late Greek revolution, Missilonghi was the great debarking-place of European adventurers; and, probably, among all the desperadoes who ever landed there, none were more destitute and in better condition to "go ahead" than I; for I had all that I was worth on my back. At one of the Ionian Islands I had lost my carpet bag, containing my note-book and every article of wearing apparel except the suit in which I stood. Every condition, however, has its advantages; mine put me above porters and custom-house officers; and while my companions were busy with these plagues of travellers, I paced with great satisfaction the shore of Greece, though I am obliged to confess that this satisfaction was for reasons utterly disconnected with any recollections of her ancient glories. Business before pleasure: one of our first inquiries was for a breakfast. Perhaps, if we had seen a monument, or solitary column, or ruin of any kind, it would have inspired us to better things; but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, that could recall an image of the past. Besides, we did not expect to land at Missilonghi, and were not bound to be inspired at a place into which we were thrown by accident; and, more than all, a drizzling rain was penetrating to our very bones; we were wet and cold, and what can men do in the way of sentiment when their teeth are chattering?

The town stands upon a flat, marshy plain, which extends several miles along the shore. The whole was a mass of new made ruins—of houses demolished and black with smoke—the tokens of savage and desolating war. In front, and directly along the shore, was a long street of miserable one-story shanties, run up since the destruction of the old town, and so near the shore that sometimes it is washed by the sea, and at the time of our landing it was wet and muddy from the rain. It was a cheerless place, and reminded me of Communipaw in bad weather. It had no connection with the ancient glory of Greece, no name or place on her historic page, and no hotel where we could get a breakfast; but one of the officers of the customs conducted us to a shanties filled with Bavarian soldiers drinking. There was a sort of second story, accessible only by a ladder; and one end of this was partitioned off with boards, but had neither bench, table, nor any other article of housekeeping. We had been on and almost in the water since daylight, exposed to a keen wind and drizzling rain, and now, at eleven o'clock, could probably have eaten several chickens apiece; but nothing came amiss, and as we could not get chickens, we took eggs, which, for lack of any vessel to boil them in, were roasted. We placed a huge loaf of bread on the middle of the floor, and seated ourselves around it, spreading out so as to keep ourselves from rolling away, and each hewing off bread for himself. Fortunately, the Greeks have learned from their quondam Turkish masters the art of making coffee, and a cup of this eastern cordial kept our dry bread from choking us.

When we came out again, the aspect of matters was more cheerful; the long street was swarming with

Greeks, many of them armed with pistols and yataghan, but miserably poor in appearance, and in such numbers that not half of them could find the shelter of a roof at night. We were accosted by one dressed in a hat and frock-coat, and who, in occasional visits to Corfu and Trieste, had picked up some Italian and French, and a suit of European clothes, and was rather looked up to by his untravelling countrymen. As a man of the world, who had received civilities abroad, he seemed to consider it incumbent upon him to reciprocate at home, and with the tacit consent of all around, he undertook to do the honours of Missolonghi.

If, as a Greek, he had any national pride about him, he was imposing upon himself a severe task; for all that he could do was to conduct us among ruins, and, as he went along, tell us the story of the bloody siege which had reduced the place to its present woeful state. For more than a year, under unparalleled hardships, its brave garrison resisted the combined strength of the Turkish and Egyptian armies; and when all hope was gone, resolved to cut their way through the enemy, or die in the attempt. Many of the aged and sick, the wounded and the women, refused to join in the sortie, and preferred to shut themselves up in an old mill, with the desperate purpose of resisting until they should bring around them a large crowd of Turks, when they would blow all up together. An old invalid soldier seated himself in a mine under the Bastion Bozzaris (the ruins of which we saw), the mine being charged with thirty kegs of gunpowder; the last sacrament was administered by the bishop and priests to the whole population, and at a signal the besieged made their desperate sortie. One body dashed through the Turkish ranks, and, with many women and children, gained the mountains; but the rest were driven back. Many of the women ran to the sea, and plunged in with their children; husbands stabbed their wives with their own hands to save them from the Turks, and the old soldier under the bastion set fire to the train, and the remnant of the heroic garrison buried themselves under the ruins of Missolonghi.

Among them were thirteen foreigners, of whom only one escaped. One of the most distinguished was Meyer, a young Swiss, who entered as a volunteer at the beginning of the revolution, became attached to a beautiful Missolonghiote girl, married her, and when the final sortie was made, his wife being sick, he remained with her, and was blown up with the others. A letter written a few days before his death, and brought away by one who escaped in the sortie, records the condition of the garrison.

"A wound which I have received in my shoulder, while I am in daily expectation of one which will be my passport to eternity, has prevented me till now from bidding you a last adieu. We are reduced to feed upon the most disgusting animals. We are suffering horribly with hunger and thirst. Sickness adds much to the calamities which overwhelm us. Seventeen hundred and forty of our brothers are dead; more than a hundred thousand bombs and balls, thrown by the enemy, have destroyed our bastions and our homes. We have been terribly distressed by the cold, for we have suffered great want of food. Notwithstanding so many privations, it is a great and noble spectacle to behold the arduous and devotedness of the garrison. A few days more, and these brave men will be angelic spirits, who will accuse before God the indifference of Christendom. In the name of all our brave men, among whom are Notho Bozzaris, * * * I announce to you the resolution sworn to before Heaven, to defend foot by foot the land of Missolonghi, and to bury ourselves, without listening to any capitulation, under the ruins of this city. We are drawing near our final hour. History will render us justice. I am proud to think that the blood of a Swiss, of a child of William Tell, is about to mingle with that of the heroes of Greece."

But Missolonghi is a subject of still greater interest than this, for the reader will remember it as the place where Byron died. Almost the first questions I asked were about the poet, and it added to the dreary interest

which the place inspired, to listen to the manner in which the Greeks spoke of him. It might be thought that here, on the spot where he breathed his last, malignity would have held her accursed tongue; but it was not so. He had committed the fault, unpardonable in the eyes of political opponents, of attaching himself to one of the great parties that then divided Greece; and though he had given her all that man could give, in his own dying words, "his time, his means, his health, and lastly, his life," the Greeks spoke of him with all the rancour and bitterness of party spirit. Even death had not won oblivion for his political offences; and I heard those who saw him die in her cause affirm that Byron was no friend to Greece.

His body, the reader will remember, was transported to England, and interred in the family sepulchre. The church where it lay in state is a heap of ruins, and there is no stone or monument recording his death; but, wishing to see some memorial connected with his residence here, we followed our guide to the house in which he died. It was a large square building of stone; one of the walls still standing, black with smoke, the rest a confused and shapeless mass of ruins. After his death it was converted into an hospital and magazine; and when the Turks entered the city, they set fire to the powder; the sick and dying were blown into the air, and we saw the ruins lying as they fell after the explosion. It was a melancholy spectacle, but it seemed to have a sort of moral fitness with the life and fortunes of the poet. It was as if the same wild destiny, the same wreck of hopes and fortunes, that attended him through life, were hovering over his grave. Living and dead, his actions and his character have been the subject of obloquy and reproach, perhaps justly; but it would have softened the heart of his bitterest enemy to see the place in which he died.

It was in this house that, on his last birthday, he came from his bedroom and produced to his friends the last notes of his dying muse, breathing a spirit of sad foreboding and melancholy recollections, of devotion to the noble cause in which he had embarked, and a prophetic consciousness of his approaching end.

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

* * * * *

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here: up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

Moving on beyond the range of ruined houses, though still within the line of crumbling walls, we came to a spot perhaps as interesting as any that Greece in her best days could show. It was the tomb of Marco Bozzaris! No monumental marble emblazoned his deeds and fame; a few round stones piled over his head, which, but for our guide, we should have passed without noticing, were all that marked his grave. I would not disturb a proper reverence for the past; time covers with its dim and twilight glories both distant scenes and the men who acted in them; but, to my mind, Miltiades was not more of a hero at Marathon, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ, than Marco Bozzaris at Missolonghi. When they went out against the hosts of Persia, Athens and Sparta were great and free, and they had the prospect of *glory* and the praise of men, to the Greeks always dearer than life. But when the Suliot chief drew his sword, his country lay bleeding at the feet of a giant, and all Europe condemned the Greek revolution as foolhardy and desperate. For two months, with but a few hundred men, protected only by a ditch and slight parapet of earth, he defended the town, where his body now rests, against the whole Egyptian army. In stormy weather, living upon bad and unwholesome bread, with no covering but his cloak,

he passed his days and nights in constant vigil ; in every assault his sword cut down the foremost assailant, and his voice, rising above the din of battle, struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. In the struggle which ended with his life, with 2000 men he proposed to attack the whole army of Mustapha Pacha, and called upon all who were willing to die for their country to stand forward. The whole band advanced to a man. Unwilling to sacrifice so many brave men in a death-struggle, he chose 300, the sacred number of the Spartan band, his tried and trusty Suliotcs. At midnight he placed himself at their head, directing that not a shot should be fired till he sounded his bugle ; and his last command was, "If you lose sight of me, seek me in the pacha's tent." In the moment of victory he ordered the pacha to be seized, and received a ball in the loins ; his voice still rose above the din of battle, cheering his men until he was struck by another ball in the head, and borne dead from the field of his glory.

Not far from the grave of Bozzaris was a pyramid of skulls, of men who had fallen in the last attack upon the city, piled up near the blackened and battered wall which they had died in defending. In my after wanderings I learned to look more carefully upon these things ; and, perhaps, noticing everywhere the light estimation put upon human life in the East, learned to think more lightly of it myself ; but then it was melancholy to see bleaching in the sun, under the eyes of their countrymen, the unburied bones of men who, but a little while ago, stood with swords in their hands, and animated by the noble resolution to free their country or die in the attempt. Our guide told us that they had all been collected in that place with a view to sepulture ; and that King Otho, as soon as he became of age, and took the government in his own hands, intended to erect a monument over them. In the meantime, they are at the mercy of every passing traveller ; and the only remark that our guide made was a comment upon the force and unerring precision of the blow of the Turkish sabre, almost every skull being laid open on the side nearly down to the ear.

But the most interesting part of our day at Missi-longhi was to come. Returning from a ramble round the walls, we noticed a large square house, which our guide told us was the residence of Constantine, the brother of Marco Bozzaris. We were all interested in this intelligence, and our interest was in no small degree increased, when he added, that the widow and two of the children of the Suliotc chief were living with his brother. The house was surrounded by a high stone wall, a large gate stood most invitingly wide open, and we turned towards it in the hope of catching a glimpse of the inhabitants ; but before we reached the gate, our interest had increased to such a point, that after consulting with our guide, we requested him to say that, if it would not be considered an intrusion, three travellers, two of them Americans, would feel honoured in being permitted to pay their respects to the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris.

We were invited in, and shown into a large room on the right, where three Greeks were sitting cross-legged on a divan, smoking the long Turkish chibouk. Soon after, the brother entered, a man about fifty, of middle height, spare built, and wearing a Bavarian uniform, as holding a colonel's commission in the service of King Otho. In the dress of the dashing Suliotc, he would have better looked the brother of Marco Bozzaris, and I might then more easily have recognised the daring warrior, who, on the field of battle, in a moment of extremity, was deemed, by universal acclamation, worthy of succeeding the fallen hero. Now the strait military frock-coat, buttoned tight across the breast, the stock, tight pantaloons, boots, and straps, seemed to repress the free energies of the mountain warrior ; and I could not but think how awkward it must be for one who had spent all his life in a dress which hardly touched him, at fifty to put on a stock, and straps to his boots. Our guide introduced us, with an apology for our intrusion. The colonel received us

with great kindness, thanked us for the honour done his brother's widow, and, requesting us to be seated, ordered coffee and pipes.

And here, on the very first day of our arrival in Greece, and from a source which made us proud, we had the first evidence of what afterwards met me at every step, the warm feeling existing in Greece towards America ; for almost the first thing that the brother of Marco Bozzaris said was to express his gratitude as a Greek for the services rendered his country by our own ; and after referring to the provisions sent out for his famishing countrymen, his eyes sparkled, and his cheek flushed as he told us, that when the Greek revolutionary flag first sailed into the port of Napoli di Romania, among hundreds of vessels of all nations, an American captain was the first to recognise and salute it.

In a few moments the widow of Marco Bozzaris entered. I have often been disappointed in my preconceived notions of personal appearance, but it was not so with the lady who now stood before me ; she looked the widow of a hero—as one worthy of her Grecian mothers, who gave their hair for bowstrings, their girdle for a sword-belt, and, while their heartstrings were cracking, sent their young lovers from their arms to fight and perish for their country. Perhaps it was she that led Marco Bozzaris into the path of immortality ; that roused him from the wild guerilla warfare in which he had passed his early life, and fired him with the high and holy ambition of freeing his country. Of one thing I am certain : no man could look in her face without finding his wavering purposes fixed, without treading more firmly in the path of high and honourable enterprise. She was under forty, tall and stately in person, and habited in deep black, fit emblem of her widowed condition, with a white handkerchief laid flat over her head, giving the Madonna cast to her dark eyes and marble complexion. We all rose as she entered the room ; and though living secluded, and seldom seeing the face of a stranger, she received our compliments and returned them, with far less embarrassment than we both felt and exhibited.

But our embarrassment, at least I speak for myself, was induced by an unexpected circumstance. Much as I was interested in her appearance, I was not insensible to the fact that she was accompanied by two young and beautiful girls, who were introduced to us as her daughters. This somewhat bewildered me. While waiting for their appearance, and talking with Constantine Bozzaris, I had in some way conceived the idea that the daughters were mere children, and had fully made up my mind to take them both on my knee and kiss them ; but the appearance of the stately mother recalled me to the grave of Bozzaris ; and the daughters would probably have thought that I was taking liberties upon so short an acquaintance, if I had followed up my benevolent purpose in regard to them ; so that, with the long pipe in my hand, which at that time I did not know how to manage well, I cannot flatter myself that I exhibited any of the benefit of continental travel.

The elder was about sixteen, and even in the opinion of my friend Doctor W., a cool judge in these matters, a beautiful girl, possessing in its fullest extent all the elements of Grecian beauty—a dark, clear complexion, dark hair, set off by a little red cap embroidered with gold thread, and a long blue tassel hanging down behind, and large black eyes, expressing a melancholy quiet, but which might be excited to shoot forth glances of fire more terrible than her father's sword. Happily, too, for us, she talked French, having learned it from a French marquis who had served in Greece and been domesticated with them ; but young and modest, and unused to the company of strangers, she felt the embarrassment common to young ladies when attempting to speak a foreign language. And we could not talk to her on common themes. Our lips were sealed, of course, upon the subject which had brought us to her house. We could not sound for her the praises of

her gallant father. At parting, however, I told them that the name of Marco Bozzaris was as familiar in America as that of a hero of our own revolution, and that it had been hallowed by the inspiration of an American poet; and I added that, if it would not be unacceptable, on my return to my native country I would send the tribute referred to, as an evidence of the feeling existing in America towards the memory of Marco Bozzaris. My offer was gratefully accepted; and afterwards, while in the act of mounting my horse to leave Missilonghi, our guide, who had remained behind, came to me with a message from the widow and daughters reminding me of my promise.

I do not see that there is any objection to my mentioning that I wrote to a friend, requesting him to procure Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," and send it to my banker at Paris. My friend, thinking to enhance its value, applied to Mr Halleck for a copy in his own handwriting. Mr Halleck, with his characteristic modesty, evaded the application; and on my return home I told him the story of my visit, and reiterated the same request. He evaded me as he had done my friend, but promised me a copy of the new edition of his poems, which he afterwards gave me, and which, I hope, is now in the hands of the widow and daughters of the Grecian hero.

I make no apology for introducing in a book the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris. True, I was received by them in private, without any expectation, either on their part or mine, that all the particulars of the interview would be noted, and laid before the eyes of all who choose to read. I hope it will not be considered invading the sanctity of private life; but, at all events, I make no apology—the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris are the property of the world.

CHAPTER II.

Choice of a Servant.—A Turnout.—An Evening Chat.—Scenery of the Road.—Lepanto.—A projected Visit.—Change of Purpose.—Padras.—Vostitza.—Variety and Magnificence of Scenery.

BARREN as our prospect was on landing, our first day in Greece had already been full of interest. Supposing that we should not find any thing to engage us long, before setting out on our ramble we had directed our servant to procure horses; and when we returned, we found all ready for our departure.

One word with regard to this same servant. We had taken him at Corfu, much against my inclination. We had a choice between two, one a full-blooded Greek in fustinelas, who in five minutes established himself in my good graces, so that nothing but the democratic principle of submitting to the will of the majority could make me give him up. He held at that time a very good office in the police at Corfu, but the eagerness which he showed to get out of regular business and go roving, warned me to him irresistibly. He seemed to be distracted between two opposing feelings; one the strong bent of his natural vagabond disposition to be rambling, and the other a sort of tugging at his heart-strings by wife and children, to keep him in a place where he had a regular assured living, instead of trusting to the precarious business of guiding travellers. He had a boldness and confidence that won me; and when he drew on the sand with his yataghan a map of Greece, and told us the route he would take us, zig-zag across the Gulf of Corinth to Delphi and the top of Parnassus, I wondered that my companions could resist him.

Our alternative was an Italian from somewhere on the coast of the Adriatic, whom I looked upon with an unfavourable eye, because he came between me and my Greek; and on the morning of our departure, I was earnestly hoping that he had overstept himself, or got into some scrape and been picked up by the guard; but, most provokingly, he came in time, and with more baggage than all of us had together. Indeed, he had so much of his own, that in obedience to nature's first

law, he could not attend to ours, and in putting ashore some British soldiers at Cephalonia, he contrived to let my carpet-bag go with their luggage. This did not increase my amiable feeling towards him, and, perhaps, assisted in making me look upon him throughout with a jaundiced eye; in fact, before we had done with him, I regarded him as a slouch, a knave, and a fool, and had the questionable satisfaction of finding that my companions, though they sustained him as long as they could, had formed very much the same opinion.

It was to him, then, that on our return from our visit to the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris, we were indebted for a turnout that seemed to astonish even the people of Missilonghi. The horses were miserable little animals, hidden under enormous saddles made of great clumps of wood over an old carpet or towcloth, and covering the whole back from the shoulders to the tail; the luggage was perched on the tops of these saddles, and with desperate exertions, and the help of the citizens of Missilonghi, we were perched on the top of the luggage. The little animals had a knowing look as they peered from under the superincumbent mass; and supported on either side by the by-standers till we got a little steady in our seats, we put forth from Missilonghi. The only gentleman of our party was our servant, who followed on a European saddle which he had brought for his own use, smoking his pipe with great complacency, perfectly satisfied with our appearance and with himself.

It was four o'clock when we crossed the broken walls of Missilonghi. For three hours our road lay over a plain extending to the sea. I have no doubt, if my Greek had been there, he would have given an interest to the road by referring to scenes and incidents connected with the siege of Missilonghi; but Demetrius—as he now chose to call himself—knew nothing of Greece, ancient or modern; he had no sympathy of feeling with the Greeks; had never travelled on this side of the Gulf of Corinth before; and so he lagged behind and smoked his pipe.

It was nearly dark when we reached the miserable little village of Bokara. We had barely light enough to look around for the best khan in which to pass the night. Any of the wretched tenants would have been glad to receive us for the little remuneration we might leave with them in the morning. The khans were all alike, one room, mud floor and walls, and we selected one where the chickens had already gone to roost, and prepared to measure off the dirt floor according to our dimensions. Before we were arranged, a Greek of a better class, followed by half a dozen villagers, came over, and with many regrets for the wretched state of the country, invited us to his house. Though dressed in the Greek costume, it was evident that he had

yond the bounds of his miserable little village, in which his house now rose like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, higher than every thing else, but rather rickety. In a few minutes we heard the death-notes of some chickens, and at about nine o'clock sat down to a not unwelcome meal. Several Greeks dropped in during the evening, and one, a particular friend of our host's, supped with us. Both talked French, and had that perfect ease of manner and *savoir faire* which I always remarked with admiration in all Greeks who had travelled. They talked much of their travels; of time spent in Italy and Germany, and particularly of a long residence at Bucharest. They talked, too, of Greece—of her long and bitter servitude, her revolution, and her independence; and from their enthusiasm I could not but think that they had fought and bled in her cause. I certainly was not lying in wait to entrap them, but I afterwards gathered from their conversation that they had taken occasion to be on their travels at the time when the bravest of their countrymen were pouring out their blood like water to emancipate their native land. A few years before I might have felt indignation and contempt for men who had left their country in her hour of utmost need, and returned to enjoy the privileges

purchased with other men's blood ; but I had already learned to take the world as I found it, and listened quietly while our host told us, that confiding in the permanency of the government secured by the three great powers, England, France, and Russia, he had returned to Greece and taken a lease of a large tract of land for fifty years, paying a thousand drachms, a drachm being one-sixth of a dollar, and one-tenth of the annual fruits, at the end of which time one-half of the land under cultivation was to belong to his heirs in fee.

• As our host could not conveniently accommodate us all, M. and Demetrius returned to the khan at which we had first stopped, and where, to judge from the early hour at which they came over to us the next morning, they had not spent the night as well as we did. At daylight we took our coffee, and again perched our luggage on the backs of the horses, and ourselves on top of the luggage. Our host wished us to remain with him, and promised the next day to accompany us to Padras ; but this was not a sufficient inducement, and taking leave of him, probably for ever, we started for Lepanto.

We rode about an hour on the plain ; the mountains towered on our left, and the rich soil was broken into rough sandy gulleys running down to the sea. Our guides had some apprehensions that we should not be able to cross the torrents that were running down from the mountain ; and when we came to the first, and had to walk up along the bank, looking out for a place to ford, we fully participated in their apprehensions. Bridges were a species of architecture entirely unknown in that part of modern Greece ; indeed, no bridges could have stood against the mountain torrents. There would have been some excitement in encountering these rapid streams if we had been well mounted ; but from the manner in which we were latched on our horses, we did not feel any great confidence in our seats. Still nothing could be wilder or more picturesque than our process in crossing them, except that it might have added somewhat to the effect to see one of us floating down the stream, clinging to the tail of his horse. But we got over or through them all. A range of mountains then formed on our right, cutting us off from the sea, and we entered a valley lying between the two parallel ranges. At first the road, which was exceedingly difficult for a man or a sure-footed horse, lay along a beautiful stream, and the whole of the valley extending to the Gulf of Lepanto is one of the loveliest regions of country I ever saw. The ground was rich and verdant, and, even at that early season of the year, blooming with wild flowers of every hue, but wholly uncultivated, the olive-trees having all been cut down by the Turks, and without a single habitation on the whole route. My Scotch companion, who had a good eye for the picturesque and beautiful in natural scenery, was in raptures with this valley. I have since travelled in Switzerland, not, however, in all the districts frequented by tourists ; but in what I saw, beautiful as it is, I do not know a place where the wildness of mountain scenery is so delightfully contrasted with the softness of a rich valley.

At the end of the valley, directly opposite Padras, and on the borders of the gulf, is a wild road called Scala Cativa, running along the sides of a rocky mountainous precipice overlooking the sea. It is a wild and almost fearful road ; in some places I thought it like the perpendicular sides of the Palisades ; and when the wind blows in a particular direction, it is impossible to make headway against it. Our host told us that we should find difficulty that day, and there was just rudeness enough to make us look well to our movements. Directly at our feet was the Gulf of Corinth ; opposite a range of mountains ; and in the distance the Island of Zante. On the other side of the valley is an extraordinary mountain, very high, and wanting a large piece in the middle, as if cut out with a chisel, leaving two straight parallel sides, and called by the unpoetical name of the Arm-Chair. In the wildest part of the

Scala, where a very slight struggle would have precipitated us several hundred feet into the sea, an enormous shepherd's dog came bounding and barking towards us ; and we were much relieved when his master, who was hanging

height, called him away. At the foot of the mountain we entered a rich plain, where the shepherds were pasturing their flocks down to the shore of the sea, and in about two hours arrived at Lepanto.

After diligent search by Demetrius (the name by which we had taken him, whose true name, however, we found to be Jerolamon), and by all the idlers whom the arrival of strangers attracted, we procured a room near the farthest wall ; it was reached by ascending a flight of steps outside, and boasted a floor, walls, and an apology for a roof. We piled up our baggage in one corner, or rather my companions did theirs, and went prowling about in search of something to eat. Our servant had not fully apprised us of the extreme poverty of the country, the entire absence of all accommodations for travellers, and the absolute necessity of carrying with us every thing requisite for comfort. He was a man of few words, and probably thought that, as between servant and master, example was better than precept, and that the abundant provision he had made for himself might serve as a lesson for us ; but, in our case, the objection to this mode of teaching was, that it came too late to be profitable. At the foot of the hill fronting the sea was an open place, in one side of which was a little cafeteria, where all the good-for-nothing loungers of Lepanto were assembled. We bought a loaf of bread and some eggs, and, with a cup of Turkish coffee, made our evening meal.

We had an hour before dark, and strolled along the shore. Though in a ruinous condition, Lepanto is in itself interesting, as giving an exact idea of an ancient Greek city, being situated in a commanding position on the side of a mountain running down to the sea, with its citadel on the top, and enclosed by walls and turrets. The port is shut within the walls, which run into the sea, and are erected on the foundations of the ancient Naupactus. At a distance was the promontory of Actium, where Cleopatra, with her fifty ships, abandoned Antony, and left to Augustus the empire of the world ; and directly before us, its surface dotted with a few straggling Greek caiques, was the scene of a battle which has rung throughout the world, the great battle of the Cross against the Crescent, where the allied forces of Spain, Venice, and the Pope, amounting to nearly three hundred sail, under the command of Don John of Austria, humbled for ever the naval pride of the Turks. One hundred and thirty Turkish galleys were taken, and fifty-five sunk ; thirty thousand Turks were killed, ten thousand taken prisoners, fifteen thousand Christian slaves delivered ; and Pope Pius VI., with holy fervour, exclaimed, "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John." Cervantes lost his left hand in this battle ; and it is to wounds he received here that he makes a touching allusion when reproached by a rival. "What I cannot help feeling deeply is, that I am stigmatised with being old and maimed, as though it belonged to me to stay the course of time ; or as though my wounds had been received in some tavern broil, instead of the most lofty occasion which past ages have yet seen, or which shall ever be seen by those to come. The scars which the soldier wears on his person, instead of badges of infamy, are stars to guide the daring in the path of glory. As for mine, though they may not shine in the eyes of the envious, they are at least esteemed by those who know where they were received ; and even was it not yet too late to choose, I would rather remain as I am, maimed and mutilated, than be now whole of my wounds, without having taken part in so glorious an achievement."

I shall, perhaps, be reproached for mingling with the immortal names of Don John of Austria and Cervantes, those of George Wilson, of Providence, Rhode Island, and James Williams, a black of Baltimore, cook on board Lord Cochrane's flagship in the great battle

between the Greek and Turkish fleets. George Wilson was a gunner on board one of the Greek ships, and conducted himself with so much gallantry, that Lord Cochrane, at a dinner in commemoration of the event, publicly drank his health. In the same battle, James Williams, who had lost a finger in the United States' service under Decatur at Algiers, and had conducted himself with great coolness and intrepidity in several engagements, when no Greek could be found to take the helm, volunteered his services, and was struck down by a splinter, which broke his legs and arms. The historian will probably never mention these gallant fellows in his quarto volumes; but I hope the American traveller, as he stands at sunset by the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, and recalls to mind the great achievements of Don John and Cervantes, will not forget *George Wilson and James Williams*.

At evening we returned to our room, built a fire in the middle, and, with as much dignity as we could muster, sitting on the floor, received a number of Greek visitors. When they came, we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks and lay down to sleep. Sleep, however, is not always won when needed. Sometimes it takes the perverse humour of the wild Irish boy: "The more you call me, the more I won't come." Our room had no chimney; and though, as I lay all night looking up at the roof, there appeared to be apertures enough to let out the smoke, it seemed to have a loving feeling towards us in our lowly position, and clung to us so closely that we were obliged to let the fire go out, and lie shivering till morning.

Every schoolboy knows how hard it is to write poetry, but few know the physical difficulties of climbing the poetical mountain itself. We had made arrangements to sleep the next night at Castri, by the side of the sacred oracle of Delphi, a mile up Parnassus. Our servant wanted to cross over and go up on the other side of the gulf, and entertained us with several stories of robberies committed on this road, to which we paid no attention. The Greeks who visited us in the evening related, with much detail, a story of a celebrated captain of brigands having lately returned to his haunt on Parnassus, and attacked nine Greek merchants, of whom he killed three; the recital of which interesting incident we ascribed to Demetrius, and disregarded.

Early in the morning we mounted our horses and started for Parnassus. At the gate of the town we were informed that it was necessary, before leaving, to have a passport from the eparchos, and I returned to procure it. The eparchos was a man about forty-five, tall and stout, with a clear olive complexion and a sharp black eye, dressed in a rich Greek costume, and, fortunately, able to speak French. He was sitting cross-legged on a divan, smoking a pipe, and looking out upon the sea; and when I told him my business, he laid down his pipe, repeated the story of the robbery and murder that we had heard the night before, and added, that we must abandon the idea of travelling that road. He said, further, that the country was in a distracted state; that poverty was driving men to desperation; and that, though they had driven out the Turks, the Greeks were not masters of their own country. Hearing that I was an American, and as if in want of a bosom in which to unburden himself, and as one assured of sympathy, he told me the whole story of their long and bloody struggle for independence, and the causes that now made the friends of Greece tremble for her future destiny. I knew that the seat of the muses bore a rather suspicious character, and, in fact, that the rocks and caves about Parnassus were celebrated as the abodes of robbers, but I was unwilling to be driven from our purpose of ascending it. I went to the military commandant, a Bavarian officer, and told him what I had just heard from the eparchos. He said frankly that he did not know much of the state of the country, as he had but lately arrived in it; but, with the true Bavarian spirit, advised me, as a general rule, not to believe any thing a Greek should tell me. I returned to the gate, and made my double report to my companions. Dr W.

returned with me to the eparchos, where the latter repeated, with great earnestness, all he had told me; and when I persisted in combating his objections, shrugged his shoulders in a manner that seemed to say, "your blood be on your own heads;" that he had done his duty, and washed his hands of the consequences. As we were going out, he called me back, and, recurring to our previous conversation, said that he had spoken to me as an American more freely than he would have done to a stranger, and begged that, as I was going to Athens, I would not repeat his words where they could do him injury. I would not mention the circumstance now, but that the political clouds which then hung over the horizon of Greece have passed away; King Otho has taken his seat on the throne, and my friend has probably long since been driven or retired from public life. I was at that time a stranger to the internal politics of Greece, but I afterwards found that the eparchos was one of a then powerful body of Greeks opposed to the Bavarian influence, and interested in representing the state of the country as more unsettled than it really was. I took leave of him, however, as one who had intended me a kindness, and, returning to the gate, found our companion sitting on his horse, waiting the result of our further inquiries. Both he and my fellow-envoy were comparatively indifferent upon the subject, while I was rather bent on drinking from the Castalian fount, and sleeping on the top of Parnassus. Besides, I was in a beautiful condition to be robbed. I had nothing but what I had on my back, and I felt sure that a Greek mountain robber would scorn my stiff coat, pantaloons, and black hat. My companions, however, were not so well situated, particularly M., who had drawn money at Corfu, and had no idea of trusting it to the tender mercies of a Greek bandit. In the teeth of the advice we had received, it would, perhaps, have been foolhardy to proceed; and, to my great subsequent regret, for the first and the last time in my ramblings, I was turned aside from my path by fear of perils on the road. Perhaps, after all, I had a lucky escape; for, if the Greek tradition be true, whoever sleeps on the mountain becomes an inspired poet or a madman, either of which, for a professional man, is a catastrophe to be avoided.

Our change of plan suited Demetrius exactly; he had never travelled on this side of the Gulf of Corinth; and besides that he considered it a great triumph that his stories of robbers were confirmed by others, showing his superior knowledge of the state of the country, he was glad to get on a road which he had travelled before, and on which he had a chance of meeting some of his old travelling acquaintance. In half an hour he had us on board a caïque. We put out from the harbour of Lepanto with a strong and favourable wind; our little boat danced lightly over the waters of the Gulf of Corinth; and in three hours, passing between the frowning castles of Romelia and Morea, under the shadow of the walls of which were buried the bodies of the Christians who fell in the great naval battle, we arrived at Padras.

The first thing we recognised was the beautiful little cutter which we had left at Missolonghi, riding gracefully at anchor in the harbour, and the first man we spoke to on landing was our old friend the captain. We exchanged a cordial greeting, and he conducted us to Mr Robertson, the British vice-consul, who, at the moment of our entering, was in the act of directing a letter to me at Athens. The subject was my interesting carpet-bag. There being no American consul at Padras, I had taken the liberty of writing to Mr Robertson, requesting him, if my estate should find its way into his hands, to forward it to me at Athens, and the letter was to assure me of his attention to my wishes. It may be considered treason against classical taste, but it consoled me somewhat for the loss of Parnassus to find a stranger taking so warm an interest in my fugitive habitments.

There was something, too, in the appearance of Padras, that addressed itself to other feelings than those con-

nected with the indulgence of a classical humour. Our bones were still aching with the last night's rest, or rather the want of it, at Lepanto; and when we found ourselves in a neat little locanda, and a complaisant Greek asked us what we would have for dinner, and showed us our beds for the night, we almost agreed that climbing Parnassus and such things were fit only for boys just out of college.

Padras is beautifully situated at the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth, and the windows of our locanda commanded a fine view of the bold mountains on the opposite side of the gulf, and the parallel range forming the valley which leads to Missilonghi. It stands on the site of the ancient Petra, enumerated by Herodotus among the twelve cities of Achaia. During the intervals of peace in the Peloponnesian war, Alcibiades, about four hundred and fifty years before Christ, persuaded its inhabitants to build long walls down to the sea. Philip of Macedon frequently landed there in his expeditions to Peloponnesus. Augustus Caesar, after the battle of Actium, made it a Roman colony, and sent thither a large body of his veteran soldiers; and in the time of Cicero, Roman merchants were settled there, just as French and Italians are now. The modern town has grown up since the revolution, or rather since the accession of Otho, and bears no marks of the desolation at Missilonghi and Lepanto. It contains a long street of shops well supplied with European goods; the English steamers from Corfu to Malta touch here; and besides the little Greek caiques trading in the Gulf of Corinth, vessels from all parts of the Adriatic are constantly in the harbour.

Among others, there was an Austrian man-of-war from Trieste, on her way to Alexandria. By a singular fortune, the commandant had been in one of the Austrian vessels that carried to New York the unfortunate Poles; the only Austrian man-of-war which had ever been to the United States. A day or two after their arrival at New York, I had taken a boat at the Battery, and gone on board this vessel, and had met the officers at some parties given to them at which he had been present; and though we had no actual acquaintance with each other, these circumstances were enough to form an immediate link between us, particularly as he was enthusiastic in his praises of the hospitality of our citizens, and the beauty of our women. Lest, however, any of the latter should be vainglorious at hearing that their praises were sounded so far from home, I consider it my duty to say that the commandant was almost blind, very slovenly, always smoking a pipe, and generally a little tipsy.

Early in the morning we started for Athens. Our turnout was rather better than at Missilonghi, but not much. The day, however, was fine; the cold wind which, for several days, had been blowing down the Gulf of Corinth, had ceased, and the air was warm, and balmy, and invigorating. We had already found that Greece had something to attract the stranger besides the recollections of her ancient glories, and often forgot that the ground we were travelling was consecrated by historians and poets, in admiration of its own wild and picturesque beauty. Our road for about three hours lay across a plain, and then close along the gulf, sometimes winding by the foot of a wild precipitous mountain, and then again over a plain, with the mountains rising at some distance on our right. Sometimes we rose and crossed their rugged summits, and again descended to the sea-shore. On our left we had constantly the gulf, bordered on the opposite side by a range of mountains sometimes receding and then rising almost out of the water, while high above the rest rose the towering summits of Parnassus covered with snow.

It was after dark when we arrived at Vostitza, beautifully situated on the banks of the Gulf of Corinth. This is the representative of the ancient Ægium, one of the most celebrated cities in Greece, mentioned by Homer as having supplied vessels for the Trojan war, and in the second century containing sixteen sacred edifices, a theatre, a portico, and an agora. For many

ages it was the seat of the Achaian Congress. Probably the worthy delegates who met here to deliberate upon the affairs of Greece, had better accommodations than we obtained, or they would be likely, I should imagine, to hold but short sessions.

We stopped at a vile locanda, the only one in the place, where we found a crowd of men in a small room, gathered around a dirty table, eating, one of whom sprang up and claimed me as an old acquaintance. He had on a Greek capote and a large foraging cap slouched over his eyes, so that I had some difficulty in recognising him as an Italian, who, at Padras, had tried to persuade me to go by water up to the head of the gulf. He had started that morning, about the same time we did, with a crowd of passengers, half of whom were already by the ears. Fortunately they were obliged to return to their boats, and left all the house to us; which, however, contained little besides a strapping Greek, who called himself its proprietor.

Before daylight we were again in the saddle. During the whole day's ride the scenery was magnificent. Sometimes we were hemmed in, as if for ever enclosed, in an amphitheatre of wild and gigantic rocks; then from some lofty summit we looked out upon lesser mountains, broken and torn, and thrown into every wild and picturesque form, as if by an earthquake; and after riding among deep dells and craggy steeps, yawning ravines and cloud-capped precipices, we descended to a quiet valley and the sea-shore.

At about four o'clock we came down, for the last time, to the shore, and before us, at some distance, espied a single khan, standing almost on the edge of the water. It was a beautiful resting-place for a traveller; the afternoon was mild, and we walked on the shore till the sun set. The khan was sixty or seventy feet long, and contained an upper room running the whole length of the building. This room was our bedchamber. We built a fire at one end, made tea, and roasted some eggs, the smoke ascending and curling around the rafters, and finally passing out of the openings in the roof; we stretched ourselves in our cloaks, and, with the murmur of the waves in our ears, looked through the apertures in the roof upon the stars, and fell asleep.

About the middle of the night the door opened with a rude noise, and a tall Greek, almost filling the doorway, stood on the threshold. After pausing a moment he walked in, followed by half a dozen gigantic companions, their tall figures, full dresses, and the shining of their pistols and yataghans, wearing a very ugly look to a man just roused from slumber. But they were merely Greek pedlars or travelling merchants, and, without any more noise, kindled the fire anew, drew their capotes around them, stretched themselves upon the floor, and were soon asleep.

CHAPTER III.

Quarrel with the Landlord.—Ægina.—Sicyon.—Corinth.—A distinguished Reception.—Desolation of Corinth.—The Acropolis.—View from the Acropolis.—Lecheum and Cenchree.—Kaka Scala.—Arrival at Athens.

In the morning Demetrius had a roaring quarrel with the keeper of the locanda, in which he tried to keep back part of the money we gave him to pay for us. He did this, however, on principle, for we had given twice as much as our lodging was worth, and no man ought to have more. His character was at stake in preventing any one from cheating us too much; and in order to do this, he stopped our funds *in transitu*.

We started early, and for some time our road lay along the shore. It was not necessary, surrounded by such magnificent scenery, to draw upon historical recollections for the sake of giving interest to the road; still it did not diminish that interest to know that, many centuries ago, great cities stood here, whose sites are now desolate, or occupied as the miserable gathering-places of a starving population. Directly opposite Parnassus, and at the foot of a hill crowned with the

ruins of an acropolis, in perfect desolation now, stood the ancient *Ægira*; once numbering a population of ten thousand inhabitants, and in the second century containing three hiera, a temple, and another sacred edifice. Farther on, and towards the head of the Gulf of Corinth, the miserable village of *Basílico* stands on the site of the ancient *Sicyon*, boasting as high an antiquity as any city in Greece, and long celebrated as the first of her schools of painting. In five hours we came in sight of the Acropolis of Corinth, and, shortly after, of Corinth itself.

The reader need not fear my plunging him deeply into antiquities. Greece has been explored, and examined, and written upon, till the subject is almost threadbare; and I do not flatter myself that I discovered in it any thing new. Still no man from such a distant country as mine can find himself crossing the plain of Corinth, and ascending to the ancient city, without a strange and indescribable feeling. We have no old monuments, no classical associations; and our history hardly goes beyond the memory of that venerable personage, "the oldest inhabitant." Corinth is so old that its early records are blended with the history of the heathen gods. The Corinthians say that it was called after the son of Jupiter, and its early sovereigns were heroes of the Grecian mythology. It was the friend of Sparta and the rival of Athens; the first city to build war-galleys, and send forth colonies which became great empires. It was the assembling-place of their delegates, who elected Philip, and afterwards Alexander the Great, to conduct the war against the Persians;—in painting, sculpture, and architecture, surpassing all the achievements of Greece, or which the genius of man has ever since accomplished. Conquered by the then barbarous Romans, her walls were razed to the ground, her men put to the sword, her women and children sold into captivity, and the historian who records her fall writes that he saw the finest pictures thrown wantonly on the ground, and Roman soldiers playing on them at draughts and dice. For many years deserted, Corinth was again peopled; rose rapidly from its ruins; and when St Paul abode there "a year and six months"—to the Christian the most interesting period in her history—she was again a populous city, and the Corinthians a luxurious people.

Its situation in the early ages of the world could not fail to make it a great commercial emporium. In the inexperienced navigation of early times, it was considered difficult and dangerous to go round the point of the Peloponnesus, and there was a proverb, "Before the mariner doubles Cape Malea, he should forget all he holds dearest in the world." Standing on the isthmus commanding the Adriatic and *Ægean Seas*—receiving in one hand the riches of Asia, and in the other those of Europe—distributing them to every quarter of the then known world—wealth followed commerce, and then came luxury and extravagance, to such an extent that it became a proverb, "It is not for every man to go to Corinth."

As travellers having regard to supper and lodging, we should have been glad to see some vestige of its ancient luxury; but times are changed: the ruined city stands where stood Corinth of old, but it has fallen once more; the sailor no longer hugs the well-known coasts, but launches fearlessly into the trackless ocean, and Corinth can never again be what she has been.

Our servant had talked so much of the hotel at Corinth, that perhaps the idea of bed and lodging was rather too prominent in our reveries as we approached the fallen city. He rode on before to announce our coming, and working our way up the hill through narrow streets, stared at by all the men, followed by a large representation from the juvenile portion of the modern Corinthians, and barked at by the dogs, we turned into a large enclosure, something like a barn-yard, on which opened a ruined balcony forming the entrance to the hotel. Demetrius was standing before it with our host, as unpromising a looking scoundrel as ever took a traveller in. He had been a notorious

captain of brigands; and when his lawless band was broken up, and half of its number hanged, he could not overcome his disposition to prey upon travellers, but

a couple of mattresses and bedsteads, and set up a hotel at Corinth. Demetrius had made a bargain for us at a price that made him hang his head when he told it, and we were so indignant at the extortion that we at first refused to dismount. Our host stood aloof, being used to such scenes, and perfectly sure that, after storming a little, we should be glad to take the only beds between *Padras* and Athens. In the end, however, we got the better both of him and Demetrius; for as he had fixed separate prices for dinner, beds, and breakfast, we went to a little Greek coffee-house, and raised half Corinth to get us something to eat, and paid him only for our lodging.

We had a fine afternoon before us, and our first movement was to the ruins of a temple, the only monument of antiquity in Corinth. The city has been so often sacked and plundered, that not a column of the Corinthian order exists in the place from which it derives its name. Seven columns of the old temple are still standing, fluted and of the Doric order, though wanting in height the usual proportion to the diameter; built probably before that order had attained its perfection, and long before the Corinthian order was invented; though when it was built, by whom, or to what god it was consecrated, antiquaries cannot agree in deciding. Contrasted with these solitary columns of an unknown antiquity are ruins of yesterday. Houses fallen, burned, and black with smoke, as if the wretched inmates had fled before the blaze of their dwellings; and high above the ruined city, now as in the days when the Persian and Roman invaded it, still towers the Acropolis, a sharp and naked rock, rising abruptly a thousand feet from the earth, inaccessible and impregnable under the science of ancient war; and in all times of invasion and public distress, from her earliest history down to the bloody days of the late revolution, the refuge of the inhabitants.

It was late in the afternoon when we set out for the Acropolis. About a mile from the city we came to the foot of the hill, and ascended by a steep and difficult path, with many turnings and windings, to the first gate. Having been in the saddle since early in the morning, we stopped several times to rest, and each time lingered and looked out with admiration upon the wild and beautiful scenery around us; and we thought of the frequently recurring times when hostile armies had drawn up before the city at our feet, and the inhabitants, in terror and confusion, had hurried up this path, and taken refuge within the gate before us.

Inside the gate were the ruins of a city, and here, too, we saw the tokens of ruthless war—the firebrand was hardly yet extinguished, and the houses were in ruins. Within a few years it has been the stronghold and refuge of infidels and Christians, taken and retaken, destroyed, rebuilt, and destroyed again, and the ruins of Turkish mosques and Christian churches are mingled together in undistinguishable confusion. This enclosure is abundantly supplied with water, issuing from the rock, and is capable of containing several thousand people. The fountain of *Pyrene*, which supplies the Acropolis, called the most salubrious in Greece, is celebrated as that at which *Pegasus* was drinking when taken by *Bellerophon*. Ascending among ruined and deserted habitations, we came to a second gate flanked by towers. A wall about two miles in circumference encloses the whole summit of the rock, including two principal points which still rise above the rest. One is crowned with a tower, and the other with a mosque, now in ruins; probably erected where once stood a heathen temple. Some have mistaken it for a Christian church, but all agree that it is a place built and consecrated to divine use, and that, for unknown ages, men have gone up to this cloud-capped point to worship their Creator. It was a sublime idea to erect on this lofty pinnacle an altar to the Almighty. Above us were only the unclouded heavens; the sun was setting with

that brilliancy which attends his departing glory nowhere but in the East; and the sky was glowing with a lurid red, as of some great conflagration. The scene around and below was wondrously beautiful. Mountains and rivers, seas and islands, rocks, forests, and plains, thrown together in perfect wantonness, and yet in the most perfect harmony, and every feature in the expanded landscape consecrated by the richest associations. On one side the Saronic Gulf, with its little islands, and Ægina and Salamis, stretching off to "Sunium's marble height," with the ruins of its temple looking out mournfully upon the sea; on the other, the Gulf of Corinth or Lepanto, bounded by the dark and dreary mountains of Cythæon, where Actæon, gazing at the goddess, was changed into a stag, and hunted to death by his own hounds; and where Bacchus, with his train of satyrs and frantic bacchantes, celebrated his orgies. Beyond were Helicon, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, and Parnassus, covered with snow. Behind us towered a range of mountains stretching away to Argos and the ancient Sparta, and in front was the dim outline of the temple of the Acropolis at Athens. The shades of evening gathered thick around us while we remained on the top of the Acropolis, and it was dark long before we reached our lodgings.

The next morning we breakfasted at the coffee-house, and left Corinth wonderfully pleased at having outwitted Demetrius and our brigand host, who gazed after us with a surly scowl as we rode away, and probably longed for the good old days, when, at the head of his hanged companions, he could have stopped us at the first mountain-pass, and levied contributions at his own rate. I probably condemn myself when I say that we left this ancient city with such a trifle uppermost in our thoughts, but so it was; we bought a loaf of bread as we passed through the market-place, and descended to the plain of Corinth. We had still the same horses which we rode from Padras; they were miserable animals, and I did not mount mine the whole day. Indeed, this is the true way to travel in Greece; the country is so mountainous, and the road or narrow horse-path so rough and precipitous, that the traveller is often obliged to dismount and walk. The exercise of clambering up the mountains, and the purity of the air, brace every nerve in the body, and not a single feature of the scenery escapes the eye.

But, as yet, there are other things besides scenery; on each side of the road and within sight of each other are the ruins of the ancient cities of Lechæum and Cenchreæ, the ports of Corinth on the Corinthian and Saronic Gulfs; the former once connected with it by two long walls, and the road to the latter once lined with temples and sepulchres, the ruins of which may still be seen. The isthmus connecting the Peloponnesus with the continent is about six miles wide, and Corinth owed her commercial greatness to the profits of her merchants in transporting merchandise across it. Entire vessels were sometimes carried from one sea and launched into the other. The project of a canal across suggested itself both to the Greeks and Romans, and there yet exist traces of a ditch commenced for that purpose.

On the death of Leonidas, and in apprehension of a Persian invasion, the Peloponnesians built a wall across the isthmus from Lechæum to Cenchreæ. This wall was at one time fortified with 150 towers; it was often destroyed and as often rebuilt; and in one place, about three miles from Corinth, vestiges of it may still be seen. Here were celebrated those Isthmian games so familiar to every tyro in Grecian literature and history; towards Mount Oneus stands on an eminence an ancient mound, supposed to be the tomb of Melicertes, their founder, and near it is at this day a grove of the sacred pine, with garlands of the leaves of which the victors were crowned.

In about three hours from Corinth we crossed the isthmus, and came to the village of Kalamaki on the shore of the Saronic Gulf, containing a few miserable buildings, fit only for the miserable people who occupied them. Directly on the shore was a large coffee-house

enclosed by mud walls, and having branches of trees for a roof; and in front was a little flotilla of Greek caïques.

Next to the Greek's love for his native mountains, is his passion for the waters that roll at their feet; and many of the proprietors of the rakish little boats in the harbour talked to us of the superior advantage of the sea over a mountainous road, and tried to make us abandon our horses and go by water to Athens; but we clung to the land, and have reason to congratulate ourselves upon having done so, for our road was one of the most beautiful it was ever my fortune to travel over. For some distance I walked along the shore, on the edge of a plain running from the foot of Mount Geranion. The plain was intersected by mountain torrents, the channel-beds of which were at that time dry. We passed the little village of Caridi, supposed to be the Sidus of antiquity, while a ruined church and a few old blocks of marble mark the site of ancient Crommyon, celebrated as the haunt of a wild boar destroyed by Theseus.

At the other end of the plain we came to the foot of Mount Geranion, stretching out boldly to the edge of the gulf, and followed the road along its southern side, close to and sometimes overhanging the sea. From time immemorial this has been called the Kaka Scala, or bad way. It is narrow, steep, and rugged, and wild to sublimity. Sometimes we were completely hemmed in by impending mountains, and then rose upon a lofty eminence commanding an almost boundless view. On the summit of the range the road runs directly along the mountain's brink, overhanging the sea, and so narrow that two horsemen can scarcely pass abreast; where a stumble would plunge the traveller several hundred yards into the waters beneath. Indeed, the horse of one of my companions stumbled and fell, and put him in such peril that both dismounted and accompanied me on foot. In the olden time this wild and rugged road was famous as the haunt of the robber Sciron, who plundered the luckless travellers, and then threw them from this precipice. The fabulous account is, that Theseus, three thousand years before, on his first visit to Athens, encountered the famous robber, and tossed him from the same precipice whence he had thrown so many better men. According to Ovid, the earth and the sea refused to receive the bones of Sciron, which continued for some time suspended in the open air, until they were changed into large rocks, whose points still appear at the foot of the precipice; and to this day, say the sailors, knock the bottoms out of the Greek vessels. In later days this road was so infested by corsairs and pirates, that even the Turks feared to travel on it; at one place, that looks as though it might be intended as a jumping-off point into another world, Ino, with her son Milicertes in her arms (so say the Greek poets), threw herself into the sea to escape the fury of her husband; and we know that in later days St Paul travelled on this road to preach the gospel to the Corinthians.

But independently of all associations, and in spite of its difficulties and dangers, if a man were by accident placed on the lofty height without knowing where he was, he would be struck with the view which it commands as one of the most beautiful that mortal eyes ever beheld. It was my fortune to pass over it a second time on foot, and I often seated myself on some wild point, and waited the coming up of my muleteers, looking out upon the sea, calm and glistening as if plated with silver, and studded with islands in continuous clusters stretching away into the Ægean.

During the greater part of the passage of the Kaka Scala, my companions walked with me; and as we always kept in advance, when we seated ourselves on some rude rock overhanging the sea to wait for our beasts and attendants, few things could be more picturesque than their approach.

On the summit of the pass we fell into the ancient paved way that leads from Attica into the Peloponnesus, and walked over the same pavement which the Greeks

travelled, perhaps, three thousand years ago. A ruined wall and gate mark the ancient boundary; and near this an early traveller observed a large block of white marble projecting over the precipice, and almost ready to fall into the sea, which bore an inscription, now illegible. Here it is supposed stood the *Stèle* erected by Theseus, bearing on one side the inscription, "Here is Peloponnesus, not Ionia;" and on the other the equally pithy notification, "Here is not Peloponnesus, but Ionia." It would be a pretty place of residence for a man in misfortune; for besides the extraordinary beauty of the scenery, by a single step he might avoid the service of civil process, and set the sheriff of Attica or the Peloponnesus at defiance. Descending, we saw before us a beautiful plain extending from the foot of the mountain to the sea, and afar off, on an eminence commanding the plain, was the little town of Megara.

It is unfortunate for the reader that every ruined village on the road stands on the site of an ancient city. The ruined town before us was the birthplace of Euclid; and the representative of that Megara which is distinguished in history more than two thousand years ago, which sent forth its armies in the Persian and Peloponnesian wars; alternately the ally and enemy of Corinth and Athens; containing numerous temples, and the largest public houses in Greece; and though exposed, with her other cities, to the violence of a fierce democracy, as is recorded by the historian, "the Megareans retained their independence and lived in peace." As a high compliment, the people offered to Alexander the Great the freedom of their city. When we approached it, its appearance was a speaking comment upon human pride.

It had been demolished and burned by Greeks and Turks, and now presented little more than a mass of blackened ruins. A few apartments had been cleared out and patched up, and occasionally I saw a solitary figure stalking amid the desolation.

I had not mounted my horse all day; had kicked out a pair of Greek shoes on my walk, and was almost barefoot when I entered the city. A little below the town was a large building enclosed by a high wall, with a Bavarian soldier lounging at the gate. We entered, and found a good coffee-room below, and a comfortable bed-chamber above, where we found good quilts and mattresses, and slept like princes.

Early in the morning we set out for Athens, our road for some time lying along the sea. About half way to the Piræus, a ruined village, with a starving population, stands on the sight of the ancient Eleusis, famed throughout all Greece for the celebration of the mysterious rites of Ceres. The magnificent temple of the goddess has disappeared, and the colossal statue made by the immortal Phidias now adorns the vestibule of the University at Cambridge. We lingered a little while in the village, and soon after entered the Via Sacra, by which, centuries ago, the priests and people moved in solemn religious processions from Athens to the great temple of Ceres. At first we passed underneath the cliff along the shore, then rose by a steep ascent among the mountains, barren and stony, and wearing an aspect of desolation equal to that of the Roman Campagna; then we passed through a long defile, upon the side of which, deeply cut in the rock, are seen the marks of chariot-wheels; perhaps of those used in the sacred processions. We passed the ruined monastery of Daphnes, in a beautifully picturesque situation, and in a few minutes saw the rich plain of Attica; and our muleteers and Demetrius, with a burst of enthusiasm, perhaps because the journey was ended, clapped their hands and cried out, "Atinæ! Atinæ!"

The reader perhaps trembles at the name of Athens, but let him take courage. I promise to let him off easily. A single remark, however, before reaching it. The plain of Attica lies between two parallel ranges of mountains, and extends from the sea many miles back into the interior. On the border of the sea stands the Piræus, now, as in former times, the harbour of the city; and towards the east, on a little eminence, Athens

itself, like the other cities in Greece, presenting a miserable appearance, the effects of protracted and relentless wars. But high above the ruins of the modern city towers the Acropolis, holding up to the skies the ruined temples of other days, and proclaiming what Athens was. We wound around the temple of Theseus, the most beautiful and perfect specimen of architecture that time has spared; and in striking contrast with this monument of the magnificence of past days, here, in the entrance to the city, our horses were struggling and sinking up to their saddle-girths in the mud.

We did in Athens what we should have done in Boston or Philadelphia; rode up to the best hotel, and not being able to obtain accommodations there, rode to another; where, being again refused admittance, we were obliged to distribute ourselves into three parcels. Dr Willet went to Mr Hill's (of whom more anon). M. found entrance at a new hotel in the suburbs, and I betook myself to the Hotel de France. The garçon was rather bothered when I threw him a pair of old boots which I had hanging at my saddle-bow, and told him to take care of my baggage; he asked me when the rest would come up, and hardly knew what to make of me when I told him that was all I travelled with.

I was still standing in the court of the hotel, almost barefoot, and thinking of the prosperous condition of the owner of a dozen shirts, and other things conforming, when Mr Hill came over and introduced himself; and telling me that his house was the house of every American, asked me to waive ceremony and bring my luggage over at once. This was again hitting my sore point; every body seemed to take a special interest in my luggage, and I was obliged to tell my story more than once. I declined Mr Hill's kind invitation, but called upon him early the next day, dined with him, and, during the whole of my stay in Athens, was in the habit, to a great extent, of making his house my home; and this, I believe, is the case with all the Americans who go there; besides which, some borrow his money, and others his clothes.

CHAPTER IV.

American Missionary School.—Visit to the School.—Mr Hill and the Male Department.—Mrs Hill and the Female Department.—Maid of Athens.—Letter from Mr Hill.—Revival of Athens.—Citizens of the World.

THE first thing we did in Athens was to visit the American missionary school. Among the extraordinary changes of an ever-changing world, it is not the least that the young America is at this moment paying back the debt which the world owes to the mother of science, and the citizen of a country which the wisest of the Greeks never dreamed of is teaching the descendants of Plato and Aristotle the elements of their own tongue. I did not expect among the ruins of Athens to find any thing that would particularly touch my national feelings; but it was a subject of deep and interesting reflection, that in the city which surpassed all the world in learning, where Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle taught, and Cicero went to study, the only door of instruction was that opened by the hands of American citizens, and an American missionary was the only schoolmaster; and I am ashamed to say that I was not aware of the existence of such an institution until advised of it by my friend Dr W.

In 1830, the Rev. Messrs Hill and Robinson, with their families, sailed from the city of New York, as the agents of the Episcopal Missionary Society, to found schools in Greece. They first established themselves in the Island of Tenos; but finding that it was not the right field for their labours, employed themselves in acquiring a knowledge of the language, and of the character and habits of the modern Greeks. Their attention was directed to Athens, and in the spring of 1831 they made a visit to that city, and were so confirmed in their impressions, that they purchased a lot of ground

on which to erect edifices for a permanent establishment, and, in the meantime, rented a house for the immediate commencement of a school. They returned to Tenos for their families and effects, and again arrived at Athens about the end of June following. From the deep interest taken in their struggle for liberty, and the timely help furnished them in their hour of need, the Greeks were warmly prepossessed in favour of our countrymen; and the conduct of the missionaries themselves was so judicious, that they were received with the greatest respect and the warmest welcome by the public authorities and the whole population of Athens. Their furniture, printing-presses, and other effects, were admitted free of duties; and it is but justice to them to say, that since that time they have moved with such discretion among an excitable and suspicious people, that while they have advanced in the great objects of their mission, they have grown in the esteem and good will of the best and most influential inhabitants of Greece; and so great was Mr Hill's confidence in their affections, that though there was at that time a great political agitation, and it was apprehended that Athens might again become the scene of violence and bloodshed, he told me he had no fears, and felt perfectly sure that, in any outburst of popular fury, himself and family, and the property of the mission, would be respected.*

In the middle of the summer of their arrival at Athens, Mrs Hill opened a school for girls, in the magazine or cellar of the house in which they resided; the first day she had twenty pupils, and in two months 167. Of the first ninety-six, not more than six could read at all, and that very imperfectly; and not more than ten or twelve knew a letter. At the time of our visit the school numbered nearly 500; and when we entered the large room, and the scholars all rose in a body to greet us as Americans, I felt a deep sense of regret that, personally, I had no hand in such a work, and almost envied the feelings of my companion, one of its patrons and founders. Besides teaching them gratitude to those from whose country they derived the privileges they enjoyed, Mr Hill had wisely endeavoured to impress upon their minds a respect for the constituted authorities, particularly important in that agitated and unsettled community; and on one end of the wall, directly fronting the seats of the scholars, was printed in large Greek characters the text of Scripture, "Fear God, honour the King."

It was all-important for the missionaries not to offend the strong prejudices of the Greeks by any attempt to withdraw the children from the religion of their fathers; and the school purports to be, and is intended, for the diffusion of elementary education only; but is opened in the morning with prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer as read in our churches, which is repeated by the whole school aloud; and on Sundays, besides the prayers, the creed, and sometimes the Ten Commandments, are recited, and a chapter from the Gospels is read aloud by one of the scholars, the missionaries deeming this more expedient than to conduct the exercises themselves. The lesson for the day is always the portion appointed for the gospel of the day in their own church; and they close by singing a hymn. The room is thrown open to the public, and is frequently resorted to by the parents of the children and strangers; some coming, perhaps, says Mr Hill, to "hear what these babblers will say," and "other some" from a suspicion that "we are setters forth of strange gods."

The boys' school is divided into three departments, the lowest under charge of a Greek qualified on the Lancasterian system. They were of all ages, from three to eighteen; and, as Mr Hill told me, most of them had been half-clad, dirty, ragged little urchins, who, before they were put to their A, B, C, or, rather, their Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, had to be thoroughly

* Since my return home I have seen in a newspaper an account of a popular commotion at Syra, in which the printing-presses and books of the missionaries were destroyed, and Mr Robinson was threatened with personal violence.

washed, rubbed, scrubbed, doctored, and dressed, and, but for the school, would now perhaps be prowling vagabonds in the streets of Athens, or training for robbery in the mountains. They were a body of fine-looking boys, possessing, as Mr Hill told me, in an extraordinary degree, all that liveliness of imagination, that curiosity and eagerness after knowledge, which distinguished the Greeks of old, retaining, under centuries of dreadful oppression, the recollection of the greatness of their fathers, and, what was particularly interesting, many of them bearing the great names so familiar in Grecian history; I shook hands with a little Miltiades, Leonidas, Aristides, &c., in features and apparent intelligence worthy descendants of the immortal men whose names they bear. And there was one who startled me: he was the son of the Maid of Athens! To me the Maid of Athens was almost an imaginary being, something fanciful, a creation of the brain, and not a corporeal substance, to have a little urchin of a boy. But so it was. The Maid of Athens is married. She had a right to marry, no doubt; and it is said that there is poetry in married life, and, doubtless, she is a much more interesting person now than the Maid of Athens at thirty-six could be; but the Maid of Athens is married to a Scotchman! the Maid of Athens is now Mrs Black! wife of George Black! head of the police! and her son's name is * * * * Black! and she has other little Blacks! Comment is unnecessary.

But the principal and most interesting part of this missionary school was the female department, under the direction of Mrs Hill, the first, and, except at Syra, the only school for females in all Greece, and particularly interesting to me from the fact that it owed its existence to the active benevolence of my own countrywomen. At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was a thing entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling that ran through our country in favour of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an association of ladies in the little town of Troy, perhaps instigated somewhat by an inherent love of power and extended rule, and knowing the influence of their sex in a cultivated state of society, formed the project of establishing at Athens a school exclusively for the education of females; and humble and unpretending as was its commencement, it is becoming a more powerful instrument in the civilisation, and moral and religious improvement of Greece, than all that European diplomacy has ever done for her. The girls were distributed in different classes, according to their age and advancement; they had clean faces and hands, a rare thing with Greek children, and were neatly dressed, many of them wearing frocks made by ladies at home (probably at some of our sewing societies); and some of them had attained such an age, and had such fine, dark, rolling eyes, as to make even a northern temperament feel the powerful influence they would soon exercise over the rising, excitable generation of Greeks, and almost make him bless the hands that were directing that influence aright.

Mr and Mrs Hill accompanied us through the whole establishment, and being Americans, we were every where looked upon and received by the girls as patrons and fathers of the school, both which characters I waived in favour of my friend; the one because he was really entitled to it, and the other because some of the girls were so well grown that I did not care to be regarded as standing in that venerable relationship. The *didaskalos*, or teachers, were of this description, and they spoke English. Occasionally Mr Hill called a little girl up to us, and told us her history, generally a melancholy one, as, being reduced to the extremity of want by the revolution; or an orphan, whose parents had been murdered by the Turks; and I had a conversation with a little Penelope, who, however, did not look as if she would play the faithful wife of Ulysses, and, if I am a judge of physiognomy, would never endure widowhood twenty years for any man.

Before we went away, the whole school rose at once, and gave us a glorious finale with a Greek hymn. In a short time these girls will grow up into women, and return to their several families; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves in the cities and among the fastnesses of the mountains, to exercise over their fathers, and brothers, and lovers, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of woman in civilised domestic life, firmly grounded in the principles of morality, and of religion purified from the follies, absurdities, and abominations of the Greek faith. I have seen much of the missionary labours in the East, but I do not know an institution which promises so surely the happiest results. If the women are educated, the men cannot remain ignorant; if the women are enlightened in religion, the men cannot remain debased and degraded Christians.

The ex-secretary Rigas was greatly affected at the appearance of this female school; and after surveying it attentively for some moments, pointed to the Parthenon on the summit of the Acropolis, and said to Mrs Hill, with deep emotion, "Lady, you are erecting in Athens a monument more enduring and more noble than yonder temple;" and the king was so deeply impressed with its value, that a short time before my arrival, he proposed to Mr Hill to take into his house girls from different districts, and educate them as teachers, with the view of sending them back to their districts, there to organise new schools, and carry out the great work of female education. Mr Hill acceded to the proposal, and the American missionary school now stands as the nucleus of a large and growing system of education in Greece; and very opportunely for my purpose, within a few days I have received a letter from Mr Hill, in which, in relation to the school, he says, "Our missionary establishment is much increased since you saw it; our labours are greatly increased, and I think I may say we have now reached the summit of what we had proposed to ourselves. We do not think it possible that it can be extended further, without much larger means and more personal aid. We do not wish or intend to ask for either. We have now nearly forty persons residing with us, of whom thirty-five are Greeks, all of whom are brought within the influence of the gospel; the greater part of them are young girls from different parts of Greece, and even from Egypt and Turkey (Greeks, however), whom we are preparing to become instructresses of youth hereafter in their various districts. We have five hundred, besides, under daily instruction in the different schools under our care, and we employ under us in the schools twelve native teachers, who have themselves been instructed by us. We have provided for three of our dear pupils (all of whom were living with us when you were here), who are honourably and usefully settled in life. One is married to a person every way suited to her, and both husband and wife are in our missionary service. One has charge of the government female school at the Piræus, and supports her father and mother and a large family by her salary; and the third has gone with our missionaries to Crete, to take charge of the female schools there. We have removed into our new house" (of which the foundation was just laid at the time of my visit), "and large as it is, it is not half large enough. We are trying to raise ways and means to enlarge it considerably, that we may take more boarders under our own roof, which we look up to as the most important means of making sure of our labour; for every one who comes to reside with us is taken away from the corrupt example exhibited at home, and brought within a wholesome influence. Lady Byron has just sent us £100 towards enlarging our house with this view, and we have commenced the erection of three additional dormitories with the money."

Athens is again the capital of a kingdom. Enthusiasts see in her present condition the promise of a restoration to her ancient greatness; but reason and observation assure us that the world is too much changed for

her ever to be what she has been. In one respect, her condition resembles that of her best days; for as her fame then attracted strangers from every quarter of the world to study in her schools, so now the capital of King Otho has become a great gathering-place of wandering spirits from many near and distant regions. For ages difficult and dangerous of access, the ancient capital of the arts lay shrouded in darkness, and almost cut off from the civilised world. At long intervals, a few solitary travellers only found their way to it; but since the revolution, it has again become a place of frequent resort and intercourse. It is true that the ancient halls of learning are still solitary and deserted, but strangers from every nation now turn hither; the scholar to roam over her classic soil, the artist to study her ancient monuments, and the adventurer to carve his way to fortune.

The first day I dined at the hotel, I had an opportunity of seeing the variety of material congregated in the reviving city. We had a long table, capable of accommodating about twenty persons. The manner of living was à la carte, each guest dining when he pleased; but, by tacit consent, at about six o'clock all assembled at the table. We presented a curious medley. No two were from the same country. Our discourse was in English, French, Italian, German, Greek, Russian, Polish, and I know not what else, as if we were the very people stricken with confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. Dinner over, all fell into French, and the conversation became general. Every man present was, in the fullest sense of the term, a citizen of the world. It had been the fortune of each, whether good or bad, to break the little circle in which so many are born, revolve, and die; and the habitual mingling with people of various nations had broken down all narrow prejudices, and given to every one freedom of mind and force of character. All had seen much, had much to communicate, and felt that they had much yet to learn. By some accident, moreover, all seemed to have become particularly interested in the East. They travelled over the whole range of eastern politics, and, to a certain extent, considered themselves identified with eastern interests. Most of the company were or had been soldiers, and several wore uniforms and stars, or decorations of some description. They spoke of the different campaigns in Greece, in which some of them had served; of the science of war; of Marlborough, Eugene, and more modern captains; and I remember that they startled my feelings of classical reverence by talking of Leonidas at Thermopylæ and Miltiades at Marathon, in the same tone as of Napoleon at Leipsic and Wellington at Waterloo. One of them constructed on the table, with the knives, forks, and spoons, a map of Marathon, and with a sheathed yataghan pointed out the position of the Greeks and Persians, and showed where Miltiades, as a general, was wrong. They were not blinded by the dust of antiquity. They had been knocked about till all enthusiasm and all reverence for the past were shaken out of them, and they had learned to give things their right names. A French engineer showed us the skeleton of a map of Greece, which was then preparing under the direction of the French Geographical Society, exhibiting an excess of mountains and deficiency of plain which surprised even those who had travelled over every part of the kingdom. One had just come from Constantinople, where he had seen the sultan going to mosque; another had escaped from an attack of the plague in Egypt; a third gave the dimensions of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbeck; and a fourth had been at Babylon, and seen the ruins of the Tower of Babel. In short, every man had seen something which the others had not seen, and all their knowledge was thrown into a common stock. I found myself at once among a new class of men; and I turned from him who sneered at Miltiades to him who had seen the sultan, or to him who had been at Bagdad, and listened with interest, somewhat qualified by consciousness of my own inferiority. I was lying in wait, however, and took advantage of an opportunity to throw in something about

America; and at the sound, all turned to me with an eagerness of curiosity that I had not anticipated.

In Europe, and even in England, I had often found extreme ignorance of my own country; but here I was astonished to find, among men so familiar with all parts of the Old World, such total lack of information about the New. A gentleman opposite me, wearing the uniform of the King of Bavaria, asked me if I had ever been in America. I told him that I was born, and, as they say in Kentucky, *raised* there. He begged pardon, but doubtfully suggested, "You are not and I was obliged to explain to him that in our section of America the Indian had almost entirely disappeared, and that his place was occupied by the descendants of the Gaul and the Briton. I was forthwith received into the fraternity, for my home was farther away than any of them had ever been; my friend opposite considered me a *bijou*, asked me innumerable questions, and seemed to be constantly watching for the breaking out of the cannibal spirit, as if expecting to see me bite my neighbour. At first I had felt myself rather a small affair; but, before separating, *l'Americain*, or *le sauvage*, or, finally, *le cannibal*, found himself something of a lion.

CHAPTER V.

Ruins of Athens.—Hill of Mars.—Temple of the Winds.—Lantern of Demosthenes.—Arch of Adrian.—Temple of Jupiter Olympus.—Temple of Theseus.—The Acropolis.—The Parthenon.—Pentelican Mountain.—Mount Hymettus.—The Piræus.—Greek Fleets.—Napoli.

THE next morning I began my survey of the ruins of Athens. It was my intention to avoid any description of these localities and monuments, because so many have preceded me, stored with all necessary knowledge, ripe in taste and sound in judgment, who have devoted to them all the time and research they so richly merit; but as in our community, through the hurry and multiplicity of business occupations, few are able to bestow upon these things much time or attention, and, furthermore, as the books which treat of them are not accessible to all, I should be doing injustice to my readers if I were to omit them altogether. Besides, I should be doing violence to my own feelings, and cannot get fairly started in Athens, without recurring to scenes which I regarded at the time with extraordinary interest. I have since visited most of the principal cities in Europe, existing as well as ruined, and I hardly know any to which I recur with more satisfaction than Athens. If the reader tire in the brief reference I shall make, he must not impute it to any want of interest in the subject; and as I am not in the habit of going into heroics, he will believe me when I say that, if he have any reverence for the men or things consecrated by the respect and admiration of ages, he will find it called out at Athens. In the hope that I may be the means of inducing some of my countrymen to visit that famous city, I will add another inducement by saying that he may have, as I had, Mr Hill for a cicerone. This gentleman is familiar with every locality and monument around or in the city, and, which I afterwards found to be an unusual thing with those living in places consecrated in the minds of strangers, he retains for them all that freshness of feeling which we possess who only know them from books and pictures.

By an arrangement made the evening before, early in the morning of my second day in Athens, Mr Hill was at the door of my hotel to attend us. As we descended the steps, a Greek stopped him, and bowing, with his hand on his heart, addressed him in a tone of earnestness which we could not understand; but we were struck with the sonorous tones of his voice and the musical cadence of his sentences; and when he had finished, Mr Hill told us that he had spoken in a strain which, in the original, was poetry itself, beginning, "Americans, I am a Stagyræite. I come from the land of Aristotle, the disciple of Plato," &c. &c.; telling him

the whole story of his journey from the ancient Stagyræ and his arrival at Athens; and that, having understood that Mr Hill was distributing books among his countrymen, he begged for one to take home with him. Mr Hill said that this was an instance of every-day occurrence, showing the spirit of inquiry and thirst for knowledge among the modern Greeks. This little scene with a countryman of Aristotle was a fit prelude to our morning ramble.

The house occupied by the American missionary as a school, stands on the site of the ancient Agora or market-place, where St Paul "disputed daily with the Athenians." A few columns still remain, and near them is an inscription mentioning the price of oil. The schoolhouse is built partly from the ruins of the Agora; and to us it was an interesting circumstance, that a missionary from a newly-discovered world was teaching to the modern Greeks the same saving religion which, 1800 years ago, St Paul, on the same spot, preached to their ancestors.

Winding around the foot of the Acropolis, within the ancient and outside the modern wall, we came to the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, where in the early days of Athens her judges sat in the open air; and for many ages, decided with such wisdom and impartiality, that to this day the decisions of the court of Areopagites are regarded as models of judicial purity. We ascended this celebrated hill, and stood on the precise spot where St Paul, pointing to the temples which rose from every section of the city, and towered proudly on the Acropolis, made his celebrated address: "Ye men of Athens, I see that in all things ye are too superstitious." The ruins of the very temples to which he pointed were before our eyes.

Descending, and rising towards the summit of another hill, we came to the Pnyx, where Demosthenes, in the most stirring words that ever fell from human lips, roused his countrymen against the Macedonian invader. Above, on the very summit of the hill, is the old Pnyx, commanding a view of the sea of Salamis, and of the hill where Xerxes sat to behold the great naval battle. During the reign of the thirty tyrants, the Pnyx was removed beneath the brow of the hill, excluding the view of the sea, that the orator might not inflame the passions of the people by directing their eyes to Salamis, the scene of their naval glory. But without this, the orator had material enough; for when he stood on the platform facing the audience, he had before him the city which the Athenians loved, and the temples in which they worshipped, and I could well imagine the irresistible force of an appeal to these objects of their enthusiastic devotion, their firesides and altars. The place is admirably adapted for public speaking. The side of the hill has been worked into a gently inclined plane, semicircular in form, and supported in some places by a wall of immense stones. This plain is bounded above by the brow of the hill cut down perpendicularly. In the centre the rock projects into a platform about eight or ten feet square, which forms the Pnyx, or pulpit for the orator. The ascent is by three steps cut out of the rock, and in front is a place for the scribe or clerk. We stood on this Pnyx, beyond doubt on the same spot where Demosthenes thundered his philippics in the ears of the Athenians. On the road leading to the Museum hill we entered a chamber excavated in the rock, which tradition hallows as the prison of Socrates; and though the authority for this is doubtful, it is not uninteresting to enter the damp and gloomy cavern, wherein, according to the belief of the modern Athenians, the wisest of the Greeks drew his last breath. Farther to the south is the hill of Philopappus, so called after a Roman governor of that name. On the very summit, near the extreme angle of the old wall, and one of the most conspicuous objects around Athens, is a monument erected by the Roman governor in honour of the Emperor Trajan. The marble is covered with the names of travellers, most of whom, like Philopappus himself, would never have been heard of but for that monument.

Descending towards the Acropolis, and entering the city among streets encumbered with ruined houses, we came to the Temple of the Winds, a marble octagonal tower, built by Andronicus. On each side is a sculptured figure, clothed in drapery adapted to the wind he represents; and on the top was formerly a Triton with a rod in his hand, pointing to the figure marking the wind. The Triton is gone, and great part of the temple buried under ruins. Part of the interior, however, has been excavated, and probably, before long, the whole will be restored.

East of the foot of the Acropolis, and on the way to Adrian's Gate, we came to the Lantern of Demosthenes (I eschew its new name of the Choric monument of Lysichus), where, according to an absurd tradition, the orator shut himself up to study the rhetorical art. It is considered one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity, and the capitals are most elegant specimens of the Corinthian order refined by Attic taste. It is now in a mutilated condition, and its many repairs make its dilapidation more perceptible. Whether Demosthenes ever lived here or not, it derives an interest from the fact that Lord Byron made it his residence during his visit to Athens. Farther on, and forming part of the modern wall, is the Arch of Adrian, bearing on one side an inscription in Greek, "This is the city of Theseus;" and on the other, "But this is the city of Adrian." On the arrival of Otho a placard was erected, on which was inscribed, "These were the cities of Theseus and Adrian, but now of Otho." Many of the most ancient buildings in Athens have totally disappeared. The Turks destroyed many of them to construct the wall around the city, and even the modern Greeks have not scrupled to build their miserable houses with the plunder of the temples in which their ancestors worshipped.

Passing under the Arch of Adrian, outside the gate, on the plain toward the Illissus, we came to the ruined Temple of Jupiter Olympus, perhaps once the most magnificent in the world. It was built of the purest white marble, having a front of nearly 200 feet, and more than 350 in length, and contained 120 columns, sixteen of which are all that now remain; and these, fluted and having rich Corinthian capitals, tower more than sixty feet above the plain, perfect as when they were reared. I visited these ruins often, particularly in the afternoon; they are at all times mournfully beautiful, but I have seldom known any thing more touching than, when the sun was setting, to walk over the marble floor, and look up at the lonely columns of this ruined temple. I cannot imagine any thing more imposing than it must have been when, with its lofty roof supported by all its columns, it stood at the gate of the city, its doors wide open, inviting the Greeks to worship. That such an edifice should be erected for the worship of a heathen god! On the archway connecting three of the columns, a hermit built his lonely cell, and passed his life in that elevated solitude, accessible only to the crane and the eagle. The hermit is long since dead, but his little habitation still resists the whistling of the wind, and awakens the curiosity of the wondering traveller.

The temple of Theseus is the last of the principal monuments, but the first which the traveller sees on entering Athens. It was built after the battle of Marathon, and in commemoration of the victory which drove the Persians from the shores of Greece. It is a small but beautiful specimen of the pure Doric, built of Pentelican marble, centuries of exposure to the open air giving it a yellowish tint, which softens the brilliancy of the white. Three Englishmen have been buried within this temple. The first time I visited it, a company of Greek recruits, with some negroes among them, was drawn up in front, going through the manual under the direction of a German corporal; and at the same time workmen were engaged in fitting it up for the coronation of king Otho!

These are the principal monuments around the city, and, except the temples at Pestum, they are more

worthy of admiration than all the ruins in Italy; but towering above them in position, and far exceeding them in interest, are the ruins of the Acropolis. I have since wandered among the ruined monuments of Egypt and the desolate city of Petra, but I look back with unabated reverence to the Athenian Acropolis. Every day I had gazed at it from the balcony of my hotel, and from every part of the city and suburbs. Early on my arrival I had obtained the necessary permit, paid a hurried visit, and resolved not to go again until I had examined all the other interesting objects. On the fourth day, with my friend M., I went again. We ascended by a broad road paved with stone. The summit is enclosed by a wall, of which some of the foundation stones, very large, and bearing an appearance of great antiquity, are pointed out as part of the wall built by Themistocles after the battle of Salamis, 480 years before Christ. The rest is Venetian and Turkish, falling to decay, and marring the picturesque effect of the ruins from below. The guard examined our permit, and we passed under the gate. A magnificent propylon of the finest white marble, the blocks of the largest size ever laid by human hands, and having a wing of the same material on each side, stands at the entrance. Though broken and ruined, the world contains nothing like it even now. If my first impressions do not deceive me, the proudest portals of Egyptian temples suffer in comparison. Passing this magnificent propylon, and ascending several steps, we reached the Parthenon, or ruined temple of Minerva; an immense white marble skeleton, the noblest monument of architectural genius which the world ever saw. Standing on the steps of this temple, we had around us all that is interesting in association and all that is beautiful in art. We might well forget the capital of King Otho, and go back in imagination to the golden age of Athens. Pericles, with the illustrious throng of Grecian heroes, orators, and sages, had ascended there to worship, and Cicero and the noblest of the Romans had gone there to admire; and probably, if the fashion of modern tourists had existed in their days, we should see their names inscribed with their own hands on its walls. The great temple stands on the very summit of the Acropolis, elevated far above the Propylea and the surrounding edifices. Its length is 208 feet, and breadth 102. At each end were two rows of eight Doric columns, thirty-four feet high and six feet in diameter, and on each side were thirteen more. The whole temple within and without was adorned with the most splendid works of art, by the first sculptors in Greece, and Phidias himself wrought the statue of the goddess, of ivory and gold, twenty-six cubits high, having on the top of her helmet a sphinx, with griffins on each of the sides; on the breast a head of Medusa wrought in ivory, and a figure of Victory about four cubits high, holding a spear in her hand and a shield lying at her feet. Until the latter part of the seventeenth century, this magnificent temple, with all its ornaments, existed entire. During the siege of Athens by the Venetians, the central part was used by the Turks as a magazine; and a bomb, aimed with fatal precision, or by a not less fatal chance, reached the magazine, and, with a tremendous explosion, destroyed a great part of the buildings. Subsequently, the Turks used it as a quarry, and antiquaries and travellers, foremost among whom is Lord Elgin, have contributed to destroy "what Goth, and Turk, and Time, had spared."

Around the Parthenon, and covering the whole summit of the Acropolis, are strewed columns and blocks of polished white marble, the ruins of ancient temples. The remains of the Temples of Erechtheus and Minerva Polias are preeminent in beauty; the pillars of the latter are the most perfect specimens of the Ionic in existence, and its light and graceful proportions are in elegant contrast with the severe and simple majesty of the Parthenon. The capitals of the columns are wrought and ornamented with a delicacy surpassing any thing of which I could have believed marble susceptible. Once I was tempted to knock off a corner and bring it home, as a specimen of the exquis-

site skill of the Grecian artist, which it would have illustrated better than a volume of description; but I could not do it—it seemed nothing less than sacrilege.

Afar off, and almost lost in the distance, rises the Pentelican mountain, from the body of which were hewed the rough rude blocks which, wrought and perfected by the sculptor's art, now stand the lofty and stately columns of the ruined temple. What labour was expended upon each single column! how many were employed in hewing it from its rocky bed, in bearing it to the foot of the mountain, transporting it across the plain of Attica, and raising it to the summit of the Acropolis! and then what time, and skill, and labour, in reducing it from a rough block to a polished shaft, in adjusting its proportions, in carving its rich capitals, and rearing it where it now stands, a model of majestic grace and beauty! Once, under the direction of Mr Hill, I clambered up to the very apex of the pediment, and, lying down at full length, leaned over and saw under the frieze the acanthus leaf delicately and beautifully painted on the marble, and, being protected from exposure, still retaining its freshness of colouring. It was entirely out of sight from below, and had been discovered, almost at the peril of his life, by the enthusiasm of an English artist. The wind was whistling around me as I leaned over to examine it, and, until that moment, I never appreciated fully the immense labour employed and the exquisite finish displayed in every portion of the temple.

The sentimental traveller must already mourn that Athens has been selected as the capital of Greece. Already have speculators and the whole tribe of "improvers" invaded the glorious city; and while I was lingering on the steps of the Parthenon, a German, who was quietly smoking among the ruins, a sort of superintendant, whom I had met before, came up, and offering me a cigar, and leaning against one of the lofty columns of the temple, opened upon me with "his plans of city improvements;" with new streets, and projected railroads, and the rise of lots. At first I almost thought it personal, and that he was making a fling at me, in allusion to one of the greatest hobbies of my native city; but I soon found that he was as deeply bitten as if he had been in Chicago or Dunkirk; and the way in which he talked of monied facilities, the wants of the community, and a great French bank then contemplated at the Piræus, would have been no discredit to some of my friends at home. The removal of the court has created a new era in Athens; but, in my mind, it is deeply to be regretted that it has been snatched from the ruin to which it was tending. Even I, deeply imbued with the utilitarian spirit of my country, and myself a quondam speculator in "up-town lots," would fain save Athens from the ruthless hand of renovation; from the building mania of modern speculators. I would have her go on till there was not a habitation among her ruins; till she stood, like Pompeii, alone in the wilderness, a sacred desert, where the traveller might sit down and meditate alone and undisturbed among the relics of the past. But already Athens has become a heterogeneous anomaly; the Greeks in their wild costume are jostled in the streets by Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Dutchmen, Spaniards, and Bavarians, Russians, Danes, and sometimes Americans. European shops invite purchasers, by the side of eastern bazaars, coffee-houses, and billiard-rooms; and French and German restaurants are opened all over the city. Sir Pultney Malcolm has erected a house to hire near the site of Plato's Academy. Lady Franklin has bought land near the foot of Mount Hymettus for a country-seat. Several English gentlemen have done the same. Mr Richmond, an American clergyman, has purchased a farm in the neighbourhood; and in a few years, if the "march of improvement" continues, the Temple of Theseus will be enclosed in the garden of the palace of King Otho; the Temple of the Winds will be concealed by a German opera-house, and the Lantern of Demosthenes by a row of "three-story houses."

I was not a sentimental traveller, but I visited all the

localities around Athens, and therefore briefly mention, that several times I jumped over the poetic and perennial Ilissus, trotted my horse over the ground where Aristotle walked with his peripatetics, and got muddled up to my knees in the garden of Plato.

One morning my Scotch friend and I set out early to ascend Mount Hymettus. The mountain is neither high nor picturesque, but a long flat ridge of bare rock, the sides cut up into ravines, fissures, and gullocks. There is an easy path to the summit, but we had no guide, and about mid-day, after a wild scramble, were worn out, and descended without reaching the top, which is exceedingly fortunate for the reader, as otherwise he would be obliged to go through a description of the view therefrom.

Returning, we met the king taking his daily walk, attended by two aides, one of whom was young Marco Bozzaris. Otho is tall and thin, and, when I saw him, was dressed in a German military frockcoat and cap, and altogether, for a king, seemed to be an amiable young man enough. All the world speaks well of him, and so do I. We touched our hats to him, and he returned the salutation; and what could he do more without inviting us to dinner? In old times there was a divinity about a king; but now, if a king is a gentleman, it is as much as we can expect. He has spent his money like a gentleman, that is, he cannot tell what has become of it. Two of the three millions loan are gone, and there is no colonisation, no agricultural prosperity, no opening of roads, no security in the mountains; not a town in Greece but is in ruins, and no money to improve them. Athens, however, is to be embellished. With £10,000 in the treasury, he is building a palace of white Pentelican marble, to cost £300,000.

Otho was very popular, because, not being of age, all the errors of his administration were visited upon Count Arnansbergh and the regency, who, from all accounts, richly deserved it; and it was hoped that, on receiving the crown, he would shake off the Bavarians who were preying upon the vitals of Greece, and gather around him his native-born subjects. In private life he bore a most exemplary character. He had no circle of young companions, and passed much of his time in study, being engaged, among other things, in acquiring the Greek and English languages. His position is interesting, though not enviable; and if, as the first ruler of emancipated Greece, he entertains recollections of his ancient greatness, and the ambition of restoring to his position among the nations of the earth, he is doomed to disappointment. Otho is since crowned and married. The pride of the Greeks was considerably humbled by a report that their king's proposals to several daughters of German princes had been rejected; but the king had great reason to congratulate himself upon the spirit which induced the daughter of the Duke of Oldenburg to accept his hand. From her childhood she had taken an enthusiastic interest in Greek history, and it had been her constant wish to visit Greece; and when she heard that Otho had been called to the throne, she naïvely expressed an ardent wish to share it with him. Several years afterwards, by the merest accident, she met Otho at a German watering-place, travelling with his mother, the Queen of Bavaria, as the Count de Missilonghi; and in February last she accompanied him to Athens, to share the throne which had been the object of her youthful wish.

M. dined at my hotel, and, returning to his own, he was picked up and carried to the guard-house. He started for his hotel without a lantern, the requisition to carry one being imperative in all the Greek and Turkish cities; the guard could not understand a word he said until he showed them some money, which made his English perfectly intelligible; and they then carried him to a Bavarian corporal, who, after two hours' detention, escorted him to his hotel. After that we were rather careful about staying out late at night.

"Thursday.—I don't know the day of the month." I find this in my notes, the caption of a day of business, and at this distance of time will not undertake to correct

the entry. Indeed, I am inclined to think that my notes in those days are rather uncertain and imperfect; certainly not taken with the precision of one who expected to publish them. Nevertheless, the residence of the court, the diplomatic corps, and strangers, form an agreeable society at Athens. I had letters to some of the foreign ministers, but did not present them, as I was hardly presentable myself without my carpet-bag. On "Thursday," however, in company with Dr W., I called upon Mr Dawkins, the British minister. Mr Dawkins went to Greece on a special mission, which he supposed would detain him six months from home, and had remained there ten years. He is a high tory, but retained under a whig administration, because his services could not well be dispensed with. He gave us much interesting information in regard to the present condition and future prospects of Greece; and, in answer to my suggestion that the United States were not represented at all in Greece, not even by a consul, he said, with emphasis, "You are better represented than any power in Europe. Mr Hill has more influence here than any minister plenipotentiary among us." A few days after, when confined to my room by indisposition, Mr Dawkins returned my visit, and again spoke in the same terms of high commendation of Mr Hill. It was pleasing to me, and I have no doubt it will be so to Mr Hill's numerous friends in this country, to know that a private American citizen, in a position that keeps him aloof from politics, was spoken of in such terms by the representative of one of the great powers of Europe. I had heard it intimated that there was a prospect of Mr Dawkins being transferred to this country, and parted with him in the hope at some future day of seeing him the representative of his government here.

I might have been presented to the king, but my carpet-bag—Dr W. borrowed a hat, and was presented; the doctor had an old white hat, which he had worn all the way from New York. The tide is rolling backward; Athens is borrowing her customs from the barbarous nations of the north; and it is part of the etiquette to enter a drawing-room with a hat (a black one) under the arm. The doctor, in his republican simplicity, thought that a hat, good enough to put on his own head, was good enough to go into the king's presence; but he was advised to the contrary, and took one of Mr Hill's, not very much too large for him. He was presented by Dr —, a German, the king's cian, with whom he had discoursed much of the medical systems in Germany and America. He was much pleased with the king. Did ever a with a king who was not pleased with him? But the doctor was particularly pleased with King Otho, as the latter entered largely into discourse on the doctor's favourite theme, Mr Hill's school, and the cause of education in Greece. Indeed, it speaks volumes in favour of the young king, that education is one of the things in which he takes the deepest interest. The day the doctor was to be presented, we dined at Mr Hill's, having made arrangements for leaving Athens that night; the doctor and M. to return to Europe. In the afternoon, while the doctor remained to be presented, M. and I walked down to the Piræus, now, as in the days of her glory, the harbour of Athens. The ancient harbour is about five miles from Athens, and was formerly joined to it by *long walls* built of stone of enormous size, sixty feet high, and broad enough on the top for two waggons to pass abreast. These have long since disappeared, and the road is now over a plain shaded a great part of the way by groves of olives. As usual at this time of day, we met many parties on horseback, sometimes with ladies; and I remember particularly the beautiful and accomplished daughters of Count Armanberg,* both of whom are since married

* They married two brothers, the young princes Cantacuzenes. Some scruples being raised against this double alliance on the score of consanguinity, the difficulty was removed by each couple going to separate churches with separate priests to pronounce the mystic words at precisely the same moment; so that neither could be said to espouse his sister-in-law.

and dead. It is a beautiful ride, in the afternoon particularly, as then the dark outline of the mountains beyond, and the reflections of light and shade, give a peculiarly interesting effect to the ruins of the Acropolis. Towards the other end we paced between the ruins of the old walls, and entered upon a scene which reminded me of home. Eight months before there was only one house at the Piræus; but as soon as the court removed to Athens, the old harbour revived; and already we saw long ranges of stores and warehouses, and all the hurry and bustle of one of our rising western towns. A railroad was in contemplation, and many other improvements, which have since failed; but an omnibus!—that most modern and commonplace of inventions—is now running regularly between the Piræus and Athens. A friend who visited Greece six months after me, brought home with him an advertisement printed in Greek, English, French, and German, the English being in the words and figures following, to wit:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

The public are hereby informed, that on the 19th instant an omnibus will commence running between Athens and the Piræus, and will continue to do so every day at the undermentioned hours until further notice.

Hours of Departure.

FROM ATHENS.	FROM PIRÆUS.
Half-past seven o'clock A. M.	Half-past eight o'clock A. M.
Ten o'clock A. M.	Eleven o'clock A. M.
Two o'clock P. M.	Three o'clock P. M.
Half-past four P. M.	Half-past five P. M.

The price of a seat in the omnibus is one drachma.

Baggage, if not too bulky and heavy, can be taken on the roof. Smoking cannot be allowed in the omnibus, nor can dogs be admitted.

Small parcels and packages may be sent by this conveyance at a moderate charge, and given to the care of the conducteur.

The omnibus starts from the corner of the Hermos and Æolus Streets, at Athens, and from the bazaar at the Piræus, and will wait five minutes at each place, during which period the conducteur will sound his horn.

Athens, 17th, 89th September 1838."

Old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new. For a little while yet we may cling to the illusions connected with the past, but the mystery is fast dissolving, the darkness is breaking away, and Greece, and Rome, and even Egypt herself, henceforward claim our attention with objects and events of the present hour. Already they have lost much of the deep and absorbing interest with which men turned to them a generation ago. All the hallowed associations of these ancient regions are fading away. We may regret it, we may mourn over it, but we cannot help it. The world is marching onward; I have met parties of my own townsmen while walking in the silent galleries of the Coliseum. I have seen Americans drinking champagne in an excavated dwelling of the ancient Pompeii, and I have dined with Englishmen among the ruins of Thebes, but, blessed be my fortune, I never rode in an omnibus from the Piræus to Athens.

We put our baggage on board the caique, and lounged among the little shops till dark, when we betook ourselves to a dirty little coffee-house filled with Greeks, dozing and smoking pipes. We met there a boat's crew of a French man-of-war, waiting for some of the officers, who were dining with the French ambassador at Athens. One of them had been born to a better condition than that of a common sailor. One juvenile indiscretion after another had brought him down, and, without a single vice, he was fairly on the road to ruin. Once he brushed a tear from his eyes as he told us of prospects blighted by his own follies; but, rousing himself, hurried away, and his reckless laugh soon rose above the noise and clamour of his wild companions.

About ten o'clock the doctor came in, drenched with rain, and up to his knees in mud. We wanted to embark immediately, but the appearance of the weather was so unfavourable, that the captain preferred waiting till after midnight. The Greeks went away from the coffee-house, the proprietor fell asleep in his seat, and we

extended ourselves on the tables and chairs; and now the fleas, which had been distributed about among all the loungers, made a combined onset upon us. Life has its cares and troubles, but few know that of being given up to the tender mercies of Greek fleas. We bore the infliction till human nature could endure no longer; and at about three in the morning, in the midst of violent wind and rain, broke out of the coffee-house, and went in search of our boat. It was very dark, but we found her, and got on board. She was a *caïque*, having an open deck with a small covering over the ~~bow~~. Under this we crept, and with our cloaks and a sailcloth spread over us, our heated blood cooled, and we fell asleep. When we woke, we were on the way to Epidaurus. The weather was raw and cold. We passed within a stone's throw of Salamina and Ægina, and at about three o'clock, turning a point which completely hid it from view, entered a beautiful little bay, on which stands the town of Epidaurus. The old city, the birthplace of Esculapius, stands upon a hill projecting into the bay, and almost forming an island. In the middle of the village is a wooden building containing a large chamber, where the Greek delegates, a band of mountain warriors, with arms in their hands, "in the name of the Greek nation, proclaimed before gods and men its independence."

At the *locanda* there was by chance one bed, which not being large enough for three, I slept on the floor. At seven o'clock, after a quarrel with our host, and paying him about half his demand, we set out for Napoli di Romania. For about an hour we moved in the valley running off from the beautiful shore of Epidaurus; soon the valley deepened into a glen, and in an hour we turned off on a path that led into the mountains, and, riding through wild and rugged ravines, fell into the dry bed of a torrent; following which, we came to the Hieron Elieo, or Sacred Grove of Esculapius. This was the great watering-place for the invalids of ancient Greece, the prototype of the Cheltenham and Saratoga of modern days. It is situated in a valley surrounded by high mountains, and was formerly enclosed by walls, within which, that the credit of God might not be impeached, *no man was allowed to die, and no woman to be delivered*. Within this enclosure were temples, porticoes, and fountains, now lying in ruins hardly distinguishable. The theatre is the most beautiful and best preserved. It is scooped out of the side of the mountain, rather more than semicircular in form, and containing fifty-four seats. These seats are of pink marble, about fifteen inches high and nearly three feet wide. In the middle of each seat is a groove, in which, probably, wood-work was constructed, to prevent the feet of those above from incommoding those who sat below, and also to support the backs of an invalid audience. The theatre faces the north, and is so arranged that, with the mountain towering behind it, the audience were shaded nearly all the day. It speaks volumes in favour of the intellectual character of the Greeks, that it was their favourite recreation to listen to the recitation of their poets and players. And their superiority in refinement over the Romans is in no way manifested more clearly than by the fact, that in the ruined cities of the former are found the remains of theatres, and in the latter of amphitheatres, showing the barbarous taste of the Romans for combats of gladiators and wild beasts. It was in beautiful keeping with this intellectual taste of the Greeks, that their places of assembling were in the open air, amid scenery calculated to elevate the mind; and as I sat on the marble steps of the theatre, I could well imagine the high satisfaction with which the Greek, under the shade of the impending mountain, himself all enthusiasm and passion, rapt in the interest of some deep tragedy, would hang upon the strains of Euripides or Sophocles. What deep-drawn exclamations, what shouts of applause, had rung through that solitude! what bursts of joy and grief had echoed from those silent benches! And then, too, what flirting and coquetting! the state of society at the springs in the Grove of Esculapius being probably much the same

as at Saratoga in our own days. The whole grove is now a scene of desolation. The *lentisculus* is growing under the crevices of the broken marble; birds sing undisturbed among the bushes; the timid hare steals among the ruined fragments; and sometimes the snake is seen gliding over the marble steps.

We had expected to increase the interest of our visit by taking our noonday repast on the steps of the theatre, but it was too cold for a picnic *à fresco*; and, mounting our horses, about two o'clock we came in sight of Argos, on the opposite side of the great plain; and in half an hour more, turning the mountain, saw Napoli di Romania, beautifully situated on a gentle elevation on the shore of the gulf. The scenery in every direction around Napoli is exceedingly beautiful; and when we approached it, it bore no marks of the sanguinary scenes of the late revolution. The plain was better cultivated than any part of the adjacent country; and the city contained long ranges of houses and streets, with German names, such as Heidecker, Maurer Street, &c., and was seemingly better regulated than any other city in Greece. We drove up to the Hotel des Quatre Nations, the best we had found in Greece; dined at a restaurant with a crowd of Bavarian officers and adventurers, and passed the evening in the streets and coffee-houses.

The appearance of Otho Street, which is the principal, is very respectable; it runs from what was the palace to the grand square or esplanade, on one side of which are the barracks of the Bavarian soldiers, with a park of artillery, posted so as to sweep the square and principal streets; a speaking comment upon the liberty of the Greeks, and the confidence reposed in them by the government.

Every thing in Napoli recalls the memory of the brief and unfortunate career of Capo d'Istria. Its recovery from the horrors of barbarian war, and the thriving appearance of the country around, are ascribed to the impulse given by his administration. A Greek by birth, while his country lay groaning under the Ottoman yoke, he entered the Russian service, distinguished himself in all the diplomatic correspondence during the French invasion, was invested with various high offices and honours, and subscribed the treaty of Paris in 1815 as imperial Russian plenipotentiary. He withdrew from her service because Russia disapproved the efforts of his countrymen to free themselves from the Turkish yoke; and after passing five years in Germany and Switzerland, chiefly at Geneva, in 1827 he was called to the presidency of Greece. On his arrival at Napoli, amid the miseries of war and anarchy, he was received by the whole people as the only man capable of saving their country. Civil war ceased on the very day of his arrival, and the traitor Grievias placed in his hands the key of the Palimethe. I shall not enter into any speculations upon the character of his administration. The rank he had attained in a foreign service is conclusive evidence of his talents, and his withdrawal from that service for the reason stated is as conclusive of his patriotism; but from the moment he took into his hands the reins of government, he was assailed by every so-called liberal press in Europe with the party cry of Russian influence. The Greeks were induced to believe that he intended to sell them to a stranger; and Capo d'Istria, strong in his own integrity, and confidently relying on the fidelity and gratitude of his countrymen, was assassinated in the streets on his way to mass. Young Mauromichalis, the son of the old Bey of Maina, struck the fatal blow, and fled for refuge to the house of the French ambassador. A gentleman attached to the French legation told me that he himself opened the door when the murderer rushed in with the bloody dagger in his hand, exclaiming, "I have killed the tyrant." He was not more than twenty-one, tall and noble in his appearance, and animated by the enthusiastic belief that he had delivered his country. My informant told me that he barred all the doors and windows, and went up stairs to inform the minister, who had not yet risen. The latter was embarrassed,

TRAVELS IN GREECE.

and in doubt what he should do. A large crowd gathered round the house; but, as yet, they were all *Mauromichalis's* friends. The young enthusiast spoke of what he had done with a high feeling of patriotism and pride; and while the clamour out of doors was becoming outrageous, he ate his breakfast and smoked his pipe with the utmost composure. He remained at the embassy more than two hours, and until the regular troops drew up before the house. The French ambassador, though he at first refused, was obliged to deliver him up; and my informant saw him shot under a tree outside the gate of Napoli, dying gallantly in the firm conviction that he had played the Brutus, and freed his country from a Cæsar.

The fate of Capo d'Istria again darkened the prospects of Greece, and the throne went begging for an occupant, until it was accepted by the King of Bavaria for his second son Otho. The young monarch arrived at Napoli in February 1833. The whole population came out to meet him, and the Grecian youth ran breast deep in the water to touch his barge as it approached the shore. In February 1834, it was decided to establish Athens as the capital. The propriety of this removal has been seriously questioned, for Napoli possessed advantages in her location, harbour, fortress, and a town already built; but the King of Bavaria, a scholar and an antiquary, was influenced more, perhaps, by classical feeling than by regard for the best interests of Greece. Napoli has received a severe blow from the removal of the seat of government and the consequent withdrawal of the court, and the manufacturers and mechanics attendant upon it. Still it was by far the most European in its appearance of any city I had seen in Greece. It had several restaurants and coffee-houses, which were thronged all the evening with Bavarian officers and broken-down European adventurers, discussing the internal affairs of that unfortunate country, which men of every nation seemed to think they had a right to assist in governing. Napoli had always been the great gathering-place of the phil-Hellenists, and many appropriating to themselves that sacred name were hanging round it still. All over Europe thousands of men are trained up to be shot at for so much per day; the soldier's is as regular a business as that of the lawyer or merchant, and there is always a large class of turbulent spirits constantly on the look-out for opportunities, and ever ready with their swords to carve their way to fortune. To them the uproar of a rebellion is music, for they know that, in the general turning up of the elements, something may be gained by him who has nothing to lose; and when the Greek revolution broke upon the astonished people of Europe, these soldiers of fortune hastened to take their part in the struggle, and win the profits of success. I believe that there were men who embarked in the cause with as high and noble purposes as ever animated the warrior; but of many of these chivalric patriots there is no lack of charity in saying that, however good they might be as fighters, they were not much as men; and I am sorry to add that, from the accounts I heard in Greece, the American phil-Hellenists were a rather shabby set. Jarvis was about the most active and distinguished, and I never heard in Greece any imputations on his character. Mr M., then resident in Napoli, was accosted one day in the streets by a young man, who asked him where he could find General Jarvis. "What do you want with him?" said Mr M. "I hope to obtain a commission in his army." "Do you see that dirty fellow yonder?" said Mr M., pointing to a ragged patriot passing at the moment; "well, twenty such fellows compose Jarvis's army, and Jarvis himself is no better off." "Well, then," said the young American, "I believe I'll join the Turks!" Allen, another American patriot, was hanged at Constantinople. Another behaved gallantly as a soldier, but sullied his laurels by appropriating the money intrusted to him by the Greek committee. One bore the sacred name of Washington, a brave but unprincipled man. Mr M. had heard him say, that if the devil himself should raise a regiment

and would give him a good commission, he would willingly march under him. He was struck by a shot from the fortress in the harbour of Napoli while directing a battery against it, was taken on board his Britannic majesty's ship *Asia*, and breathed his last uttering curses on his country.

I could have passed a week with great satisfaction in Napoli, if it were only for the luxury of its hotel; but time would not permit, and I went to bed resolving to make up for the last night, and sleep a little in advance for the next.

CHAPTER VI.

Argos.—Parting and Farewell.—Tomb of Agamemnon.—Mycenæ.—Gate of the Lions.—A Misfortune.—Meeting in the Mountains.—A Landlord's Troubles.—A Midnight Quarrel.—One good Turn deserves another.—Gratitude of a Greek Family.—Megara.—The Soldiers' Revel.

In the morning, finding a difficulty in procuring horses, some of the loungers about the hotel told us there was a carriage in Napoli, and we ordered it to be brought out, and soon after saw moving majestically down the principal street a *bella carrozza*, imported by its enterprising proprietor from the Strada Toledo at Naples. It was painted a bright flaring yellow, and had a big-breeched Albanian for coachman. While preparing to embark, a Greek came up with two horses, and we discharged the *bella carrozza*. My companion hired the horses for *Padras*, and I threw my cloak on one of them and followed on foot.

The plain of Argos is one of the most beautiful I ever saw. On every side, except towards the sea, it is bounded by mountains, and the contrast between these mountains, the plain, and the sea, is strikingly beautiful. The sun was beating upon it with intense heat; the labourers were almost naked, or in several places lying asleep on the ground, while the tops of the mountains were covered with snow. I walked across the whole plain, being only six miles, to Argos. This ancient city is long since in ruins; her thirty temples, her costly sepulchres, her gymnasium, and her numerous and magnificent monuments and statues, have disappeared, and the only traces of her former greatness are some remains of her Cyclopean walls, and a ruined theatre cut in the rock, and of magnificent proportions. Modern Argos is nothing more than a straggling village. Mr Riggs, an American missionary, was stationed there, but was at that time at Athens with an invalid wife. I was still on foot, and wandered up and down the principal street looking for a horse. Every Greek in Argos soon knew my business, and all kinds of four-legged animals were brought to me at exorbitant prices. When I was poring over the *Iliad*, I little thought that I should ever visit Argos; still less that I should create a sensation in the ancient city of the Danai; but man little knows for what he is reserved.

Argos has been so often visited that Homer is out of date. Every midgy from a Mediterranean cruiser has danced on the steps of her desolate theatre, and instead of busying myself with her ancient glories, I roused half the population in hiring a horse. In fact, in this ancient city I soon became the centre of a regular horsemarket. Every rascally jockey swore that his horse was the best, and, according to the descendants of the respectable sons of Atreus, blindness, lameness, spavin, and staggers, were a recommendation. A Bavarian officer, whom I had met in the bazaars, came to my assistance, and stood by me while I made my bargain. I had more regard to the guide than the horse; and picking out one who had been particularly noisy, hired him to conduct me to Corinth and Athens. He was a lad of about twenty, with a bright sparkling eye, who, laughing roguishly at his unsuccessful competitors, wanted to pitch me at once on the horse and be off. I joined my companions, and in a few minutes we left Argos.

The plain of Argos has been immortalised by poetic genius, as the great gathering-place of the kings and

armies that assembled for the siege of Troy. To the scholar and poet, few plains in the world are more interesting. It carries him back to the heroic ages—to the history of times bordering on the fabulous, when fact and fiction are so beautifully blended, that we would not separate them if we could. I had but a little while longer to remain with my friends, for we were approaching the point where our roads separated, and about eleven o'clock we halted, and exchanged our farewell greetings. We parted in the middle of the plain, they to return to Padras and Europe, and I for the tomb of Agamemnon, and back to Athens, and I hardly know where besides. Dr W. I did not meet again until my return home. About a year afterwards I arrived in Antwerp in the evening from Rotterdam. The city was filled with strangers, and I was denied admission at a third hotel, when a young man brushed by me in the doorway, and I recognised Maxwell. I hailed him; but in cap and cloak, and with a large red shawl around my neck, he did not know me. I unrolled and discovered myself, and it is needless to say that I did not leave the hotel that night. It was his very last day of two years' travel on the Continent; he had taken his passage in the steamer for London, and one day later I should have missed him altogether. I can give but a faint idea of the pleasure of this meeting. He gave me the first information of the whereabouts of Dr W.; we talked nearly all night, and about noon the next day I again bade him farewell on board the steamer.

I have for some time neglected our servant. When we separated, the question was who should not keep him. We were all heartily tired of him, and I would not have had him with me on any account. Still, at the moment of parting in that wild and distant region, never expecting to see him again, I felt some slight leaning towards him. Touching the matter of shirts, it will not be surprising to a man of the world, that, at the moment of parting, I had one of M.'s on my back; and in justice to him, I must say it was a very good one, and lasted a long time. A friend once wrote to me on a like occasion not to wear his out of its turn, but M. laid no such restriction upon me. But this trifling gain did not indemnify me for the loss of my friends. I had broken the only link that connected me with home, and was setting out alone for I knew not where. I felt at once the great loss I had sustained, for my young muleteer could speak only his own language, and, as Queen Elizabeth said to Sir Walter Raleigh of her Hebrew, we had "forgotten our" Greek.

But on that classical soil I ought not to have been lonely. I should have conjured up the ghosts of the departed Atreides, and held converse on their own ground with Homer's heroes. Nevertheless, I was not in the mood, and, entirely forgetting the glories of the past, I started my horse into a gallop. My companion followed on a full run, close at my heels, labelling my horse with a stick, which, when he broke, he pelted him with stones; indeed, this mode of scampering over the ground seemed to hit his humour, for he shouted, hurraed, and whipped, and sometimes, laying hold of the tail of the beast, was dragged along several paces with little effort of his own. I soon tired of this, and made signs to him to stop; but it was his turn now, and I was obliged to lean back till I reached him with my cane before I could make him let go his hold, and then he commenced shouting and pelting again with stones.

In this way we approached the village of Krabata, about a mile below the ruins of Mycenæ, and the most miserable place I had seen in Greece. With the fertile plain of Argos uncultivated before them, the inhabitants exhibited a melancholy picture of the most abject poverty. As I rode through, crowds beset me with outstretched arms imploring charity; and a miserable old woman, darting out of a wretched hovel, laid her gaunt and bony hand upon my leg, and attempted to stop me. I shrank from her grasp, and, under the

effect of a sudden impulse, threw myself off on the other side, and left my horse in her hands.

Hurrying through the village, a group of boys ran before me, crying out "Agamemnon, Agamemnon." I followed, and they conducted me to the tomb of "the king of kings," a gigantic structure, still in good preservation, of a conical form, covered with turf; the stone over the door is twenty-seven feet long and seventeen wide, larger than any hewn stone in the world except Pompey's Pillar. I entered, my young guides going before with torches, and walked within and around this ancient sepulchre. A worthy Dutchman, Herman Van Creutzer, has broached a theory that the Trojan war is a mere allegory, and that no such person as Agamemnon ever existed. Shame upon the cold-blooded heretic! I have my own sins to answer for in that way, for I have laid my destroying hand upon many cherished illusions; but I would not, if I could, destroy the mystery that overhangs the heroic ages. The royal sepulchre was forsaken and empty; the shepherd drives within it his flock for shelter; the traveller sits under its shade to his noonday meal; and, at the moment, a goat was dozing quietly in one corner. He started as I entered, and seemed to regard me as an intruder; and when I flared before him the light of my torch, he rose up to butt me. I turned away, and left him in quiet possession. The boys were waiting outside, and crying "Mycenæ, Mycenæ," led me away. All was solitude, and I saw no marks of a city until I reached the relics of her Cyclopean walls. I never felt a greater degree of reverence than when I approached the lonely ruins of Mycenæ. At Argos I spent most of my time in the horsemarket, and I had galloped over the great plain as carelessly as if it had been the road to Harlem; but all the associations connected with this most interesting ground here pressed upon me at once. Its extraordinary antiquity, its gigantic remains, and its utter and long-continued desolation, came home to my heart. I moved on to the Gate of the Lions, and stood before it a long time without entering. A broad street led to it between two immense parallel walls; and this street may perhaps have been a market-place. Over the gate are two lions rampant, like the supporters of a modern coat-of-arms, rudely carved, and supposed to be the oldest sculptured stone in Greece. Under this very gate Agamemnon led out his forces for the siege of Troy; three thousand years ago he saw them filing before him, glittering in brass, in all the pomp and panoply of war; and I held in my hand a book which told me that this city was so old, that more than seventeen hundred years ago, travellers came as I did to visit its ruins; and that Pausanias had found the Gate of the Lions in the same state in which I beheld it now. A great part is buried by the rubbish of the fallen city. I crawled under, and found myself within the walls, and then mounted to the height on which the city stood. It was covered with a thick soil and a rich carpet of grass. My boys left me, and I was alone. I walked all over it, following the line of the walls. I paused at the great blocks of stone, the remnants of Cyclopean masonry, the work of wandering giants. The heavens were unclouded, and the sun was beaming upon it with genial warmth. Nothing could exceed the quiet beauty of the scene. I became entangled in the long grass, and picked up wild flowers growing over long-buried dwellings. Under it are immense caverns, their uses now unknown; and the earth sounded hollow under my feet, as if I were treading on the sepulchre of a buried city. I looked across the plain to Argos; all was as beautiful as when Homer sang its praises; the plain, and the mountains, and the sea, were the same, but the once magnificent city, her numerous statues and gigantic temples, were gone for ever; and but a few remains were left to tell the passing traveller the story of her fallen greatness. I could have remained there for hours; I could have gone again and again, for I had not found a more interesting spot in Greece; but my reveries were disturbed by the appearance of my muleteer and my juvenile escort. They pointed to

the sun as an intimation that the day was passing; and crying "Cavallo, Cavallo," hurried me away. To them the ruined city was a playground; they followed tapering behind; and in descending, three or four of them rolled down upon me; they hurried me through the Gate of the Lions, and I came out with my pantaloons, my only pantaloons, rent across the knee almost irreparably. In an instant I was another man; I railed at the ruins for their strain upon wearing apparel, and bemoaned my unhappy lot in not having with me a needle and thread. I looked up to the old gate with a sneer. This was the city that Homer had made such a noise about; a man could stand on the citadel, and almost throw a stone beyond the boundary-line of Agamemnon's kingdom. In full sight, and just at the other side of the plain, was the kingdom of Argos. The little state of Rhode Island would make a bigger kingdom than both of them together.

But I had no time for deep meditation, having a long journey to Corinth before me. Fortunately, my young Greek had no tire in him; he started me off on a gallop, whipping and pelting my horse with stones, and would have hurried me on, over rough and smooth, till either he, or I, or the horse, broke down, if I had not jumped off and walked. As soon as I dismounted, he mounted, and then he moved so leisurely that I had to hurry him on in turn. In this way we approached the range of mountains separating the plain of Argos from the Isthmus of Corinth. Entering the pass, we rode along a mountain torrent, of which the channel-bed was then dry, and ascended to the summit of the first range. Looking back, the scene was magnificent. On my right and left were the ruined heights of Argos and Mycenæ; before me, the towering Acropolis of Napoli di Romania; at my feet, the rich plain of Argos, extending to the shore of the sea; and beyond, the island-studded Ægean. I turned away with a feeling of regret that, in all probability, I should never see it more.

I moved on, and in a narrow pass, not wide enough to turn my horse if I had been disposed to take to my heels, three men rose up from behind a rock, armed to the teeth with long guns, pistols, yataghans, and sheep-skin cloaks—the dress of the klept, or mountain robber—and altogether presenting a most diabolically cut-throat appearance. If they had asked me for my purse, I should have considered it all regular, and given up the remnant of my stock of borrowed money without a murmur; but I was relieved from immediate apprehension by the cry of *passé porta*. King Otho has begun the benefits of civilised government in Greece by introducing passports, and mountain warriors were stationed in the different passes to examine strangers. They acted, however, as if they were more used to demanding purses than passports, for they sprang into the road, and rattled the butts of their guns on the rock with a violence that was somewhat startling. Unluckily, my passport had been made out with those of my companions, and was in their possession, and when we parted neither thought of it; and this demand to me, who had nothing to lose, was worse than that of my purse. A few words of explanation might have relieved me from all difficulty, but my friends could not understand a word I said. I was vexed at the idea of being sent back, and thought I would try the effect of a little impudence; so, crying out "Americano," I attempted to pass on; but they answered me "Nix," and turned my horse's head towards Argos. The scene, which a few moments before had seemed so beautiful, was now perfectly detestable. Finding that bravado had not the desired effect, I lowered my tone and tried a bribe; this was touching the right chord; half a dollar removed all suspicions from the minds of these trusty guardians of the pass; and, released from their attentions, I hurried on.

The whole road across the mountain is one of the wildest in Greece. It is cut up by numerous ravines, sufficiently deep and dangerous, which at every step threaten destruction to the incautious traveller. During the late revolution the soil of Greece had been drenched

with blood; and my whole journey had been through cities and over battle-fields memorable for scenes of slaughter unparalleled in the annals of modern war. In the narrowest pass of the mountains, my guide made gestures indicating that it had been the scene of a desperate battle. When the Turks, having penetrated to the plain of Argos, were compelled to fall back again upon Corinth, a small band of Greeks, under Niketas and Demetrius Ypsilanti, waylaid them in this pass. Concealing themselves behind the rocks, and waiting till the pass was filled, all at once they opened a tremendous fire upon the solid column below, and the pass was instantly filled with slain. Six thousand were cut down in a few hours. The terrified survivors recoiled for a moment; but as if impelled by an invisible power, rushed on to meet their fate. "The Mussulman rode into the passes with his sabre in his sheath and his hands before his eyes, the victim of destiny." The Greeks again poured upon them a shower of lead, and several thousand more were cut down before the Moslem army accomplished the passage of this terrible defile.

It was nearly dark when we rose to the summit of the last range of mountains, and saw, under the rich lustre of the setting sun, the Acropolis of Corinth, with its walls and turrets, towering to the sky, the plain forming the Isthmus of Corinth; the dark, quiet waters of the Gulf of Lepanto; and the gloomy mountains of Cithæron and Helicon, and Parnassus covered with snow. It was after dark when we passed the region of the Nemean Grove, celebrated as the haunt of the lion and the scene of the first of the twelve labours of Hercules. We were yet three hours from Corinth; and if the old lion had still been prowling in the grove, we could not have made more haste to escape its gloomy solitude. Reaching the plain, we heard behind us the clattering of horses' hoofs, at first sounding in the stillness of evening as if a regiment of cavalry or a troop of banditti was at our heels, but it proved to be only a single traveller, belated like ourselves, and hurrying on to Corinth. I could see through the darkness the shining butts of his pistols and hilt of his yataghan, and took his dimensions with more anxiety, perhaps, than exactitude. He recognised my Frank dress, and accented me in bad Italian, which he had picked up at Padras (being just the Italian in which I could meet him on equal ground), and told me that he had met a party of Franks on the road to Padras, whom, from his description, I recognised as my friends.

It was nearly midnight when we rattled up to the gate of the old locanda. The yard was thronged with horses and baggage, and Greek and Bavarian soldiers. On the balcony stood my old brigand host, completely crestfallen, and literally turned out of doors in his own house; a detachment of Bavarian soldiers had arrived that afternoon from Padras, and taken entire possession, giving him and his wife the freedom of the outside. He did not recognise me, and taking me for an Englishman, began "Sono Inglesi Signor" (he had lived at Corfu under the British dominion); and telling me the whole particulars of his unceremonious ouster, claimed, through me, the arm of the British government to resent the injury to a British subject; his wife was walking about in no very gentle mood, but, in truth, very much the contrary. I did not speak to her, and she did not trust herself to speak to me; but, addressing myself to the husband, introduced the subject of my own immediate wants, a supper, and night's lodging. The landlord told me, however, that the Bavarians had eaten every thing in the house, and he had not a room, bed, blanket, or coverlet, to give me; that I might lie down in the hall or the piazza, but there was no other place.

I was outrageous at the hard treatment he had received from the Bavarians. It was too bad to turn an honest innkeeper out of his house, and deny him the pleasure of accommodating a traveller who had toiled hard all day, with the perfect assurance of finding a bed at night. I saw, however, that there was no help

for it; and noticing an opening at one end of the hall, went into a sort of storeroom filled with all kinds of rubbish, particularly old barrels. An unhinged door was leaning against the wall, and this I laid across two of the barrels, pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and on this extemporaneous couch went to sleep.

I was roused from my first nap by a terrible fall against my door. I sprang up; the moon was shining through the broken casement, and, seizing a billet of wood, I waited another attack. In the meantime, I heard the noise of a violent scuffling on the floor of the hall, high above all, the voices of husband and wife, his evidently coming from the floor in a deprecating tone, and hers in a high towering passion, and enforced with severe blows of a stick. As soon as I was fairly awake, I saw through the thing at once. It was only a little matrimonial *tête-à-tête*. The unamiable humour in which I had left them against the Bavarians had ripened into a private quarrel between themselves, and she had got him down, and was pummelling him with a broomstick or something of that kind. It seemed natural and right enough, and was, moreover, no business of mine; and remembering that whoever interferes between man and wife is sure to have both against him, I kept quiet. Others, however, were not so considerate, and the occupants of the different rooms tumbled into the hall in every variety of fancy night-gear, among whom was one whose only clothing was a military coat and cap, with a sword in his hand. When the hubbub was at its highest, I looked out, and found, as I expected, the husband and wife standing side by side, she still brandishing the stick, and both apparently outrageous at every thing and every body around them. I congratulated myself upon my superior knowledge of human nature, and went back to my bed on the door.

In the morning I was greatly surprised to find, that instead of whipping her husband, she had been taking his part. Two German soldiers, already half intoxicated, had come into the hall, and insisted upon having more wine; the host refused, and when they moved towards my sleeping place, where the wine was kept, he interposed, and all came down together with the noise which had woke me. His wife came to his aid, and the blows which, in my simplicity, I had supposed to be falling upon him, were bestowed on the two Bavarians. She told me the story herself; and when she complained to the officers, they had capped the climax of her passion by telling her that her husband deserved more than he got. She was still in a perfect fury; and as she looked at them in the yard arranging for their departure, she added, in broken English, with deep, and, as I thought, ominous passion, "Twas better to be under the Turks."

I learned all this while I was making my toilet on the piazza, that is, while she was pouring water on my hands for me to wash; and just as I had finished, my eye fell upon my muleteer assisting the soldiers in loading their horses. At first I did not notice the subdued expression of his usually bright face, nor that he was loading my horse with some of their camp equipage; but all at once it struck me that they were pressing him into their service. I was already roused by what the woman had told me, and, resolving that they should not serve me as they did the Greeks, I sprang off the piazza, cleared my way through the crowd, and going up to my horse, already staggering under a burden poised on his back, but not yet fastened, put my hand under one side, and tumbled it over with a crash on the other. The soldiers cried out furiously; and while they were sputtering German at me, I sprang into the saddle. I was in admirable pugilistic condition, with nothing on but pantaloons, boots, and shirt, and just in a humour to get a whipping, if nothing worse; but I detested the manner in which the Bavarians lorded it in Greece; and riding up to a group of officers who were staring at me, told them that I had just tumbled their luggage off my horse, and they must bear in mind that they could not deal with strangers quite so arbitrarily as they did with the Greeks. The commandant was disposed

to be indignant and very magnificent; but some of the others making suggestions to him, he said he understood I had only hired my horse as far as Corinth, but if I had taken him for Athens, he would not interfere; and, apologising on the ground of the necessities of government, ordered him to be released. I apologised back again, returned the horse to my guide, whose eyes sparkled with pleasure, and went in for my hat and coat.

I dressed myself, and, telling him to be ready when I had finished my breakfast, went out expecting to start forthwith; but, to my surprise, my host told me that the lad refused to go any farther without an increase of pay; and, sure enough, there he stood, making no preparation for moving. The cavalcade of soldiers had gone, and taken with them every horse in Corinth, and the young rascal intended to take advantage of my necessity. I told him that I had hired him to Athens for such a price, and that I had saved him from imprisonment, and consequent loss of wages, by the soldiers, which he admitted. I added, that he was a young rascal, which he neither admitted nor denied, but answered with a roguish laugh. The extra price was no object, compared with the vexation of a day's detention; but a traveller is apt to think that all the world is conspiring to impose upon him, and, at times, to be very resolute in resisting. I was peculiarly so then, and, after a few words, set off to complain to the head of the police. Without any ado, he trotted along with me, and we proceeded together, followed by a troop of idlers, I in something of a passion, he perfectly cool, good-natured, and considerate, merely keeping out of the way of my stick. Hurrying along near the columns of the old temple, I stumbled, and he sprang forward to assist me, his face expressing great interest, and a fear that I had hurt myself; and when I walked towards a house which I had mistaken for the bureau of the police department, he ran after me to direct me right. All this mollified me considerably; and before we reached the door, the affair began to strike me as rather ludicrous.

I stated my case, however, to the eparchos, a Greek in Frank dress, who spoke French with great facility, and treated me with the greatest consideration. He was so full of professions that I felt quite sure of a decision in my favour; but, assuming my story to be true, and without asking the lad for his excuse, he shrugged his shoulders, and said it would take time to examine the matter, and, if I was in a hurry, I had better submit. To be sure, he said, the fellow was a great rogue, and he gave his countrymen in general a character that would not tell well in print; but added, in their justification, that they were imposed upon and oppressed by every body, and therefore considered that they had a right to take their advantage whenever an opportunity offered. The young man sat down on the floor, and looked at me with the most frank, honest, and open expression, as if perfectly unconscious that he was doing any thing wrong. I could not but acknowledge that some excuse for him was to be drawn from the nature of the school in which he had been brought up; and, after a little parley, agreed to pay him the additional price, if, at the end of the journey, I was satisfied with his conduct. This was enough; his face brightened, he sprang up and took my hand, and we left the house the best friends in the world. He seemed to be hurt as well as surprised at my finding fault with him, for to him all seemed perfectly natural; and, to seal the reconciliation, he hurried on ahead, and had the horse ready when I reached the locanda. I took leave of my host with a better feeling than before, and set out a second time on the road to Athens.

At Kalamaki, while walking along the shore, a Greek who spoke the lingua Franca came from on board one of the little caiques, and, when he learned that I was an American, described to me the scene that had taken place on that beach upon the arrival of provisions from America; when thousands of miserable beings who had fled from the blaze of their dwellings, and lived for months upon plants and roots—grey-headed men,

mothers with infants at their breasts, emaciated with hunger and almost frantic with despair—came down from their mountain retreats to receive the welcome relief. He might well remember the scene, for he had been one of that starving people; and he took me to his house, and showed me his wife and four children, now nearly all grown, telling me that they had all been rescued from death by the generosity of my countrymen. I do not know why, but in those countries it did not seem unmanly for a bearded and whiskered man to weep; I felt any thing but contempt for him when, with his heart overflowing and his eyes filled with tears, he told me, when I returned home, to say to my countrymen that I had seen and talked with a recipient of their bounty; and though the Greeks might never repay us they could never forget what we had done for them. I remembered the excitement in our country in their behalf, in colleges and schools, from the grey-bearded senator to the prattling school-boy, and reflected that, perhaps, my mite, cast carelessly upon the waters, had saved from the extremity of misery this grateful family. I wish that the cold-blooded prudence which would have checked our honest enthusiasm in favour of a people, under calamities and horrors worse than ever fell to the lot of man struggling to be free, could have listened to the gratitude of this Greek family. With deep interest I bade them farewell, and, telling my guide to follow with my horse, walked over to the foot of the mountain.

Ascending, I saw in one of the openings of the road a packhorse, and a soldier in the Bavarian uniform, and, hoping to find some one to talk with, I hailed him. He was on the top of the mountain, so far off that he did not hear me; and when, with the help of my Greek, I had succeeded in gaining his attention, he looked for some time without being able to see me. When he did, however, he waited; but, to my no small disappointment, he answered my first question with the odious "Nix." We tried each other in two or three dialects; but finding it of no use, I sat down to rest, and he, for courtesy, joined me; my young Greek, in the spirit of good-fellowship, doing the same. He was a tall, noble-looking fellow, and, like myself, a stranger in Greece; and though we could not say so, it was understood that we were glad to meet and travel together as comrades. The tongue causes more evils than the sword; and as we were debarred the use of this mischievous member, and walked all day side by side, seldom three paces apart, before night we were sworn friends.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Megara. A group of Bavarian soldiers were lounging round the door of the khan, who welcomed their expected comrade, and me as his companion. My friend left me, and soon returned with the compliments of the commandant, and an invitation to visit him in the evening. I had, however, accepted a prior invitation from the soldiers for a rendezvous in the locanda. I wandered till dark among the ruined houses of the town, thought of Euclid and Alexander the Great, and returning, went up to the same room in which I had slept with my friends, pored over an old map of Greece hanging on the wall, made a few notes, and throwing myself back on a sort of divan, while thinking what I should do, fell asleep.

About ten o'clock I was roused by the loud roar of a chorus, not like a sudden burst, but a thing that seemed to have swelled up to that point by degrees; and rubbing my eyes, and stumbling down stairs, I entered the banquetting hall. A long, rough, wooden table, extended the whole length of the room, supplied with only two articles, wine-flagons and tobacco-pouches; forty or fifty soldiers were sitting round it, smoking pipes and singing with all their souls, and, at the moment I entered, waving their pipes to the dying cadence of a hunting chorus. Then followed a long thump on the table, and they all rose; my long travelling friend, with a young soldier who spoke a little French, came up, and escorting me to the head of the table, gave me a seat by the side of the chairman. One of them attempted

to administer a cup of wine, and the other thrust at me the end of a pipe, and I should have been obliged to kick and abscond; but for the relief afforded me by the entrance of another new-comer. This was no other than the corporal's wife; and if I had been received warmly, she was greeted with enthusiasm. Half the table sprang forward to escort her, two of them collared the president and hauled him off his seat, and the whole company, by acclamation, installed her in his place. She accepted it without any hesitation, while two of them, with clumsy courtesy, took off her bonnet, which I, sitting at her right hand, took charge of. All then resumed their places, and the revel went on more gaily than ever. The lady president was about thirty, plainly but neatly dressed, and, though not handsome, had a frank, amiable, and good-tempered expression, indicating that greatest of woman's attributes, a good heart. In fact, she looked what the young man at my side told me she was, the peace-maker of the regiment; and he added, that they always tried to have her at their convivial meetings, for when she was among them, the brawling spirits were kept down, and every man would be ashamed to quarrel in her presence. There was no chivalry, no heroic devotion about them, but their manner towards her was as speaking a tribute as was ever paid to the influence of woman; and I question whether beauty in her bower, surrounded by belted knights and barons-hold, ever exercised in her more exalted sphere a more happy influence. I talked with her, and with the utmost simplicity she told me that the soldiers all loved her; that they were all kind to her; and she looked upon them all as brothers. We broke up at about twelve o'clock with a song, requiring each person to take the hand of his neighbour; one of her hands fell to me, and I took it with a respect seldom surpassed in touching the hand of woman; for I felt that she was cheering the rough path of a soldier's life, and, among scenes calculated to harden the heart, reminding them of mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts at home.

CHAPTER VII.

A Dreary Funeral.—Marathon.—Mount Pentelions.—A Mystery.—Woes of a Lover.—Reveries of Glory.—Sicily's Rocky Isle.—A blood-stained Page of History.—A Greek Prelate.—Desolation.—The Exile's Return.

EARLY in the morning I again started. In a little khan at Eleusis I saw three or four Bavarian soldiers drinking, and ridiculing the Greek proprietor, calling him *patrioti* and *captain*. The Greek bore their gibes and sneers without a word; but there was a deadly expression in his look, which seemed to say, "I bide my time;" and I remember then thinking that the Bavarians were running up an account which would one day be settled with blood. In fact, the soldiers went too far; and, as I thought, to show off before me, one of them slapped the Greek on the back, and made him spill a measure of wine which he was carrying to a customer, when the latter turned upon him like lightning, threw him down, and would have strangled him if he had not been pulled off by the bystanders. Indeed, the Greeks had already learned both their intellectual and physical superiority over the Bavarians; and, a short time before, a party of soldiers sent to subdue a band of Maniote insurgents had been captured, and after a farce of selling them at auction at a dollar a-head, were kicked, and whipped, and sent off.

About four o'clock I arrived once more at Athens, dined at my old hotel, and passed the evening at Mr Hill's.

The next day I lounged about the city. I had been more than a month without my carpet-bag, and the way in which I managed during that time is a thing between my travelling companions and myself. A prudent Scotchman used to boast of a careful nephew, who, in travelling, instead of leaving some of his clothes at every hotel on the road, always brought home more than he took away with him. I was a model of this

kind of carefulness while my opportunities lasted; but my companions had left me, and this morning I went to the bazaars, and bought a couple of shirts. Dressed up in one of them, I strolled outside the walls; and, while sitting in the shadow of a column of the Temple of Jupiter, I saw coming from the city, through Hadrian's Gate, four men, carrying a burden by the corners of a coverlet, followed by another having in his hands a bottle and spade. As they approached, I saw they were bearing the dead body of a woman, whom, on joining them, I found to be the wife of the man who ~~followed~~. He was an Englishman or an American (for he called himself either as occasion required), whom I had seen at my hotel and at Mr Hill's; had been a sailor, and probably deserted from his ship, and many years a resident of Athens, where he married a Greek woman. He was a thriftless fellow, and, as he told me, had lived principally by the labour of his wife, who washed for European travellers. He had been so long in Greece, and his connexions and associations were so thoroughly Greek, that he had lost that sacredness of feeling so powerful both in Englishmen and Americans of every class, in regard to the decent burial of the dead, though he did say that he had expected to procure a coffin, but the police of the city had sent officers to take her away and bury her. There was something so forlorn in the appearance of this rude funeral, that my first impulse was to turn away; but I checked myself and followed. Several times the Greeks laid the corpse on the ground, and stopped to rest, chattering indifferently on various subjects. We crossed the Ilissus, and at some distance came to a little Greek chapel excavated in the rock. The door was so low that we were obliged to stoop on entering, and when within we could hardly stand upright. The Greeks laid down the body in front of the altar; the husband went for the priest, the Greeks to select a place for a grave, and I remained alone with the dead. I sat in the doorway, looking inside upon the corpse, and out upon the Greeks digging the grave. In a short time the husband returned with a priest, one of the most miserable of that class of "blind teachers" who swarm in Greece. He immediately commenced the funeral service, which continued nearly an hour, by which time the Greeks returned, and, taking up the body, carried it to the grave-side, and laid it within. I knew the hollow sound of the first clod of earth which falls upon the lid of a coffin, and shrank from its leaden fall upon the uncovered body. I turned away, and, when at some distance, looked back and saw them packing the earth over the grave. I never saw so dreary a burial-scene.

Returning, I passed by the ancient stadium of Herodes Atticus, once capable of containing twenty-five thousand spectators; the whole structure was covered with the purest white marble. All remains of its magnificence are now gone; but I could still trace, on the excavated side of the hill, its ancient form of a horse-shoe, and walked through the subterranean passage by which the vanquished in the games retreated from the presence of the spectators.

Returning to the city, I learned that an affray had just taken place between some Greeks and Bavarians, and, hurrying to the place near the bazaars, found a crowd gathered round a soldier who had been stabbed by a Greek. According to the Greeks, the affair had been caused by the habitual insults and provocation given by the Bavarians, the soldier having wantonly knocked a drinking-cup out of the Greek's hand while he was drinking. In the crowd I met a lounging Italian (the same who wanted me to come up from Padras by water), a good-natured and good-for-nothing fellow, and skilled in tongues; and going with him into a coffee-house thronged with Bavarians and Europeans of various nations in the service of government, heard another story, by which it appeared that the Greeks, as usual, were in the wrong, and that the poor Bavarian had been stabbed without the slightest provocation, purely from the Greek's love of stabbing. Tired of

this, I left the scene of contention, and a few streets off met an Athenian, a friend of two or three days' standing; and, stopping under a window illuminated by a pair of bright eyes from above, happened to express my admiration of the lady who owned them, when he tested the strength of my feelings on the subject by asking me if I would like to marry her. I was not prepared at the moment to give precisely that proof, and he followed up his blow by telling me that, if I wished it, he would engage to secure her for me before the next morning. The Greeks are almost universally poor. With them every traveller is rich, and they are so thoroughly civilised as to think that a rich man is, of course, a good match.

Towards evening I paid my last visit to the Acropolis. Solitude, silence, and sunset, are the nursery of sentiment. I sat down on a broken capital of the Parthenon; the owl was already fitting among the ruins. I looked up at the majestic temple, and down at the ruined and newly regenerated city, and said to myself, "Lots must rise in Athens!" I traced the line of the ancient walls, ran a railroad to the Piræus, and calculated the increase on "up-town lots" from building the king's palace near the Garden of Plato. Shall I or shall I not "make an operation" in Athens? The court has removed here, the country is beautiful, climate fine, government fixed, steam-boats are running, all the world is coming, and lots must rise. I bought (in imagination) a tract of good tillable land, laid it out in streets, had my Plato, and Homer, and Washington Places, and Jackson Avenue, built a row of houses to improve the neighbourhood where nobody lived, got maps lithographed, and sold off at auction. I was in the right condition to "go in," for I had nothing to lose; but, unfortunately, the Greeks were very far behind the spirit of the age, knew nothing of the beauties of the credit system, and could not be brought to dispose of their consecrated soil "on the usual terms," *ten per cent. down, balance on bond and mortgage*; so, giving up the idea, at dark I bade farewell to the ruins of the Acropolis, and went to my hotel to dinner.

Early the next morning I started for the field of Marathon. I engaged a servant at the hotel to accompany me, but he disappointed me, and I set out alone with my muleteer. Our road lay along the base of Mount Hymettus, on the borders of the plain of Attica, shaded by the thick groves of olives. At noon I was on the summit of a lofty mountain, at the base of which, still and quiet as if it had never resounded with the shock of war, the great battle-ground of the Greeks and Persians extended to the sea. The descent was one of the finest things I met with in Greece—wild, rugged, and, in fact, the most magnificent kind of mountain scenery. At the foot of the mountain we came to a ruined convent, occupied by an old white-bearded monk. I stopped there and lunched, the old man laying before me his simple store of bread and olives, and looking on with pleasure at my voracious appetite.

This over, I hurried to the battle-field. Towards the centre is a large mound of earth, erected over the Athenians who fell in the battle. I made directly for this mound, ascended it, and threw the reins loose over my horse's neck; and sitting on the top, read the account of the battle in Herodotus.

After all, is not our reverence misplaced, or rather, does not our respect for deeds hallowed by time render us comparatively unjust? The Greek revolution teems with instances of as desperate courage, as great love of country, as patriotic devotion, as animated the men of Marathon, and yet the actors in these scenes are not known beyond the boundaries of their native land. Thousands whose names were never heard of, and whose bones, perhaps, never received burial, were as worthy of an eternal monument as they upon whose grave I sat. Still that mound is a hallowed sepulchre; and the shepherd who looks at it from his mountain house, the husbandman who drives his plough to its base, and the sailor who hails it as a landmark from the deck of his caique, are all reminded of the glory of

their ancestors. But away with the mouldering relics of the past—give me the green grave of Marco Bozzaris! I put Herodotus in my pocket, gathered a few blades of grass as a memorial, descended the mound, betook myself to my saddle, and swept the plain on a gallop, from the mountain to the sea.

It is about two miles in width, and bounded by rocky heights enclosing it at either extremity. Towards the shore the ground is marshy, and at the place where the Persians escaped to their ships are some unknown ruins; in several places the field is cultivated, and towards evening, on my way to the village of Marathon, I saw a Greek ploughing; and when I told him that I was an American, he greeted me as the friend of Greece. It is the last time I shall recur to this feeling; but it was music to my heart to hear a ploughman on immortal Marathon sound in my ears the praises of my country.

I intended to pass the night at the village of Marathon; but every khan was so cluttered up with goats, chickens, and children, that I rode back to the monastery at the foot of the mountain. It was nearly dark when I reached it. The old monk was on a little eminence at the door of his chapel, clapping two boards together to call his flock to vespers. With his long white beard, his black cap and long black gown, his picturesque position and primitive occupation, he seemed a guardian spirit hovering on the borders of Marathon in memory of its ancient glory. He came down to the monastery to receive me, and giving me a paternal welcome, and spreading a mat on the floor, returned to his chapel. I followed, and saw his little flock assemble. The ploughman came up from the plain, and the shepherd came down from the mountain; the old monk led the way to the altar, and all knelt down and prostrated themselves on the rocky floor. I looked at them with deep interest. I had seen much of Greek devotion in cities and villages, but it was a spectacle of extraordinary interest to see these wild and lawless men assembled on this lonely mountain to worship in all sincerity, according to the best light they had, the God of their fathers. I could not follow them in their long and repeated kneelings and prostrations; but my young Greek, as if to make amends for me, and at the same time to show how they did things in Athens, led the van. The service over, several of them descended with us to the monastery; the old monk spread his mat, and again brought out his frugal store of bread and olives. I contributed what I had brought from Athens, and we made our evening meal. If I had judged from appearances, I should have felt rather uneasy at sleeping among such companions; but the simple fact of having seen them at their devotions gave me confidence. Though I had read and heard that the Italian bandit went to the altar to pray forgiveness for the crimes he intended to commit, and before washing the stains from his hands, hung up the bloody poniard upon a pillar of the church, and asked pardon for murder, I always felt a certain degree of confidence in him who practised the duties of his religion, whatever that religion might be. I leaned on my elbow, and by the blaze of the fire read Herodotus, while my muleteer, as I judged from the frequent repetition of the word *Americano*, entertained them with long stories about me. By degrees the blaze of the fire died away, the Greeks stretched themselves out for sleep, the old monk handed me a bench about four inches high for a pillow, and wrapping myself in my cloak, in a few moments I was wandering in the land of dreams.

Before daylight my companions were in motion. I intended to return by the marble quarries on the Pentelican mountain; and crying "*Cavallo!*" in the ear of my still sleeping muleteer, in a few minutes I bade farewell for ever to the good old monk of Marathon. Almost from the door of the monastery we commenced ascending the mountain. It was just peep of day, the

could not ride; a false step of my horse might have thrown me over a precipice several hundred feet deep; and the air was so keen and penetrating, that, notwithstanding the violent exercise of walking, I was perfectly chilled. The mist was so dense, too, that when my guide was a few paces in advance I could not see him, and I was literally groping my way through the clouds. I had no idea where I was, nor of the scene around me, but I felt that I was in a measure lifted above the earth. The cold blasts drove furiously along the sides of the mountain, whistled against the precipices, and bellowed in the hollows of the rocks, sometimes driving so furiously that my horse staggered and fell back. I was almost bewildered in struggling blindly against them; but just before reaching the top of the mountain, the thick clouds were lifted as if by an invisible hand, and I saw once more the glorious sun pouring his morning beams upon a rich valley extending a great distance to the foot of the Pentelican mountain. About half way down we came to a beautiful stream, on the banks of which we took out our bread and olives. Our appetites were stimulated by the mountain air, and we divided till our last morsel was gone.

At the foot of the mountain, lying between it and Mount Pentelicus, was a large monastery, occupied by a fraternity of monks. We entered, and walked through it, but found no one to receive us. In a field near by we saw one of the monks, from whom we obtained a direction to the quarries. Moving on to the foot of the mountain, which rises with a peaked summit into the clouds, we commenced ascending, and soon came upon the strata of beautiful white marble for which Mount Pentelicus has been celebrated thousands of years. Excavations appear to have been made along the whole route, and on the roadside were blocks, and marks caused by the friction of the heavy masses transported to Athens. The great quarries are towards the summit. The surface has been cut perpendicularly smooth, perhaps 80 or 100 feet high, and 150 or 200 feet in width, and excavations have been made within to an unknown extent. Whole cities might have been built of the materials taken away, and yet, by comparison of what is left, there is nothing gone. In front are entrances to a large chamber, in one corner of which, on the right, is a chapel with the painted figure of the Virgin to receive the Greeks' prayers. Within are vast humid caverns, over which the wide roof awfully extends, adorned with hollow tubes like icicles, while a small transparent petrifying stream trickles down the rock. On one side are small chambers communicating with subterranean avenues, used, no doubt, as places of refuge during the revolution, or as the haunts of robbers. Bones of animals, and stones blackened with smoke, showed that but lately some part had been occupied as a habitation. The great excavations around, blocks of marble lying as they fell, perhaps two thousand years ago, and the appearances of having been once a scene of immense industry and labour, stand in striking contrast with the desolation and solitude now existing. Probably the hammer and chisel will never be heard there more, great temples will no more be raised, and modern genius will never, like the Greeks of old, make the rude blocks of marble speak.

At dark I was dining at the *Hôtel de France*, when Mr Hill came over, with the welcome intelligence that my carpet-bag had arrived. On it was pinned a large paper, with the words "*Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah!*" by my friend Maxwell, who had met it on horseback on the shores of the Gulf of Lepanto, travelling under the charge of a Greek in search of me. I opened it with apprehension, and, to my great satisfaction, found undisturbed the object of my greatest anxiety, the precious notebook from which I now write, saved from the peril of anonymous publication or of being used up for gun-waddings.

The next morning, before I was up, I heard a gentle rap at my door, which was followed by the entrance of a German, a missionary whom I had met several times at Mr Hill's, and who had dined with me once at my

hotel. I apologised for being caught in bed, and told him that he must possess a troubled spirit, to send him so early from his pillow. He answered that I was right; that he did indeed possess a troubled spirit; and closing the door carefully, came to my bedside, and said he had conceived a great regard for me, and intended confiding in me an important trust. I had several times held long conversations with him at Mr Hill's, and very little to my edification, as his English was hardly intelligible; but I felt pleased at having, without particularly striving for it, gained the favourable opinion of one who bore the character of a very learned and a very good man. I requested him to step into the dining-room while I rose and dressed myself; but he put his hand upon my breast to keep me down, and drawing a chair, began, "You are going to Smyrna?" He then paused, but, after some hesitation, proceeded to say that the first name I would hear on my arrival there would be his own; that, unfortunately, it was in every body's mouth. My friend was a short and very ugly middle-aged man, with a very large mouth, speaking English with the most disagreeable German sputter, lame from a fall, and, altogether, of a most uninteresting and unsentimental aspect; and he surprised me much by laying before me a veritable *affaire du cœur*. It was so foreign to my expectations, that I should as soon have expected to be made a confidant in a love affair by the Archbishop of York. After a few preliminaries, he went into particulars; lavished upon the lady the usual quota of charms, "in such a case made and provided;" but was uncertain, rambling, and discursive, in regard to the position he held in her regard. At first I understood that it was merely the old story, a flirtation and a victim; then that they were very near being married, which I afterwards understood to be only so near as this, that he was willing and she not; and finally, it settled down into the every-day occurrence, the lady smiled, while the parents and a stout two-flated brother frowned. I could but think, if such a homely expression may be introduced in describing these tender passages, that he had the boot on the wrong leg, and that the parents were much more likely than the daughter to favour such a suitor. However, on this point I held my peace. The precise business he wished to impose on me was, immediately on my arrival in Smyrna, to form the acquaintance of the lady and her family, and use all my exertions in his favour. I told him I was an entire stranger in Smyrna, and could not possibly have any influence with the parties; but being urged, promised him that, if I could interfere without intruding myself improperly, he should have the benefit of my mediation. At first he intended giving me a letter to the lady, but afterwards determined to give me one to the Rev. Mr Brewer, an American missionary, who, he said, was a particular friend of his, and intimate with the beloved and her family, and acquainted with the whole affair. Placing himself at my table, on which were pens, ink, and paper, he proceeded to write his letter, while I lay quietly till he turned over the first side, when, tired of waiting, I rose, dressed myself, packed up, and, before he had finished, stood by the table with my carpet-bag, waiting until he should have done to throw in my writing materials. He bade me good-by after I had mounted my horse to leave, and, when I turned back to look at him, I could not but feel for the crippled, limping victim of the tender passion, though, in honesty, and with the best wishes for his success, I did not think it would help his suit for the lady to see him.

An account of my journey from Athens to Smyrna, given in a letter to friends at home, was published during my absence, and without my knowledge, in successive numbers of the American Monthly Magazine, and perhaps the favourable notice taken of it had some influence in inducing me to write a book. I give the papers as they were then published.

Smyrna, April 1835.

MY DEAR *****—I have just arrived at this place, and I live to tell it. I have been three weeks perform-

ing a voyage usually made in three days. It has been tedious beyond all things; but, as honest Dogberry would say, if it had been ten times as tedious, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all upon you. To begin at the beginning:—On the morning of the 2d instant, I and my long lost carpet-bag left the eternal Athens, without knowing exactly whither we were going, and sincerely regretted by Miltiades Panajotti, the garçon of the hotel. We wound round the foot of the Acropolis, and, giving a last look to its ruined temples, fell into the road to the Piræus, and in an hour found ourselves at that ancient harbour, almost as celebrated in the history of Greece as Athens itself. Here we took counsel as to further movements, and concluded to take passage in a caïque to sail that evening for Syra, being advised that that island was a great place of rendezvous for vessels, and that from it we could procure a passage to any place we chose. Having disposed of my better half (I may truly call it so, for what is man without pantaloons, vests, and shirts?) I took a little sailboat to float around the ancient harbour, and muse upon its departed glories.

The day that I lingered there before bidding farewell, perhaps for ever, to the shores of Greece, is deeply impressed upon my mind. I had hardly begun to feel the magic influence of the land of poets, patriots, and heroes, until the very moment of my departure. I had travelled in the most interesting sections of the country, and found all enthusiasm dead within me when I had expected to be carried away by the remembrance of the past; but here, I know not how it was, without any effort, and in the mere act of whiling away my time, all that was great, and noble, and beautiful, in her history, rushed upon me at once; the sun and the breeze, the land and the sea, contributed to throw a witchery around me; and in a rich and delightful frame of mind I found myself among the monuments of her better days, gliding by the remains of the immense wall erected to enclose the harbour during the Peloponnesian war, and was soon floating upon the classic waters of Salamis.

If I had got there by accident, it would not have occurred to me to dream of battles and all the fierce panoply of war upon that calm and silvery surface. But I knew where I was, and my blood was up. I was among the enduring witnesses of the Athenian glory. Behind me was the ancient city, the Acropolis, with its ruined temples, the tell-tale monuments of bygone days, towering above the plain; here was the harbour from which the galleys carried to the extreme parts of the then known world the glories of the Athenian name; before me was unconquered Salamis; here the invading fleet of Xerxes; there the little navy, the last hope of the Athenians; here the island of Ægina, from which Aristides, forgetting his quarrel with Themistocles, embarked in a rude boat, during the hottest of the battle, for the ship of the latter; and there the throne of Xerxes, where the proud invader stationed himself as spectator of the battle that was to lay the rich plain of Attica at his feet. There could be no mistake about localities; the details have been handed down from generation to generation, and are as well known to the Greeks of the present day as they were to their fathers. So I went to work systematically, and fought the whole battle through. I gave the Persians ten to one, but I made the Greeks fight like tigers; I pointed them to their city, to their wives and children; I brought on long strings of little innocents, urging them as in the farce, "sing out, young 'uns;" I carried old Themistocles among the Persians, like a modern Greek fireship among the Turks; I sank ship after ship, and went on demolishing them at a most furious rate, until I saw old Xerxes scudding from his throne, and the remnant of the Persian fleet scampering away to the tune of "devil take the hindmost." By this time I had got into the spirit of the thing; and moving rapidly over that water, once red with blood of thousands from the fields of Asia, I steered for the shore, and mounted the vacant throne of Xerxes. This throne is on a hill near the shore, not very high, and as pretty a place as a man could have

selected to see his friends whipped and keep out of harm's way himself; for you will recollect that in those days there was no gunpowder nor cannon balls, and consequently, no danger from long chance shots. I selected a particular stone, which I thought it probable Xerxes, as a reasonable man, and with an eye to perspective, might have chosen as his seat on the eventful day of the battle; and on that same stone sat down to meditate upon the vanity of all earthly greatness. But, most provokingly, whenever I think of Xerxes, the first thing that presents itself to my mind is the couplet in the primer,

"Xerxes the Great did die,
And so must you and I."

This is a very sensible stanza, no doubt, and worthy of always being borne in mind; but it was not exactly what I wanted. I tried to drive it away; but the more I tried, the more it stuck to me. It was all in vain. I railed at early education, and resolved that acquired knowledge hurts a man's natural faculties; for if I had not received the first rudiments of education, I should not have been bothered with the vile couplet, and should have been able to do something on my own account. As it was, I lost one of the best opportunities ever a man had for moralising; and you, my dear —, have lost at least three pages. I give you, however, all the materials; put yourself on the throne of Xerxes, and do what you can, and may your early studies be no stumbling-block in your way. As for me, vexed and disgusted with myself, I descended the hill as fast as the great king did of yore, and, jumping into my boat, steered for the farthest point of the Piræus; from the throne of Xerxes to the tomb of Themistocles.

I was prepared to do something here. This was not merely a place where he had been; I was to tread upon the earth that covered his bones; here were his ashes; here was all that remained of the best and bravest of the Greeks, save his immortal name. As I approached, I saw the large square stones that enclosed his grave, and mused upon his history; the deliverer of his country, banished, dying an exile, his bones begged by his repenting countrymen, and buried with peculiar propriety near the shore of the sea, commanding a full view of the scene of his naval glory. For more than 2000 years the waves have almost washed over his grave—the sun has shone and the winds have howled over him; while, perhaps, his spirit has mingled with the sighing of the winds and the murmur of the waters, in moaning over the long captivity of his countrymen; perhaps, too, his spirit has been with them in their late struggle for liberty—has hovered over them in the battle and the breeze, and is now standing sentinel over his beloved and liberated country. I approached as to the grave of one who will never die. His great name, his great deeds, hallowed by the lapse of so many ages; the scene—I looked over the wall with a feeling amounting to reverence, when, directly before me, the first thing I saw, the only thing I could see—so glaring and conspicuous, that nothing else could fix my eye—was a tall, stiff, wooden headboard, painted white, with black letters, to the memory of an Englishman with an unclassical name as that of *John Johnson*. My eyes were blasted with the sight—I was ferocious—I railed at him as if he had buried himself there with his own hands. What had he to do there? I railed at his friends. Did they expect to give him a name, by mingling him with the ashes of the immortal dead? Did they expect to steal immortality, like fire from the flint? I dashed back to my boat, steered directly for the harbour, gave sentiment to the dogs, and in half an hour was eating a most voracious and spiteful dinner.

In the evening I embarked on board my little caique. She was one of the most rakish of that rakish description of vessels. I drew my cloak around me and stretched myself on the deck, as we glided quietly out of the harbour; saw the throne of Xerxes, the island of Salamina, and the shores of Greece, gradually fade from view; looked at the dusky forms of the Greeks their capotes lying asleep around me; at the helms-

man sitting crosslegged at his post, apparently without life or motion; gave one thought to home, and fell asleep.

In the morning I began to examine my companions. They were, in all, a captain and six sailors, probably all part owners, and two passengers from one of the islands, not one of whom could speak any other language than Greek. My knowledge of that language was confined to a few rolling hexameters, which had stuck by me in some unaccountable way, as a sort of memento of college days. These, however, were of no particular use, and, consequently, I was pretty much tongue-tied during the whole voyage. I amused myself by making my observations quietly upon my companions, as they did more openly upon me, for I frequently heard the word "*Americanos*" pass among them. I had before had occasion to see something of Greek sailors, and to admire their skill and general good conduct, and I was fortified in my previous opinion by what I saw of my present companions. Their temperance in eating and drinking is very remarkable, and all my comparisons between them and European sailors were very much in their favour. Indeed, I could not help thinking, as they sat collectively, Turkish fashion, around their frugal meal of bread, caviari, and black olives, that I had never seen finer men. Their features were regular, in that style which we to this day recognise as Grecian; their figures good, and their faces wore an air of marked character and intelligence; and these advantages of person were set off by the island costume, the fez, or red cloth cap, with a long black tassel at the top, a tight vest and jacket, embroidered and without collars, large Turkish trousers coming down a little below the knee, legs bare, sharp-pointed slippers, and a sash around the waist, tied under the left side, with long ends hanging down, and a knife sticking out about six inches. There was something bold and daring in their appearance, indeed, I may say, rakish and piratical; and I could easily imagine that, if the Mediterranean should again become infested with pirates, my friends would cut no contemptible figure among them. But I must not detain you as long on the voyage as I was myself. The sea was calm; we had hardly any wind; our men were at the oars nearly all the time, and, passing slowly by Ægina, Cape Sunium, with its magnificent ruins mournfully overlooking the sea, better known in modern times as Colonna's Height and the scene of Falconer's shipwreck, passing also the island of Zea, the ancient Chios, Thermia, and other islands of lesser note, in the afternoon of the third day we arrived at Syra.

With regard to Syra, I shall say but little; I am as loath to linger about it now as I was to stay there then. The fact is, I cannot think of the place with any degree of satisfaction. The evening of my arrival I heard, through a Greek merchant to whom I had a letter from a friend in Athens, of a brig to sail the next day for Smyrna; and I lay down on a miserable bed in a miserable locanda, in the confident expectation of resuming my journey in the morning. Before morning, however, I was roused by "blustering Boreas" rushing through the broken casement of my window; and for more than a week all the winds ever celebrated in the poetical history of Greece were let loose upon the island. We were completely cut off from all communication with the rest of the world. Not a vessel could leave the port, while vessel after vessel put in there for shelter. I do not mean to go into any details—indeed, for my own credit's sake I dare not; for if I were to draw a true picture of things as I found them, if I were to write home the truth, I should be considered as utterly destitute of taste and sentiment; I should be looked upon as a most unpoetical dog, who ought to have been at home poring over the revised statutes, instead of breathing the pure air of poetry and song. And now, if I were writing what might by chance come under the eyes of a sentimental young lady, or a young gentleman in his teens, the truth would be the last thing I would think of telling. No, though my teeth

chatter—though a cold sweat comes over me when I think of it, I would go through the usual rhapsody, and huzzah for “the land of the East and the clime of the sun.” Indeed, I have a scrap in my portfolio, written with my cloak and greatcoat on, and my feet over a brazier, beginning in that way. But to you, my dear —, who know my touching sensibilities, and who, moreover, have a tender regard for my character and will not publish me, I would as soon tell the truth as not. And I therefore do not hesitate to say, but do not whisper it elsewhere, that in one of the beautiful islands of the *Ægean*, in the heart of the *Cyclades*, in the sight of *Delos*, and *Paros*, and *Antiparos*, any one of which is enough to throw one who has never seen them into raptures with their fancied beauties, here, in this paradise of a young man's dreams, in the middle of April, I would have hailed “chill November's surly blast” as a zephyr; I would have exchanged all the beauties of this balmy clime for the sunny side of *Kamschatka*; I would have given my room, and the whole island of *Syra*, for a third-rate lodging in *Communipaw*. It was utterly impossible to walk out, and equally impossible to stay in my room; the house, to suit that delightful climate, being built without windows or window-shutters. If I could forget the island, I could remember with pleasure the society I met there. I passed my mornings in the library of Mr R., one of our worthy American missionaries; and my evenings at the house of Mr W., the British consul. This gentleman married a Greek lady of *Smyna*, and had three beautiful daughters, more than half Greeks in their habits and feelings; one of them is married to an English baronet, another to a Greek merchant of *Syra*, and the third —

On the ninth day the wind fell, the sun once more shone brightly, and in the evening I embarked on board a rickety brig for *Smyna*. At about six o'clock P. M., thirty or forty vessels were quietly crawling out of the harbour, like rats after a storm. It was almost a calm when we started; in about two hours we had a favourable breeze; we turned in, going at the rate of eight miles an hour, and rose with a strong wind dead ahead. We beat about all that day; the wind increased to a gale, and towards evening we took shelter in the harbour of *Scio*.

The history of this beautiful little island forms one of the bloodiest pages in the history of the world, and one glance told that dreadful history. Once the most beautiful island of the *Archipelago*, it is now a mass of ruins. Its fields, which once “budded and blossomed as the rose,” have become waste places; its villages are deserted, its towns are in ruins, its inhabitants murdered, in captivity, and in exile. Before the Greek revolution, the Greeks of *Scio* were engaged in extensive commerce, and ranked among the largest merchants in the *Levant*. Though living under hard taskmasters, subject to the exactions of a rapacious pacha, their industry and enterprise, and the extraordinary fertility of their island, enabled them to pay a heavy tribute to the Turks, and to become rich themselves. For many years they had enjoyed the advantages of a college, with professors of high literary and scientific attainments, and their library was celebrated throughout all that country; it was, perhaps, the only spot in Greece where taste and learning still held a seat. But the island was far more famed for its extraordinary natural beauty and fertility. Its bold mountains and its soft valleys, the mildness of its climate, and the richness of its productions, bound the Greeks to its soil by a tie even stronger than the chain of their Turkish masters. In the early part of the revolution the *Sciotes* took no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty. Forty of their principal citizens were given up as hostages, and they were suffered to remain in peace. Wrapped in the rich beauties of their island, they forgot the freedom of their fathers and their own chains; and under the precarious tenure of a tyrant's will, gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of all that wealth and taste could purchase. We must not be too hard upon human

nature; the cause seemed desperate; they had a little paradise at stake; and if there is a spot on earth, the risk of losing which could excuse men in forgetting that they were slaves in a land where their fathers were free, it is the island of *Scio*. But the sword hung suspended over them by a single hair. In an unexpected hour, without the least note of preparation, they were startled by the thunder of the Turkish cannon; 50,000 Turks were let loose like bloodhounds upon the devoted island. The affrighted Greeks lay unarmed and helpless at their feet, but they lay at the feet of men who did not know mercy even by name—at the feet of men who hungered and thirsted after blood—of men, in comparison with whom wild beasts are as lambs. The wildest beast of the forest may become

with blood; not so with the Turks at *Scio*. Their appetite “grew with what it fed on,” and still longed for blood when there was not a victim left to bleed. Women were ripped open, children dashed against the walls, the heads of whole families stuck on pikes out of the windows of their houses, while their murderers gave themselves up to riot and plunder within. The forty hostages were hung in a row from the walls of the castle; an indiscriminate and universal burning and massacre took place; in a few days the ground was cumbered with the dead, and one of the loveliest spots on earth was a pile of smoking ruins. Out of a population of 110,000, 60,000 are supposed to have been murdered, 20,000 to have escaped, and 30,000 to have been sold into slavery. Boys and young girls were sold publicly in the streets of *Smyna* and *Constantinople* at a dollar a-head. And all this did not arise from any irritated state of feeling towards them. It originated in the cold-blooded, calculating policy of the sultan, conceived in the same spirit which drenched the streets of *Constantinople* with the blood of the *Janizaries*; it was intended to strike terror into the hearts of the Greeks, but the murderer failed in his aim. The groans of the hapless *Sciotes* reached the ears of their countrymen, and gave a headlong and irresistible impulse to the spirit then struggling to be free. And this bloody tragedy was performed in our own days, and in the face of the civilised world. Surely if ever Heaven visits in judgment a nation for a nation's crimes, the burning and massacre at *Scio* will be deeply visited upon the accursed Turks.

It was late in the afternoon when I landed, and my landing was under peculiarly interesting circumstances. One of my fellow passengers was a native of the island, who had escaped during the massacre, and now revisited it for the first time. He asked me to accompany him ashore, promising to find some friends at whose house we might sleep; but he soon found himself a stranger in his native island; where he had once known every body, he now knew nobody. The town was a complete mass of ruins; the walls of many fine buildings were still standing, crumbling to pieces, and still black with the fire of the incendiary Turks. The town that had grown up upon the ruins consisted of a row of miserable shanties, occupied as shops for the sale of the mere necessities of life, where the shopman slept on his window-shutter in front. All my companion's efforts to find an acquaintance who would give us a night's lodging were fruitless. We were determined not to go on board the vessel, if possible to avoid it; her last cargo had been oil, the odour of which still remained about her. The weather would not permit us to sleep on deck, and the cabin was intolerably disagreeable. To add to our unpleasant position, and, at the same time, to heighten the cheerlessness of the scene around us, the rain began to fall violently. Under the guidance of a Greek, we searched among the ruins for an apartment where we might build a fire and shelter ourselves for the night, but we searched in vain; the work of destruction was too complete.

Cold, and thoroughly drenched with rain, we were retracing our way to the boat, when our guide told my companion that a Greek archbishop had lately taken up his abode among the ruins. We immediately went

there, and found him occupying apartments, partially repaired, in what had once been one of the finest houses in Scio. The entrance through a large stone gateway was imposing; the house was cracked from top to bottom by fire, nearly one half had fallen down, and the stones lay scattered as they fell; but enough remained to show that in its better days it had been almost a palace. We ascended a flight of stone steps to a terrace, from which we entered into a large hall, perhaps thirty feet wide and fifty feet long. On one side of this hall the wall had fallen down the whole length, and we looked out upon the mass of ruins beneath. On the other side, in a small room in one corner, we found the archbishop. He was sick, and in bed with all his clothes on, according to the universal custom here, but received us kindly. The furniture consisted of an iron bedstead with a mattress, on which he lay with a quilt spread over him, a wooden sofa, three wooden chairs, about twenty books, and two large leather cases containing clothes, napkins, and, probably, all his worldly goods. The rain came through the ceiling in several places; the bed of the poor archbishop had evidently been moved from time to time to avoid it, and I was obliged to change my position twice. An air of cheerless poverty reigned through the apartment. I could not help comparing his lot with that of more favoured, and, perhaps, not more worthy, servants of the church. It was a style so different from that of the priests at Rome, the pope and his cardinals, with their gaudy equipages and multitudes of footmen rattling to the Vatican; or from the pomp and state of the haughty English prelates, or even from the comforts of our own missionaries, in different parts of this country, that I could not help feeling deeply for the poor priest before me. But he seemed contented and cheerful, and even thankful that, for the moment, there were others worse off than himself, and that he had it in his power to befriend them.

Sweetmeats, coffee, and pipes, were served; and in about an hour we were conducted to supper in a large room, also opening from the hall. Our supper would not have tempted an epicure, but suited very well an appetite whetted by exercise and travel. It consisted of a huge lump of bread and a large glass of water for each of us, caviar, black olives, and two kinds of Turkish sweetmeats. We were waited upon by two priests; one of them, a handsome young man, not more than twenty, with long black hair hanging over his shoulders, like a girl's, stood by with a napkin on his arm and a pewter vessel, with which he poured water on our hands, receiving it again in a basin. This was done both before and after eating; then came coffee and pipes. During the evening the young priest brought out an edition of Homer, and I surprised him, and astounded *myself*, by being able to translate a passage in the *Iliad*. I translated it in French, and my companion explained it in modern Greek to the young priest. Our beds were cushions laid on a raised platform or divan extending around the walls, with a quilt for each of us. In the morning, after sweetmeats, coffee, and pipes, we paid our respects to the good old archbishop, and took our leave. When we got out of doors, finding that the wind was the same, and that there was no possibility of sailing, my friend proposed a ride into the country. We procured a couple of mules, took a small basket of provisions for a collation, and started.

Our road lay directly along the shore; on one side the sea, and on the other the ruins of houses and gardens, almost washed by the waves. At about three miles' distance we crossed a little stream, by the side of which we saw a sarcophagus, lately disinterred, containing the usual vases of a Grecian tomb, including the piece of money to pay Charon his ferryage over the river Styx, and six pounds of dust; being all that remained of a *man*—perhaps one who had filled a large space in the world; perhaps a hero—buried probably more than 2000 years ago. After a ride of about five miles we came to the ruins of a large village, the style of which would any where have fixed the attention, as

having been once the favoured abode of wealth and taste. The houses were of brown stone, built together strictly in the Venetian style, after the models left during the occupation of the island by the Venetians, large and elegant, with gardens of three or four acres, enclosed by high walls of the same kind of stone, and altogether in a style far superior to any thing I had seen in Greece. These were the country-houses and gardens of the rich merchants of Scio. The manner of living among the proprietors here was somewhat peculiar, and the ties that bound them to this little village were peculiarly strong. This was the family home; the community was essentially mercantile, and most of their business transactions were carried on elsewhere. When there were three or four brothers in a family, one would be in Constantinople a couple of years, another at Trieste, and so on, while another remained at home; so that those who were away, while toiling amid the perplexities of business, were always looking to the occasional family reunion; and all trusted to spend the evening of their days among the beautiful gardens of Scio. What a scene for the heart to turn to now! The houses and gardens were still there, some standing almost entire, others black with smoke and crumbling to ruins. But where were they who once occupied them? Where were they who should now be coming out to rejoice in the return of a friend and to welcome a stranger? An awful solitude, a stillness that struck a cold upon the heart, reigned around us. We saw nobody; and our own voices, and the tramping of our horses upon the deserted pavements, sounded hollow and sepulchral in our ears. It was like walking among the ruins of Pompeii; it was another city of the dead; but there was a freshness about the desolation that seemed of to-day; it seemed as though the inhabitants should be sleeping, and not dead. Indeed, the high walls of the gardens, and the outside of the houses too, were generally so fresh and in so perfect a state, that it seemed like riding through a handsome village at an early hour before the inhabitants had risen; and I sometimes could not help thinking that in an hour or two the streets would be thronged with a busy population. My friend continued to conduct me through the solitary streets; telling me, as we went along, that this was the house of such a family, this of such a family, with some of whose members I had become acquainted in Greece, until, stopping before a large stone gateway, he dismounted at the gate of his father's house. In that house he was born; there he had spent his youth; he had escaped from it during the dreadful massacre, and this was the first time of his revisiting it. What a tide of recollections must have rushed upon him!

We entered through the large stone gateway into a courtyard beautifully paved in mosaic in the form of a star, with small black and white round stones. On our left was a large stone reservoir, perhaps twenty-five feet square, still so perfect as to hold water, with an arbour over it supported by marble columns; a venerable grape-vine completely covered the arbour. The garden covered an extent of about four acres, filled with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees; overrun with weeds, roses, and flowers, growing together in wild confusion. On the right was the house, and a melancholy spectacle it was: the wall had fallen down on one side, and the whole was black with smoke. We ascended a flight of stone steps, with marble balustrades, to the terrace, a platform about twenty feet square, overlooking the garden. From the terrace we entered the saloon, a large room with high ceilings and fresco paintings on the walls; the marks of the fire kindled on the stone floor still visible, all the woodwork burned to a cinder, and the whole black with smoke. It was a perfect picture of wanton destruction. The day, too, was in conformity with the scene; the sun was obscured, the wind blew through the ruined building, it rained, was cold and cheerless. What were the feelings of my friend I cannot imagine; the houses of three of his uncles were immediately adjoining; one of these uncles was one of the forty hostages, and was hanged; the other two were murdered; his father, a venerable-

looking old man, who came down to the vessel when we started to see him off, had escaped to the mountains, from thence in a caïque to Ipsara, and from thence into Italy. I repeat it, I cannot imagine what were his feelings; he spoke but little; they must have been too deep for utterance. I looked at every thing with intense interest; I wanted to ask question after question, but could not, in mercy, probe his bleeding wounds. We left the house, and walked out into the garden. It showed that there was no master's eye to watch over it; I plucked an orange which had lost its flavour; the tree ~~was~~ withering from want of care; our feet became entangled among weeds, and roses, and rare hothouse plants, growing wildly together. I said that he did not talk much; but the little he did say amounted to volumes. Passing a large vase in which a beautiful plant was running wildly over the sides, he murmured indistinctly "the same vase" (*le même vase*); and once he stopped opposite a tree, and, turning to me, said, "This is the only tree I do not remember." These and other little incidental remarks showed how deeply all the particulars were engraved upon his mind, and told me, plainer than words, that the wreck and ruin he saw around him harrowed his very soul. Indeed, how could it be otherwise! This was his father's house, the home of his youth, the scene of his earliest, dearest, and fondest recollections. Busy memory, that source of all our greatest pains as well as greatest pleasures, must have pressed sorely upon him, must have painted the ruined and desolate scene around him in colours even brighter, far brighter, than they ever existed in; it must have called up the faces of well-known and well-loved friends; indeed, he must have asked himself, in bitterness and in anguish of spirit, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" while the fatal answer fell upon his heart, "Gone, murdered, in captivity, and in exile."

CHAPTER VIII.

A Noble Grecian Lady.—Beauty of Scio.—An Original.—Foggi.—A Turkish Coffee-house.—Musselman at Prayers.—Easter Sunday.—A Greek Priest.—A Tartar Guide.—Turkish Ladies.—Camel Scenes.—Sight of a Harem.—Disappointed Hopes.—A rare Concert.—Arrival at Smyrna.

(Continuation of the letter.)

We returned to the house, and seeking out a room less ruined than the rest, partook of a slight collation, and set out on a visit to a relative of my Scioite friend.

On our way my companion pointed out a convent on the side of a hill, where 6000 Greeks, who had been prevailed upon to come down from the mountains to ransom themselves, were treacherously murdered to a man; their unburied bones still whiten the ground within the walls of the convent. Arriving at the house of his relative, we entered through a large gateway into a handsome courtyard, with reservoir, garden, &c., ruinous, though in better condition than those we had seen before. This relative was a widow, of the noble house of Mavrocordato, one of the first families in Greece, and perhaps the most distinguished name in the Greek revolution. She had availed herself of the sultan's amnesty to return; had repaired two or three rooms, and sat down to end her days among the scenes of her childhood, among the ruins of her father's house. She was now not more than thirty; her countenance was remarkably pensive, and she had seen enough to drive a smile for ever from her face. The meeting between her and my friend was exceedingly affecting, particularly on her part. She wept bitterly, though, with the elasticity peculiar to the Greek character, the smile soon chased away the tear. She invited us to spend the night there, pointing to the divan, and promising us cushions and coverlets. We accepted her invitation, and again set forth to ramble among the ruins.

I had heard that an American missionary had lately come into the island, and was living somewhere in the

neighbourhood. I found out his abode, and went to see him. He was a young man from Virginia, by the name of * * * ; had married a lady from Connecticut, who was unfortunately sick in bed. He was living in one room, in the corner of a ruined building, but was then engaged in repairing a house into which he expected to remove soon. As an American, the first whom they had seen in that distant island, they invited me into the sick-room. In a strange land, and among a people whose language they did not understand, they seemed to be all in all to each other; and I left them, probably for ever, in the earnest hope that the wife might soon be restored to health, that hand in hand they might sustain each other in the rough path before them.

Towards evening, we returned to the house of my friend's relative. We found there a nephew, a young man about twenty-two, and a cousin, a man about thirty-five, both accidentally on a visit to the island. As I looked at the little party before me, sitting around a brazier of charcoal, and talking earnestly in Greek, I could hardly persuade myself that what I had seen and heard that day was real. All that I had ever read in history of the ferocity of the Turkish character; all the wild stories of corsairs, of murdering, capturing, and carrying into captivity, that I had ever read in romances, crowded upon me, and I saw living witnesses that the bloodiest records of history, and the wildest creations of romance, were not overcharged. They could all testify in their own persons that these things were true. They had all been stripped of their property, and had their houses burned over their heads; had all narrowly escaped being murdered; and had all suffered in their nearest and dearest connexions. The nephew, then a boy nine years old, had been saved by a maid-servant; his father had been murdered; a brother, a sister, and many of his cousins, were at that moment, and had been for years, in slavery among the Turks; my friend, with his sister, had found refuge in the house of the Austrian consul, and from thence had escaped into Italy; the cousin was the son of one of the forty hostages who were hanged, and was the only member of his father's family that escaped death; while our pensive and amiable hostess, a bride of seventeen, had seen her young husband murdered before her eyes; had herself been sold into slavery, and, after two years' servitude, redeemed by her friends.

In the morning I rose early, and walked out upon the terrace. Nature had put on a different garb. The wind had fallen, and the sun was shining warmly upon a scene of softness and luxuriance surpassing all that I had ever heard or dreamed of the beauty of the islands of Greece. Away with all that I said about Syra; skip the page! The terrace overlooked the garden filled with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees; with plants, roses, and flowers of every description, growing in luxuriant wildness. But the view was not confined to the garden. Looking back to the harbour of Scio, was a bold range of rugged mountains bounding the view on that side; on the right was the sea, then calm as a lake; on both the other sides were ranges of mountains, irregular and picturesque in their appearance, verdant and blooming to their very summits; and within these limits, for an extent of perhaps five miles, were continued gardens like that at my feet, filled with the choicest fruit-trees, with roses, and the greatest variety of rare plants and flowers that ever unfolded their beauties before the eyes of man; above all, the orange-trees, the peculiar favourites of the island, then almost in full bloom, covered with blossoms, from my elevated position on the terrace, made the whole valley appear an immense bed of flowers. All, too, felt the freshening influence of the rain; and a gentle breeze brought to me, from this wilderness of sweets, the most delicious perfumes that ever greeted the senses. Do not think me extravagant when I say, that in your wildest dreams you could never fancy so rich and beautiful a scene. Even among ruins, that almost made the heart break, I could hardly tear my eyes from it. It is one of the loveliest spots on earth. It is emphatically a Paradise

lost, for the hand of the Turks is upon it—a hand that withers all that it touches. In vain does the sultan invite the survivors, and the children, made orphan by his bloody massacre, to return; in vain do the fruit and the flowers, the sun and the soil, invite them to return; their wounds are still bleeding; they cannot forget that the wild beast's paw might again be upon them, and that their own blood might one day moisten the flowers which grow over the graves of their fathers. But I must leave this place. I could hardly tear myself away then, and I love to linger about it now. While I was enjoying the luxury of the terrace, a messenger came from the captain to call us on board. With a feeling of the deepest interest, I bade farewell, probably for ever, to my sorrowing hostess, and to the beautiful gardens of Scio.

We mounted our mules, and in an hour were at the port. My feelings were so wrought upon, that I felt my blood boil at the first Turk I met in the streets. I felt that I should like to sacrifice him to the shade of the murdered Greeks. I wondered that the Greeks did not kill every one on the island. I wondered that they could endure the sight of the turban. We found that the captain had hurried us away unnecessarily. We could not get out of the harbour, and were obliged to lounge about the town all day. We again made a circuit among the ruins; examined particularly those of the library, where we found an old woman who had once been an attendant there, living in a little room in the cellar, completely buried under the stones of the fallen building, and returning, sat down with a chibouk before the door of an old Turkish coffee-house fronting the harbour. Here I met an original in the person of the Dutch consul. He was an old Italian, and had been in America during the revolutionary war as *dragoman*, as he called it, to the Count de Grasse, though, from his afterwards incidentally speaking of the count as "my master," I am inclined to think that the word *dragoman*, which here means a person of great character and trust, may be interpreted as "valet de chambre." The old consul was in Scio during the whole of the massacre, and gave me many interesting particulars respecting it. He hates the Greeks, and spoke with great indignation about the manner in which their dead bodies lay strewn about the streets for months after the massacre. "D—n them," he said, "I could not go any where without stumbling over them." As I began to have some apprehensions about being obliged to stay here another night, I thought I could not employ my time better than in trying to work out of the consul an invitation to spend it with him. But the old fellow was too much for me. When began to talk about the unpleasantness of being obliged to spend the night on board, and the impossibility of spending it on shore, *having no acquaintance* there, he began to talk poverty in the most up and down terms. I was a little discouraged, but I looked at his military coat, his cocked hat and cane, and considering his talk merely a sort of apology for the inferior style of house-keeping I would find, was ingeniously working things to a point, when he sent me to the right about by enumerating the little instances of kindness he had received from strangers who happened to visit the island; among others, from one—he had his name in his pocket-book—he should never forget him—perhaps I had heard of him—who, at parting, shook him affectionately by the hand, and gave him a doubloon and a Spanish dollar. I hauled off from the representative of the majesty of Holland, and perhaps, before this, have been served up to some new visitor as the "mean, stingy American."

In the evening we again got under weigh; before morning the wind was again blowing dead ahead; and about mid-day we in Asia Minor, and came to anchor under the walls of the castle, under the blood-red Mussulman flag. We immediately got into the boat to go ashore. This was my first port in Turkey. A huge ugly African, marked with the small-pox, with two pistols and a yataghan in

his belt, stood on a little dock, waited till we were in the act of landing, and then rushed forward, ferocious as a tiger from his native sands, throwing up both his hands, and roaring out "Quarantino." This was a new thing in Turkey. Heretofore the Turks, with their fatalist notions, had never taken any precautions against the plague; but they had become frightened by the terrible ravages the disease was then making in Egypt, and imposed a quarantine upon vessels coming from thence. We were, however, suffered to land, and our first movement was to the coffee-house directly in front of the dock. The coffee-house was a low wooden building, covering considerable ground, with a large piazza, or rather projecting roof, all around it. Inside and out there was a raised platform against the wall. This platform was one step from the floor, and on this step every one left his shoes before taking his seat on the matting. There were, perhaps, fifty Turks inside and out, sitting cross-legged, smoking the chibouk, and drinking coffee out of cups not larger than the shell of a Madeira-nut.

We kicked our shoes off on the steps, seated ourselves on a mat outside, and took our chibouk and coffee with an air of *savoir faire* that would not have disgraced the worthiest Moslem of them all. Verily, said I, as I looked at the dozing, smoking, coffee-sipping congregation around me, there are some good points about the Turks, after all. They never think—that hurts digestion; and they love chibouks and coffee—that shows taste and feeling. I fell into their humour, and for a while exchanged nods with my neighbours all around. Suddenly the bitterness of thought came upon me; I found that my pipe was exhausted. I replenished it, and took a sip of coffee. Verily, said I, there are few better things in this world than chibouks and coffee—they even make men forget there is blood upon their hands. The thought started me—I shrank from contact with my neighbours, cut my way through the volumes of smoke, and got out into the open air.

My companion joined me. We entered the walls, and made a circuit of the town. It was a dirty little place, having one principal street lined with shops or bazaars; every third shop, almost, being a cafeteria, where a parcel of huge turbaned fellows were at their daily labours of smoking pipes and drinking coffee. The first thing I remarked as being strikingly different from a European city, was the total absence of women. The streets were thronged with men, and not a woman was to be seen, except occasionally I caught a glimpse of a white veil or a pair of black eyes sparkling through the latticed bars of a window. Afterwards, however, in walking outside the walls into the country, we met a large party of women. When we first saw them, they had their faces uncovered; but as soon as they saw us coming towards them, they stopped and arranged their long white shawls, winding them around their faces so as to leave barely space enough uncovered to allow them to see and breathe, but so that it was utterly impossible for us to distinguish a single one of their features.

Going on in the direction from which they came, and attracted by the mourning cypress, we came to a large burying-ground. It is situated on the side of a hill almost washed by the waves, and shaded by a thick grove of the funeral tree. There is, indeed, something peculiarly touching in the appearance of this place; it seems to be endowed with feelings, and to mourn over the dead its shades. The monuments were generally a single upright slab of marble, with a turban on the top. There were many, too, in form like one of our oblong tombstones, and, instead of a slab of marble over the top, the interior was filled with earth, and the surface overrun with roses, evergreens, and flowers. The burying-grounds in the East are always favourite places for walking in; and it is a favourite occupation of the Turkish women to watch and water the flowers growing over the graves of their friends.

Towards evening we returned to the harbour. I withdrew from my companion, and, leaning against one

of the gates of the city, fixed my eyes upon the door of a minaret, watching till the muezzin should appear, and, for the last time before the setting of the sun, call all good Mussulmans to prayer. The door opens towards Mecca, and a little before dark the muezzin came out, and, leaning over the railing with his face towards the tomb of the prophet, in a voice, every tone of which fell distinctly upon my ear, made that solemn call which, from the time of Mahommed, has been addressed five times a-day from the tops of the minarets to the sons of the faithful. "Allah! Allah! God is God, and Mahommed is his prophet. To prayer! to prayer!" Immediately an old Turk by my side fell upon his knees, with his face to the tomb of the Prophet; ten times, in quick succession, he bowed his forehead till it touched the earth; then clasped his hands, and prayed. I never saw more rapt devotion than in this pious old Mussulman. I have often marked in Italy the severe observance of religious ceremonies; I have seen, for instance, at Rome, fifty penitents at a time mounting on their knees, and kissing, as they mounted, the steps of the Scala Santa, or holy staircase, by which, as the priests tell them, our Saviour ascended into the presence of Pontius Pilate. I have seen the Greek prostrate himself before a picture until he was physically exhausted; and I have seen the humble and pious Christian at his prayers, beneath the simple fanes and before the peaceful altars of my own land; but I never saw that perfect abandonment with which a Turk gives himself up to his God in prayer. He is perfectly abstracted from the things of this world; he does not regard time or place; in his closet or in the street, alone or in a crowd, he sees nothing, he hears nothing; the world is a blank; his God is every thing. He is lost in the intensity of his devotion. It is a spectacle almost sublime, and for the moment you forget the polluted fountain of his religion, and the thousand crimes it sanctions, in your admiration of his sincerity and faith.

Not being able to find any place where we could sleep ashore, except on one of the mats of the coffee-house, head and heels with a dozen Turks, we went on board, and towards morning again got under weigh. We beat up to the mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna, but, with the sirocco blowing directly in our teeth, it was impossible to go farther. We made two or three attempts to enter; but in tacking the last time, our old brig, which had hardly ballast enough to keep her keel under water, received such a rough shaking that we got her away before the wind, and at three o'clock P.M. were again anchored in the harbour of Foggia. I now began to think that there was a spell upon my movements, and that Smyrna, which was becoming to me a sort of land of promise, would never greet my longing eyes.

I was somewhat comforted, however, by remembering that I had never yet reached any port in the Mediterranean for which I had sailed, without touching at one or two intermediate ports; and that, so far, I had always worked right at last. I was still further comforted by our having the good fortune to be able to procure lodging ashore, at the house of a Greek, the son of a priest. It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday, and the resurrection of our Saviour was to be celebrated at midnight, or, rather, the beginning of the next day, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Greek church. It was also the last of the forty days' fasting, and the next day commenced feasting. Supper was prepared for us, at which meat was put on the table for me only; my Greek friend being supposed not to eat meat during the days of fasting. He had been, however, two years out of Greece; and though he did not like to offend the prejudices of his countrymen, he did not like fasting. I felt for my fellow-traveller; and, cutting up some meat in small parcels, kept my eye upon the door while he whipped them into his mouth. After supper we lay down upon the divan, with large quilts over us, my friend having promised to rise at twelve o'clock, and accompany me to the Greek church.

At midnight we were roused by the chant of the

Greeks in the streets, on their way to the church. We turned out, and fell into a procession of five hundred people, making the streets as light as day with their torches. At the door of the church we found our host, sitting at a table with a parcel of wax tapers on one side, and a box to receive money on the other. We each bought a taper, and went in. After remaining there at least two hours, listening to a monotonous and unintelligible routine of prayers and chants, the priests came out of the holy doors, bearing aloft an image of our Saviour on the cross, ornamented with gold leaf, tassels, and festoons of artificial flowers; passed through the church, and out of the opposite door. The Greeks lighted their tapers, and formed into a procession behind them, and we did the same. Immediately outside the door, up the staircase, and on each side of the corridor, allowing merely room enough for the procession to pass, were arranged the women, dressed in white, with long white veils, thrown back from their faces however, laid smooth over the tops of their heads, and hanging down to their feet. Nearly every woman, old or young, had a child in her arms. In fact, there seemed to be as great a mustering of children as of men and women, and, for aught that I could see, as much to the edification of the former as the latter. A continued chant was kept up during the movements of the procession, and perhaps for half an hour after the arrival of the priests at the courtyard, when it rose to a tremendous burst. The torches were waved in the air; a wild, unmeaning, and discordant scream or yell rang through the hollow cloisters, and half a dozen pistols, two or three muskets, and twenty or thirty crackers, were fired. This was intended as a *feu-de-joie*, and was supposed to mark the precise moment of our Saviour's resurrection. In a few moments the phrensy seemed to pass away; the noise fell from a wild clamour to a slow chant, and the procession returned to the church. The scene was striking, particularly the part outside the church; the dead of night; the waving of torches; the women with their long white dresses, and the children in their arms, &c.; but, from beginning to end, there was nothing solemn in it.

Returned to the church, a priest came round with a picture of the Saviour risen; and, as far as I could make it out, holding in his hand the Greek flag, followed by another priest with a plate to receive contributions. He held out the picture to be kissed, then turned his hand to receive the same act of devotion, keeping his eye all the time upon the plate, which followed to receive the offerings of the pious, as a sort of payment for the privilege of the kiss. His manner reminded me of the Dutch parson, who, immediately after pronouncing a couple man and wife, touching the bridegroom with his elbow, said, "And now, where ish mine dollar?" I kissed the picture, dodged his knuckles, paid my money, and left the church. I had been there four hours, during which time, perhaps, more than a thousand persons had been completely absorbed in their religious ceremonies; and though beginning in the middle of the night, I have seen more yawning at the theatre or at an Italian opera than I saw there. They now began to disperse, though I remember I left a crowd of regular amateurs, at the head of whom were our sailors, still hanging round the desk of an exhorting priest, with an earnestness that showed a still craving appetite.

I do not wonder that the Turks look with contempt upon Christians, for they have constantly under their eyes the disgusting mummeries of the Greek church, and see nothing of the pure and sublime principles our religion inculcates. Still, however, there was something striking and interesting in the manner in which the Greeks in this Turkish town had kept themselves, as it were, a peculiar people, and, in spite of the brands of "dog" and "infidel," held fast to the religion they received from their fathers. There was nothing interesting about them as Greeks; they had taken no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty; they were engaged in petty business, and bartered the precious chance of freedom once before

them for base profits and ignoble ease; and even now were content to live in chains, and kiss the rod that smote them.

We returned to the house where we had slept; and, after coffee, in company with our host and his father, the priest sat down to a meal, in which, for the first time in forty days, they ate meat. I had often remarked the religious observance of fast days among the common people in Greece. In travelling there I had more than once offered an egg to my guide on a fast day, but never could get one to accept any thing that came so near to animal food, though, by a strange confusion of the principles of religious obligation, perhaps the same man would not have hesitated to commit murder if he had any inducement to do so. Mrs Hill, at Athens, told me that, upon one occasion, a little girl in her school refused to eat a piece of cake because it was made with

from us, turned their horses loose to feed, and sat down to make their morning meal. An unusual and happy thing for me, the women had their faces uncovered nearly all the time, though they could not well have carried on the process of eating with them muffled up in the usual style. One of the women was old, the other two were exceedingly young—neither of them more than sixteen; each had a child in her arms, and, without any allowance for time and place, both were exceedingly beautiful. I do not say so under the influence of the particular circumstances of our meeting, nor with the view of making an incident of it, but I would have singled them out as such if I had met them in a ballroom at home. I was particularly struck with their delicacy of figure and complexion. Notwithstanding their laughing faces, their mirth, and the kind treatment of the men, I could not divest myself of the idea that they were caged birds longing to be free. I could not believe that a woman belonging to a Turk could be otherwise than unhappy. Unfortunately, I could not understand a word of their language; and as they looked from their turbaned lords to my stiff hat and frock-coat, they seemed to regard me as something the Tartar had just caught, and was taking up to Constantinople as a present to the sultan. I endeavoured to show, however, that I was not the wild thing they took me to be; that I had an eye to admire their beauty, and a heart to feel for their servitude. I tried to procure from them some signal of distress; I did all that I could to get some sign to come to their rescue, and to make myself generally agreeable. I looked sentimentally. This they did not seem to understand at all. I smiled—this seemed to please them better; and there is no knowing to what a point I might have arrived, but my Tartar hurried me away; and I parted on the wild plains of Turkey with two young and beautiful women, leading almost a savage life, whose personal graces would have made them ornaments in polished and refined society. Verily, said I, the Turks are not so bad, after all; they have handsome wives, and a handsome wife comes next after chibouks and coffee.

I was now reminded at every step of my being in an oriental country by the caravans I was constantly meeting. Caravans and camels are more or less associated with all the fairy scenes and glowing pictures of the East. They have always presented themselves to my mind with a sort of poetical imagery, and they certainly have a fine effect in a description or in a picture; but, after all, they are ugly-looking things to meet on the road. I would rather see the two young Turk-esses again, than all the caravans in the East. The caravan is conducted by a guide on a donkey, with a halter attached to the first camel, and so on from camel to camel through the whole caravan. The camel is an exceedingly ugly animal in his proportions, and there is a dead uniformity in his movement—with a dead vacant expression in his face that is really distressing. If a man were dying of thirst in the desert, it would be enough to drive him to distraction to look in the cool, unconcerned, and imperturbable face of his camel. But their value is inestimable in a country like this, where there are no carriage roads, and where deserts and drought present themselves in every direction.

One of the camel scenes, the encampment, is very picturesque; the camels arranged around on their knees in a circle, with their heads to the centre, and the camel drivers with their bales piled up within; and I was struck with another scene. We came to the borders of a stream, which it was necessary to cross in a boat. The boat was then on the other side, and the boatman and camel-driver were trying to get on board some camels. When we came up, they had got three on board, down on their knees in the bottom of the boat, and were then in the act of coercing the fourth. The poor brute was frightened terribly; resisted with all his might, and put forth most piteous cries. I do not know a more distressing noise than the cry of a brute

My Tartar was a big swarthy fellow, with an extent of beard and mustachios unusual even among his bearded countrymen. He was armed with a pair of enormous pistols and a yataghan, and was, altogether, a formidable fellow to look upon. But there was a something about him that I liked. There was a doggedness, a downright stubbornness, that seemed honest. I knew nothing about him. I picked him up in the street, and took him in preference to others who offered, because he would not be beaten down in his price. When he saw me seated on my horse, he stood by my side a little distance off, and looking at me without opening his lips, drew his belt tight around him, and adjusted his pistols and yataghan. His manner seemed to say that he took charge of me as a bale of goods, to be paid for on safe delivery, and that he would carry me through with fire and sword, if necessary. And now, said I, "let fate do her worst;" I have a good horse under me, and in fourteen hours I shall be in Smyrna. "Blow winds and crack your cheeks;" I defy you.

My Tartar led off at a brisk trot, never opening his lips nor turning his head, except occasionally to see how I followed him across a stream. At about ten o'clock he turned off from the horsepath into a piece of fine pasture, and, slipping the bridle off his horse, turned him loose to feed. He then did the same with mine, and spreading my cloak on the ground for me to sit upon, sat down by my side and opened his wallet. His manner seemed to intimate a disposition to throw provisions into a common stock, no doubt expecting the gain to be on his side; but as I could only contribute a couple of rolls of bread, which I bought as we rode through the town, I am inclined to think that he considered me rather a sponge.

While we were sitting there, a travelling party came up, consisting of five Turks and three women. The women were on horseback, riding crosswise, though there were so many quilts, cushions, &c., piled on the backs of their horses that they sat rather on seats than on saddles. After a few words of parley with my Tartar, the men lifted the women from the horses, taking them in their arms, and, as it were, hauling them off, not very gracefully, but very kindly; and spreading their quilts on the ground a short distance

suffering from fear; it seems to partake of the feeling that causes it, and carries with it something fearful; but the cries of the poor brute were vain; they got him on board, and in the same way urged on board three others. They then threw in the donkey, and seven camels and the donkey were so stowed in the bottom of the boat, that they did not take up much more room than calves on board of our country boats.

In the afternoon I met another travelling party of an entirely different description. If before I had occasionally any doubts or misgivings as to the reality of my situation; if sometimes it seemed to be merely a dream, that it could not be that I was so far from home, wandering alone on the plains of Asia, with a guide whom I never saw till that morning, whose language I could not understand, and upon whose faith I could not rely; if the scenes of turbaned Turks, of veiled women, of caravans and camels, of grave-yards with their mourning cypresses and thousands of tombstones, where every trace of the cities which supplied them with their dead had entirely disappeared; if these and the other strange scenes around me would seem to be the mere creations of a roving imagination, the party which I met now was so marked in its character, so peculiar to an oriental country, and to an oriental country only, that it roused me from my waking dreams, fixed my wandering thoughts, and convinced me, beyond all peradventure, that I was indeed far from home, among a people "whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and whose ways are not as our ways;" in short, in a land where ladies are not the omnipotent creatures that they are with us.

This party was no other than the ladies of a harem. They were all dressed in white, with their white shawls wrapped around their faces, so that they effectually concealed every feature, and could bring to bear only the artillery of their eyes. I found this, however, to be very potent, as it left so much room for the imagination; and it was a very easy matter to make a Fatima of every one of them. They were all on horseback, not riding sideways, but *otherwise*; though I observed, as before, that their saddles were so prepared that their delicate limbs were not subject to that extreme expansion required by the saddle of the rougher sex. They were escorted by a party of armed Turks, and followed by a man in Frank dress, who, as I after understood, was the physician of the harem. They were thirteen in number, just a baker's dozen, and belonged to a pacha who was making his annual tour of the different posts under his government, and had sent them on before to have the household matters all arranged upon his arrival. And no doubt, also, they were to be in readiness to receive him with their smiles; and if they continued in the same humour in which I saw them, he must have been a happy man who could call them all his own. I had not fairly recovered from the cries of the poor camel, when I heard their merry voices; verily, thought I, stopping to catch the last musical notes, there are exceedingly good points about the Turks—chibouks, coffee, and as many wives as they please. It made me whistle to think of it. Oh, thought I, that some of our ladies could see these things—that some haughty beauty, at whose feet dozens of worthy and amiable young gentlemen are sighing themselves into premature wrinkles and ugliness, might see these things!

I am no rash innovator. I would not sweep away the established customs of our state of society. I would not lay my meddling fingers upon the admitted prerogatives of our ladies; but I cannot help asking myself if, in the rapid changes of this turning world, changes which completely alter rocks and the hardest substances of nature, it may not by possibility happen that the tenor of a lady's humour will change. What a goodly spectacle to see those who are never content without a dozen admirers in their train, following by dozens in the train of one man! But I fear me much that this will never be, at least in our day. Our system of education is radically wrong. The human mind, says

some philosopher, and the gentleman is right, is like the sand upon the shore of the sea. You may write upon it what character you please. We begin by writing upon their innocent unformed minds, that, "Born for their use, we live but to oblige them." The consequence is, I will not say what; for I hope to return among them and kiss the rod in some fair hand; but this I do know, that here the "twig is so bent," that they become as gentle, as docile, and as tractable, as any domestic animal. I say again, there are many exceeding good points about the Turks.

At about six o'clock we came in sight of Smyrna, on the opposite side of the gulf, and still a long way off. At dusk we were directly opposite the city; and although we had yet to make a long circuit round the head of the gulf, I was revelling in the bright prospect before me. Dreams of pulling off my pantaloons; delightful visions of clean sheets and a Christian bed flitted before my eyes. Yes, said I to my pantaloons and shirt, ye worthy and faithful servants, this night ye shall have rest. While other garments have fallen from me by the way, ye have stuck to me. And thou, my grey pantaloons, little did the neat Parisian tailor who made thee think that the strength of his stitching would ever be tested by three weeks' uninterrupted wear; but to-morrow thou shalt go into the hands of a master, who shall sew on thy buttons and sew up thy rents: and thou, my—I was going on with words of the same affectionate import to my shirt, stockings, and drawers, which, however, did not deserve so well of me, for they had in a measure *dropped off* on the way, when my Tartar came to a dead stop before the door of a cabin, dismounted, and made signs to me to do the same. But I began now to have some notions of my own; heretofore, I had been perfectly passive; I had always done as I was told, but in sight of Smyrna I became restive. I talked and shouted to him, pointed to the city, and turned my horse as though I was going on alone. My Tartar, however, paid no attention to me; he very coolly took off my carpet-bag and carried it into the cabin, lighted his pipe, and sat down by the door, looking at me with the most imperturbable gravity. I had hardly had time to admire his impudence, and to calculate the chances of my being able, alone at night, to cross the many streams which emptied into the gulf, when the wind, which had been rising for some time, became very violent, and the rain began to fall in torrents. With a sigh I bade farewell to the bright visions that had deluded me, gave another sigh to the uncertainty of all human calculations, the cup and the lip, &c., and took refuge in the cabin.

What a substitute for the pretty little picture I had drawn! Three Turks were sitting round a brazier or charcoal frying dough-balls. Three rugs were spread in three corners of the cabin, and over each of them were the eternal pistols and yataghan. There was nothing there to defend; their miserable lives were not worth taking; why were these weapons there! The Turks at first took no notice of me, and I had now to make amends for my backwardness in entering. I resolved to go to work boldly, and at once elbowed among them for a seat around the brazier. The one next me on my right seemed a little struck by my easy bow; he put his hand on his ribs to feel how far my elbow had penetrated, and then took his pipe from his mouth and offered it to me. The fee broken, I smoked the pipe to the last whiff, and handed it to him to be refilled; with all the horrors of dyspepsy before my eyes, I scrambled with them for the last dough-ball, and, when the attention of all of them was particularly directed towards me, took out my watch, held it over the lamp, and wound it up. I addressed myself particularly to the one who had first taken notice of me, and made myself extremely agreeable by always smoking his pipe. After coffee and half a dozen pipes, he gave me to understand that I was to sleep with him upon his mat, at which I slapped him on the back and cried out, "Bono," having heard him use that word, apparently with a knowledge of its meaning.

I was surprised in the course of the evening to see

one of them begin to undress, knowing that such was not the custom of the country, but found that it was only a temporary disrobing for sporting purposes, to hunt fleas and bed-bugs; by which I had an opportunity of comparing the Turkish with some I had brought with me from Greece; and though the Turk had great reason to be proud of his, I had no reason to be ashamed of mine. I now began to be drowsy, and should soon have fallen asleep; but the youngest of the party, a sickly and sentimental young man, melancholy and musical, and, no doubt, in love, brought out the common Turkish instrument, a sort of guitar, on which he worked with untiring vivacity, keeping time with his head and heels. My friend accompanied him with his voice, and this brought out my Tartar, who joined in with groans and grunts which might have waked the dead. But my cup was not yet full. During the musical festival, my friend and intended bedfellow took down from a shelf above me a large plaster, which he warmed over the brazier. He then unrolled his turban, took off a plaster from the back of his head, and disclosed a wound, raw, gory, and ghastly, that made my heart sink within me. I knew that the plague was about Smyrna; I had heard that it was on this road; I involuntarily resorted to the Italian prayer, "Save me from the three miseries of the Levant: plague, fire, and the dragon." I shut my eyes; I had slept but two hours the night before; had ridden twelve hours that day on horseback; I drew my cloak around me; my head sank upon my carpet-bag, and I fell asleep, leaving the four Turks playing cards on the bottom of a pewter plate. Once during the night I was awakened by my bedfellow's mustaches tickling my lips. I turned my back, and slept on.

In the morning, my Tartar, with one jerk, placed me upright on the floor, and holding me in that position until I got awake, kicked open the door, and pointed to my horse standing before it ready saddled and bridled. In three hours I was crossing the caravan bridge, a bridge over the beautiful Melissus, on the banks of which Homer was born; and picking my way among caravans, which for ages have continued to cross this bridge laden with all the riches of the East, I entered the long-looked-for city of Smyrna, a city that has braved the reiterated efforts of conflagrations, plagues, and earthquakes; ten times destroyed, and ten times risen from her ruins; the queen of the cities of Anatolia; extolled by the ancients as Smyrna the lovely, the crown of Ionia, the pride of Asia. But old things have passed away, and the ancient city now figures only under the head of arrivals in a newspaper, in the words and figures following, that is to say, "Brig Betsy, Baker master, 57 days from Smyrna, with figs and raisins to order. Mastic dull, opium rising."

In half an hour I was in the full enjoyment of a Turkish bath; lolled half an hour on a divan, with chibouk and coffee, and came out fresh as if I had spent the last three weeks training for the ring. Oh, these Turks are luxurious dogs! Chibouks, coffee, hot baths, and as many wives as they please. What a catalogue of human enjoyments! But I intend Smyrna as a place of rest, and, in charity, give you the benefit of it.

CHAPTER IX.

First Sight of Smyrna.—Unveiled Women.—Ruins of Ephesus.—Ruin, all Ruin.—Temple of Diana.—Encounter with a Wolf.—Love at First Sight.—Gatherings on the Road.

(Another letter.)

MY DEAR *****—After my bath I returned to my hotel, breakfasted, and sallied out for a walk. It was now about 12 o'clock, the first Sunday after Easter—and all the Frank population was in the streets. My hotel was in an out-of-the-way quarter, and when, turning a corner, I suddenly found myself in the main street, I was not prepared for the sight that met my eye. Paris

that day does not present so gay and animated a

scene. It was gay, animated, striking, and beautiful, and entirely different from any thing I had ever seen in any European city. Franks, Jews, Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, in their various and striking costumes, were mingled together in agreeable confusion; and making all due allowance for the circumstance that I had for some time been debarred the sight of an unveiled woman, I certainly never saw so much beauty, and I never saw a costume so admirably calculated to set off beauty. At the same time, the costume is exceedingly trying to a lady's pretensions. Being no better than one of the uninitiated, I shall not venture upon such dangerous ground as a lady's toilet. I will merely refer to that part which particularly struck me, and that is the head-dress; no odious broad-brimmed hat; no enormous veils enveloping nose, mouth, and eyes; but simply a large gauze turban, sitting lightly and gracefully on the head, rolled back over the forehead, leaving the whole face completely exposed, and exhibiting clear dark complexions, rosy lips closing over teeth of dazzling whiteness; and then such eyes, large, dark, and rolling. It is matter of history, and it is confirmed by poetry, that

"The angelic youths of old,
Burning for maids of mortal mould,
Bewildered left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes."

My dear friend, this is the country where such things happened; the throne of the Thunderer, high Olympus, is almost in sight, and these are the daughters of the women who worked such miracles. If the age of passion, like the age of chivalry, were not over and for ever gone, if this were not emphatically a bank-note world, I would say of the Smyrniotes, above all others, that they are that description of women who could

"Raise a mortal to the skies,
Or bring an angel down."

And they walk, too, as if conscious of their high pretensions, as if conscious that the reign of beauty is not yet ended; and, under that enchanting turban, charge with the whole artillery of their charms. It is a perfect unmasked battery; nothing can stand before it. I wonder the sultan allows it. The Turks are as touchy as tinder; they take fire as quick as any of the old demigods, and a pair of black eyes is at any time enough to put mischief in them. But the Turks are a considerate people. They consider that the Franks, or rather the Greeks, to whom I particularly refer, have periodical fits of insanity; that they go mad twice a year, during carnival and after Lent; and if at such a time a follower of the Prophet, accidentally straggling in the Frank quarter, should find the current of his blood disturbed, he would sooner die, nay, he would sooner cut off his beard, than hurt a hair of any one of the light heads that he sees flitting before him. There is something remarkable, by the way, in the tenacity with which the Grecian women have sustained the rights and prerogatives of beauty in defiance of Turkish customs and prejudices; while the men have fallen into the habits of their quondam masters, have taken to pipes and coffee, and in many instances to turbans and big trousers, the women have ever gone with their faces uncovered, and to this day one and all eschew the veil of the Turkish women.

Pleased and amused with myself and every thing I saw, I moved along unnoticed and unknown, staring, observing, and admiring; among other things, I observed that one of the amiable customs of our own city was in full force here, viz., that of the young gentlemen, with light sticks in their hands, gathering around the door of the fashionable church to stare at the ladies as they came out. I was pleased to find such a mark of civilisation in a land of barbarians, and immediately fell into a thing which seemed so much like home; but in justice to the Smyrniote ladies, I must say I cannot flatter myself that I stared a single one out of countenance.

But I need not attempt to interest you in Smyrna;

it is too every-day a place; every Cape Cod sailor knows it better than I do. I have done all that I could; I have waived the musty reminiscences of its history; I have waived ruins which are said to exist here, and have endeavoured to give you a faint but true picture of its living and existing beauties, of the bright and beautiful scene that broke upon me the first morning of my arrival; and now, if I have not touched you with the beauty of its women, I should despair of doing so by any description of its beautiful climate, its charming environs, and its hospitable society.

Leave, then, what is, after all, but a city of figs and raisins, and go with me where, by comparison, the foot of civilised man seldom treads; go with me into the deserts and solitary places; go with me among the cities of the seven churches of Asia; and, first, to the ruins of Ephesus. I had been several days expecting a companion to make this tour with me, but, being disappointed, was obliged to set out alone. I was not exactly alone, for I had with me a Turk as guide and a Greek as cicerone and interpreter, both well mounted, and armed to the teeth. We started at two o'clock in the morning, under the light of thousands of stars; and the day broke upon us in a country wild and desolate, as if it were removed thousands of miles from the habitations of men. There was little variety and little incident in our ride. During the whole day it lay through a country decidedly handsome, the soil rich and fertile, but showing with appalling force the fatal effects of misgovernment, wholly uncultivated, and almost wholly uninhabited. Indeed, the only habitations were the little Turkish coffee-houses and the black tents of the Turcomans. These are a wandering tribe, who come out from the desert, and approach comparatively near the abodes of civilisation. They are a pastoral people; their riches are their flocks and herds; they lead a wandering life, free as the air they breathe; they have no local attachments; to-day they pitch their tents on the hill-side, to-morrow on the plain; and wherever they set themselves down, all that they have on earth, wife, children, and friends, are immediately around them. There is something primitive, almost patriarchal, in their appearance; indeed, it carries one back to a simple, and perhaps a purer age, and you can almost realise that state of society when the patriarch sat in the door of his tent, and called in and fed the passing-traveller.

The general character of the soil is such as to prepare one for the scene that awaited us at Ephesus; enormous burying-grounds, with thousands of head-stones shaded by the mourning cypress, in the midst of a desolate country, where not a vestige of a human habitation is to be seen. They stand on the roadside, as melancholy tell-tales that large towns or cities once existed in their immediate neighbourhood, and that the generations who occupied them have passed away, furnishing fearful evidence of the decrease of the Turkish population, and, perhaps, that the gigantic empire of the Ottoman is tottering to its fall.

For about three hours before reaching Ephesus, the road, crossing a rich and beautiful plain watered by the Cayster, lies between two mountains; that on the right leads to the sea, and on the left are the ruins of Ephesus. Near, and in the immediate vicinity, storks were calmly marching over the plain, and building among the ruins; they moved as if seldom disturbed by human footsteps, and seemed to look upon us as intruders upon a spot for a long time abandoned to birds and beasts of prey. About a mile this side are the remains of the Turkish city of Aysalook, or Temple of the Moon, a city of comparatively modern date, reared into a brief magnificence out of the ruins of its fallen neighbour. A sharp hill, almost a mountain, rises abruptly from the plain, on the top of which is a ruined fortress, with many ruins of Turkish magnificence at the base; broken columns, baths overgrown with ivy, and the remains of a grand mosque, the roof sustained by four granite columns from the Temple of Diana; the minaret fallen, the mosque deserted; the Mussulman no more goes there to pray; bats and owls were building in its lofty roof,

and snakes and lizards were crawling over its marble floor.

It was late in the afternoon when I arrived at the little coffee-house at Aysalook; a caravan had already encamped under some fine old sycamores before the door, preparatory to passing the night. I was somewhat fatigued, and my Greek, who had me in charge, was disposed to stop and wait for the morrow; but the fallen city was on the opposite hill at but a short distance, and the shades of evening seemed well calculated to heighten the effect of a ramble among its ruins. In a right line it was not more than half a mile, but we soon found that we could not go directly to it; a piece of low swampy ground lay between, and we had not gone far before our horses sank up to their saddle-girths. We were obliged to retrace our steps, and work our way around by a circuitous route of more than two miles. This, too, added to the effect of our approach. It was a dreary reflection, that a city, whose ports and whose gates had been open to the commerce of the then known world, whose wealth had invited the traveller and sojourner within its walls, should lie a ruin upon a hill-side, with swamps and morasses extending around it, in sight but out of reach, near but unapproachable. A warning voice seemed to issue from the ruins, *Procul, procul, este profani*—my day is past, my sun is set, I have gone to my grave; pass on, stranger, and disturb not the ashes of the dead.

But my Turk did not understand Latin, and we continued to advance. We moved along in perfect silence, for, besides that my Turk never spoke, and my Greek, who was generally loquacious enough, was out of humour at being obliged to go on, we had enough to do in picking our lonely way. But silence best suited the scene; the sound of the human voice seemed almost a mockery of fallen greatness. We entered by a large and ruined gateway into a place distinctly marked as having been a street, and, from the broken columns strewn on each side, probably having been lined with a colonnade. I let my reins fall upon my horse's neck; he moved about in the slow and desultory way that suited my humour; now sinking to his knees in heaps of rubbish, now stumbling over a Corinthian capital, and now sliding over a marble pavement. The whole hill-side is covered with ruins to an extent far greater than I expected to find, and they are all of a kind that tends to give a high idea of the ancient magnificence of the city. To me, these ruins appeared to be a confused and shapeless mass; but they have been examined by antiquaries with great care, and the character of many of them identified with great certainty. I had, however, no time for details; and, indeed, the interest of these ruins in my eyes was not in the details. It mattered little to me that this was the stadium and that a fountain; that this was a gymnasium and that a market-place; it was enough to know that the broken columns, the mouldering walls, the grass-grown streets, and the wide-extended scene of desolation and ruin around me, were all that remained of one of the greatest cities of Asia, one of the earliest Christian cities in the world. But what do I say? Who does not remember the tumults and confusion raised by Demetrius the silversmith, "lest the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence be destroyed;" and how the people, having caught "Caius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions in travel," rushed with one accord into the theatre, crying out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" My dear friend, I sat among the ruins of that theatre; the stillness of death was around me; far as the eye could reach, not a living soul was to be seen, save my two companions, and a group of lazy Turks smoking at the coffee-house in Aysalook. A man of strong imagination might almost go wild with the intensity of his own reflections; and do not let it surprise you, that even one like me, brought up among the technicalities of declarations and replications, rebutters and surrebutters, and in nowise given to the illusions of the senses, should find himself roused, and irresistibly hurried back to the time when the shapeless and confused mass around him

formed one of the most magnificent cities in the world, when a large and busy population was hurrying through its streets, intent upon the same pleasures and the same business that engage men now; that he should, in imagination, see before him St Paul preaching to the Ephesians, shaking their faith in the gods of their fathers, gods made with their own hands; and the noise and confusion, and the people rushing tumultuously up the very steps where he sat; that he should almost hear their cry ringing in his ears, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and then that he should turn from this scene of former glory and eternal ruin to his own far-distant land—a land that the wisest of the Ephesians never dreamed of; where the wild man was striving with the wild beast when the whole world rang with the greatness of the Ephesian name; and which bids fair to be growing greater and greater when the last vestige of Ephesus shall be gone, and its very site unknown.

But where is the temple of the great Diana—the temple 220 years in building—the temple of 127 columns, each column the gift of a king! Can it be that the temple of the "great goddess Diana," that the ornament of Asia, the pride of Ephesus, and one of the seven wonders of the world, has gone, disappeared, and left not a trace behind! As a traveller I would fain be able to say that I have seen the ruins of this temple; but, unfortunately, I am obliged to limit myself by facts. Its site has of course engaged the attention of antiquaries. I am no sceptic in these matters, and am disposed to believe all that my cicerone tells me. You remember the countryman who complained to his minister that he never gave him any Latin in his sermons; and when the minister answered that he would not understand it, the countryman replied that he paid for the best, and ought to have it. I am like that honest countryman; but my cicerone understood himself better than the minister; he knew that I paid him for the best; he knew what was expected from him, and that his reputation was gone for ever, if in such a place as Ephesus he could not point out the ruins of the great temple of Diana. He accordingly had his temple, which he stuck to with as much pertinacity as if he had built it himself; but I am sorry to be obliged to say, in spite of his authority and my own wish to believe him, that the better opinion is, that now not a single stone is to be seen.

Topographers have fixed the site on the plain, near the gate of the city which opened to the sea. The sea, which once almost washed the walls, has receded or been driven back for several miles. For many years a new soil has been accumulating, and all that stood on the plain, including so much of the remains of the temple as had not been plundered and carried away by different conquerors, is probably now buried many feet under its surface.

It was dark when I returned to Aysalook. I had remarked, in passing, that several caravans had encamped there, and on my return found the camel drivers assembled in the little coffee-house in which I was to pass the night. I soon saw that there were so many of us that we should make a tight fit in the sleeping part of the khan, and immediately measured off space enough to fit my body, allowing turning and kicking room. I looked with great complacency upon the light slippers of the Turks, which they always throw off, too, when they go to sleep, and made an ostentatious display of a pair of heavy iron-nailed boots, and, in lying down, gave one or two preliminary thumps to show them that I was restless in my movements, and if they came too near me, these iron-nailed boots would be uncomfortable neighbours.

And here I ought to have spent half the night in musing upon the strange concatenation of circumstances which had broken up a quiet, practising attorney sent him a straggler from a busy, money-land, to meditate among the ruins of ancient and sleep palmed with turbaned Turks. But I had no time for musing; I was amazingly tired; I

looked at the group of Turks in one corner, and regretted that I could not talk with them; thought of the Tower of Babel and the wickedness of man, which brought about a confusion of tongues; of camel-drivers, and Arabian Nights' Entertainments; of home, and my own comfortable room in the third story; brought my boot down with a thump that made them all start, and in five minutes was asleep.

In the morning I again went over to the ruins. Daylight, if possible, added to their effect; and a little thing occurred, not much in itself, but which, under the circumstances, fastened itself upon my mind in such a way that I shall never forget it. I had read that here, in the stillness of the night, the jackal's cry was heard; that, if a stone was rolled, a scorpion or lizard slipped from under it; and while picking our way slowly along the lower part of the city, a wolf of the largest size came out above, as if indignant at being disturbed in his possessions. He moved a few paces towards us with such a resolute air that my companions both drew their pistols; then stopped, and gazed at us deliberately as we were receding from him, until, as if satisfied that we intended to leave his dominions, he turned and disappeared among the ruins. It would have made a fine picture; the Turk first, then the Greek, each with a pistol in his hand, then myself, all on horseback, the wolf above us, the valley, and the ruined city. I feel my inability to give you a true picture of these ruins. Indeed, if I could lay before you every particular, block for block, fragment for fragment, here a column and there a column, I could not convey a full idea of the desolation that marks the scene.

To the Christian, the ruins of Ephesus carry with them a peculiar interest; for here, upon the wreck of heathen temples, was established one of the earliest Christian churches; but the Christian church has followed the heathen temple, and the worshippers of the true God have followed the worshippers of the great goddess Diana; and in the city where Paul preached, and where, in the words of the apostle, "much people were gathered unto the Lord," now not a solitary Christian dwells. Verily, in the prophetic language of inspiration, the "candlestick is removed from its place;" a curse seems to have fallen upon it, men shun it, not a human being is to be seen among its ruins; and Ephesus, in faded glory and fallen grandeur, is given up to birds and beasts of prey, a monument and a warning to nations.

From Ephesus I went to Scala Nova, handsomely situated on the shore of the sea, and commanding a fine view of the beautiful Island of Samos, distant not more than four miles. I had a letter to a Greek merchant there, who received me kindly, and introduced me to the Turkish governor. The governor, as usual, was seated upon a divan, and asked us to take seats beside him. We were served with coffee and pipes by two handsome Greek slaves, boys about fourteen, with long hair hanging down their necks, and handsomely dressed; who, after serving us, descended from the platform, and waited with folded arms until we had finished. Soon after, a third guest came, and a third lad, equally handsome and equally well dressed, served him in the same manner. This is the style of the Turkish grandees, a slave to every guest. I do not know to what extent it is carried, but am inclined to think that, in the present instance, if one or two more guests had happened to come in, my friend's retinue of slaves would have fallen short. The governor asked me from what country I came, and who was my king; and when I told him that we had no king, but a president, he said, very graciously, that our president and the grand seignior were very good friends; a compliment which I acknowledged with all becoming humility. Wanting to show off a little, I told him that we were going to fight the French, and he said we should certainly whip them if we could get the grand seignior to help us.

I afterwards called on my own account upon the English consul. The consuls in these little places are originals. They have nothing to do, but they have the

government arms blazoned over their doors, and strut about in cocked hats and regimentals, and shake their heads, and look knowing, and talk about their government; they do not know what the government will think, &c., when half the time their government hardly knows of the existence of its worthy representatives. This was an old Maltese, who spoke French and Italian. He received me very kindly, and pressed me to stay all night. I told him that I was not an Englishman, and had no claim upon his hospitality; but he said that made no difference; that he was consul for all civilised nations, among which he did me the honour to include mine.

At three o'clock I took leave of the consul. My Greek friend accompanied me outside the gate, where my horses were waiting for me; and, at parting, begged me to remember that I had a friend, who hardly knew what pleasure was except in serving me. I told him that the happiness of my life was not complete before I met him; we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and, after a two hours' acquaintance, could hardly tear away from each other's embraces. Such is the force of sympathy between congenial spirits. My friend was a man about fifty, square built, broad shouldered, and big mustached; and the beauty of it was, that neither could understand a word the other said; and all this touching interchange of sentiment had to pass through my mustached, big-whiskered, double-fisted, six-foot interpreter.

At four o'clock we set out on our return; at seven we stopped in a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains, and on the sides of the mountains were a number of Turcoman's tents. The khan was worse than any I had yet seen. It had no floor, and no mat. The proprietor of the khan—if such a thing, consisting merely of four mud walls with a roof of branches, which seemed to have been laid there by the winds, could be said to have a proprietor—was uncommonly sociable; he set before me my supper, consisting of bread and yort—a preparation of milk—and appeared to be much amused at seeing me eat. He asked my guide many questions about me; examined my pistols, took off his turban, and put my hat upon his shaved head, which transformed him from a decidedly bold, slashing-looking fellow, into a decidedly sneaking-looking one. I had certainly got over all fastidiousness in regard to eating, drinking, and sleeping, but I could not stand the vermin at this khan. In the middle of the night I rose and went out of doors; it was a brilliant starlight night, and, as the bare earth was in any case to be my bed, I exchanged the mud floor of my khan for the greensward and the broad canopy of heaven. My Turk was sleeping on the ground, about a hundred yards from the house, with his horse grazing around him. I nestled close to him, and slept perhaps two hours. Towards morning I was awakened by the cold, and, with the selfishness of misery, I began punching my Turk under the ribs to wake him. This was no easy matter; but after a while I succeeded, got him to saddle the horses, and in a few minutes we were off, my Greek not at all pleased with having his slumbers so prematurely disturbed.

At about two o'clock we passed some of the sultan's volunteers. These were about fifty men chained together by the wrists and ankles, who had been chased, run down, and caught in some of the villages, and were now on their way to Constantinople, under a guard, to be trained as soldiers. I could but smile as I saw them, not at them, for, in truth, there was nothing in their condition to excite a smile, but at the recollection of an article I had seen a few days before in a European paper, which referred to the new levies making by the sultan, and the spirit with which his subjects entered into the service. They were a speaking comment upon European insight into Turkish politics. But, without more ado, suffice it to say, that at about four o'clock I found myself at the door of my hotel, my outer garments so covered with creeping things that my landlady, a prudent Swiss, with many apologies, begged me to shake myself before going into the house; and my nether

garments so stained with blood, that I looked as if a corps of the sultan's regulars had pricked me with their bayonets. My enthusiasm on the subject of the seven churches was in no small degree abated, and just at that moment I was willing to take upon trust the condition of the others, that all that was foretold of them in the Scriptures had come to pass. I again betook me to the bath, and, in thinking of the luxury of my repose, I feel for you, and come to a full stop.

CHAPTER X.

Position of Smyrna.—Consular Privileges.—The Case of the Lover.—End of the Love Affair.—The Missionary's Wife.—The Casino.—Only a Greek Row.—Rambles in Smyrna.—The Armenians.—Domestic Enjoyments.

BUT I must go back a little, and make the amende honourable, for, in truth, Ghiaour Ismir, or Infidel Smyrna, with its wild admixture of European and Asiatic population, deserves better than the rather cavalier notice contained in my letter.

Before reaching it, I had remarked its exceeding beauty of position, chosen as it is with that happy taste which distinguished the Greeks in selecting the sites of their ancient cities, on the declivity of a mountain running down to the shore of the bay, with houses rising in terraces on its sides; its domes and minarets, interspersed with cypresses, rising above the tiers of houses, and the summit of the hill crowned with a large solitary castle. It was the first large Turkish city I had seen, and it differed, too, from all other Turkish cities, in the strong foothold obtained there by Europeans. Indeed, remembering it as a place where often, and within a very few years, upon a sudden outbreaking of popular fury, the streets were deluged with Christian blood, I was particularly struck, not only with the air of confidence and security, but in fact with the bearing of superiority assumed by the "Christian dog" among the followers of the Prophet.

Directly on the bay is a row of large houses running along the whole front of the city, among which are seen emblazoned over the doors the arms of most of the foreign consuls, including the American. By the treaties of the Porte with Christian powers, the Turkish tribunals have no jurisdiction in matters touching the rights of foreign residents; and all disputes between these, and even criminal offences, fall under the cognisance of their respective consuls. This gives the consuls in all the maritime ports of Turkey great power and position; and all over the Levant they are great people; but at Smyrna they are far more important than ambassadors and ministers at the European capitals; and with their janizaries and their appearance on all public occasions in uniform, are looked up to by the Levantines somewhat like the consuls sent abroad under the Roman empire, and by the Turks as almost sultans.

The morning after my arrival I delivered letters of introduction to Mr Offley, the American consul, a native of Philadelphia, thirty years resident in Smyrna, and married to an Armenian lady; Mr Langdon, a merchant of Boston; and Mr Styth, of Baltimore, of the firm of Issavardens, Styth, and Company; one to Mr Jetter, a German missionary, whose lady told me, while her husband was reading it, that she had met me in the street the day before, and on her return home told him that an American had just arrived. I was curious to know the mark by which she recognised me as an American, being rather dubious whether it was by reason of any thing praiseworthy, or the reverse; but she could not tell.

I trust the reader has not forgotten the victim of the tender passion, who, in the moment of my leaving Athens, had reposed in my sympathising bosom the burden of his hopes and fears. At the very first house in which I was introduced to the female members of the family, I found making a morning call the lady who had made such inroads upon his affections. I had already heard her spoken of as being the largest for-

tune, and, par consequence, the greatest belle in Smyrna, and I hailed it as a favourable omen that I accidentally made her acquaintance so soon after my arrival. I made my observations, and could not help remarking that she was by no means pining away on account of the absence of my friend. I was almost indignant at her heartless happiness, and, taking advantage of an opportunity, introduced his name, hoping to see a shade come over her, and, perhaps, to strike her pensive for two or three minutes; but her comment was a death-blow to my friend's prospects and my mediation—"Poor M.!" and all present repeated "Poor M.!" with a portentous smile, and the next moment had forgotten his existence. I went away in the full conviction that it was all over with "Poor M.!"—and murmuring to myself, "Put not your trust in woman." I dined, and in the afternoon called with my letter of introduction upon his friend, the Rev. Mr. Brewer; and Mr. Brewer's comment on reading it was about equal to the lady's "Poor M.!" He asked me in what condition I left our unfortunate friend. I told him his *leg* was pretty bad, though he continued to hobble about; but Mr. Brewer interrupted me; he did not mean his leg, but—he hesitated, and with reluctance, as if he wished to avoid speaking of it outright, added—*his mind*. I did not comprehend him, and, from his hesitation and delicacy, imagined that he was alluding to the lover's heart; but he cleared the matter up, and to my no small surprise, by telling me that, some time before he left Smyrna, "Poor M." had shown such strong marks of aberration of intellect, that his friends had deemed it advisable to put him under the charge of a brother missionary and send him home, and that they hoped great benefit from travel and change of scene. I was surprised, and by no means elevated in my own conceit, when I found that I had been made the confidant of a crazy man. Mr. Hill, not knowing of any particular intimacy between us, and probably not wishing to publish his misfortune unnecessarily, had not given me the slightest intimation of it, and I had not discovered it. I had considered his communication to me strange, and his general conduct not less so, but I had no idea that it was any thing more than the ordinary derangement which every man is said to labour under when in love. I then told Mr. Brewer my story, and the commission with which I was entrusted, which he said was perfectly characteristic, his malady being a sort of monomania on the subject of the tender passion; and every particle of interest which I might nevertheless have taken in the affair, in connecting his derangement in some way with the lady in question, was destroyed by the volatile direction of his passion, sometimes to one object, and sometimes to another; and in regard to the lady to whom I was accredited, he had never shown any *penchant* towards her in particular, and must have given me her name because it happened to be the first that suggested itself at the moment of his unburdening himself to me. Fortunately, I had not exposed myself by any demonstrations in behalf of my friend, so I quietly dropped him. On leaving Mr. Brewer, I suggested a doubt whether I could be regarded as an acquaintance upon the introduction of a crazy man; but we had gone so far that it was decided, for that specific purpose, to admit his sanity. I should not mention these particulars, if there was any possibility of their ever wounding the feelings of him to whom they refer; but he is now beyond the reach either of calumny or praise, for about a year after, I heard, with great regret, that his malady had increased, accompanied with a general derangement of health, and shortly after his return home, he died.

My _____ with the Franks was confined principally to my own countrymen, whose houses were open to me at all times; and I cannot help mentioning the name of Mr. Van Lennup, the Dutch consul, the great friend of the missionaries in the Levant, who had been two years resident in the United States, and was intimately acquainted with many of my friends at home. Society in Smyrna is purely mercantile, and having

been so long out of the way of it, it was actually grateful to me once more to hear men talking with all their souls about cotton, stocks, exchanges, and other topics of interest, in the literal meaning of the word. Sometimes lounging in a merchant's counting-room, I took up an American paper, and heard Boston, and New York, and Baltimore, and cotton, and opium, and freight, and quarter per cent. less, bandied about, until I almost fancied myself at home; and when this became too severe, I had a recourse with the missionaries, gentlemanly and well-educated men, well acquainted with the countries and places worth visiting, with just the books I wanted, and, I had almost said, the wives—I mean with wives always glad to see a countryman, and to talk about home. There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. A soldier's is more so, for she follows him to danger, and, perhaps, to death; but glory waits him if he falls, and while she weeps, she is proud. Before I went abroad, the only missionary I ever knew I despised, for I believed him to be a canting hypocrite; but I saw much of them abroad, and made many warm friends among them, and, I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant that the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from the shock of a separation from her friends, to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency, she raises his drooping spirits—she bathes his aching head—she smooths his pillow of sickness; and, after months of wearisome silence, I have entered her dwelling, and her heart instinctively told her that I was from the same land. I have been welcomed as a brother; answered her hurried, and anxious, and eager questions; and sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils and privations of a traveller in the East. I have left her dwelling burdened with remembrances to friends whom she will perhaps never see again. I bore a letter to a father, which was opened by a widowed mother. Where I could, I have discharged every promise to a missionary's wife; but I have some yet undischarged, which I rank among the sacred obligations of my life. It is true, the path of the missionary is not strewn with roses; but often, in leaving his house at night, and following my guide with a lantern through the narrow streets of a Turkish city, I have run over the troubles incident to every condition of life, not forgetting those of a traveller, and have taken to whistling, and, as I stumbled into the gate of an old convent, have murmured involuntarily, "After all, these missionaries are happy fellows."

Every stranger, upon his arrival in Smyrna, is introduced at the casino. I went there the first time to a concert. It is a large building, erected by a club of merchants, with a suite of rooms on the lower floor, billiards, cards, reading and sitting room, and a ballroom above, covering the whole. The concert was given in the ballroom, and from what I had seen in the streets, I expected an extraordinary display of beauty, but I was much disappointed. The company consisted only of the aristocracy or higher mercantile classes, the families of the gentlemen composing the club, and excluded the Greek and Smyrniote women, among whom is found a great portion of the beauty of the place. A patent of nobility in Smyrna, as in our own city, is founded upon the time since the possessor gave up selling goods, or the number of consignments he receives in the course of a year. The casino, by the way, is a very aristocratic institution, and sometimes knotty questions occur in its management. Captains of merchant vessels are not admitted. A man came out as owner of a vessel and cargo, and also master; *quere*, could he be admitted? His said yes; but the majority, not being interested in the

sales of his cargo, went for a strict construction, and excluded him.

The population of Smyrna, professing three distinct religions, observe three different Sabbaths: the Mahomedans Friday, the Jews Saturday, and the Christians Sunday, so that there are only four days in the week in which all the shops and bazaars are open together, and there are so many fête days that these are much broken in upon. The most perfect toleration prevails, and the religious festivals of the Greeks often terminate in midnight orgies, which debase and degrade the Christian in the eyes of the pious Mussulman.

On Saturday morning I was roused from my bed by a loud cry, and the tramp of a crowd through the street. I ran to my window, and saw a Greek tearing down the street at full speed, and another after him with a drawn yataghan in his hand; the latter gained ground at every step, and, just as he turned the corner, stabbed the first in the back. He returned with the bloody poniard in his hand, followed by the crowd, and rushed into a little Greek drinking-shop next door to my hotel. There was a loud noise and scuffling inside, and presently I saw him pitched out headlong into the street, and the door closed upon him. In a phrensy of passion he rushed back, and drove his yataghan with all his force into the door, stamped against it with his feet, and battered it with stones; unable to force it open, he sat down on the opposite side of the street, occasionally renewing his attack upon the door, talking violently with those inside, and sometimes the whole crowd laughing loud at the answers from within. Nobody attempted to interfere. Giuseppe, my host, said it was only a row among the Greeks. The Greek kept the street in an uproar for more than an hour, when he was secured and taken into custody.

After dinner, under the escort of a merchant, a Jew from Trieste, residing at the same hotel, I visited the Jews' quarter. The Jews of Smyrna are the descendants of that unhappy people who were driven put from Spain by the bloody persecutions of Ferdinand and Isabel; they still talk Spanish in their families; and though comparatively secure now as ever, they live the victims of tyranny and oppression, ever toiling and accumulating, and ever fearing to exhibit the fruits of their industry, lest they should excite the cupidity of a rapacious master. Their quarter is by far the most miserable in Smyrna, and within its narrow limits are congregated more than ten thousand of "the accursed people." It was with great difficulty that I avoided wounding the feelings of my companion by remarking its filthy and disgusting appearance; and wishing to remove my unfavourable impression by introducing me to some of the best families first, he was obliged to drag me through the whole range of its narrow and dirty streets. From the external appearance of the tottering houses, I did not expect any thing better within; and, out of regard to his feelings, was really sorry that I had accepted his offer to visit his people; but with the first house I entered, I was most agreeably disappointed. Ascending outside by a tottering staircase to the second story, within was not only neatness and comfort, but positive luxury. At one end of a spacious room was a raised platform opening upon a large latticed window, covered with rich rugs and divans along the wall. The master of the house was taking his afternoon siesta; and while we were waiting for him, I expressed to my gratified companion my surprise and pleasure at the unexpected appearance of the interior. In a few minutes the master entered, and received us with the greatest hospitality and kindness. He was about thirty, with the high square cap of black felt, without any rim or border, long silk gown tied with a sash around the waist, a strongly marked Jewish face, and amiable expression. In the house of the Israelite, the welcome is the same as in that of the Turk; and seating himself, our host clasped his hands together, and a boy entered with coffee and pipes. After a little conversation, he clasped his hands again; and hearing a clatter of wooden shoes, I turned my head and saw a little girl coming

across the room, mounted on high wooden sabots almost like stilts, who stepped up the platform, and with quite a womanly air took her seat on the divan. I looked at her, and thought her a pert, forward little miss, and was about asking her how old she was, when my companion told me she was our host's wife. I checked myself, but in a moment felt more than ever tempted to ask the same question; and upon inquiring, learned that she had attained the respectable age of thirteen, and had been then two years a wife. Our host told us that she had cost him a great deal of money, and the expense consisted in the outlay necessary for procuring a divorce from another wife. He did not like the other one at all; his father had married him to her, and he had great difficulty in prevailing on his father to go to the expense of getting him freed. This wife was also provided by his father, and he did not like her much at first; he had never seen her till the day of marriage, but now he began to like her very well, though she cost him a great deal for ornaments. All this time we were looking at her, and she, with a perfectly composed expression, was listening to the conversation as my companion interpreted it, and following with her eyes the different speakers. I was particularly struck with the cool, imperturbable expression of her face, and could not help thinking, that on the subject of likings and dislikings, young as she was, she might have some curious notions of her own; and since we had fallen into this little disquisition on family matters, and thinking that he had gone so far himself that I might waive delicacy, I asked him whether she liked him; he answered in that easy tone of confidence of which no idea can be given in words, "Oh yes;" and when I intimated a doubt, he told me I might ask herself. But I forbore, and did not ask her, and so lost the opportunity of learning from both sides the practical operation of matches made by parents. Our host sustained them; the plan saved a great deal of trouble, and wear and tear of spirit; prudent parents always selected such as were likely to suit each other; and being thrown together very young, they insensibly assimilated in tastes and habits; he admitted that he had missed it the first time, but he had hit it the second, and allowed that the system would work much better if the cost of procuring a divorce was not so great. With the highest respect, and a pressing invitation to come again, seconded by his wife, I took my leave of the self-satisfied Israelite.

From this we went into several other houses, in all of which the interior belied, in the same manner, their external appearance. I do not say that they were gorgeous or magnificent, but they were clean, comfortable, and striking by their oriental style of architecture and furniture; and being their Sabbath, the women were in their best attire, with their heads, necks, and wrists, adorned with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments. Several of the houses had libraries, with old Hebrew books, in which an old rabbi was reading or sometimes instructing children. In the last house a son was going through his days of mourning on the death of his father. He was lying in the middle of the floor, with his black cap on, and covered with a long black cloak. Twenty or thirty friends were sitting on the floor around him, who had come in to condole with him. When we entered, neither he nor any of his friends took any notice of us, except to make room on the floor. We sat down with them. It was growing dark, and the light broke dimly through the latticed windows upon the dusky figures of the mourning Israelites; and there they sat, with stern visages and long beards, the feeble remnant of a fallen people, under scorn and contumely, and persecution and oppression, holding on to the traditions received from their fathers, practising in the privacy of their houses the same rights as when the priests bore aloft the ark of the covenant, and out of the very dust in which they lie still looking for the restoration of their temporal kingdom. In another room sat the widow of the deceased, with a group of women around her, all silent; and they, too, took no notice of us either when we entered or when we went away.

The next day the shops were shut, and the streets again thronged as on the day of my arrival. I went to church at the English chapel attached to the residence of the British consul, and heard a sermon from a German missionary. I dined at one o'clock, and in company with mine host of the Pension Suisse, and a merchant of Smyrna resident there, worked my way up the hill through the heart of the Turks' quarter, to the old castle standing alone and in ruins on its summit. We rested a little while at the foot of the castle, and looked over the city and the tops of the minarets upon the beautiful bay, and descending in the rear of the castle, we came to the river Meles winding through a deep valley at the foot of the hill. This stream was celebrated in Grecian poetry three thousand years ago. It was the pride of the ancient Smyrniotes, once washed the walls of the ancient city, and tradition says that on its banks the nymph Critheia gave birth to Homer. We followed it in its winding course down the valley, murmuring among evergreens. Over it in two places were the ruins of aqueducts which carried water to the old city, and in one or two places it turns an overshot mill. On each side, at intervals along its banks, were oriental summer-houses, with verandahs, and balconies, and latticed windows. Approaching the caravan bridge we met straggling parties, and by degrees fell into a crowd of people, Franks, Europeans of every nation, Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, in all their striking costumes, sitting on benches under the shade of noble old sycamores, or on the grass, or on the river's brink; and moving among them were Turks cleanly dressed, with trays of refreshments, ices, and sherbet. There was an unusual collection of Greek and Smyrniote women, and an extraordinary display of beauty; none of them wore hats, but the Greek women a light gauze turban, and the Smyrniotes a small piece of red cloth, worked with gold, secured on the top of the head by the folds of the hair, with a long tassel hanging down from it. Opposite, and in striking contrast, the great Turkish burying-ground, with its thick grove of gloomy cypress, approached the bank of the river. I crossed over and entered the burying-ground, and penetrated the grove of funeral trees; all around were the graves of the dead; thousands and tens of thousands who but yesterday were like the gay crowd I saw flitting through the trees, were sleeping under my feet. Over some of the graves the earth was still fresh, and they who lay in them were already forgotten; but no, they were not forgotten; woman's love still remembered them, for Turkish women, with long white shawls wrapped around their faces, were planting over them myrtle and flowers, believing that they were paying an acceptable tribute to the souls of the dead. I left the burying-ground, and plunged once more among the crowd. It may be that memory paints these scenes brighter than they were; but if that does not deceive me, I never saw at Paris or Vienna so gay and beautiful a scene, so rich in landscape and scenery, in variety of costume, and in beauty of female form and feature.

We left the caravan bridge early to visit the Armenian quarter, this being the best day for seeing them collectively at home; and I had not passed through the first street of their beautiful quarter, before I was forcibly struck with the appearance of a people different from any I had yet seen in the east. The Armenians are one of the oldest nations of the civilised world, and, amid all the revolutions of barbarian war and despotism, have maintained themselves as a cultivated people. From the time when their first chieftain fled from Babylon, his native place, to escape from the tyranny of Belus, king of Assyria, this warlike people, occupying a mountainous country near the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates, battled the Assyrians, Medes, the Persians, Macedonians, and Arabians, until their country was depopulated by the shah of Persia. Less than two millions are all that now remain of that once fertile people. Commerce has scattered them, like Israelites, among all the principal nations of Europe and Asia, and every where they have preserved their

stern integrity and uprightness of character. The Armenian merchant is now known in every quarter of the globe, and every where distinguished by superior cultivation, honesty, and manners. As early as the fourth century, the Armenians embraced Christianity; they never had any sympathy with, and always disliked and avoided, the Greek Christians, and constantly resisted the endeavours of the popes to bring them within the Catholic pale. Their doctrine differs from that of the orthodox chiefly in their admitting only one nature in Christ, and believing the Holy Spirit to issue from the Father alone. Their first abode, Mount Ararat, is even at the present day the centre of their religious and political union. They are distinguished by a patriarchal simplicity in their domestic manners; and it was the beautiful exhibition of this trait in their character that struck me on entering their quarter at Smyrna. In style and appearance, their quarter is superior to any in Smyrna; their streets are broad and clean; their houses large, in good order, and well painted; oriental in their style of architecture, with large balconies and latticed windows, and spacious halls running through the centre, floored with small black and white stones laid in the form of stars and other fanciful devices, and leading to large gardens in the rear, ornamented with trees, vines, shrubs, and flowers, then in full bloom and beauty. All along the streets the doors of the houses were thrown wide open, and the old Armenian "Knickerbockers" were sitting outside or in the doorway, in their flowing robes, grave and sedate, with long pipes and large amber mouth-pieces, talking with their neighbours, while the younger members were distributed along the hall, or strolling through the garden, and children climbing the trees and arbours. It was a fête day for the whole neighbourhood. All was social, and cheerful, and beautiful, without being gay or noisy, and all was open to the observation of every passer-by. My companion, an old resident of Smyrna, stopped with me at the house of a large banker, whose whole family, with several neighbours, young and old, were assembled in the hall.

In the street the Armenian ladies observe the Turkish custom of wearing the shawl tied around the face, so that it is difficult to see their features, though I had often admired the dignity and grace of their walk, and their propriety of manners; but in the house there was a perfect absence of all concealment; and I have seldom seen more interesting persons than the whole group of Armenian ladies, and particularly the young Armenian girls. They were not so dark, and wanted the bold, daring beauty of the Greek, but altogether were far more attractive. The great charm of their appearance was an exceeding modesty, united with affability and elegance of manner; in fact, there was a calm and quiet loveliness about them that would have made any one of them dangerous to be shut up alone with, that is, if a man could talk with her without an interpreter. This was one of the occasions when I numbered among the pains of life the confusion of tongues. But, notwithstanding this, the whole scene was beautiful; and with all the simplicity of a Dutchman's fireside, the style of the house, the pebbled hall, the garden, the foliage, and the oriental costumes, threw a charm around it which new, while I write, comes over me again.

CHAPTER XI.

An American Original.—Moral Changes in Turkey.—Wonders of Steam Navigation.—The March of Mind.—Classic Localities.—Sestos and Abydos.—Seeds of Pestilence.

On my return from Ephesus, I heard of the arrival in Smyrna of two American travellers, father and son, from Egypt; and the same day, at Mr Langdon's, I met the father, Dr N. of Mississippi. The doctor had made a long and interesting tour in Egypt and the Holy Land, interrupted, however, by a severe attack of ophthalmia on the Nile, from which he had not yet recovered, and a narrow escape from the plague at Cairo. He was about fifty-five, of a strong, active, and

inquiring mind; and the circumstances which had brought him to that distant country were so peculiar that I cannot help mentioning them. He had passed all his life on the banks of the Mississippi, and for many years had busied himself with speculations in regard to the creation of the world. Year after year he had watched the deposits and the formation of soil on the banks of the Mississippi, had visited every mound and mountain indicating any peculiar geological formation, and, unable to find any data to satisfy him, he started from his plantation directly for the banks of the Nile. He possessed all the warm, high-toned feelings of the southerner, but a thorough contempt for the usages of society, and every thing like polish of manners. He came to New York, and embarked for Havre. He had never been even to New York before; was utterly ignorant of any language but his own; despised all foreigners, and detested their "jabber." He worked his way to Marseilles with the intention of embarking for Alexandria, but was taken sick, and retraced his steps directly to his plantation on the Mississippi. Recovering, he again set out for the Nile the next year, accompanied by his son, a young man of about twenty-three, acquainted with foreign languages, and competent to profit by foreign travel. This time he was more successful, and when I saw him, he had rambled over the pyramids, and explored the ruined temples of Egypt. The result of his observations had been to fortify his preconceived notions, that the age of this world far exceeds six thousand years. Indeed, he was firmly persuaded that some of the temples of the Nile were built more than six thousand years ago. He had sent on to Smyrna enormous boxes of earth and stones, to be shipped to America, and was particularly curious on the subject of trees, having examined and satisfied himself as to the age of the olive-trees in the Garden of Gethsemane and the cedars of Lebanon. I accompanied him to his hotel, where I was introduced to his son; and I must not forget another member of this party, who is perhaps already known to some of my readers by the name of Paolo Nuozzo, or, more familiarly, Paul. This worthy individual had been travelling on the Nile with two Hungarian counts, who discharged him, or whom he discharged (for they differed as to the fact), at Cairo. Dr N. and his son were in want, and Paul entered their service as dragoman and superintendant of another man, who, they said, was worth a dozen of Paul. I have a very imperfect recollection of my first interview with this original. Indeed, I hardly remember him at all until my arrival at Constantinople, and have only an indistinct impression of a dark, surly-looking, mustached man, following at the heels of Dr N., and giving crusty answers in horrible English.

Before my visit to Ephesus, I had talked with a Prussian baron of going up by land to Constantinople, but on my return I found myself attacked with a recurrence of an old malady, and determined to wait for the steam-boat. The day before I left Smyrna, accompanied by Mr O. Langdon, I went out to Boujac to dine with Mr Styth. The great beauty of Smyrna is its surrounding country. Within a few miles there are three villages, Bournabat, Boujac, and Sedigney, occupied by Franks, of which Boujac is the favourite. The Franks are always looking to the time of going out to their country houses, and consider their residences in their villages the most agreeable part of their year; and, from what I saw of it, nothing can be more agreeable. Not more than half of them had yet moved out, but after dinner we went round and visited all who were there. They are all well acquainted, and, living in a strange and barbarous country, are drawn closer together than they would be in their own. Every evening there is a reunion at some of their houses, and there is among them an absence of all unnecessary form and ceremony, without which there can be no perfect enjoyment of the true pleasures of social intercourse. These villages, too, are endeared to them as places of refuge during the repeated and prolonged visitations of the plague, the merchant going into the city every morning

and returning at night, and during the whole continuance of the disease avoiding to touch any member of his family. The whole region of country around their villages is beautiful in landscape and scenery, producing the choicest flowers and fruits; the fig tree, particularly, growing with a luxuriance unknown in any other part of the world. But the whole of this beautiful region lies waste and uncultivated, although, if the government could be relied on, holding out, by reason of its fertility, its climate, and its facility of access, particularly now by means of steam-boats, far greater inducements to European emigration than any portion of our own country. I will not impose upon the reader my spe-

my notes are burdened with them; but, in my opinion, the Old World is in process of regeneration, and at this moment offers greater opportunities for enterprise than the New.

On Monday, accompanied by Dr N. and his son, and Paolo Nuozzo, I embarked on board the steam-boat Maria Dorothea for Constantinople; and here follows another letter, and the last, dated from the capital of the eastern empire.

Constantinople, May —, 1835.

MY DEAR *****—Oh, you who hope one day to roam in eastern lands, to bend your curious eyes upon the people warmed by the rising sun, come quickly, for all things are changing. You who have pored over the story of the Turk; who have dreamed of him as a gloomy enthusiast, hating, spurning, and slaying, all who do not believe and call upon the Prophet:

"One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To earnage and the Koran given;
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to Heaven;"

come quickly, for that description of Turk is passing away. The day has gone by when the haughty Mussulman spurned and persecuted the "Christian dog." A few years since it would have been at the peril of a man's life to appear in many parts of Turkey in a European dress; but now the European is looked upon, not only as a creature fit to live, but as a man to be respected. The sultan himself, the great head of the nation and the religion, the vicergerent of God upon earth, has taken off the turban, and all the officers of government have followed his example. The army wears a bastard European uniform, and the great study of the sultan is to introduce European customs. Thanks to the infirmities of human nature, many of these customs have begun to insinuate themselves. The pious follower of the Prophet has dared to raise the wine-cup to his lips; and, in many instances, at the peril of losing his paradise of hours, has given himself up to strong drink. Time was when the word of a Turk was sacred as a precept of the Koran; now he can no more be relied upon than a Jew or a Christian. He has fallen with great facility into lying, cheating, and drinking; and if the earnest efforts to change him are attended with success, perhaps we may soon add stealing, and having but one wife. And all this change, this mighty fall, is ascribed by the Europeans here to the destruction of

brave, turbulent, and bloody, but of indomitable pride; who were above doing little things, and who gave a high tone to the character of the whole people. If I was not bent upon a gallop, and could stop for the jog-trot of an argument, I would say that the destruction of the janizaries is a mere incidental circumstance, and that the true cause is—*steam navigation*. Do not laugh, but listen. The Turks have ever been a proud people, possessing a sort of peacock pride, an extravagantly good opinion of themselves, and a superlative contempt for all the rest of the world. Heretofore they have had comparatively little intercourse with Europeans, consequently but little opportunity of making comparisons, and consequently, again, but little means of discovering their own inferiority. But lately things have changed. Steam-boats into the Mediterranean, have brought the

Europeans and the Turks comparatively close together. It seems to me that the effect of steam-boats here has as yet hardly begun to be felt. There are but few of them, indifferent boats, constantly getting out of order, and running so irregularly that no reliance can be placed upon them. But still their effects are felt, their convenience is acknowledged; and so far as my knowledge extends, they have never been introduced any where yet without multiplying in numbers, and driving all other vessels off the water. Now, the Mediterranean is admirably suited to the use of steam-boats; indeed, the whole of these inland waters, the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, the Archipelago, the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Black Sea, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Sea of Azoff, offer every facility that can be desired for steam navigation; and when we consider that the most interesting cities in the world are on the shores of these waters, I cannot but believe that in a very few years they will be, to a certain extent, covered with steam-boats. At all events, I have no doubt that in two or three years you will be able to go from Paris to Constantinople in fifteen or twenty days; and when that time comes, it will throw such numbers of Europeans into the east as will have a sensible effect upon the manners and customs of the people. These eastern countries will be invaded by all classes of people, travellers, merchants, and mechanics, gentlemen of elegant leisure, and blacksmiths, shoemakers, tinkers, and tailors, nay, even mantuamakers, milliners, and handboxes, the last being an incident to civilised life as yet unknown in Turkey. Indeed, wonderful as the effects of steam-boats have been under our own eyes, we are yet to see them far more wonderful, in bringing into close alliance, commercial and social, people from distant countries, of different languages and habits; in removing national prejudices, and in breaking down the great characteristic distinctions of nations. *Nous verrons*, twenty years hence, what steam-boats will have done in this part of the world!

But in standing up for steam-boats, I must not fail in doing justice to the grand seignior. His highness has not always slept upon a bed of roses. He had to thank the petticoats of a female slave for saving his life when a boy, and he had hardly got upon his throne before he found that he should have a hard task to keep it. It lay between him and the janizaries. In spite of them and of the general prejudices of the people, he determined to organise an army according to European tactics. He staked his throne and his head upon the issue; and it was not until he had been pushed to the desperate expedient of unfurling the sacred standard of the Prophet, parading it through the streets of Constantinople, and calling upon all good Mussulmans to rally round it—in short, it was not until the dead bodies of 30,000 janizaries were floating down the Bosphorus—that he found himself the master in his own dominions. Since that time, either because he is fond of new things, or because he really sees farther than those around him, he is constantly endeavouring to introduce European improvements. For this purpose he invites talent, particularly mechanical and military, from every country, and has now around him Europeans among his most prominent men, and directing nearly all his public works.

The Turks are a sufficiently intelligent people, and cannot help feeling the superiority of strangers. Probably the immediate effect may be to make them prone rather to catch the faults and vices than the virtues of Europeans; but afterwards better things will come; they will fall into our better ways; and perhaps, though that is almost more than we dare hope for, they will embrace a better religion.

But however this may be, or whatever may be the cause, all ye who would see the Turk of Mahommed—the Turk who swept the plains of Asia, who leaned upon his bloody sword before the walls of Vienna, and threatened the destruction of Christendom in Europe—the Turk of the turban, and the pipe, and the seraglio—come quickly, for he is becoming another man. A little

longer, and the great characteristic distinctions will be broken down; the long pipe, the handsome pipe-bearer, and the amber mouthpiece, are gone; and oh! death to all that is beautiful in Eastern romance, the walls of the seraglio are prostrated, the doors of the harem thrown open, the black eunuch and the veiled women are no more seen, while the honest Turk trudges home from a quiet tea-party stripped of his retinue of fair ones, with his one and only wife tucked under his arm, his head drooping between his shoulders, taking a lecture from his better half for an involuntary sigh to the good old days that are gone. And, oh! you who turn up your aristocratic noses at such *parvenus* as Mahommed and the Turks; who would go back to those distant ages which time covers with its dim and twilight glories,

“When the world was fresh and young,

And the great deluge still had left it green;”

you who come piping-hot from college, your brains teeming with recollections of the heroic ages, who would climb Mount Ida, to sit in council with the gods, come quickly, also, for all things are changing. A steam-boat—shade of Hector, Ajax, and Agamemnon, forgive the sins of the day—ing the island-studded Ægean, and paddling the classic waters of the Hellespont. Oh! ye princes and heroes who armed for the Trojan war, and covered these waters with your thousand ships, with what pious horror must you look down from your blessed abodes upon the impious modern master of the deep, which strips the tall mast of its flowing canvas, renders unnecessary the propitiation of the gods, and flounders on its way in spite of wind and weather!

A new and unaccountable respect for the classics almost made me scorn the newfangled conveyance, though much to the comfort of wayfaring men; but sundry recollections of Greek caiques, and also an apprehension that there might be those yet living who had heard me in early days speak any thing but respectfully of Homer, suggested to me that one man could not stem the current of the times, and that it was better for a humble individual like myself to float with the tide. This idea, too, of currents and tides made me think better of Prince Metternich and his steam-boat; and smothering, as well as I could, my sense of shame, I sneaked on board the Maria Dorothea for a race to Constantinople. Join me, now, in this race; and if your heart does not break at going by at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, I will whip you over a piece of the most classic ground consecrated in history, mythology, or poetry, and in less time than ever the swift-footed Achilles could have travelled it. At eleven o'clock on a bright sunny day, the Maria Dorothea turned her back upon the city and beautiful bay of Smyrna; in about two hours passed the harbour of Vourla, then used as a quarantine station, the yellow-plague flag floating in the city and among the shipping; and towards dark, turning the point of the gulf, came upon my old acquaintance Foggi, the little harbour into which I had been twice driven by adverse winds. My Greek friend happened to be on board, and, in the honesty of his heart, congratulated me upon being this time independent of the elements, without seeming to care a fig whether he profaned the memory of his ancestors in travelling by so unclassical a conveyance. If he takes it so coolly, thought I, what is it to me? they are his relations, not mine. In the evening we were moving close to the Island of Mytilene, the ancient Lesbos, the country of Sappho, Alceus, and Terpander, famed for the excellence of its wine and the beauty of its women, and pre-eminently distinguished for dissipation and debauchery, the fatal plague-flag now floating mournfully over its walls, marking it as the abode of pestilence and death.

Early in the morning I found myself opposite the promontory of Lectum, now Cape Baba, separating the ancient Troas from Æolia; a little to the right, but hardly visible, were the ruins of Assos, where the apostles stopped to take in Paul; a little farther the ruins of Alexandria Troas, one of the many cities founded by

Alexander during his conquests in Asia; to the left, at some distance in the sea, is the Island of Lemnos, in the songs of the poets overshadowed by the lofty Olympus, the island that received Vulcan after he was kicked out of heaven by Jupiter. A little farther, nearer the land, is the Island of Tenedos, the ancient Leucophrya, where Paris first landed after carrying off Helen, and behind which the Greeks withdrew their fleet when they pretended to have abandoned the siege of Troy. Still farther, on the mainland, is the promontory of Sigæum, where the Scamander empties into the sea, and near which were fought the principal of Homer's battles. A little farther—but hold, stop the engine! If there be a spot of classic ground on earth in which the historical, and the poetical, and the fabulous, are so beautifully blended together that we would not separate them even to discover the truth, it is before us now. Extending for a great distance along the shore, and back as far as the eye can reach, under the purest sky that ever overshadowed the earth, lies a rich and beautiful plain, and it is the plain of Troy, the battle-ground of heroes. Oh field of glory and of blood, little does he know, that surly Turk who is now lazily following his plough over thy surface, that every blade of thy grass could tell of heroic deeds, the shock of armies, the meeting of war-chariots, the crashing of armour, the swift flight, the hot pursuit, the shouts of victors, and the groans of the dying. Beyond it, towering to the heavens, is a lofty mountain, and it is mount Ida, on whose top Paris adjudged the golden apple to the goddess of beauty, and paved the way for those calamities which brought on the ten years' siege, and laid in ruins the ancient city of Priam. Two small streams, taking their rise from the mountain of the gods, join each other in the middle of the plain; Scamander and Simois, whose waters once washed the walls of the ancient city of Dardanus; and that small, confused, and shapeless mass of ruins, that beautiful sky and the songs of Homer, are all that remain to tell us that "Troy was." Close to the sea, and rising like mountains above the plain, are two immense mounds of earth; they are the tombs of Ajax and Achilles. Shades of departed heroes, fain would we stop and pay the tribute which we justly owe, but we are hurried past by an engine of a hundred horse power!

Onward, still onward! We have reached the ancient Hellespont, the Dardanelles of the Turks, famed as the narrow water that divides Europe from Asia, for the beauties that adorn its banks, and for its great Turkish fortifications. Three miles wide at the mouth, it becomes gradually narrower, until, in the narrowest part, the natives of Europe and Asia can talk together from the opposite sides. For sixty miles (its whole length) it presents a continued succession of new beauties, and in the hands of Europeans, particularly English, improved as country seats, would make one of the loveliest countries in the world. I had just time to reflect that it was melancholy, and seemed inexplicable, that this and other of the fairest portions of the earth should be in the hands of the Turks, who neither improve it themselves nor allow others to do so. At three o'clock we arrived at the Dardanelles, a little Turkish town in the narrowest and most beautiful part of the straits; a strong fort with enormous cannon stands frowning on each side. These are the terrible fortifications of Mahommed II., the keys of Constantinople. The guns are enormous; of one, in particular, the muzzle is two feet three inches in diameter; but, with Turkish ingenuity, they are so placed as to be discharged when a ship is directly opposite. If the ship is not disabled by the first fire, and does not choose to go back and take another, she is safe. At every moment a new picture presents itself; a new fort, a new villa, or the ruins of an ancient city. A naked point on the European side, so ugly compared with all around it as to attract particular attention, projects into the strait, and here are the ruins of Sestos; here Xerxes built his bridge of boats to carry over his millions to the conquest of Greece; and here, when he returned with the wreck

of his army, defeated and disgraced, found his bridge destroyed by a tempest, and, in his rage, ordered the chains to be thrown into the sea, and the waves to be lashed with rods. From this point, too, Leander swam the Hellespont for love of Hero, and Lord Byron and Mr Ekenhead for fun. Nearly opposite, close to a Turkish fort, are the ruins of Abydos. Here Xerxes, and Leander, and Lord Byron, and Mr Ekenhead, landed.

Our voyage is drawing to a close. At Gallipoli, a large Turkish town handsomely situated at the mouth of the Dardanelles, we took on board the Turkish governor, with his pipe-bearer and train of attendants, escorted by thirty or forty boats, containing three or four hundred people, his mightiness taking a deck passage. Towards evening we were entering the Sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis, like one of our small lakes, and I again went to sleep, lulled by the music of a high-pressure engine. At daylight we were approaching Constantinople; twelve miles this side, on the bank of the Sea of Marmora, is the village of St Stephano, the residence of Commodore Porter. Here the domes and minarets of the ancient city, with their golden points and glittering crescents, began to appear in sight. High above the rest towered the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and the beautiful dome of St Sophia, the ancient Christian church, but now, for nearly four hundred years, closed against the Christians' feet. We approach the walls, and pass a range of gloomy turrets; there are the Seven Towers, prisons, portals of the grave, whose mysteries few live to publish; the bow-string and the sea reveal no secrets. That palace with its blinded windows and its superb garden, surrounded by a triple range of walls, is the far-famed seraglio; there beauty lingers in a splendid cage, and, lolling on her rich divan, sighs for the humblest lot and freedom. In front, that narrow water, a thousand caïques shooting through it like arrows, and its beautiful banks covered with high palaces and gardens in the oriental style, is the Thracian Bosphorus. We float around the walls of the seraglio, enter the Golden Horn, and before us, with its thousand mosques and its myriad of minarets, their golden points glittering in the sun, is the Roman city of Constantinople, the Thracian Byzantium, the Stamboul of the Turks; the city which, more than all others, excites the imagination and interests the feelings; once dividing with Rome the empire of the world; built by a Christian emperor, and consecrated as a Christian city, a "burning and a shining light" in a season of universal darkness, all at once lost to the civilised world; falling into the hands of a strange and fanatic people, the gloomy followers of a successful soldier; a city which, for nearly four centuries, has sat with its gates closed in sullen distrust and haughty defiance of strangers; which once sent forth large and terrible armies, burning, slaying, and destroying, shaking the hearts of princes and people, now lying like a fallen giant, huge, unwieldy, and helpless, ready to fall into the hands of the first invader, and dragging out a precarious and ignoble existence but by the mercy and policy of the great Christian powers. The morning sun, now striking upon its domes and minarets, covers it, as it were, with burnished gold; a beautiful verdure surrounds it, and pure waters wash it on every side. Can this beautiful city, rich with the choicest gifts of Heaven, be pre-eminently the abode of pestilence and death!—where a man carries about with him the seeds of disease to all whom he holds dear!—if he extend the hand of welcome to a friend, if he embrace his child, or rub against a stranger, the friend, and the child, and the stranger, follow him to the grave!—where, year after year, the angel of death stalks through the streets, and thousands and tens of thousands look him calmly in the face, and murmuring "Allah, Allah, God is merciful!" with a fatal trust in the Prophet, lie down and die! We enter the city, and these questions are quickly answered. A lazy, lounging, and filthy population; beggars basking in the sun, and dogs licking their sores; streets never cleaned but by the winds

and rains; immense burying-grounds all over the city; tombstones at the corners of the streets; graves gaping ready to throw out their half-buried dead, the whole approaching to one vast charnel-house, dispel all illusions and remove all doubts, and we are ready to ask ourselves if it be possible that, in such a place, health can ever dwell. We wonder that it should ever, for the briefest moment, be free from that dreadful scourge which comes with every summer's sun, and strews its streets with dead.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr Churchill.—Commodore Porter.—Castle of the Seven Towers.—The Sultan's Naval Architect.—Launch of the Great Ship.—Sultan Mahmoud.—Jubilate.—A National Grievance.—Visit to a Mosque.—The Burial-grounds.

THERE is a good chance for an enterprising Connecticut man to set up a hotel in Constantinople. The reader will see that I have travelled with my eyes open; and I trust this shrewd observation, on entering the city of the Cæsars, will be considered characteristic and American. Paul was at home in Pera, and conducted us to the Hotel d'Italia, which was so full that we could not get admission, and so vile a place that we were not sorry for it. We then went to Madame Josephine's, a sort of private boarding-house, but excellent of its kind. We found there a collection of travellers, English, French, German, and Russian, and the dinner was particularly social; but Dr N. was so disgusted with the clatter of foreign tongues, that he left the table with the first course, and swore he would not stay there another day. We tried to persuade him. I reminded him that there was an Englishman among them, but this only made him worse; he hated an Englishman, and wondered how I, as an American, could talk with one as I had with him. In short, he was resolved, and had Paul running about every street in Pera looking for rooms. Notwithstanding his impracticabilities as a traveller, I liked the doctor, and determined to follow him; and before breakfast the next morning, we were installed in a suite of rooms in the third story of a house opposite the old palace of the British ambassador.

For two or three days I was *hors du combat*, and put myself under the hands of Dr Zohrab, an Armenian, educated at Edinburgh, whom I cordially recommend both for his kindness and medical skill. On going out, one of my first visits was to my banker, Mr Churchill, a gentleman whose name has since rung throughout Europe, and who at one time seemed likely to be the cause of plunging the whole civilised world into a war. He was then living in Sedikuey, on the site of the ancient Chalcedon, in Asia; and I have seldom been more shocked than by reading in a newspaper, while in the lazaretto at Malta, that having accidentally shot a Turkish boy with a fowling-piece, he had been seized by the Turks, and, in defiance of treaties, *bastinadoed* till he was almost dead. I had seen the infliction of that horrible punishment; and besides the physical pain, there was a sense of the indignity that roused every feeling. I could well imagine the ferocious spirit with which the Turks would stand around and see a Christian scourged. The civilised world owes a deep debt of gratitude to the English government for the uncompromising stand taken in this matter with the sultan, and the firmness with which it insisted on, and obtained, the most ample redress for Mr Churchill, and atonement for the insult offered to all Christendom in his person.

My companions and myself had received several invitations from Commodore Porter, and accompanied by Mr Dwight, one of our American missionaries, to whom I am under particular obligations for his kindness, early in the morning we took a caique with three athletic Turks, and after a beautiful row, part of it from the scraggy point to the Seven Towers, a distance of five miles, being close under the walls of the city, in two hours reached the commodore's residence at St

Stephano, twelve miles from Constantinople, on the borders of the Sea of Marmora. The situation is beautiful, abounding in fruit trees, among which are some fig trees of the largest size; and the commodore was then engaged in building a large addition to his house. It will be remembered that Commodore Porter was the first envoy ever sent by the United States' government to the Sublime Porte. He had formerly lived at Buyukdere, on the Bosphorus, with the other members of the diplomatic corps; but his salary as chargé being inadequate to sustain a becoming style, he had withdrawn to this place. I had never seen Commodore Porter before. I afterwards passed a month with him in the lazaretto at Malta, and I trust he will not consider me presuming when I say that our acquaintance ripened into friendship. He is entirely different from the idea I had formed of him; small, dark, weather-beaten, much broken in health, and remarkably mild and quiet in his manners. His eye is his best feature, though even that does not indicate the desperate hardihood of character which he has exhibited on so many occasions. Perhaps I ought not to say so, but he seemed ill at ease in his position, and I could not but think that he ought still to be standing in the front rank of that service he so highly honoured. He spoke with great bitterness of the Foxardo affair, and gave me an account of an interesting interview between General Jackson and himself, on his recall from South America. General Jackson wished him to resume his rank in the navy, but he answered he would never accept service with men who had suspended him for doing what, they said in their sentence of condemnation, was done "to sustain the honour of the American flag."

At the primitive hour of one, we sat down to a regular family dinner. We were all Americans. The commodore's sister, who was living with him, presided, and we looked out on the Sea of Marmora, and talked of home. I cannot describe the satisfaction of these meetings of Americans so far from their own country. I have often experienced it most powerfully in the houses of the missionaries in the East. Besides having, in many instances, the same acquaintances, we had all the same habits and ways of thinking; their articles of furniture were familiar to me, and there was scarcely a house in which I did not find an article unknown except among Americans, a Boston rocking-chair.

We talked over the subject of our difficulties with France, then under discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, and I remember that Commodore Porter was strong in the opinion that the bill paying the debt would pass. Before rising from table, the commodore's janizary came down from Constantinople, with papers and letters just arrived by the courier from Paris. He told me that I should have the honour of breaking the seals, and I took out the paper so well known all over Europe, "Galignani's Messenger," and had the satisfaction of reading aloud, in confirmation of the commodore's opinion, that the bill for paying the American claims had passed the Chamber of Deputies by a large majority.

About four o'clock we embarked on our caique, to return to Constantinople. In an hour Mr D. and I landed at the foot of the Seven Towers, and few things in this ancient city interested me more than my walk around its walls. We followed them the whole extent on the land side, from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. They consist of a triple range, with five gates, the principal of which is the Cannon Gate, through which Mahommed II. made his triumphal entry into the Christian city. They have not been repaired since the city fell into the hands of the Turks, and are the same walls which procured for it the proud name of the "well-defended city;" to a great extent, they are the same walls which the first Constantine built, and the last Constantine died in defending. Time has laid his ruining hand upon them, and they are every where weak and decaying, and would fall at once before the thunder of modern war. The moat and fosse have alike lost their warlike character, and bloom and blossom

with the vine and fig-tree. Beyond, hardly less interesting than the venerable walls, and extending as far as the eye can reach, is one continued burying-ground, with thousands and tens of thousands of turbaned head-stones, shaded by thick groves of the mourning cypress. Opposite the Damascus Gate is an elevated enclosure, disconnected from all around, containing five head-stones in a row, over the bodies of Ali Pacha, the rebel chief of Yanina, and his four sons. The fatal mark of death by the bowstring is conspicuous on the tombs, as a warning to rebels that they cannot escape the sure vengeance of the Porte. It was towards the sunset of a beautiful evening, and all Stamboul was out among the tombs. At dark we reached the Golden Horn, crossed over in a caique, and in a few minutes were in Pera.

The next day I took a caique at Tophana, and went up to the shipyards at the head of the Golden Horn to visit Mr Rhodes, to whom I had a letter from a friend in Smyrna. Mr Rhodes is a native of Long Island, but from his boyhood a resident of this city, and I take great pleasure in saying that he is an honour to our state and country. The reader will remember that, some years ago, Mr Eckford, one of our most prominent citizens, under a pressure of public and domestic calamities, left his native city. He sailed from New York in a beautiful corvette, its destination unknown, and came to anchor under the walls of the seraglio in the harbour of Constantinople. The sultan saw her, admired her, and bought her; and I saw her, "riding like a thing of life," on the waters of the Golden Horn, a model of beauty.

The fame of his skill, and the beautiful specimen he carried out with him, recommended Mr Eckford to the sultan as a fit instrument to build up the character of the Ottoman navy; and afterwards, when his full value became known, the sultan remarked of him that America must be a great nation if she could spare from her service such a man. Had he lived, even in the decline of life he would have made for himself a reputation in that distant quarter of the globe equal to that he had left behind him, and doubtless would have reaped the attendant pecuniary reward. Mr Rhodes went out as Mr Eckford's foreman, and on his death the task of completing his employer's work devolved on him. It could not have fallen on a better man. From a journeyman shipbuilder, all at once Mr Rhodes found himself brought into close relations with the seraskier pacha, the reis effendi, the grand vizier, and the sultan himself; but his good sense never deserted him. He was then preparing for the launch of the great ship; the longest, as he said, and he knew the dimensions of every ship that floated, in the world. I accompanied him over the ship, and through the yards, and it was with no small degree of interest that I viewed a townsman, an entire stranger in the country, by his skill alone standing at the head of the great naval establishment of the sultan. He was dressed in a blue roundabout jacket, without whiskers or mustache, and, except that he wore the tarbouch, was thorough American in his appearance and manners, while his dragoman was constantly by his side, communicating his orders to hundreds of mustached Turks; and in the same breath he was talking with me of shipbuilders in New York, and people and things most familiar in our native city. Mr Rhodes knows and cares but little for things that do not immediately concern him; his whole thoughts are of his business, and in that he possesses an ambition and industry worthy of all praise. As an instance of his discretion, particularly proper in the service of that suspicious and despotic government, I may mention that, while standing near the ship, and remarking a piece of cloth stretched across her stern, I asked him her name, and he told me he did not know; that it was painted on her stern, and his dragoman knew, but he had never looked under, that he might not be able to answer when asked. I have seldom met a countryman abroad with whom I was more pleased; and at parting he put himself on a pinnacle in my estimation by telling

me that, if I came to the yard the next day at one, I would see the sultan! There was no man living whom I had a greater curiosity to see. At twelve o'clock I was at the yard, but the sultan did not come. I went again, and his highness had come two hours before the time; had accompanied Mr Rhodes over the ship, and left the yard less than five minutes before my arrival; his caique was still lying at the little dock, his attendants were carrying trays of refreshment to a shooting-ground in the rear; and two black eunuchs, belonging to the seraglio, handsomely dressed in long black cloaks of fine pelisse cloth, with gold-headed canes, and rings on their fingers, were still lingering about the ship, their effeminate faces and musical voices at once betraying their neutral character.

The next was the day of the launch; and early in the morning, in the suite of Commodore Porter, I went on board an old steamer, provided by the sultan expressly for the use of Mr Rhodes's American friends. The waters of the Golden Horn were already covered; thousands of caiques, with their high sharp points, were cutting through it, or resting like gulls upon its surface; and there were ships with the still proud banner of the crescent, and strangers with the flags of every nation in Christendom, and sail-boats, long-boats, and row-boats, ambassadors' barges, and caiques of offendis, beys, and pachas, with red silk flags streaming in the wind, while countless thousands were assembled on the banks to behold the extraordinary spectacle of an American ship, the largest in the world, launched in the harbour of old Stamboul. The sultan was then living at his beautiful palace at Sweet Waters, and was obliged to pass by our boat; he had made a great affair of the launch; had invited all the diplomatic corps, and, through the reis effendi, particularly requested the presence of Commodore Porter; had stationed his harem on the opposite side of the river; and as I saw prepared for himself near the ship a tent of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold, I expected to see him appear in all the pomp and splendour of the greatest potentate on earth. I had already seen enough to convince me that the days of Eastern magnificence had gone by, or that the gorgeous scenes which my imagination had always connected with the East had never existed; but still I could not divest myself of the lingering idea of the power and splendour of the sultan. His commanding style to his own subjects: "I command you —, my slave, that you bring the head of —, my slave, and lay it at my feet!" and then his lofty tone with foreign powers: "I, who am, by the infinite grace of the great, just, and all-powerful Creator, and the abundance of the miracles of the chief of his prophets, emperor of powerful emperors; refuge of sovereigns; distributor of crowns to the kings of the earth; keeper of the two very holy cities (Mecca and Medina); governor of the holy city of Jerusalem; master of Europe, Asia, and Africa, conquered with our victorious sword and our terrible lance; lord of two seas (Black and White); of Damascus, the odour of Paradise; of Bagdad, the seat of the califs; of the fortresses of Belgrade, Agra, and a multitude of countries, isles, straits, people, generations, and of so many victorious armies who repose under the shade of our Sublime Porte. I, in short, who am the shadow of God upon earth." I was rolling these things through my mind when a murmur, "The sultan is coming!" turned me to the side of the boat, and one view dispelled all my gorgeous fancies. There was no style, no state—a citizen king, a republican president, or a democratic governor, could not have made a more unpretending appearance than did this "shadow of God upon earth." He was seated in the bottom of a large caique, dressed in the military frockcoat and red tarbouch, with his long black beard, the only mark of a Turk about him, and he moved slowly along the vacant space cleared for his passage, boats with the flags of every nation, and thousands of caiques falling back, and the eyes of the immense multitude earnestly fixed upon him, but without any shouts or acclamations; and when he landed, at the

little dock, and his great officers bowed to the dust before him, he looked the plainest, mildest, kindest man among them. I had wished to see him as a whole-sale murderer, who had more blood upon his hands than any man living; who had slaughtered the janizaries, drenched the plains of Greece, to say nothing of bastinadoes, impalements, cutting off heads, and tying up in sacks, which are taking place every moment; but I will not believe that Sultan Mahmoud finds any pleasure in shedding blood. Dire necessity, or, as he himself would say, fate, has ever been driving him on. I look upon him as one of the most interesting characters upon earth; as the creature of circumstances, made bloody and cruel by the necessities of his position. I look at his past life, and at that which is yet in store for him, through all the stormy scenes he is to pass until he completes his unhappy destiny, the last of a powerful and once-dreaded race, bearded by those who once crouched at the footstool of his ancestors, goaded by rebellious vassals, conscious that he is going a downward road, and yet unable to resist the impulse that drives him on. Like the strong man encompassed with a net, he finds no avenue of escape, and cannot break through it.

The sersaskier pacha and other principal officers escorted him to his tent; and now all the interest which I had taken in the sultan was transferred to Mr Rhodes. He had great anxiety about the launch, and many difficulties to contend with: first, in the Turks' jealousy of a stranger, which obliged him to keep constantly on the watch lest some of his ropes should be cut or fastenings knocked away; and he had another Turkish prejudice to struggle against: the day had been fixed twice before, but the astronomers found an unfortunate conjunction of the stars, and it was postponed, and even then the stars were unpropitious; but Mr Rhodes had insisted that the work had gone so far that it could not be stopped. And, besides these, he had another great difficulty in his ignorance of their language. With more than a thousand men under him, all his orders had to pass through interpreters, and often, too, the most prompt action was necessary, and the least mistake might prove fatal. Fortunately he was protected from treachery by the kindness of Mr Churchill and Dr Zohrab, one of whom stood on the bow and the other in the stern of the ship, and through whom every order was transmitted in Turkish. Probably none there felt the same interest that we did, for the flags of the barbarian and every nation in Christendom were waving around us, and at that distance from home the enterprise of a single citizen enlisted the warmest feelings of every American. We watched the ship with as keen an interest as if our own honour and success in life depended upon her movements. For a long time she remained perfectly quiet. At length she moved, slowly and almost imperceptibly; and then, as if conscious that the eyes of an immense multitude were on her, and that the honour of a distant nation was in some measure at stake, she marched proudly to the water, plunged in with a force that almost buried her, and, rising like a huge leviathan, parted the foaming waves with her bow, and rode triumphantly upon them. Even Mussulman indifference was disturbed; all petty jealousies were hushed; the whole immense mass was roused into admiration; loud and long continued shouts of applause rose with one accord from Turks and Christians, and the sultan was so transported that he jumped up and clapped his hands like a schoolboy.

Mr Rhodes's triumph was complete; the sultan called him to his tent, and with his own hands fixed on the lapel of his coat a gold medal set in diamonds, representing the launching of a ship. Mr Rhodes has attained among strangers the mark of every honourable man's ambition, the head of his profession. He has put upon the water what Commodore Porter calls the finest ship that ever floated, and has a right to be proud of his position and prospects under the "shade of the Sublime Porte." The sultan wishes to confer upon him the title

of chief naval constructor, and to furnish him with a house, and a caïque with four oars. In compliment to his highness, who detests a hat, Mr Rhodes wears the tarbouch; but he declines all offices and honours, and any thing that may tend to fix him as a Turkish subject, and looks to return and enjoy in his own country and among his own people the fruits of his honourable labours. If the good wishes of a friend can avail him, he will soon return to our city rich with the profits of untiring industry, and an honourable testimony to his countrymen of the success of American skill and enterprise abroad.

To go back a moment. All day the great ship lay in the middle of the Golden Horn, while perhaps more than a hundred thousand Turks shot round her in their little caïques, looking up from the surface of the water to her lofty deck; and in Pera, wherever I went, perhaps because I was an American, the only thing I heard of was the American ship. Proud of the admiration excited so far from home by this noble specimen of the skill of an American citizen, I unburden myself of a long-smothered subject of complaint against my country. I cry out with a loud voice for reform, not in the hackneyed sense of petty politicians, but by a liberal and enlarged expenditure of public money; by increasing the outfits and salaries of our foreign ambassadors and ministers. We claim to be rich, free from debt, and abundant in resources, and yet every American abroad is struck with a feeling of mortification at the inability of his representative to take that position in social life to which the character of his country entitles him. We may talk of republican simplicity as we will, but there are certain usages of society and certain appendages of rank, which, though they may be unmeaning and worthless, are sanctioned, if not by the wisdom, at least by the practice, of all civilised countries. We have committed a fatal error, since the time when Franklin appeared at the court of France in a plain citizen's dress; every where our representative conforms to the etiquette of the court to which he is accredited, and it is too late to go back and begin anew; and now, unless our representative is rich and willing to expend his own fortune for the honour of the nation, he is obliged to withdraw from the circles and position in which he has a right and ought to move, or to move in them on an inferior footing, under an acknowledgment of inability to appear as an equal.

And again: our whole consular system is radically wrong, disreputable, and injurious to our character and interests. While other nations consider the support of their consuls a part of the expenses of their government, we suffer ourselves to be represented by merchants, whose pecuniary interests are mixed up with all the local and political questions that affect the place, and who are under a strong inducement to make their office subservient to their commercial relations. I make no imputations against any of them. I could not if I would, for I do not know an American merchant holding the office who is not a respectable man; but the representative of our country ought to be the representative of our country only; removed from any distracting or conflicting interests, standing like a watchman to protect the honour of his nation and the rights of her citizens. And more than this, all over the Mediterranean there are ports where commerce presents no inducements to the American merchant, and there the office falls into the hands of the natives; and at this day the American arms are blazoned on the doors, and the American flag is waving over the houses, of Greeks, Italians, Jews, and Arabs, and all the mongrel population of that inland sea; and in the ports under the dominion of Turkey particularly, the office is coveted as a means of protecting the holder against the liabilities to his own government, and of revenue by selling that protection to others. I will not mention them by name, for I bear them no ill will personally, and I have received kindness from most of the petty vagabonds who live under the folds of the American flag; but the consuls at Genoa and Algiers are a disgrace to the

American name. Congress has lately turned its attention to this subject, and will before long, I hope, effect a complete change in the character of our consular department, and give it the respectability which it wants; the only remedy is by following the example of other nations in fixing salaries to the office, and forbidding the holders to engage in trade. Besides the leading inducements to this change, there is a secondary consideration, which, in my eyes, is not without its value, in that it would furnish a valuable school of instruction for our young men. The offices would be sought by such. A thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a-year would maintain them respectably in most of the ports of the Mediterranean; and young men resident in those places, living upon salaries, and not obliged to engage in commerce, would employ their leisure hours in acquiring the language of the country, in communicating with the interior, and among them would return upon us an accumulation of knowledge far more than repaying us for all the expense of supporting them abroad.

Doubtless the reader expects other things in Constantinople; but all things are changing. The day has gone by when the Christian could not cross the threshold of a mosque, and live. Even the sacred mosque of St Sophia, the ancient Christian church, so long closed against the Christians' feet, now, upon great occasions, again opens its doors to the descendants of its Christian builders. One of those great occasions happened while I was there. The sultan gave a firman to the French ambassador, under which all the European residents and travellers visited it. Unfortunately, I was unwell, and could not go out that day, and was obliged afterwards to content myself with walking around its walls, with uplifted eyes and a heavy heart, admiring the glittering crescent, and thinking of the prostrate cross.

But no traveller can leave Constantinople without having seen the interior of a mosque; and accordingly, under the guidance of Mustapha, the janizary of the British consul, I visited the mosque of Sultan Suliman, next in point of beauty to that of St Sophia, though far inferior in historical interest. At an early hour we crossed the Golden Horn to old Stamboul; threaded our way through its narrow and intricate streets to an eminence near the seraskier pacha's tower; entered by a fine gateway into a large courtyard, more than 1000 feet square, handsomely paved, and ornamented with noble trees, and enclosed by a high wall; passed a marble fountain of clear and abundant water, where, one after another, the faithful stopped to make their ablutions; entered a large colonnade, consisting of granite and marble pillars of every form and style, the plunder of ancient temples, worked in without much regard to architectural fitness, yet, on the whole, producing a fine effect; pulled off our shoes at the door, and, with naked feet and noiseless step, crossed the sacred threshold of the mosque. Silently we moved among the kneeling figures of the faithful scattered about in different parts of the mosque, and engaged in prayer; paused for a moment under the beautiful dome, sustained by four columns from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; leaned against a marble pillar which may have supported, 2000 years ago, the praying figure of a worshipper of the great goddess; gazed at the thousand small lamps suspended from the lofty ceiling, each by a separate cord, and with a devout feeling left the mosque.

In the rear, almost concealed from view by a thick grove of trees, shrubs, and flowers, is a circular building about forty feet in diameter, containing the tomb of Suliman, the founder of the mosque, his brother, his favourite wife Roxala, and two other wives. The monuments are in the form of sarcophagi, with pyramidal tops, covered with rich Cashmere shawls, having each at the head a large white turban, and enclosed by a railing covered with mother-of-pearl. The great beauty of the sepulchral chamber is its dome, which is highly ornamented, and sparkles with brilliants. In one cor-

ner is a plan of Mecca, the holy temple, and tomb of the Prophet.

In the afternoon I went for the last time to the Armenian burying-ground. In the East the grave-yards are the general promenades, the places of rendezvous, and the lounging-places; and in Constantinople the Armenian burying-ground is the most beautiful, and the favourite. Situated in the suburbs of Pera, overlooking the Bosphorus, shaded by noble palm-trees, almost regularly towards evening I found myself sitting upon the same tombstone, looking upon the silvery water at my feet, studded with palaces, flashing and glittering with caiques from the golden palace of the sultan to the seraglio point, and then turned to the animated groups thronging the burying-ground; the Armenian in his flowing robes, the dashing Greek, the stiff and out-of-place-looking Frank; Turks in their gay and bright costume, glittering arms, and solemn beards, enjoying the superlative of existence in dozing over their pipe; and women in long white veils apart under some delightful shade, in little pic-nic parties, eating ices and confectionery. Here and there, towards the outskirts, was the araba, the only wheeled carriage known among the Turks, with a long low body, highly carved and gilded, drawn by oxen fancifully trimmed with ribbons, and filled with soft cushions, on which the Turkish and Armenian ladies almost buried themselves. Instead of the cypress, the burying-ground is shaded by noble plane-trees; and the tombstones, instead of being upright, are all flat, having at the head a couple of little niches scooped out to hold water, with the beautiful idea to induce birds to come there, and drink and sing among the trees. Their tombstones, too, have another mark, which in a country where men are apt to forget who their fathers were, would exclude them even from that place where all mortal distinctions are laid low, viz., a mark indicating the profession or occupation of the deceased; as, a pair of shears to mark the grave of a tailor; a razor that of a barber; and on many of them was another mark, indicating the manner of death, the bowstring, or some other mark, showing that the stone covered a victim of Turkish cruelty. But all these things are well known; nothing has escaped the prying eyes of curious travellers; and I merely state, for my own credit's sake, that I followed the steps of those who had gone before me, visited the Sweet Waters, Scutary, and Belgrade, the reservoirs, aqueducts, and ruins of the Palace of Constantine, and saw the dancing dervishes; rowed up the Bosphorus to Buyukdere, lunched under the tree where Godfrey encamped with his gallant crusaders, and looked out upon the Black Sea from the top of the Giant's Mountain.

CHAPTER XIII.

Visit to the Slave-market.—Horror of Slavery.—Departure from Stamboul.—The stormy Euxine.—Odessa.—The Lazaretto.—Russian Civility.—Returning Good for Evil.

THE day before I left Constantinople, I went, in company with Dr N. and his son, and attended by Paul, to visit the slave-market. Crossing over to Stamboul, we picked up a Jew in the bazaars, who conducted us through a perfect labyrinth of narrow streets to a quarter of the city from which it would have been utterly impossible for me to extricate myself alone. I only know that it was situated on high ground, and that we passed through a gateway into a hollow square of about 150 or 200 feet on each side. It was with no small degree of emotion that I entered this celebrated place, where so many Christian hearts have trembled. Before crossing the threshold, I ran over in my mind the romantic stories and all the horrible realities that I could remember connected with its history: the tales of beauty, the pangs of brave men, and so down to the unsentimental exclamation of Johnson to his new friend Don Juan:—

"Yon black eunuch seems to eye us;
I wish to God that somebody would buy us."

The bazaar forms a hollow square, with little chambers about fifteen feet each way around it, in which the slaves belonging to the different dealers are kept. A large shed or portico projects in front, under which, and in front of each chamber, is a raised platform, with a low railing around it, where the slave-merchant sits and gossips, and dozes over his coffee and pipe. I had heard so little of this place, and it was so little known among Europeans, taking into consideration, moreover, that in a season of universal peace the market must be without a supply of captives gained in war, that I expected to see but a remnant of the ancient traffic, supposing that I should find but few slaves, and those only black; but, to my surprise, I found there twenty or thirty white women. Bad, horrible as this traffic is under any circumstances, to my habits and feelings it loses a shade of its horrors when confined to blacks; but here whites and blacks were exposed together in the same bazaar. The women were from Circassia and the regions of the Caucasus, that country so renowned for beauty; they were dressed in the Turkish costume, with the white shawl wrapped around the mouth and chin, and over the forehead, shading the eyes, so that it was difficult to judge with certainty as to their personal appearance. Europeans are not permitted to purchase, and their visits to this bazaar are looked upon with suspicion. If we stopped long opposite a door, it was closed upon us; but I was not easily shaken off, and returned so often at odd times, that I succeeded in seeing pretty distinctly all that was to be seen. In general, the best slaves are not exposed in the bazaars, but are kept at the houses of the dealers; but there was one among them not more than seventeen, with a regular Circassian face, a brilliantly fair complexion, a mild and cheerful expression; and in the slave-market, under the partial disguise of the Turkish shawl, it required no great effort of the imagination to make her decidedly beautiful. Paul stopped, and with a burst of enthusiasm, the first I had discovered in him, exclaimed, "Quelle beauté!" She noticed my repeatedly stopping before her bazaar; and when I was myself really disposed to be sentimental, instead of drooping her head with the air of a distressed heroine, to my great surprise she laughed and nodded, and beckoned me to come to her. Paul was very much struck; and, repeating his warm expression of admiration at her beauty, told me that she wanted me to buy her. Without waiting for a reply, he went off and inquired the price, which was 250 dollars; and added, that he could easily get some Turk to let me buy her in his name, and then I could put her on board a vessel, and carry her where I pleased. I told him it was hardly worth while at present; and he, thinking my objection was merely to the person, in all honesty and earnestness told me he had been there frequently, and never saw any thing half so handsome; adding that, if I let slip this opportunity, I would scarcely have another as good, and wound up very significantly by declaring that, if he was a gentleman, he would not hesitate a moment. A gentleman, in the sense in which Paul understood the word, is apt to fall into irregular ways in the East. Removed from the restraints which operate upon men in civilised countries, if he once breaks through the trammels of education, he goes all lengths; and it is said to be a matter of general remark, that slaves are always worse treated by Europeans than by the Turks. The slave-dealers are principally Jews, who buy children when young, and, if they have beauty, train up the girls in such accomplishments as may fascinate the Turks. Our guide told us, that since the Greek revolution, the slave-market had been comparatively deserted; but during the whole of that dreadful struggle, every day presented new horrors; new captives were brought in, the men raving and struggling, and vainly swearing eternal vengeance against the Turks, and the women shrieking distractedly in the agony of a separation. After the massacre at Scio, in particular, hundreds of young girls, with tears streaming down their cheeks, and bursting hearts, were sold to the unhallowed embraces of the

Turks for a few dollars a-head. We saw nothing of the horrors and atrocities of this celebrated slave-market. Indeed, except prisoners of war and persons captured by Turkish corsairs, the condition of those who now fill the slave-market is not the horrible lot that a warm imagination might suppose. They are mostly persons in a semi-barbarous state; blacks from Sennar and Abyssinia, or whites from the regions of the Caucasus, bought from their parents for a string of beads or a shawl; and, in all probability, the really beautiful girl whom I saw had been sold by parents who could not feed or clothe her, who considered themselves rid of an encumbrance, and whom she left without regret; and she, having left poverty and misery behind her, looked to the slave-market as the sole means of advancing her fortune; and, in becoming the favoured inmate of a harem, expected to attain a degree of happiness she could never have enjoyed at home.

I intended to go from Constantinople to Egypt, but the plague was raging there so violently that it would have been foolhardy to attempt it; and while making arrangements with a Tartar to return to Europe on horseback across the Balkan, striking the Danube at Semlin and Belgrade, a Russian government steamer was advertised for Odessa; and as this mode of travelling at that moment suited my health better, I altered my whole plan, and determined to leave the ruined countries of the Old World for a land just emerging from a state of barbarism, and growing into gigantic greatness. With great regret I took leave of Dr N. and his son, who sailed the same day for Smyrna, and I have never seen them since. Paul was the last man to whom I said farewell. At the moment of starting, my shirts were brought in dripping wet, and Paul bestowed a malediction upon the Greek while he wrung them out and tumbled them into my carpet-bag. I afterwards found him at Malta, whence he accompanied me on my tour in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land, by which he is perhaps already known to some of my readers.

With my carpet-bag on the shoulders of a Turk, I walked for the last time to Tophana. A hundred caiquemen gathered around me, but I pushed them all back, and kept guard over my carpet-bag, looking out for one whom I had been in the habit of employing ever since my arrival in Constantinople. He soon spied me; and when he took my luggage and myself into his caique, manifested that he knew it was for the last time. Having an hour to spare, I directed him to row once more under the walls of the seraglio; and still loath to leave, I went on shore and walked around the point until I was stopped by a Turkish bayonet. The Turk growled, and his mustache curled fiercely as he pointed it at me. I had been stopped by Frenchmen, Italians, and by a mountain Greek, but found nothing that brings a man to such a dead stand as the Turkish bayonet.

I returned to my caique, and went on board the steamer. She was a Russian government vessel, more classically called a *pyrosophæ*, a miserable old thing; and yet as much form and circumstance were observed in sending her off as in fitting out an exploring expedition. Consuls' and ambassadors' boats were passing and repassing; and after an enormous fuss and preparation, we started under a salute of cannon, which was answered from one of the sultan's frigates. We had the usual scene of parting with friends, waving of handkerchiefs, and so on; and feeling a little lonely at the idea of leaving a city containing a million inhabitants without a single friend to bid me God-speed, I took my place on the quarter-deck, and waved my handkerchief to my caiqueman, who, I have no doubt, independent of the loss of a few piastres per day, was very sorry to lose me; for we had been so long together, that in spite of our ignorance of each other's language, we understood each other perfectly.

I found on board two Englishmen whom I had met at Corfu, and a third, who had joined them at Smyrna, going to travel in the Crimea; our other cabin-passen-

gers were Mr. Luoff, a Russian officer, an aide-de-camp of the emperor, just returned from travels in Egypt and Syria; Mr. Perseani, secretary to the Russian legation in Greece; a Greek merchant, with a Russian protection, on his way to the Sea of Azoff; and a French merchant of Odessa. The tub of a steam-boat dashed up the Bosphorus at the rate of three miles an hour; while the classic waters, as if indignant at having such a bellowing, blowing, blustering monster upon their surface, seemed to laugh at her unwieldy and ineffectual efforts. Slowly we mounted the beautiful strait, lined on the European side almost with one continued range of houses, exhibiting in every beautiful nook a palace of the sultan, and at Terapia and Buyukdere the palaces of the foreign ambassadors; passed the Giant's Mountain, and about an hour before dark were entering a new sea, the dark and stormy Euxine.

Advancing, the hills became more lofty and rugged, terminating on the Thracian side in high rocky precipices. The shores of this extremity of the Bosphorus were once covered with shrines, altars, and temples, monuments of the fears or gratitude of mariners who were about to leave, or who had escaped, the dangers of the inhospitable Euxine; and the remains of these antiquities were so great that a traveller almost in our own day describes the coasts as "covered by their ruins." The castles on the European and the Asiatic sides of the strait are supposed to occupy the sites where stood, in ancient days, the great temples of Jupiter Serapis and Jupiter Urius. The Bosphorus opens abruptly, without any enlargement at its mouth, between two mountains. The parting view of the strait, or, rather, of the coast on each side, was indescribably grand, presenting a stupendous wall opposed to the great bed of waters, as if torn asunder by an earthquake, leaving a narrow rent for their escape. On each side, a miserable lantern on the top of a tower, hardly visible at the distance of a few miles, is the only light to guide the mariner at night; and as there is another opening called the false Bosphorus, the entrance is difficult and dangerous, and many vessels are lost here annually.

As the narrow opening closed before me, I felt myself entering a new world; I was fairly embarked upon that wide expanse of water which once, according to ancient legends, mingled with the Caspian, and covered the great oriental plain of Tartary, and upon which Jason, with his adventurous Argonauts, having killed the dragon and carried off the golden fleece from Colchis, if those same legends be true (which some doubt), sailed across to the great ocean. I might and should have speculated upon the great changes in the face of nature, and the great deluge recorded by Grecian historians and poets, which burst the narrow passage of the Thracian Bosphorus for the outlet of the mighty waters; but who could philosophise in a steam-boat on the Euxine! Oh, Fulton! much as thou hast done for mechanics and the useful arts, thy hand has fallen rudely upon all cherished associations. We boast of thee; I have myself been proud of thee as an American; but as I sat at evening on the stern of the steamer, and listened to the clatter of the engine, and watched the sparks rushing out of the high pipes, and remembered that this was on the dark and inhospitable Euxine, I wished that thy life had begun after mine was ended. I trust I did his memory no wrong; but if I had borne him malice, I could not have wished him worse than to have all his dreams of the past disturbed by the clatter of one of his own engines.

I turned away from storied associations to a new country grown up in our own day. We escaped, and, I am obliged to say, without noticing them, the Cyanee, "the blue Symplegades," or "wandering islands," which, lying on the European and Asiatic side, floated about, or, according to Pliny, "were alive, and moved to and fro more swiftly than the blast," and in passing through which the good ship Argo had a narrow escape, and lost the extremity of her stern. History and poetry have invested this sea with extraordinary and ideal

terrors; but my experience both of the Mediterranean and Black Sea was unfortunate for realising historical and poetical accounts. I had known the beautiful Mediterranean a sea of storm and sunshine, in which the storm greatly predominated. I found the stormy Euxine calm as an untroubled lake; in fact, the Black Sea is in reality nothing more than a lake, not as large as many of our own, receiving the waters of the great rivers of the north: the Don, the Cuban, the Phase, the Dnieper, and the Danube, and pouring their collected streams through the narrow passage of the Bosphorus into the Mediterranean. Still, if the number of shipwrecks be any evidence of its character, it is, indeed, entitled to its ancient reputation of a dangerous sea, though probably these accidents proceed, in a great measure, from the ignorance and unskillfulness of mariners, and the want of proper charts and of suitable lighthouses at the opening of the Bosphorus. At all events, we outblustered the winds and waves with our steam-boat; passed the Serpent Isles, the ancient Leuce, with a roaring that must have astonished the departed heroes, whose souls, according to the ancient poets, were sent there to enjoy perpetual paradise, and scared the aquatic birds which every morning dipped their wings in the sea, and sprinkled the Temple of Achilles, and swept with their plumage its sacred pavement.

On the third day we made the low coast of Moldavia or Bess Arabia, within a short distance of Odessa, the great sea-port of Southern Russia. Here, too, there was nothing to realise preconceived notions; for instead of finding a rugged region of eternal snows, we were suffering under an intensely hot sun when we cast anchor in the harbour of Odessa. The whole line of the coast is low and destitute of trees; but Odessa is situated on a high bank; and with its beautiful theatre, the exchange, the palace of the governor, &c., did not look like a city which, thirty years ago, consisted only of a few fishermen's huts.

The harbour of Odessa is very much exposed to the north and east winds, which often cause great damage to the shipping. Many hundred anchors cover the bottom, which cut the rope cables; and the water being shallow, vessels are often injured by striking on them. An Austrian brig going out, having struck one, sank in ten minutes. There are two moles, the quarantine mole, in which we came to anchor, being the principal. Quarantine flags were flying about the harbour, the yellow indicating those undergoing purification, and the red the fatal presence of the plague. We were prepared to undergo a vexatious process. At Constantinople I had heard wretched accounts of the rude treatment of lazaretto subjects, and the rough, barbarous manners of the Russians to travellers; and we had a foretaste of the light in which we were to be regarded, in the conduct of the health-officer who came alongside. He offered to take charge of any letters for the town, purify them that night, and deliver them in the morning; and, according to his directions, we laid them down on the deck, where he took them up with a pair of long iron tongs, and putting them into an iron box, shut it up and rowed off.

In the morning, having received notice that the proper officers were ready to attend us, we went ashore. We landed in separate boats at the end of a long pier, and, forgetting our supposed pestiferous influence, were walking up towards a crowd of men whom we saw there, when their retrograde movements, their gestures, and unintelligible shouts, reminded us of our situation. One of our party, in a sort of ecstasy at being on shore, ran capering up the docks, putting to flight a group of idlers, and, single-handed, might have depopulated the city of Odessa, if an ugly soldier with a bayonet had not met him in full career and put a stop to his gambols. The soldier conducted us to a large building at the upper end of the pier; and carefully opening the door, and falling back so as to avoid even the wind that might blow from us in his direction, told us to go in. At the other end of a large room, divided by two parallel railings, sat officers and clerks to examine our passports,

and take a general account of us. We were at once struck with the military aspect of things, every person connected with the establishment wearing a military uniform; and now commenced a long process. The first operation was to examine our passports, take down our names, and make a memorandum of the purposes for which we severally entered the dominions of the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias. We were all called up, one after the other, captain, cook, and cabin-boy, cabin and deck passengers; and never, perhaps, did steam-boat pour forth a more motley assemblage than we presented. We were Jews, Turks, and Christians; Russians, Poles, and Germans; English, French, and Italians; Austrians, Greeks, and Illyrians; Moldavians, Wallachians, Bulgarians, and Sclavonians; Armenians, Georgians, and Africans; and one American. I had before remarked the happy facility of the Russians in acquiring languages, and I saw a striking instance in the officer who conducted the examination, and who addressed every man in his own language with apparently as much facility as though it had been his native tongue. After the oral, commenced a corporeal examination. We were ordered one by one into an adjoining room, where, on the other side of a railing, stood a doctor, who directed us to open our shirt bosoms, and slap our hands smartly under our arms and upon our groins, these being the places where the fatal plague-marks first exhibit themselves.

This over, we were forthwith marched to the lazaretto, escorted by guards and soldiers, who behaved very civilly, and kept at a respectful distance from us. Among our deck passengers were forty or fifty Jews, dirty and disgusting objects, just returned from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. An old man, who seemed to be in a manner the head of the party, and exceeded them all in rags and filthiness, but was said to be rich, in going up to the lazaretto amused us, and vexed the officers, by sitting down on the way, paying no regard to them when they urged him on, being perfectly assured that they would not dare to touch him. Once he resolutely refused to move; they threatened and swore at him, but he kept his place until one got a long pole and punched him on ahead.

In this way we entered the lazaretto; but if it had not been called by that name, and if we had not looked upon it as a place where we were compelled to stay for a certain time, *volens volens*, we should have considered it a beautiful spot. It is situated on high ground, within an enclosure of some fifteen or twenty acres, overlooking the Black Sea, laid out in lawn and gravel walks, and ornamented with rows of acacia-trees. Fronting the sea was a long range of buildings divided into separate apartments, each with a little courtyard in front containing two or three acacias. The director, a fine, military-looking man, with a decoration on his lapel, met us on horseback within the enclosure, and, with great suavity of manner, said that he could not bid us welcome to a prison, but that we should have the privilege of walking at will over the grounds, and visiting each other, subject only to the attendance of a *guardiano*; and that all that could contribute to our comfort should be done for us.

We then selected our rooms, and underwent another personal examination. This was the real touchstone; the first was a mere preliminary observation by a medical understrapper; but this was conducted by a more knowing doctor. We were obliged to strip naked; to give up the clothes we pulled off, and put on a flannel gown, drawers, and stockings, and a woollen cap provided by the government, until our own should be smoked and purified. In every thing, however, the most scrupulous regard was paid to our wishes, and a disposition was manifested by all to make this rather vexatious proceeding as little annoying as possible. The bodily examination was as delicate as the nature of the case would admit; for the doctor merely opened the door, looked in, and went out without taking his hand from off the knob. It was none of my business, I know, and may be thought impertinent, but, as he closed the

door, I could not help calling him back to ask him whether he held the same inquisition upon the fair sex; to which he replied, with a melancholy upturning of the eyes, that in the good old days of Russian barbarism, this had been part of his duties, but that the march of improvement had invaded his rights, and given this portion of his professional duties to a *sage femme*.

All our effects were then taken to another chamber, and arranged on lines, each person superintending the disposition of his own, so as to prevent all confusion, and left there to be fumigated with sulphuric acid for twenty-four hours. So particular were they in fumigating every thing susceptible of infection, that I was obliged to leave there a black ribbon which I wore round my neck as a guard to my watch. Towards evening the principal director, one of the most gentlemanly men I ever met, came round, and with many apologies and regrets for his inability to receive us better, requested us to call upon him freely for any thing we might want. Not knowing any of us personally, he did me the honour to say that he understood there was an American in the party, who had been particularly recommended to him by a Russian officer and fellow-passenger. Afterwards came the commissary, or chief of the department, and repeated the same compliments, and left us with an exalted opinion of Russian politeness. I had heard horrible accounts of the rough treatment of travellers in Russia, and I made a note at the time, lest after-venations should make me forget it, that I had received more politeness and civility from these northern barbarians, as they are called by the people of the south of Europe, than I ever found amid their boasted civilisation.

Having still an hour before dark, I strolled out, followed by my *guardiano*, to take a more particular survey of our prison. In a gravel walk lined with acacias, immediately before the door of my little courtyard, I came suddenly upon a lady of about eighteen, whose dark hair and eyes I at once recognised as Grecian, leading by the hand a little child. I am sure my face brightened at the first glimpse of this vision which promised to shine upon us in our solitude; and perhaps my satisfaction was made too manifest by my involuntarily moving towards her. But my presumption received a severe and mortifying check; for though at first she merely crossed to the other side of the walk, she soon forgot all ceremony, and fairly dragging the child after her, ran over the grass to another walk to avoid me. My mortification, however, was but temporary; for though, in the first impulse of delight and admiration, I had forgotten time, place, and circumstance, the repulse I had received made me turn to myself, and I was glad to find an excuse for the lady's flight in the flannel gown and long cap and slippers, which marked me as having just entered upon my season of purification.

I was soon initiated into the routine of lazaretto ceremonies and restrictions. By touching a quarantine patient, both parties are subjected to the longest term of either; so that if a person, on the last day of his term, should come in contact with another just entered, he would lose all the benefit of his days of purification, and be obliged to wait the full term of the latter. I have seen, in various situations in life, a system of operations called keeping people at a distance, but I never saw it so effectually practised as in quarantine. For this night, at least, I had full range. I walked where I pleased, and was very sure that every one would keep out of my way. During the whole time, however, I could not help treasuring up the precipitate flight of the young lady; and I afterwards told her, and, I hope, with the true spirit of one ready to return good for evil, that if she had been in my place, and the days of my purification had been almost ended, in spite of plague and pestilence, she might have rushed into my arms without my offering the least impediment.

In making the tour of the grounds, I had already an opportunity of observing the relation in which men stand to each other in Russia. When an officer spoke

to a soldier, the latter stood motionless as a statue, with his head uncovered during the whole of the conference; and when a soldier on guard saw an officer, no matter at what distance, he presented arms, and remained in that position until the officer was out of sight. Returning, I passed a grating, through which I saw our deck engers, forty or fifty in number, including the Jewish pilgrims, miserable, dirty-looking objects, turned in together for fourteen days, to eat, drink, and sleep, as best they might, like brutes. With a high idea of the politeness of the Russians towards the rich and great, or those whom they believed to be so, and with a strong impression already received confirming the accounts of the degraded condition of the lower classes, I returned to my room, and with a Frenchman and a Greek for my room-mates, my window opening upon the Black Sea, I spent my first night in quarantine.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Guardiano.—One too many.—An Excess of Kindness.—The last Day of Quarantine.—Mr Baguet.—Rise of Odessa.—City-making.—Count Woronzow.—A Gentleman Farmer.—An American Russian.

I SHALL pass over briefly the whole of our *pratique*. The next morning I succeeded in getting a room to myself. A guardiano was assigned to each room, who took his place in the antechamber, and was always in attendance. These guardianos are old soldiers, entitled by the rules of the establishment to so much a-day; but as they always expect a gratuity, their attention and services are regulated by that expectation. I was exceedingly fortunate in mine; he was always in the antechamber, cleaning his musket, mending his clothes, or stretched on a mattress looking at the wall; and whenever I came through with my hat on, without a word he put on his belt and followed me; and very soon, instead of regarding him as an encumbrance, I became accustomed to him, and it was a satisfaction to have him with me. Sometimes, in walking for exercise, I moved so briskly that it tired him to keep up with me; and then I selected a walk where he could sit down and keep his eye upon me, while I walked backwards and forwards before him. Besides this, he kept my room in order, set my table, carried my notes, brushed my clothes, and took better care of me than any servant I ever had.

Our party consisted of eight, and being subjected to the same quarantine, and supposed to have the same quantum of infection, we were allowed to visit each other; and every afternoon we met in the yard, walked an hour or two, took tea together, and returned to our own rooms, where our guardianos mounted guard in the antechamber; our gates were locked up, and a soldier walked outside as sentinel. I was particularly intimate with the Russian officer, whom I found one of the most gentlemanly, best educated, and most amiable men I ever met. He had served and been wounded in the campaign against Poland; had with him two soldiers, his own serfs, who had served under him in that campaign, and had accompanied him in his tour in Egypt and Syria. He gave me his address at St Petersburg, and promised me the full benefit of his acquaintance there. I have before spoken of the three Englishmen. Two of them I had met at Corfu; the third joined them at Smyrna, and added another proof to the well-established maxim that three spoil company; for I soon found that they had got together by the ears; and the new-comer having connected himself with one of the others, they were anxious to get rid of the third. Many causes of offence existed between them; and though they continued to room together, they were merely waiting till the end of our *pratique* for an opportunity to separate. One morning the one who was about being thrown off came to my room, and told me that he did not care about going to the Crimea, and proposed accompanying me. This suited me very well; it was a long and expensive journey, and would cost a mere

fraction more for two than for one; and when the breach was widened past all possibility of being healed, the cast-off and myself agreed to travel together. I saw much of the secretary of legation, and also of the Greek and Frenchman, my room-mates for the first night. Indeed, I think I may say that I was an object of special interest to all our party. I was unwell, and my companions overwhelmed me with prescriptions and advice; they brought in their medicine-chests; one assuring me that he had been cured by this, another by that, and each wanted me to swallow his own favourite medicine, interlarding their advice with anecdotes of whole sets of passengers who had been detained, some forty, some fifty, and some sixty days, by the accidental sickness of one. I did all I could for them, always having regard to the circumstance that it was not of such vital importance to me, at least, to hold out fourteen days, if I broke down on the fifteenth. In a few days the doctor, in one of his rounds, told me he understood I was unwell, and I confessed to him the reason of my withholding the fact, and took his prescriptions so well, that at parting he gave me a letter to a friend in Chioff, and to his brother, a distinguished professor in the university at St Petersburg.

We had a restaurant in the lazaretto, with a new bill of fare every day; not first-rate, perhaps, but good enough. I had sent a letter of introduction to Mr Baguet, the Spanish consul, also to a German, the brother of a missionary at Constantinople, and a note to Mr Ralli, the American consul, and had frequent visits from them, and long talks at the *parlatoria* through the grating. The German was a knowing one, and came often; he had a smattering of English, and would talk in that language, as I thought, in compliment to me; but the last time he came he thanked me kindly, and told me he had improved more in his English than by a year's study. When I got out, he never came near me.

Sunday, June 7th, was our last day in quarantine. We had counted the days anxiously; and though our time had passed as agreeably as, under the circumstances, it could pass, we were in high spirits at the prospect of our liberation. To the last, the attention and civility of the officers of the yard continued unremitted. Every morning regularly the director knocked at each gate to inquire how we had passed the night, and whether he could do any thing for us; then the doctor, to inquire into our corporeal condition; and every two or three days, towards evening, the director, with the same decoration on the lapel of his coat, and at the same hour, inquired whether we had any complaints to make of want of attendance or improper treatment.

Our last day in the lazaretto is not to be forgotten. We kept as clear of the rest of the inmates as if they had been pickpockets, though once I was thrown into a cold sweat by an act of forgetfulness. A child fell down before me; I sprang forward to pick him up, and should infallibly have been fixed for ten days longer, if my guardiano had not caught me. Lingerer for the last time on the walk overlooking the Black Sea, I saw a vessel coming up under full sail, bearing, as I thought, the American flag. My heart almost bounded at seeing the stars and stripes on the Black Sea, but I was deceived, and almost dejected with the disappointment, called my guardiano, and returned for the last time to my room.

The next morning we waited in our rooms till the doctor paid his final visit, and soon after we all gathered before the door of the directory, ready to sail forth. Every one who has made a European voyage knows the metamorphosis in the appearance of the passengers on the day of landing. It was much the same with us; we had no more slipshod, long-bearded companions, but all were clean-shirted and shaved becomingly, except our old Jew and his party, who probably had not changed a garment or washed their faces since the first day in quarantine, nor perhaps for many years before. They were people from whom, under any circumstances, one would be apt to keep at a respectful

distance, and to the last they carried every thing before them.

We had still another vexatious process in passing our luggage through the custom-house. We had handed in a list of all our effects the night before, in which I intentionally omitted to mention Byron's Poems, these being prohibited in Russia. He had been my companion in Italy and Greece, and I was loath to part with him; so I put the book under my arm, threw my cloak over me, and walked out unmolested. Outside the gate there was a general shaking of hands; the director, whom we had seen every day at a distance, was the first to greet us, and Mr Baguet, the brother of the Spanish consul, who was waiting to receive me, welcomed me to Russia. With sincere regret I bade good bye to my old soldier, mounted a drosky, and in ten minutes was deposited in a hotel, in size and appearance equal to the best in Paris. It was a pleasure once more to get into a wheel-carriage; I had not seen one since I left Italy, except the old hack I mentioned at Argos, and the arabas at Constantinople. It was a pleasure, too, to see hats, coats, and pantaloons. Early associations will cling to a man; and in spite of a transient admiration for the dashing costume of the Greek and Turk, I warmed to the ungrateful covering of civilised man, even to the long surtout and bell-crowned hat of the Russian *marchand*; and, more than all, I was attracted by an appearance of life and energy particularly striking after coming from among the dead-and-alive Turks.

While in quarantine I had received an invitation to dine with Mr Baguet, and had barely time to make one tour of the city in a drosky, before it was necessary to dress for dinner. Mr Baguet was a bachelor of about forty, living in pleasant apartments, in an unpretending and gentlemanly style. As in all the ports of the Levant, except where there are ambassadors, the consuls are the nobility of the place. Several of them were present, and the European consuls in those places are a different class of men from ours, as they are paid by salaries from their respective governments, while ours, who receive no pay, are generally natives of the place, who serve for the honour, or some other accidental advantage. We had, therefore, the best society in Odessa, at Mr Baguet's, the American consul not being present, which, by the way, I do not mean in a disrespectful sense, as Mr Ralli seemed every way deserving of all the benefits that the station gives.

In the evening the consul and myself took two or three turns on the boulevards, and at about eleven I returned to my hotel. After what I have said of this establishment, the reader will be surprised to learn that, when I went to my room, I found there a bedstead, but no bed or bed-clothes. I supposed it was neglect, and ordered one to be prepared; but, to my surprise, was told that there were no beds in the hotel. It was kept exclusively for the rich seigneurs, who always carry their own beds with them. Luckily the bedstead was not corded, but contained a bottom of plain slabs of wood, about six or eight inches wide, and the same distance apart, laid crosswise, so that lengthwise there was no danger of falling through; and wrapping myself in my cloak, and putting my carpet-bag under my head, I went to sleep.

Before breakfast the next morning, I had learned the topography of Odessa. To an American, Russia is an interesting country. True, it is not classic ground; but as for me, who had now travelled over the faded and worn-out kingdoms of the Old World, I was quite ready for something new. Like our own, Russia is a new country, and in many respects resembles ours. It is true that we began life differently. Russia has worked her way to civilisation from a state of absolute barbarism, while we sprang into being with the advantage of all the lights of the Old World. Still there are many subjects of comparison, and even of emulation, between us; and nowhere in all Russia is there a more proper subject to begin with than my first landing-place.

Odessa is situated in a small bay between the mouths of the Dneiper and Dneister. Forty years ago it consisted of a few miserable fishermen's huts on the shores of the Black Sea. In 1796, the Empress Catharine resolved to build a city there; and the Turks being driven from the dominion of the Black Sea, it became a place of resort and speculation for the English, Austrians, Neapolitans, Dutch, Ragusans, and Greeks of the Ionian republic. In 1802, two hundred and eighty vessels arrived from Constantinople and the Mediterranean; and the Duke de Richelieu, being appointed governor-general by Alexander, laid out a city upon a gigantic scale, which, though at first its growth was not commensurate with his expectations, now contains sixty thousand inhabitants, and bids fair to realise the extravagant calculations of its founder. Mr Baguet, and the gentlemen whom I met at his table, were of opinion that it is destined to be the greatest commercial city in Russia, as the long winters and the closing of the Baltic with ice must ever be a great disadvantage to St Petersburg, and the interior of the country can as well be supplied from Odessa as from the northern capital.

There is no country where cities have sprung up so fast and increased so rapidly as in ours; and altogether, perhaps nothing in the world can be compared with our Buffalo, Rochester, Cincinnati, &c. But Odessa has grown faster than any of these, and has nothing of the appearance of one of our new cities. We are both young, and both marching with gigantic strides to greatness, but we move by different roads; and the whole face of the country, from the new city on the borders of the Black Sea to the steppes of Siberia, shows a different order of government and a different constitution of society. With us, a few individuals cut down the trees of the forest, or settle themselves by the banks of a stream, where they happen to find some local advantages, and build houses suited to their necessities; others come and join them; and by degrees the little settlement becomes a large city. But here a gigantic government, endowed almost with creative powers, says, "Let there be a city," and immediately commences the erection of large buildings. The rich seigneurs follow the lead of government, and build hotels to let out in apartments. The theatre, casino, and exchange, at Odessa, are perhaps superior to any buildings in the United States. The city is situated on an elevation about a hundred feet above the sea; a promenade three quarters of a mile long, terminated at one end by the exchange, and at the other by the palace of the governor, is laid out in front along the margin of the sea, bounded on one side by an abrupt precipice, and adorned with trees, shrubs, flowers, statues, and busts, like the garden of the Tuileries, the Borghese Villa, or the Villa Reale at Naples. On the other side is a long range of hotels built of stone, running the whole length of the boulevards, some of them with façades after the best models in Italy. A broad street runs through the centre of the city, terminating with a semicircular enlargement at the boulevards, and in the centre of this stands a large equestrian statue, erected to the Duke de Richelieu; and parallel, and at right angles, are wide streets lined with large buildings, according to the most approved plans of modern architecture. The custom which the people have of taking apartments in hotels causes the erection of large buildings, which add much to the general appearance of the city; while with us, the universal disposition of every man to have a house to himself, conduces to the building of small houses, and, consequently, detracts from general effect. The city, as yet, is not generally paved, and is, consequently, so dusty, that every man is obliged to wear a light cloak to save his dress. Paving-stone is brought from Trieste and Malta, and is very expensive.

About two o'clock Mr Ralli, our consul, called upon me. Mr Ralli is a Greek of Scio. He left his native island when a boy; has visited every port in Europe as a merchant, and lived for the last eight years in Odessa. He has several brothers in England, Trieste,

and some of the Greek islands, and all are connected in business. When Mr Rhind, who negotiated our treaty with the Porte, left Odessa, he authorised Mr Ralli to transact whatever consular business might be required; and on his recommendation, Mr Ralli afterwards received a regular appointment as consul. Mr Rhind, by the way, expected a great trade from opening the Black Sea to American vessels; but he was wrong in his anticipations, and there have been but two American vessels there since the treaty. Mr Ralli is rich and respected, being vice-president of the commercial board, and very proud of the honour of the American consulate, as it gives him a position among the dignitaries of the place, enables him to wear a uniform and sword on public occasions, and yields him other privileges, which are gratifying, at least, if not intrinsically valuable.

No traveller can pass through Odessa without having to acknowledge the politeness of Count Woronzow, the governor of the Crimea, one of the richest seigneurs in Russia, and one of the pillars of the throne. At the suggestion of Mr Ralli, I accompanied him to the palace, and was presented. The palace is a magnificent building, and the interior exhibits a combination of wealth and taste. The walls are hung with Italian paintings, and, for interior ornaments and finish, the palace is far superior to those in Italy; the knobs of the doors are of amber, and the doors of the dining-room from the old imperial palace at St Petersburg. The count is a military-looking man of about fifty, six feet high, with fallow complexion and grey hair. His father married an English lady of the Sidney family, and his sister married the Earl of Pembroke. He is a soldier in bearing and appearance, held a high rank during the French invasion of Russia, and distinguished himself particularly at Borodino; in rank and power he is the fourth military officer in the empire. He possesses immense wealth in all parts of Russia, particularly in the Crimea; and his wife's mother, after Demidoff and Scheremetieff, is the richest subject in the whole empire. He speaks English remarkably well; and after a few commonplaces, with his characteristic politeness to strangers, invited me to dine at the palace the next day. I was obliged to decline, and he himself suggested the reason, that probably I was engaged with my countryman Mr Sontag (of whom more anon), whom the count referred to as his old friend, adding that he would not interfere with the pleasure of a meeting between two countrymen so far from home, and asked me for the day after, or any other day I pleased. I apologised on the ground of my intended departure, and took my leave.

My proposed travelling companion had committed to me the whole arrangements for our journey, or, more properly, had given me the whole trouble of making them; and accompanied by one of Mr Ralli's clerks, I visited all the carriage repositories to purchase a vehicle, after which I accompanied Mr Ralli to his country-house to dine. He occupied a pretty little place a few versts from Odessa, with a large fruit and ornamental garden. Mr Ralli's lady is also a native of Greece, with much of the cleverness and *spirituelle* character of the educated Greeks. One of her *bons mots* current in Odessa is, that her husband is consul for the *other world*. A young Italian, with a very pretty wife, dined with us; and after dinner and a stroll through the garden, we walked over to Mr Perseani's, the father of our Russian secretary; another walk in the garden with a party of ladies, tea, and I got back to Odessa in time for a walk on the boulevards, and the opera.

Before my attention was turned to Odessa, I should as soon have thought of an opera-house at Chicago as there; but I already found, what impressed itself more forcibly upon me at every step, that Russia is a country of anomalies. The new city on the Black Sea contains many French and Italian residents, who are willing to give all that is not necessary for food and clothing for the opera; the Russians themselves are passionately fond of musical and theatrical entertainments, and government makes up all deficiencies. The interior of

the theatre corresponds with the beauty of its exterior. All the decorations are in good taste, and the Corinthian columns, running from the foot to the top, particularly beautiful. The opera was the Barber of Seville; the company in *full* undress, and so barbarous as to pay attention to the performance. I came out at about ten o'clock, and after a turn or two on the boulevards, took an ice-cream at the café of the Hotel de Petersbourg. This hotel is beautifully situated on one corner of the main street, fronting the boulevards, and opposite the statue of the Duke de Richelieu; and looking from the window of the café, furnished and fitted up in a style superior to most in Paris, upon the crowd still thronging the boulevards, I could hardly believe that I was really on the borders of the Black Sea.

Having purchased a carriage, and made all my arrangements for starting, I expected to pass this day with an unusual degree of satisfaction; and I was not disappointed. I have mentioned incidentally the name of a countryman resident in Odessa; and being so far from home, I felt a yearning towards an American. In France or Italy I seldom had this feeling, for there Americans congregate in crowds; but in Greece and Turkey I always rejoiced to meet a compatriot; and when, on my arrival at Odessa, before going into the lazaretto, the captain told me that there was an American residing there, high in character and office, who had been twenty years in Russia, I requested him to present my compliments, and say, that if he had not forgotten his fatherland, a countryman languishing in the lazaretto would be happy to see him through the gratings of his prison-house. I afterwards regretted having sent this message, as I heard from other sources that he was a prominent man; and during the whole term of my quarantine, I never heard from him personally. I was most agreeably disappointed, however, when, on the first day of my release, I met him at dinner at the Spanish consul's. He had been to the Crimea with Count Woronzow; had only returned that morning, and had never heard of my being there until invited to meet me at dinner. I had wronged him by my distrust; for, though twenty years an exile, his heart beat as true as when he left our shores. Who can shake off the feeling that binds him to his native land? Not hardships nor disgrace at home, not favour nor success abroad, not even time, can drive from his mind the land of his birth or the friends of his youthful days.

General Sontag was a native of Philadelphia; had been in our navy, and served as sailing-master on board the *Wasp*; became dissatisfied, from some cause which he did not mention, left our navy, entered the Russian, and came round to the Black Sea as captain of a frigate; was transferred to the land service, and, in the campaign of 1814, entered Paris with the allied armies as colonel of a regiment. In this campaign he formed a friendship with Count Woronzow, which exists in full force at this day. He left the army with the rank of brigadier-general. By the influence of Count Woronzow, he was appointed inspector of the port of Odessa, in which office he stood next in rank to the Governor of the Crimea, and, in fact, on one occasion, during the absence of Count Woronzow, lived in the palace and acted as governor for eight months. He married a lady of rank, with an estate and several hundred slaves at Moscow; wears two or three ribbons at his button-hole, badges of different orders; has gone through the routine of offices and honours, up to the grade of grand counsellor of the empire; and a letter addressed to him under the title of "his excellency," will come to the right hands. He was then living at his country place, about eight versts from Odessa, and asked me to go out and pass the next day with him. I was strongly tempted, but in order that I might have the full benefit of it, postponed the pleasure until I had completed my arrangements for travelling. The next day General Sontag called upon me, but I did not see him; and this morning, accompanied by Mr Baguet the younger, I rode out to his place. The land about Odessa is a dead level, the road

was excessively dry, and we were begrimed with dust when we arrived. General Sontag was waiting for us, and, in the true spirit of an American farmer at home, proposed taking us over his grounds. His farm is his hobby; it contains about six hundred acres, and we walked all over it. His crop was wheat, and, although I am no great judge of these matters, I think I never saw finer. He showed me a field of very good wheat, which had not been sowed in three years, but produced by the fallen seed of the previous crops. We compared it with our Genesee wheat, and to me it was an interesting circumstance to find an American cultivating land on the Black Sea, and comparing it with the products of our Genesee flats, with which he was perfectly familiar.

One thing particularly struck me, though, as an American, perhaps I ought not to have been so sensitive. A large number of men were at work in the field, and they were all slaves. Such is the force of education and habit, that I have seen hundreds of black slaves without a sensation; but it struck rudely upon me to see white men slaves to an American, and he one whose father had been a soldier of the revolution, and had fought to sustain the great principle that "all men are by nature free and equal." Mr Sontag told me that he valued his farm at about six thousand dollars, on which he could live well, have a bottle of Crimea wine, and another every day for a friend, and lay up one thousand dollars a-year; but I afterwards heard that he was an enthusiast on the subject of his farm; a bad manager, and that he really knew nothing of its expense or profit.

Returning to the house, we found Madame Sontag ready to receive us. She is an authoress of great literary reputation, and of such character that, while the emperor was prosecuting the Turkish war in person, and the empress remained at Odessa, the young arch-duchesses were placed under her charge. At dinner she talked with much interest of America, and expressed a hope, though not much expectation, of one day visiting it. But General Sontag himself, surrounded as he is by Russian connections, is all American. Pointing to the ribbon on his button-hole, he said he was entitled to one order which he should value above all others; that his father had been a soldier of the revolution, and member of the Cincinnati Society, and that in Russia the decoration of that order would be to him the proudest badge of honour that an American could wear. After dining, we retired into a little room fitted up as a library, which he calls America, furnished with all the standard American books, Irving, Paulding, Cooper, &c., engravings of distinguished Americans, maps, charts, canal and railroad reports, &c.; and his daughter, a lovely little girl and only child, has been taught to speak her father's tongue and love her father's land. In honour of me she played on the piano "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle," and the day wore away too soon. We took tea on the piazza, and at parting I received from him a letter to his agent on his estate near Moscow, and from Madame Sontag one which carried me into the imperial household, being directed to "Monsieur l'Intendant du Prince héritière, Petersbourg." A few weeks ago I received from him a letter, in which he says, "The visit of one of my countrymen is so great a treat, that I can assure you you are never forgotten by any one of my little family; and when my daughter wishes to make me smile, she is sure to succeed if she sits down to her piano and plays 'Hail Columbia' or 'Yankee Doodle'; this brings to mind Mr —, Mr —, Mr —, and Mr —, who have passed through this city; to me alone it brings to mind my country, parents, friends, youth, and a world of things and ideas past, never to return. Should any of our countrymen be coming this way, do not forget to inform them that in Odessa lives one who will be glad to see them;" and I say now to any of my countrymen whom chance may throw upon the shores of the Black Sea, that if he would receive, so far from home, the welcome of a true-hearted American, General Sontag will be glad to render it.

It was still early in the evening when I returned to the city. It was moonlight, and I walked immediately to the boulevards. I have not spoken as I ought to have done of this beautiful promenade, on which I walked every evening under the light of a splendid moon. The boulevards are bounded on one side by the precipitous shore of the sea; are three quarters of a mile in length, with rows of trees on each side, gravel walks and statues, and terminated at one end by the Exchange, and at the other by the palace of Count Woronzow. At this season of the year it was the promenade of all the beauty and fashion of Odessa, from an hour or two before dark until midnight. This evening the moon was brighter, and the crowd was greater and gayer, than usual. The great number of officers, with their dashing uniforms, the clashing of their swords, and rattling of their spurs, added to the effect; and woman never looks so interesting as when leaning on the arm of a soldier. Even in Italy or Greece, I have seldom seen a finer moonlight scene than the columns of the Exchange through the vista of trees lining the boulevards. I expected to leave the next day, and I lingered till a late hour. I strolled up and down the promenade, alone among thousands. I sat down upon a bench, and looked for the last time on the Black Sea, the stormy Euxine, quiet in the moonbeams, and glittering like a lake of burnished silver. By degrees the gay throng disappeared; one after another, party after party withdrew; a few straggling couples, seeming all the world to each other, still lingered, like me, unable to tear themselves away. It was the hour and the place for poetry and feeling. A young officer and a lady were the last to leave; they passed by me, but did not notice me; they had lost all outward perceptions; and as, in passing for the last time, she raised her head for a moment, and the moon shone full upon her face, I saw there an expression that spoke of heaven. I followed them as they went out, murmured involuntarily "Happy dog!" whistled "Heighho, says Thimble!" and went to my hotel to bed.

CHAPTER XV.

Choice of a Conveyance.—Hiring a Servant.—Another American.—Beginning of Troubles.—A Bivouac.—Russian Jews.—The Steppes of Russia.—A Traveller's Story.—Approach to Chioff.—How to get rid of a Servant.—History of Chioff.

I HAD before me a journey of nearly 2000 miles, through a country more than half barbarous, and entirely destitute of all accommodation for travellers. Southern Russia was the Scythia of Darius, "savage from the remotest time." "All the way," says an old traveller, "I never came in a house, but lodged in the wilderness by the river side, and carried provisions by the way, for there be small succour in those parts;" and we were advised that a century had made but little change in the interior of the empire. There were no public conveyances, and we had our choice of three modes of travelling; first, by a Jew's waggon, in which the traveller stretches out his bed, and is trundled along like a bale of goods, always with the same horses, and therefore, of necessity, making slow progress; secondly, the *char de poste*, a mere box of wood on four wheels, with straw in the bottom; very fast, but to be changed always with the post horses; and, thirdly, posting with our own carriage. We did not hesitate long in choosing the last, and bought a carriage, fortunately a good one, a large *calèche* which an Italian nobleman had got made for his own use in travelling on the Continent, and which he now sold, not because he did not want it, but because he wanted money more. Next we procured a *podorozhni*, under which, "By order of his Majesty Nicholas I., autocrat of all the Russias, from Odessa to Moscow and Petersburgh, all the post-offices were commanded to give — and —, with their servant, four horses with their drivers, at the price fixed by law." Besides this, it was necessary to give security that we left no debts behind us; and if Mr Ralli undertakes for all Americans the same obligation he did for me, it may

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happen that his office of consul will be no sinecure. Next, and this was no trifling matter, we got our passports arranged; the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, by the way, had given me a new passport in Russian, and my companion, that he might travel with the advantages of rank and title, got himself made "noble" by an extra stroke of his consul's pen.

The last thing was to engage a servant. We had plenty of applications, but as very few talked any language we understood, we had not much choice; one, a German, a capital fellow, was exactly the man we wanted, only he could not speak a word of Russian, which was the principal qualification we required in a servant. At length came a Frenchman, with an unusual proportion of whiskers and mustaches, and one of the worst of the desperate *émigrés* whom the French Revolution, or rather the Restoration, sent roaming in foreign lands. He had naturally a most unprepossessing physiognomy, and this was heightened by a sabre-cut which had knocked out several of his teeth, and left a huge gash in his cheek and lip, and, moreover, made him speak very unintelligibly. When I asked him if he was a Frenchman, he drew himself up with great dignity, and replied, "Monsieur, je suis *Parisien*." His appearance was a gross libel upon the Parisians; but as we could get no one else, we took him, upon little recommendation, the day before our departure, and, during the same day, threatened half a dozen times to discharge him. The police regulation obliging him to pay his debts before leaving Odessa, he seemed to consider peculiarly hard; and all the time he was with us, kept referring to his having been obliged to fritter away thirty or forty rubles before he could leave. We ought to have furnished ourselves with provisions for the whole road to Moscow, and even cooking utensils; but we neglected it, and carried with us only tea and sugar, a tin teapot, two tin cups, two tin plates, two knives and forks, and some Bologna sausages, trusting, like Napoleon when he invaded Russia, to make up the rest by foraging.

Before beginning our journey, we had a foretaste of the difficulty of travelling in Russia. We had ordered post-horses three times, and had sent for them morning and evening, and received for answer that there were none in. At the third disappointment, our own consul being out of town, my friend the Spanish consul went with me to the director of the post, and found that during the time in which they had told us they had no horses, they had sent out more than a hundred. Instead of taxing them with their rascality, he talked the matter over very politely, paid the price of the horses, gave them a bonus of ten rubles, and obtained a promise, by all the saints in the Russian calendar, for daylight the next morning.

The next morning at eight o'clock the horses came, four shaggy, wild-looking little animals, which no comb or brush had ever touched, harnessed with a collar and rope lines. They were tied in with rope traces, all abreast, two on each side the pole, and a postilion with a low wool cap, sheepskin coat and trousers, the woolly side next the skin, who would make an English whip stare, mounted the box. Henri followed, and my companion and myself took our seats within. The day before we had a positive quarrel upon a point unnecessary here to mention, in which I thought, and still think, he acted wrong, and the dispute had run so high that I told him I regretted exceedingly having made arrangements for travelling with him, and proposed even then to part company; he objected, and as we had purchased a carriage jointly, and particularly as our passports were prepared, our *podorozhni* made out, and servant hired in our joint names, I was fain to go on; and in this inauspicious humour towards each other, we set out for a journey of nearly 2000 miles, through a wild and desolate country, among a half-civilised people, whose language we could not understand, and with a servant whom we distrusted and disliked.

In spite of all this, however, I felt a high degree of excitement in starting for the capital of Russia; and I

will do my companion the justice to say that he had been always ready to receive my advances, and to do more than meet me half way, which I afterwards learned was from an apprehension of the taunts of his companions, who, not satisfied with getting rid of him, had constantly told him that it was impossible for an Englishman and an American to travel together, and that we would quarrel and fight the first day. I believe that I am enough of an American in my feelings, but such an idea had never entered my head; I met many Englishmen, and with some formed a friendship which I trust will last through life; and among all I met, these two were the only *young* men so far behind the spirit of the age as to harbour such a thought. I did meet one *old* gentleman, who, though showing me personally the greatest kindness, could not forget the old grudge. But men cannot be driving their elbows into each other's ribs, comparing money accounts, and consulting upon the hundred little things that present themselves on such a journey, without getting upon at least sociable terms; and before night of the first day, the feelings of my companion and myself had undergone a decided change.

But to go back to Odessa. At the barrier we found a large travelling-carriage stopping the way, in which was my friend M. Ralli, with his lady, on his way to Nicolaïf; part of his business here was to erect a monument to the memory of a deceased countryman. Mr Munroe, son of a former postmaster in Washington, is another instance of the success of American adventurers in Russia. He went out to St Petersburg, with letters from the Russian ambassador and others, and entered the army, the only road to distinction in Russia. He accompanied the Grand-duke Constantine to Poland, and was made one of his aide-de-camps; and on the death of Constantine was transferred to the staff of the Emperor Nicholas. At the time of the invasion of Turkey by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pacha, Mr Munroe held the rank of colonel in the army sent to the aid of the sultan. While the Russians were encamped at the foot of the Giant's Mountain, he visited Constantinople, and became acquainted with the American missionaries, who all spoke of him in the highest terms. He was a tall, well-made man, carried himself with a military air, and looked admirably well in the Russian uniform. On the withdrawal of the Russians from the Black Sea, Mr Munroe was left in some important charge at Nicolaïf, where he died in the opening of a brilliant career. I heard of him all over Russia, particularly from officers of the army; and being often asked if I knew him, regretted to be obliged to answer no. But though personally unacquainted, as an American I was gratified with the name he had left behind him.

To return again to our journey: a few rubles satisfied the officer at the barrier that we were carrying nothing prohibited out of the "free port" of Odessa, and we started on a full run, to the great peril of our necks, and, to use the climax of a Dutch proclamation, "what's more, of breaking our carriage." In less than an hour we brought up before the door of a post-house. Our wheels were smoking when we stopped. On our hind axle we carried a bucket of grease; half a dozen bipeds in sheepskin whipped off the wheels and greased them; four quadrupeds were tied into the carriage, another *bête* mounted the box, and we were off again at a full run. My companion undertook to keep a memorandum of expenses, and we put a certain sum in a purse, and paid out of it till all was gone. This was a glorious beginning for a journey of 2000 miles. The country possessed little interest, being mostly level, and having but few villages. On the way we saw a natural phenomenon that is common enough in Egypt and the East, where the country is level, and known by the name of *mirage*. At a distance it seemed a mere pond or lake, and a drove of cattle passing over it looked as if they were walking in the water. We rolled on rapidly all day, passed through Balgarha, Kodurseve, and Pakra, timing every post, and noting every village, with a par-

ticularity which it would be tedious here to repeat, and at about eight in the evening dashed into the little town of Voznezeuski, 130 versts from Odessa. Here we came to a dead stand. We had begun to entertain some apprehensions from the conduct of Monsieur Henri, who complained of the hardness of his seat, and asked if we did not intend to stop at night, recommending Voznezeuski as a place where we could sleep in the post-house; we told him that we had no idea of stopping but to change horses, and should go on immediately.

Voznezeuski lies on the river Bog, and is the chief town of the Cossacks of the Bog. This river is navigable for large vessels 150 versts; beyond this, for three or four hundred versts, it is full of cataracts. The Cossacks of the Bog are a warlike tribe, numbering from six to seven thousand, and living under the same military system with the Cossacks of the Don. But we fell into worse hands than the Cossacks. The postmaster was a Jew, and at first told us that he had no horses; then that he had no postilion, but would hire one if we would pay him a certain sum, about four times the amount fixed by law. We had been obliged before to pay a few extra rubles, but this was our first serious difficulty with the postmasters; and in pursuance of the advice received at Odessa, we talked loud, demanded the book which is nailed to the table in every post-house for travellers to enter complaints in, and threatened the vengeance of Count Woronzow and every one else, up to the emperor; but the Jew laughed in our faces; looked in our *podoroshni*, where we were described as simple travellers, without any of the formidable array of titles which procure respect in Russia; told us we were no grand seigneurs, and that we must either pay the price or wait, as our betters had done before us. We found too soon, as we had been advised at Odessa, that these fellows do not know such a character in society as a private gentleman; and if a man is not described in his *podoroshni* as a count, duke, or lord of some kind, or by some high-sounding military title, they think he is a merchant, or manufacturer, or some other common fellow, and pay no regard to him. I relied somewhat upon my companion's having been made "noble," but now found that his consul had been rather chary of his honours, and, by the Russian word used, had not put him up high enough.

We had a long wrangle with the Jew, the result of which was, that we told him, probably in no very gentle phrase, that we would wait a month rather than submit to his extortion; and, drawing up the window of our carriage, prepared to pass the night at the door of the post-house.

One of our party was evidently well satisfied with this arrangement, and he was Monsieur Henri. We had hired him by the day to Moscow, and, if we wanted him, to St Petersburg, and very soon saw that he was perfectly content with the terms, and in no hurry to bring our journey to a close. From the moment of our arrival, we suspected him of encouraging the postmaster in his efforts to detain us, and were so much fortified in this opinion by after circumstances, that when he was about moving towards the house to pass the night within, we peremptorily ordered him to mount the box and sleep there. He refused, we insisted; and as this was the first day out and the first moment of actual collision, and it was all-important to decide who should be master, we told him that if he did not obey, we would discharge him on the spot, at the risk of being obliged to work our way back to Odessa alone. And as he felt that, in that case, his debts would have been paid to no purpose, with a string of suppressed *sacres* he took his place on the box. Our carriage was very comfortable, well lined and stuffed, furnished with pockets, and every thing necessary for the road, and we expected to sleep in it; but, to tell the truth, we felt rather cheap as we woke during the night, and looked at the shut door of the post-house, and thought of the Jew sleeping away in utter contempt of us, and our only satisfaction was in hearing an occasional groan from Henri.

That worthy individual did not oversleep himself, nor did he suffer the Jew to do so either. Early in the morning, without a word on our part, the horses were brought out and harnessed to our vehicle, and the same man whom he professed to have hired expressly for us, and who, no doubt, was the regular postilion, mounted the box. The Jew maintained his impudence to the last, coming round to my window, and then asking a few rubles as a douceur. Good English would have been thrown away upon him, so I resented it by drawing up the window of the carriage, and scowling at him through the glass.

Many of the postmasters along this road were Jews; and I am compelled to say that they were always the greatest scoundrels we had to deal with; and this is placing them on very high ground, for their inferiors in rascality would be accounted masters in any other country. No men can bear a worse character than the Russian Jews, and I can truly say that I found them all they were represented to be. They are not allowed to come within the territory of old Russia. Peter the Great refused the application to be permitted to approach nearer, smoothing his refusal by telling them that his Russian subjects were greater Jews than they were themselves. The sagacious old monarch, however, was wrong; for all the money business along the road is in their hands. They keep little taverns, where they sell *vodka*, a species of brandy, and wring from the peasant all his earnings, lending the money again to the seigneurs at exorbitant interest. Many of them are rich, and though alike despised by rich and poor, by the seigneur and the serf, they are proud of exhibiting their wealth, particularly in the jewels and ornaments of their women. At Savonka, a little village on the confines of old Poland, where we were detained waiting for horses, I saw a young girl about sixteen, a Polonese, sitting on the steps of a miserable little tavern, sewing together some ribbons, with a head-dress of brown cloth, ornamented with gold chains and pearls worth 600 rubles, diamond earrings worth 100, and a necklace of ducats and other Dutch gold pieces worth 400 rubles; altogether, in our currency, worth perhaps 250 dollars.

Here, too, while sitting with Henri on the steps of the post-house, I asked him in a friendly way how he could be such a rascal as to league with the postmaster to detain us at Voznezeuski, whereupon he went at once into French heroics, exclaiming, "Monsieur, je suis vieux militaire—j'étais chasseur de Napoléon—mon honneur," &c.; that he had never travelled before except with grand seigneurs, and then in the carriage, more as *compagnon de voyage* than as a servant, and intimated that it was great condescension to travel with us at all.

We passed through several villages, so much alike, and so uninteresting in appearance, that I did not note even their names. As night approached, we had great apprehensions that Henri would contrive to make us stop again; but the recollection of his bed on the box served as a lesson, and we rolled on without interruption. At daylight we awoke, and found ourselves upon the wild steppes of Russia, forming part of the immense plain which, beginning in northern Germany, extends for hundreds of miles, having its surface occasionally diversified by ancient tumuli, and terminates at the long chain of the Urals, which, rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia. The whole of this immense plain was covered with a luxuriant pasture, but bare of trees like our prairie lands, mostly unencultivated, yet every where capable of producing the same wheat which now draws to the Black Sea the vessels of Turkey, Egypt, and Italy, making Russia the granary of the Levant; and which, within the last year, we have seen brought 6000 miles to our own doors. Our road over these steppes was in its natural state; that is to say, a mere track worn by caravans of waggons; there were no fences, and sometimes the route was marked at intervals by heaps of stones, intended as guides when the ground should be

covered with snow. I had some anxiety about our carriage; the spokes of the wheels were all strengthened and secured by cords wound tightly around them, and interlaced so as to make a network; but the postilions were so perfectly reckless as to the fate of the carriage, that every crack went through me like a shot. The breaking of a wheel would have left us perfectly helpless in a desolate country, perhaps more than a hundred miles from any place where we could get it repaired. Indeed, on the whole road to Chioff there was not a single place where we could have any material injury repaired; and the remark of the old traveller is yet emphatically true, that "there be small succour in these parts."

At about nine o'clock we whirled furiously into a little village, and stopped at the door of the post-house. Our wheels were smoking with the rapidity of their revolutions; Henri dashed a bucket of water over them to keep them from burning, and half a dozen men whipped them off and greased them. Indeed, greasing the wheels is necessary at every post, as otherwise the hubs become dry, so that there is actual danger of their taking fire; and there is a *traveller's* story told (but I do not vouch for its truth) of a postilion, waggon, and passengers, being all burned up, on the road to Moscow, by the ignition of the wheels.

The village, like all the others, was built of wood, plastered and whitewashed, with roofs of thatched straw, and the houses were much cleaner than I expected to find them. We got plenty of fresh milk; the bread, which to the traveller in those countries is emphatically the staff of life, we found good every where in Russia, and at Moscow the whitest I ever saw. Henri was an enormous feeder; and wherever we stopped, he disappeared for a moment, and came out with a loaf of bread in his hand and his mustache covered with the froth of *quass*, a Russian small beer. He said he was not always so voracious, but his seat was so hard, and he was so roughly shaken, that eating did him no good.

Resuming our journey, we met no travellers. Occasionally we passed large droves of cattle; but all the way from Odessa the principal objects were long trains of waggons, fifty or sixty together, drawn by oxen, and transporting merchandise towards Moscow, or grain to the Black Sea. Their approach was indicated at a great distance by immense clouds of dust, which gave us timely notice to let down our curtains and raise our glasses. The waggoners were short, ugly-looking fellows, with huge sandy mustaches and beards, black woolly caps, and sheepskin jackets, the wool side next the skin; perhaps, in many cases, transferred warm from the back of one animal to that of the other, where they remained till worn out or eaten up by vermin. They had among them blacksmiths and wheelwrights, and spare wheels, and hammer, and tools, and every thing necessary for a journey of several hundred miles. Half of them were generally asleep on the top of their loads; and they encamped at night in caravan style, arranging the waggons in a square, building a large fire, and sleeping around it. About mid-day we saw clouds gathering afar off in the horizon, and soon after the rain began to fall, and we could see it advancing rapidly over the immense level till it broke over our heads, and in a few moments passed off, leaving the ground smoking with exhalations.

Late in the afternoon we met the travelling equipage of a seigneur returning from Moscow to his estate in the country. It consisted of four carriages, with six or eight horses each. The first was a large, stately, and cumbersome vehicle, padded and cushioned, in which, as we passed rapidly by, we caught a glimpse of a corpulent Russian on the back seat, with his feet on the front, bolstered all around with pillows and cushions, almost burying every part of him but his face, and looking the very personification of luxurious indulgence; and yet, probably, that man had been a soldier, and slept many a night on the bare ground, with no covering but his military cloak. Next came another carriage, fitted out

in the same luxurious style, with the seigneur's lady and a little girl; then another with nurses and children; then beds, baggage, cooking utensils, and servants, the latter hanging on every where about the vehicle, much in the same way with the pots and kettles. Altogether, it was an equipment in caravan style, somewhat the same as for a journey in the desert, the traveller carrying with him provision and every thing necessary for his comfort, as not expecting to procure any thing on the road, nor to sleep under a roof during the whole journey. He stops when he pleases, and his servants prepare his meals, sometimes in the open air, but generally at the post-house. We had constant difficulties with Henri and the postmasters, but, except when detained for an hour or two by these petty tyrants, we rolled on all night, and in the morning again woke upon the same boundless plain.

The post-house was usually in a village, but sometimes stood alone, the only object to be seen on the great plain. Before it was always a high square post, with black and white stripes, marking the number of *versets* from station to station; opposite to this Henri dismounted, and presented the *podoroshni*, or imperial order for horses. But the postmasters were high above the laws; every one of them seemed a little autocrat in his own right, holding his appointment rather to prey upon than to serve travellers; and the emperor's government would be but badly administered if his ukases, and other high-sounding orders, did not carry with them more weight than his *podoroshni*. The postmasters obeyed it when they pleased, and when they did not, made a new bargain. They always had an excuse; as, for instance, that they had no horses, or were keeping them in reserve for a courier or grand seigneur; but they listened to reason when enforced by rubles, and as soon as a new bargain was made, half a dozen animals in sheepskin went out on the plain and drove up fifteen or twenty horses, small, rugged, and tough, with long and shaggy manes and tails, which no comb or brush had ever touched, and, diving among them promiscuously, caught four, put on rope headstalls, and tied them to our rope traces. The postilion mounted the box, and shouting and whipping his horses, and sometimes shutting his eyes, started from the post on a full gallop, carried us like the wind, *ventre à terre*, over the immense plain, sometimes without a rut or any visible mark to guide him, and brought us up all standing in front of the next post. A long delay and a short post, and this was the same, over and over again, during the whole journey. The time actually consumed in making progress was incredibly short, and I do not know a more beautiful way of getting over the ground than posting in Russia with a man of high military rank, who can make the postmasters give him horses immediately on his arrival. As for us, after an infinite deal of vexation and at a ruinous expense, on the morning of the fourth day we were within one post of Chioff. Here we heard with great satisfaction that a diligence was advertised for Moscow, and we determined at once to get rid of carriage, posting, and Henri. We took our seats for the last time in the *caïche*, gave the postilion a double allowance of *kopeks*, and in half an hour saw at a great distance the venerable city of Chioff, the ancient capital of Russia. It stands at a great height, on the crest of an amphitheatre of hills, which rise abruptly in the middle of an immense plain, apparently thrown up by some wild freak of nature, at once curious, unique, and beautiful. The style of its architecture is admirably calculated to give effect to its peculiar position; and after a dreary journey over the wild plains of the Ukraine, it breaks upon the traveller with all the glittering and gorgeous splendour of an Asiatic city. For many centuries it has been regarded as the Jerusalem of the North, the sacred and holy city of the Russians; and long before reaching it, its numerous convents and churches, crowning the summit and hanging on the sides of the hill, with their quadrupled domes, and spires, and chains, and crosses, gilded with ducat gold and glittering in the sun, gave the whole city

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the appearance of golden splendour. The churches and monasteries have one large dome in the centre, with a spire surmounted by a cross, and several smaller domes around it, also with spires and crosses connected by pendant chains, and all gilded so purely that they never tarnish. We drove rapidly to the foot of the hill, and ascended by a long wooden paved road to the heart of the city.

During the whole of our last post, our interest had been divided between the venerable city and the rogue Henri. My companion, who, by the way, spoke but little French, disliked him from the first. We had long considered him in league with all the Jews and postmasters on the road, and had determined, under no circumstances, to take him farther than Chioff; but as we had hired him to Moscow, the difficulty was how to get rid of him. He might take it into his head that, if we did not know when we had a good servant, he knew when he had good masters; but he was constantly grumbling about his seat, and calculated upon three or four days' rest at Chioff. So, as soon as we drove up to the door of the hotel, we told him to order breakfast and posthorses. He turned round as if he had not fully comprehended us. We repeated the order, and, for the first time since he had been with us, he showed something like agility in dismounting, fairly threw himself from the box, swore he would not ride another verst that day for a thousand rubles, and discharged us on the spot. We afterwards paid him to his entire satisfaction, indemnifying him for the money he had squandered in paying his debts at Odessa, and found him more useful at Chioff than he had been at any time on the road. Indeed, we afterwards learned what was rather ludicrous, viz., that he, our pilot and interpreter through the wilderness of Russia, knew but little more of Russian than we did ourselves. He could ask for post-horses and the ordinary necessities of life, count money, &c., but could not support a connected conversation, nor speak nor understand a long sentence. This changed our suspicions of his honesty into admiration of his impudence; but, in the mean time, when he discharged us, we should have been rather destitute if it had not been for the servant of a Russian traveller who spoke French, and, taking our direction from him, we mounted a drozky and rode to the office of the diligence, which was situated in the Podolsk, or lower town, and at which we found ourselves particularly well received by the proprietor. He said that the attempt to run a diligence was discouraging; that he had advertised two weeks, and had not booked a single passenger; but, if he could get two, he was determined to try the experiment. We examined the vehicle, which was very large and convenient, and, satisfied that there was no danger of all the places being taken, we left him until we could make an effort to dispose of our carriage. Relieved from all anxiety as to our future movements, we again mounted our drozky. Ascending the hill, we passed the fountain where St Vladimir baptised the first Russian converts; the spring is held sacred by the Christians now, and a column bearing a cross is erected over it, to commemorate the pious act and the ancient sovereignty of Chioff.

The early history of this city is involved in some obscurity. Its name is supposed to be derived from Kiovi or Kii, a Sarmatian word signifying heights or mountains; and its inhabitants, a Sarmatian tribe, were denominated Kivi, or mountaineers. It is known to have been a place of consequence in the fifth century, when the Suevi, driven from their settlements on the Danube, established themselves here and at Novogorod. In the beginning of the tenth century, it was the capital, and most celebrated and opulent city in Russia, or in that part of Europe. Boleslaus the Terrible notched upon its "golden gate" his "miraculous sword," called by the monks "the sword of God," and the Poles entered and plundered it of its riches. In the latter part of the same century, the capital of Russia again fell before the conquering arms of the Poles. Kiev was at that time the foster-child of Con-

stantinople and the Eastern empire. The voluptuous Greeks had stored it with all the luxuries of Asia; the noble architecture of Athens was festooned with the gaudy tapestry of Lydia, and the rough metal of Russian swords embossed with the polished gold of Ophir and Persia. Boleslaus II., shut up within the "golden gate" of this city of voluptuousness, quaffed the bowl of pleasure till its intoxicating draught degraded all the nobler energies of his nature. His army of warriors followed his example, and slept away month after month on the soft couches of Kiev; and in the language, of the historian, as if they had eaten of the fabled fruit of the lotos-tree, at length forgot that their houses were without masters, their wives without husbands, and their children without parents.

But these tender relations were not in like manner oblivious; and after seven years of absence, the Poles were roused from their trance of pleasure by the tidings of a revolt among the women at home, who, tired of waiting their return, in revenge gave themselves up to the embraces of their slaves. Burning under the disgrace, the Poles hurried home to wreak their vengeance on wives and paramours; but they met at Warsaw a bloody resistance; the women, maddened by despair, urged on their lovers, many of them fighting in person, and seeking out on the battle-field their faithless husbands—an awful warning to married men!

For a long time Kiev was the prey alternately of the Poles, the Lithuanians, and the Tartars, until, in 1686, it was finally ceded by the Poles to Russia. The city is composed of three distinct quarters; the old, with its Polish fortifications, containing the emperor's palace, and being the court end; the Petcherk fortress, built by Peter the Great, with ditches and high ramparts, and an arsenal capable of containing eighty or a hundred thousand stand of arms; and the Podolsk, or business part, situated at the foot of the hill on the banks of the Dnieper. It contains 30,000 inhabitants, besides a large military garrison, partly of Cossack troops, and one pretty good hotel; but no beds, and none of those soft couches which made the hardy Poles sleep away their senses; and though a welcome resting-place for a traveller through the wild plains of Russia, it does not now possess any such attraction as to put in peril the faith and duties of husbands. By its position, secluded from intercourse with strangers, Kiev is still thoroughly a Russian city, retaining in full force its Asiatic style of architecture; and the old Russian, wedded to the manners and customs of his fathers, clings to it as a place which the hand of improvement has not yet reached: among other relics of the olden time, the long beard still flourishes with the same solemn dignity as in the days of Peter the Great. Lying a hundred miles away from the direct road between Moscow and the Black Sea, few European travellers visit it; and though several of them have done so since, perhaps I was the first American who ever passed through it.

We passed the morning in riding round to the numerous convents and churches, among which is the church of St Sophia, the oldest in Russia, and, if not an exact model of the great St Sophia of Constantinople, at least of Byzantine design; and towards evening went to the emperor's garden. This garden is more than a mile in length, bounded on one side by the high precipitous bank of the hill, undulating in its surface, and laid out like an English park, with lawn, gravel-walks, and trees; it contains houses of refreshment, arbours or summer houses, and a summer theatre. At the foot of the hill flows the Dnieper, the ancient Borysthenes, on which, in former days, the descendants of Odin and Ruric descended to plunder Constantinople. Two or three sloops were lying; as it were, asleep in the lower town,elling of a still interior country, and beyond was a boundless plain covered with a thick forest of trees, the view from this bank was unique and extraordinary, entirely different from any thing I ever saw in natural scenery, and resembling more than any thing else a boundless marine prospect.

At the entrance of the garden is an open square or table of land overlooking the plain, where, every evening at seven o'clock, the military band plays. The garden is the fashionable promenade, the higher classes resorting to it in carriages and on horseback, and the common people on foot; the display of equipages was not very striking, although there is something stylish in the Russian manner of driving four horses, the leaders with very long traces and a postilion; and soldiers and officers, with their splendid uniforms, caps, and plumes, added a brilliant effect.

Before the music began, all returned from the promenade or drive in the garden, and gathered in the square. It was a beautiful afternoon in June, and the assemblage was unusually large and brilliant; the carriages drew up in a line, the ladies let down the glasses, and the cavaliers dismounted, and talked and flirted with them just as in civilised countries. All Chioff was there; and the peasant in his dirty sheepskin jacket, the slopkeeper with his long surtout and beard, the postilion on his horse, the coachman on his box, the dashing soldier, the haughty noble, and supercilious lady, touched by the same chord, forgot their temporal distinctions, and listened to the swelling strains of the music till the last notes died away. The whole mass was then in motion, and in a few moments, except by a few stragglers, of whom I was one, the garden was deserted. At about ten o'clock I returned to my hotel. We had no beds, and slept on our cloaks on settees stuffed with straw and covered with leather. We had no coverlets; still, after four days and nights in a carriage, it was a luxury to have plenty of kicking room.

CHAPTER XVI.

A lucky Encounter.—Church of the Catacombs.—A visit to the Saints.—A Tender Parting.—Pilgrims.—Rough Treatment.—A Scene of Starvation.—Russian Serfs.—Devotion of the Serfs.—Approach to Moscow.

EARLY in the morning, while I was standing in the yard of the hotel, chaffering with some Jews about the sale of our carriage, an officer in a faded, threadbare uniform, with two or three ribbons at his button-hole, and stars sparkling on his breast, came up, and taking me by the hand, told me, in capital English, that he had just heard of the arrival of two English gentlemen, and had hurried down to see them; that he was a great admirer of the English, and happy to have an opportunity, in the interior of his own country, to show its hospitalities to the natives of the Island Queen. At the risk of losing the benefit of his attentions, I was obliged to disclaim my supposed English character, and to publish, in the heart of a grinding despotism, that I was a citizen of a free republic. Nor did I suffer for my candour; for, by one of those strange vagaries which sometimes happen, we cannot tell how or why, this officer in the service of Russia had long looked to America and her republican government as the perfection of an ideal system. He was in Chioff only by accident. Wounded in the last campaign against the Turks, he had taken up his abode at Ismail, where, upon a pension and a pittance of his own, he was able to live respectably as a poor officer. With no friends or connexions, and no society at Ismail, his head seemed to have run principally upon two things, apparently having no connection with each other, but intimately connected in his mind, viz., the British possessions in India and the United States of America; and the cord that bound them together was the wide diffusion of the English language by means of these powerful agents. He told me more than I ever knew of the constitution and government of the East India Company, and their plan of operations; and in regard to our own country, his knowledge was astonishing; he knew the names and character, and talked familiarly of all our principal men, from the time of Washington to the present day; had read all our standard works, and was far more familiar with those of Franklin, Irving, &c., than I

was; in short, he told me that he had read every American book, pamphlet, or paper, he could lay his hands on; and so intimate was his knowledge of detail, that he mentioned Chestnut Street by name as one of the principal streets in Philadelphia. It may be supposed that I was not sorry to meet such a man in the heart of Russia. He devoted himself to us, and seldom left us, except at night, until we left the city.

After breakfast, accompanied by our new friend with as unpronounceable a name as the best in Russia, we visited the catacombs of the Petcherskoi monastery. I have before remarked that Chioff is the holy city of the Russians, and the crowds of pilgrims we met at every turn in the streets constantly reminded us that this was the great season of the pilgrimage. I was but imperfectly acquainted with the Russian character, but in no one particular had I been so ignorant as in regard to their religious impressions. I had seen Italian, Greek, and Turkish devotees, but the Russian surpassed them all; and though deriving their religion from strangers, they exceed the punctilious Greeks themselves in the observance of its minutest forms. Censurable, indeed, would he be considered who should pass, in city or in highway, the figure of the cross, the image of the Virgin, or any of the numerous family of saints, without taking off his hat and making on his breast the sacred sign of the cross; and in a city like Chioff, where every turn presents some new object claiming their worship, the eyes of our drosky boy were rapidly turning from one side to the other, and his hand was almost constantly in a quick mechanical motion.

The Church of the Catacombs, or the Cathedral of the Assumption, attached to the monastery, stands a little out of the city, on the banks of the Dnieper. It was founded in 1073, and has seven golden domes with golden spires, and chains connecting them. The dome of the belfry, which rises above the hill to the height of above 300 feet, and above the Dnieper to that of 586, is considered by the Russians a *chef d'œuvre* of architecture. It is adorned with Doric and Ionic columns and Corinthian pilasters; the whole interior bears the venerable garb of antiquity, and is richly ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones and paintings; indeed, it is altogether very far superior to any Greek church I had then seen.

In the immense catacombs under the monastery lie the unburied bodies of the Russian saints; and year after year thousands and tens of thousands come from the wilds of Siberia and the confines of Tartary, to kneel at their feet and pray. In one of the porches of the church we bought wax tapers, and, with a long procession of pilgrims, bareheaded and with lighted tapers in our hands, descended a long wooden staircase to the mouth of the catacomb. On each side along the staircase was ranged a line of kneeling devotees, of the same miserable description I had so often seen about the churches in Italy and Greece. Entering the excavated passages of the catacombs, the roof of which was black from the smoke of candles, we saw on each side, in niches in the walls, and in open coffins, enveloped in wrappers of cloth and silk, ornamented with gold and silver, the bodies of the Russian saints. These saints are persons who have led particularly pure and holy lives, and by reason thereof have ascended into heaven, where they are supposed to exercise an influence with the Father and Son; and their bodies are left unburied, that their brethren may come to them for intercession, and, seeing their honours after death, study to imitate them in the purity of their lives. The bodies are laid in open coffins, with the stiffened hands so placed as to receive the kisses of pilgrims, and on their breasts are written their names, and sometimes a history of their virtuous actions. But we saw there other and worse things than these, monuments of wild and desperate fanaticism; for besides the bodies of saints who had died at God's appointed time, in one passage is a range of small windows, where men had with their own hands built themselves in with stones against the wall, leaving open only a small hole by which to receive

their food; and died with the impious thought that they were doing their Maker good service. These little windows close their dwelling and their tomb; and the devoted Russian, while he kneels before them, believes that their unnatural death has purchased for them everlasting life, and place and power among the spirits of the blessed.

We wandered a long time in this extraordinary burial place, every where strewed with the kneeling figures of praying pilgrims. At every turn we saw hundreds from the farthest parts of the immense empire of Russia; perhaps at that time more than 8000 were wandering in these sepulchral chambers.

The last scene I shall never forget. More than a hundred were assembled in a little chapel, around which were arranged the bodies of men who had died in peculiar sanctity. All were kneeling on the rocky floor; an old priest, with a long white beard streaming down his breast, was in the midst of them; and all there, even to the little children, were listening with rapt attention, as if he were preaching to them matters of eternal moment. There was no hypocrisy or want of faith in that vast sepulchre; surrounded by their sainted dead, they were searching their way to everlasting life, and in all honesty believed that they saw the way before them. We ascended once more to the regions of upper air, and stopped a few moments in the courtyard of the monastery, where the beggar pilgrims were eating the hard bread distributed to them by the monks from the bounty of government. No man seemed more relieved than the major. He was a liberal in religion as well as in politics, but he crossed himself every where most devoutly, to avoid, as he said, offending the prejudices of his countrymen, though once he rather scandalised a group of pilgrims by cross-questioning a monk about a new saint, who seemed to be receiving more than a usual share of veneration, and who, he said, had been canonised since he was there last.

But there is a time for all things, and nothing is more absolutely fixed by nature's laws than a time for dinner. Almost at the first moment of our acquaintance, the major had told me of an engraving representing a scene in New York, which was to be found at a second or third rate hotel; and I proposed to him, in compliment to the honest publican who had the good taste to have such a picture in his house, to go there and dine. We went; and in a large room, something like a bar-room in our hotels, saw on one of the walls, in a black wooden frame, a gaudy and flaring engraving, representing the pulling down of the statue of George II. in the Bowling Green. The Bowling Green was associated with my earliest recollections. It had been my play-ground when a boy; hundreds of times I had climbed over its fence for my ball, and I was one of a band of boys who held on to it long after the corporation invaded our rights. Captain Cook mentions the effect produced upon his crew by finding at one of the savage islands he visited a silver spoon marked "London;" my feelings were, in a small way, of the same nature. The grouping of the picture was rude and grotesque, the ringleader being a long negro stripped to his trousers, and straining with all his might upon a rope, one end of which was fastened to the head of the statue, and the other tied around his own waist, his white teeth and the whites of his eyes being particularly conspicuous on a heavy ground of black. It was a poor specimen of art, but it was a home scene; we drew up our table opposite the picture, and here, in the very head-quarters of despotism, I found a liberal spirit in an officer wearing the uniform of the autocrat, who pledged me in the toast, "Success to liberty throughout the world."

I had another occupation which savoured more of home, and served to keep my faculties from rusting; and that was the sale of our carriage. We had made a calculation, and found that it would be cheaper, to say nothing of other advantages, to give it away, and take the diligence to Moscow, than go on posting. We

accordingly offered it for sale, and every time we returned to the house found a group of Jews examining it. The poor thing found no favour in their eyes; they told us that we had been riding in it at peril of our lives; that we might be thankful it had not broken down on the road; and, in short, that it was worth nothing except for old iron, and for that it was worth forty-five rubles, or about nine dollars. We could not stand this. It had cost us one hundred and forty less than a week before, was cheap at that, and as good now as when we bought it. On the eve of departure, therefore, we offered it to our landlord for three days' board; but the old Turk (he was a Jew turned Christian, and in his regenerated worse than his natural state) refused our offer, thinking that we would go away and leave it on his hands. But we resolved to burn it first; and while hesitating about offering it to our friend the major, he relieved us from all delicacy by telling us that he did not want it, and had no horses to put to it; to save us from imposition, he would willingly give us the full value, but he was not worth the money. He had, however, a piece of fifty rubles, or about ten dollars, in his pocket, and if we would take that, he would keep the carriage as a souvenir. We gladly accepted his offer, and had the satisfaction of finding that we had grievously disappointed both the Jews and our landlord.

In the morning the proprietor of the diligence, learning that we had sold our vehicle, raised the price of places fifty rubles a-piece; the major heard of it, and insisted upon our taking back the carriage, when the proprietor took another tone, talked of the expense of sending his huge vehicle with only two passengers, and we listened and assented. We started to accompany him, and just at the door of the hotel saw two runaway horses coming furiously down the street with a drosky, and an officer entangled and dragging on the ground. We picked him up, and carried him into the hotel. He was a noble-looking man, who but a few minutes before had attracted my attention by his proud and manly bearing, now a miserable mangled object, his clothes torn, his plume soiled with mud, and his face covered with dust and blood, and, when we left, it was uncertain whether he would live or die.

The major accompanied us to the office of the diligence, and our parting was rather tender; he rubbed his mustache on both my cheeks, wrote his name in my memorandum-book, and I gave him my address; he said that our visit had been an interlude relieving the dull monotony of his life; that we were going to new scenes, and would soon forget him, but he would not forget us. Nor shall I forget him, although it is not probable that he and I will ever meet again.

We took our seats in the diligence for Moscow, and set off with an uncommon degree of satisfaction at having got rid of posting and of Henri, and, with them, of all our troubles. We had nothing to do; no wrangling with postmasters, no cheating to undergo from Jews, and were in that happy state which made the honest Hibernian indifferent to an upset or a breakdown; that is to say, we were merely passengers. With great pomp and circumstance we drove through the principal streets, to advise the Knickerbockers of Chioff of the actual departure of the long-talked-of diligence, the conducteur sounding his trumpet, and the people stopping in the streets and running to the doors to see this extraordinary spectacle.

We descended the long wooden road to the river, and crossed the Dnieper on a bridge about half a mile long. On the opposite bank I turned for the last time to the sacred city, and I never saw any thing more unique and strikingly beautiful than the high, commanding position of "this city on a hill," crowned with its golden cupolas and domes, that reflected the sun with dazzling brightness.

For a short distance the country was rather undulating, but soon settled into the regular steppe. We rolled in all day without any thing to amuse us, or even to interest us, except processions of pilgrims on their way

to Chioff. They travelled on foot in bands of one or two hundred, men, women, and children, headed by a white-bearded monk, barefooted, and leaning on a staff. During the night I was roused by a loud chant, and, looking out, saw a group of more than a hundred pilgrims gathered round a fire, with an old monk in the midst of them, breaking the stillness of night with songs of devotion; and all the night long, as we rode swiftly by, I saw by the bright moonlight groups of forty, fifty, or a hundred, lying by the roadside asleep under the trees. More than fifty thousand pilgrims that year visited the catacombs of Kiev, coming from every part of the immense empire of Russia, and many from Kamschatka and the most distant region of Siberia, performing the whole journey on foot, seldom sleeping under a roof, and living upon the precarious charity of the miserable peasants on the road. I have since seen the gathering of pilgrims at Jerusalem, and the whole body moving together from the gates of the city to bathe in the Jordan, and I have seen the great caravan of forty thousand true believers tracking their desolate way through the deserts of Arabia to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca; but I remember, as if they were before me now, the groups of Russian pilgrims strewn along the road, and sleeping under the pale moonlight, the bare earth their bed, the heavens their only covering.

In the morning we stopped at a little town, where the post-house had in front four Corinthian columns supporting a balcony. Inside, mats were placed against the broken windows, the walls were rough logs, the floor of mud, with pigs and children disputing its possession, and the master and mistress stood in special need of the purifying influence of a Russian bath. We brought the tea-urn out on the balcony, and had a cow brought up and milked in our presence. After breakfast, we lighted our pipes and strolled up the street. At the upper end, an old man in a civil uniform hailed us from the opposite side, and crossed over to meet us; supposing him to be some dignitary disposed to show us the civilities of the town, we waited to receive him with all becoming respect; but, as he approached, were rather startled by the loud tone of his voice, and the angry expression of his face, and more so when, as soon as within reach, he gave my pipe-stick a severe rap with his cane, which knocked it out of my mouth, broke the bowl, and scattered the contents on the ground. I picked up the stick, and should, perhaps, have laid it over his head but for his grey hairs; and my companion, seeing him tread out the sparks of fire, recollected that there was a severe penalty in Russia against smoking in the streets. The houses are all of wood; whole villages and towns are often burned down at once, and probably the old man had begun by a civil intimation to that effect; but, indignant at my quietly smoking in his face, had used more summary measures. He was in a perfect fury; and calling at the top of his voice to a man up the street, the latter went off with such a suspicious looking-for-a-police-officer movement, that we hurried back to the diligence, which happened to be ready and waiting for us, and started from the town on a full run.

That night, in a miserable post-house in a miserable village, we found an old billiard-table. It seemed strangely out of place, and I had a great curiosity to know how it had found its way there; but it was twelve o'clock, and all were asleep but the postilion. I can give no account of the rest of the night's work. I had a large cushioned seat of the diligence to myself, certainly the softest bed I had yet had in Russia; and when I put my feet out of the window, it was so comfortable that I felt myself in some danger of falling into luxurious habits.

At daylight we arrived in a large village, the inhabitants of which were not yet stirring, and the streets were strewn with peasants, grim yellow-bearded fellows, in sheepskin dresses and caps, lying on their backs asleep, each of them with a log of wood under his head for a pillow. I descended from the diligence, and found that the whole village consisted of a single street, with

log-houses on each side, having their gable ends in front; the doors were all open, and I looked in and saw men and women with all their clothes on, pigs, sheep, and children strewn about the floor.

In every house was the image of the Panagia, or all holy Virgin, or the picture of some tutelary saint, the face only visible, the rest covered with a tin frame, with a lamp or taper burning before it; and regularly as the serf rose, he prostrated himself and made his orisons at this domestic shrine.

About noon we passed the chateau and grounds of a seigneur; belonging to the chateau was a large church standing in a conspicuous situation, with a green dome, surmounted by the Greek cross; and round it were the miserable and filthy habitations of his slaves. Entering the village, we saw a spectacle of wretchedness and misery seldom surpassed even on the banks of the Nile. The whole population was gathered in the streets in a state of absolute starvation. The miserable serfs had not raised enough to supply themselves with food, and men of all ages, half-grown boys, and little children, were prowling the streets, or sitting in the door-ways, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau and distribute among them bread.

I had found in Russia many interesting subjects of comparison between that country and my own, but it was with deep humiliation I felt that the most odious feature in that despotic government found a parallel in ours. At this day, with the exception of Russia, some of the West India Islands, and the republic of the United States, every country in the civilised world can respond to the proud boast of the English common law, that the moment a slave sets foot on her soil he is free. I respect the feelings of others and their vested rights, and would be the last to suffer those feelings or those rights to be wantonly violated; but I do not hesitate to say that, abroad, slavery stands as a dark blot upon our national character. There it will not admit of any palliation; it stands in glaring contrast with the spirit of our free institutions; it belies our words and our hearts; and the American who would be most prompt to repel any calumny upon his country, withers under this reproach, and writhes with mortification when the taunt is hurled at the otherwise stainless flag of the free republic. I was forcibly struck with a parallel between the white serfs of the north of Europe and African bondsmen at home. The Russian boor, generally wanting the comforts which are supplied to the negro on our best ordered plantations, appeared to me to be not less degraded in intellect, character, and personal bearing. Indeed, the marks of physical and personal degradation were so strong, that I was insensibly compelled to abandon certain theories not uncommon among my countrymen at home, in regard to the intrinsic superiority of the white race over all others. Perhaps, too, this impression was aided by my having previously met with Africans of intelligence and capacity, standing upon a footing of perfect equality as soldiers and officers in the Greek army and the Sultan's.

The serfs of Russia differ from slaves with us, in the important particular that they belong to the soil, and cannot be sold except with the estate; they may change masters, but cannot be torn from their connexions or their birth-place. One-sixth of the whole peasantry of Russia, amounting to six or seven millions, belong to the crown, and inhabit the imperial demesne, and pay an annual tax. In particular districts, many have been enfranchised, and become burghers and merchants; and the liberal and enlightened policy of the present emperor is diffusing a more general system of melioration among these subjects of his vast empire. The rest of the serfs belong to the nobles, and are the absolute property, and subject to the absolute control, of their masters, as much as the cattle on their estates. Some of the seigneurs possess from seventy to more than a hundred thousand, and their wealth depends upon the skill and management with which the labour of these

serfs is employed. Sometimes the seigneur sends the most intelligent to Petersburg or Moscow to learn some handicraft, and then employs them on his own estates, hires them out, or allows them to exercise their trade on their own account, on payment of an annual sum. And sometimes, too, he gives the serf a passport, under which he is protected all over Russia, settles in a city and engages in trade, and very often accumulates enough to ransom himself and his family. Indeed, there are many instances of a serf's acquiring a large property, and even rising to eminence. But he is always subject to the control of his master; and I saw at Moscow an old *mongik* who had acquired a very large fortune, but was still a slave. His master's price for his freedom had advanced with his growing wealth; and the poor serf, unable to bring himself to part with his hard earnings, was then rolling in wealth with a collar round his neck—struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a slave.

The Russian serf is obliged to work for his master but three days in the week; the other three he may work for himself on a portion of land assigned to him by law on his master's estate. He is never obliged to work on Sunday, and every saint's day, or fête day of the church, is a holiday. This might be supposed to give him an opportunity of elevating his character and condition; but, wanting the spirit of a free agent, and feeling himself the absolute property of another, he labours grudgingly for his master, and for himself barely enough to supply the rudest necessities of life and pay his tax to the seigneur. A few rise above their condition, but millions labour like beasts of burden, content with bread to put in their mouths, and never even thinking of freedom. A Russian nobleman told me that he believed, if the serfs were all free, he could cultivate his estate to better advantage by hired labour; and I have no doubt a dozen Connecticut men would cultivate more ground than a hundred Russian serfs, allowing their usual non-working days and holidays. They have no interest in the soil, and the desolate and uncultivated wastes of Russia show the truth of the judicious reflection of Catherine II., "that agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property."

It is from this great body of peasantry that Russia recruits her immense standing army, or, in case of invasion, raises in a moment a vast body of soldiers. Every person in Russia entitled to hold land is known to the government, as well as the number of peasants on his estate; and upon receiving notice of an imperial order to that effect, the numbers required by the levy are marched forthwith from every part of the empire to the places of rendezvous appointed. It might be asked, What have these men to fight for? They have no country, and are brought up on immense levels, wanting the rocks, rivers, and mountains, that inspire local attachments. It is a singular fact, that, with the Russian serf, there is always an unbounded love for him who stands at the head of the system of oppression under which they groan, the emperor, whom they as their protector against the oppressors of their immediate masters; but to whatever cause it may be ascribed, whether inability to estimate the value of any change in their condition, or a feeling of actual love for the soil on which they were born, during the invasion of Napoleon the serfs of Russia presented a noble spectacle; and the spirit of devotion which animated the corps of ten thousand in the north, extended to the utmost bounds of the empire. They received orders to march from St Petersburg to meet the advance of the French army; the emperor reviewed them, and is said to have shed tears at their departure. Arrived at the place appointed, Witgenstein ordered them to fall back to a certain point, but they answered, "No; the last promise we made the emperor our father was, that we would never fly before the enemy, and we keep our word." Eight thousand of their number died on the spot, and the spirit which animated them fired the

serfs throughout the whole empire. The scholar may sneer, but I defy him to point to a nobler page in Grecian or Roman history.

I shall make amends for this long discussion by hurrying on to Moscow. We rode hundreds of miles without meeting a hill; the country was bare of trees, and almost every where presenting the same appearance. We saw the first disc of the sun peeping out of the earth, watched it while soaring on its daily round, and, without a bush to obstruct the view, saw it sink below the horizon; and woke up at all times of night and saw the stars

"Rolling like living cars of light
For gods to journey by."

The principal and only large towns on our road were Orel and Toula, the former containing a population of 4000 or 5000, and presenting an imposing display of churches and monasteries, gaudily painted and with gilded domes; the houses were principally of wood, painted yellow. Toula is the largest manufacturing town, and is called the Sheffield of Russia, being particularly celebrated for its cutlery. Every where the diligence created a great sensation; the knowing ones said it would never do; but at Orel one spirited individual said if we would wait three days for him, he would go on with us. It can hardly seem credible, in our steamboat and railroad community, that a public conveyance could roll on for seven days and nights, through many villages and towns, towards the capital of an immense empire, and not take in a single way-passenger; but such was the fact: and on the morning of the seventh day, alone, as we started from Chioff, we were approaching the burned and rebuilt capital of the Czars, Moscow with gilded cupolas, the holy Moscow, the sanctified city, the Jerusalem of Russia, beloved of God, and dear to men.

CHAPTER XVII.

Moscow.—A severe Operation.—An Exile by Accident.—Meeting with an Emigré.—A civil Stranger.—A Spy.—The Kremlin.—Sepulchres of the Czars.—The Great Bell.—The Great Gun.—Precious Relics.

At daylight we arrived at the last post; and here, for the first time, we saw evidences of our approach to a great city. Four or five travelling carriages were waiting for horses, some of which had been waiting all night; but our diligence being a "public accommodation," we were preferred, and had the first that came in. We took our places for the last time in the diligence, and passed two or three fine chateaux, our curiosity and interest increasing as we approached, until, at about five versts from Moscow, as we reached the summit of a gentle eminence, the whole city broke upon us at one view, situated in the midst of a great plain, and covering an extent of more than thirty versts. Moscow is emphatically the city of churches, containing more than 600, many of which have five or six domes, with steeples, and spires, and crosses, gilded and connected together with golden chains like those of Chioff. Its convents, too, are almost innumerable, rivalling the churches in size and magnificence, and even to us, coming directly from the capital of the Eastern empire, presenting a most striking and extraordinary appearance. As we passed the barrier, two of the most conspicuous objects on each side were the large Greek convents, enclosed by high walls, with noble trees growing above them; and as we rode through the wide and showy streets, the first thing that struck me as strange, and in this inhospitable climate (always associated in my mind with rude and wintry scenes) as singularly beautiful, was the profusion of plants and flowers, with the remarkable degree of taste and attention given to their cultivation. In Greece and Turkey I had seen the rarest plants and flowers literally "wasting their sweetness on the desert air;" while here, in the heart of an inhospitable country, every house had a courtyard or garden, and in front a light open portico or veranda,

ornamented with plants, and shrubs, and flowers, forced into a glowing though unnatural beauty. The whole appearance of the city is Asiatic; and as the exhibition of flowers in front of the better class of houses was almost universal, Moscow seemed basking in the mild climate of Southern Asia, rioting in its brief period of vernal existence, and forgetting that in a few weeks a frost would come and cover their beauty with the dreary drapery of winter.

At the office of the diligence my companion and myself separated. He went to a hotel kept by an English woman, with English company, and I believe, too, with English comfort, and I rode to the *Motel Germanica*, an old and favourite stopping-place with the Russian seigneurs when they come up from their estates in the country. Having secured my room, I mounted a drosky, and hurried to a bath. Riding out to the suburbs, the drosky boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath, but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator placed me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam like a thick fog into every part of the room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop dipped in soap and hot water; then he raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench; the vapour, which almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and, finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony I cried out to my tormentor to let me up; but he did not understand me, or was loath to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs, until, perfectly desperate, I sprang off the bench, tumbled him over, and descended to the floor. Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow, seemed paradise; but my tormentor had not done with me; and as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub of cold water. I was so hot that it seemed to hiss as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveller's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian in mid-winter rushes from his hot bath and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man. In half an hour I stood in the palace of the Czars, within the walls of the Kremlin.

Towards evening I returned to my hotel. In all the large hotels in Russia, it is the custom for every man to dine in his own apartment. Travelling alone, I always avoided this when I could, as, besides my dislike of the thing itself, it prevented my making acquaintances and acquiring such information as I needed in a strange city; and I was particularly averse to dine alone the first day of my arrival at Moscow; but it was the etiquette of the house to do so, and as I had a letter of introduction which I intended to deliver, from Count

Woronzow to Prince Galitzin, the governor of Moscow, I was bound to make some sacrifice for the credit of my acquaintance. After the table was spread, however, finding it too severe a trial, I went down stairs and invited myself to dine with my landlord. He was a German of about fifty-five or sixty, tall, stout, with grey hair, a frank, manly expression, and great respectability of appearance and manners; and before the dinner was over, I regarded him emphatically as what a Frenchman would call *un brave homme*. He had been in Russia during the whole of the French invasion, and, among the other incidents of a stirring life, had been sent an exile to Siberia; and the curious part of it was, that he was sent there by mistake. Rather an awkward mistake, though, as he said, not so bad as being knouted or hanged by mistake; and in his case it turned out a rather interesting adventure. He was taken by the French as a Russian spy, and retaken by the Russians as a French spy, when, as he said, he did not care a fig for either of them. He was hurried off to Siberia, but on the journey succeeded in convincing the officer who escorted the prisoners that there was an error in the case; and on his arrival was merely detained in exile, without being put to hard labour, until, through the medium of friends, he had the matter brought before the proper tribunal, and the mistake corrected, when he came back post, in company with a Russian officer, smoking his pipe all the way, at the expense of the government. He gave me many interesting particulars in regard to that celebrated country, its mines, the sufferings of the noble exiles; and much, also, that was new to me, touching its populousness and wealth, and the comfort and luxury of a residence there. He spoke of Tobolsk as a large, gay, and populous city, containing hotels, theatres, and all kinds of places of amusement. The exiles, being many of them of rank, have introduced there all the luxuries of the capital, and life at Tobolsk is much the same as life at Moscow.

As the rage for travelling is excited by hearing from the lips of a traveller stories of the countries he has visited, before dinner was over I found myself infected with a strong disposition for a journey to Siberia. Small matters, however, produce great changes in the current of a man's feelings, and in a few moments I had entirely forgotten Siberia, and was carried directly home. While we were smoking our pipes, an old gentleman entered, of singularly aristocratic appearance, whom my host received with the greatest consideration and respect, addressing him as the *Marquis de P*—. He was a Frenchman, an old militaire, and a noble specimen of a race almost extinct; tall, thin, and grey-headed, wearing a double-breasted blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the throat, with a cane in his hand and a red ribbon in his button-hole, the decoration of the Knights of Malta; and when my host introduced me as an American traveller arrived that day in Moscow, he welcomed me with more than the usual forms of courtesy, and told me that, far off as it was, and little as he knew of it, he almost regarded America as his own country; that on the downfall of "the emperor," and in a season of universal scattering, some of his nearest relatives, particularly a sister married to a fellow-soldier and his dearest friend, had taken refuge on the other side of the Atlantic; that, eighteen years before, he had met an American secretary of legation who knew them, but since that time he had not heard from them, and did not know whether they were living or dead. I asked him the name, with very little expectation of being able to give him any information about them; and it was with no small degree of pleasure that I found I was particularly acquainted with the condition of his relatives. His brother-in-law and old comrade was dead, but I brought him a satisfaction to which he had long been a stranger, by telling him that his sister was still living, occupying a large property in a neighbouring state, surrounded by a family of children, in character and standing ranking among the first in our country. They were intimately connected with the

family of one of my most intimate friends, letters to and from different members of which had very often passed through my hands; I knew the names of all his nieces, and personally one of his nephews, a lieutenant, and one of the most promising officers of our navy; and about a year before I had accompanied the friends to whom I refer on a visit to these relatives. At Philadelphia I left them under the charge of the lieutenant; and on my return from Washington, according to agreement, the lieutenant came down to an intersecting point on the railroad to take me home with him; but circumstances prevented my going, and much as I regretted my disappointment then, I regretted it far more now, as otherwise I might have gladdened the old man's heart, by telling him that within a year I had seen his sister. His own history was brief. Born to the possession of rank and fortune, and having won honours and decorations by long service in the field, and risen to the rank of inspector-general in the army of Napoleon, he was taken in the campaign against Russia in 1813, and sent a prisoner of war to Moscow, where he had remained ever since. Immediately on their arrival, his brother-in-law and sister had written to him from America, telling him, that with the wreck of their fortune they had purchased a large landed estate, and begging him to come over and share their abundance; but, as he told me, he scorned to eat the bread of idleness and dependence; manfully turned to account the advantages of an accomplished education; and now, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, sustained himself by his pencil, an honoured guest at every table, and respected by the most distinguished inhabitants of Moscow. He had accidentally given up his rooms a few days before, and was residing temporarily at the same hotel with myself. He was much agitated by this unexpected intelligence from friends he never expected to hear of more, and left me with a promise to call upon me early in the morning.

Too much interested myself to go back to Siberia with my host, I went to the French theatre. The play was some little every-day thing, and the house but thinly attended. I took my seat in the pit, which was on a dead level, instead of ascending from the stage, containing large cushioned seats, and sprinkled with officers talking with ladies in the boxes above. At the end of the first act, as whole benches were empty above me, I moved up to put myself nearer a pair of bright eyes that were beaming from the box upon a pair of epaulettes below. I was hardly seated before one of the understrappers came up and whispered, or rather muttered, something in my ear. As I did not understand a word he said, and his manner was exceedingly rude and ungracious, I turned my back upon him, and looked at the lady with the bright eyes. The fellow continued muttering in my ear, and I began to be seriously annoyed and indignant, when a Frenchman, sitting two or three benches behind me, came up, and in an imperious tone ordered him away. He then cursed the Russians as a set of canaille, from the greatest seigneurs to the lowest serf; remarked that he saw I was a stranger; and with the easy freedom of a man of the world, took a seat by my side. He was above six feet high, about thirty-three or thirty-four years of age, in robust health, with a large pair of whiskers, rather overdressed, and of manners good, though somewhat imperious, and bordering on the swagger. He seemed perfectly at home in the theatre; knew all the actors, and before the evening was over, offered to introduce me to all the actresses. I was under obligations to him, if not for the last offer, at least for relieving me from the impertinent door-keeper; and when the curtain fell, accepted his invitation to go to a restaurant and take a *petit souper*. I accompanied him to the "Restaurant au coin du pont des Mareschaux," which I afterwards ascertained to be the first in Moscow. He was perfectly at home with the *carte*, knew exactly what to order, and, in fact, he was a man of great general information, perfectly familiar with all continental Europe, geographically

and politically, and particularly at home in Moscow; and he offered his services in showing me all that was curious and interesting. We sat together more than two hours; and in our rambling and discursive conversation, I could not help remarking that he seemed particularly fond of railing at the government, its tyranny and despotism, and appealing to me, as an American and a liberal, to sustain him. I did not think any thing of it then, though in a soldier under Charles X., driven out, as he said, by the revolution of July, it was rather strange; but, at any rate, either from a spirit of contradiction, or because I had really a good feeling towards every thing in Russia, I disagreed with him throughout; he took upon himself the whole honours of the entertainment, scolded the servants, called in the landlord, and as I observed, after a few words with him, went out without paying. I saw that the landlord knew him, and that there was something constrained and peculiar in his behaviour. I must confess, however, that I did not notice these things at the time so clearly as when I was induced to recur to them by after circumstances, for we went out of the house the best friends in the world; and as it was then raining, we took a drosky and rode home together, with our arms around each other's neck, and my cloak thrown over us both. About two o'clock, in a heavy rain, I stopped at my hotel, bade him good night, and lent him my cloak to go home with.

The reader, perhaps, smiles at my simplicity, but he is wrong in his conjecture; my cloak came home the next morning, and was my companion and only covering many a night afterwards. My friend followed it, sat with me a few minutes, and was taking his departure, having made an appointment to call for me at twelve o'clock, when there was a knock at the door, and my friend the marquis entered. I presented them to each other; and the latter was in the act of bending his body with the formality of a gentleman of the old school, when he caught a full view of my friend of the theatre, and breaking off his unfinished bow, recovered his erect position, and staring from him to me, and from me to him, seemed to demand an explanation. I had no explanation to give, nor had my friend, who, cocking his hat on one side, and brushing by the marquis with more than his usual swagger, stamped down stairs. The marquis looked after him till he was at the foot of the stairs, and then turning to me, asked how, in the name of wonder, I had already contrived to pick up such an acquaintance. I told him the history of our meeting at the theatre, our supper at the restaurant, and our loving ride home, to which he listened with breathless attention; and after making me tax my memory for the particulars of the conversation at the restaurant, told me that my friend was a disgrace to his country; that he had, no doubt, been obliged to leave France for some rascality, and was now entertained by the Emperor of Russia as a *spy*, particularly upon his own countrymen; that he was well fed and clothed, and had the *entrée* of all the theatres and public houses without paying. With the earnestness of a man long used to a despotic government, and to seeing slight offences visited with terrible punishments, the marquis congratulated me upon not having fallen into what he called the snare laid for me.

It is almost impossible for an American to believe that even in Russia he incurs any risk in speaking what he thinks; he is apt to regard the stories of summary punishment for freedom of speech, as bugbears or by-gone things. In my own case, even when men looked cautiously around the room and then spoke in whispers, I could not believe that there was any danger. Still I had become prudent enough not to talk with any unnecessary indiscretion of the constituted authorities, and, even in writing home to my friends, not to say any thing that could prejudice me, if the letter should fall into wrong hands; and now, although I did not consider that I had run any great risk, I was rather pleased that I had said nothing exceptionable; and though I had no apprehension, particularly since I had been put

on my guard, I determined to drop my new acquaintance, and did not consider myself bound to observe any great courtesy in the mode of doing it. I had had a supper, which it was my original intention to return with a dinner, but I did not consider myself under any obligation to him for civilities shown in the exercise of his despicable calling. The first time I met him I made no apology for having been out when he called according to appointment, and did not ask him to come again. I continued to meet him in the streets and at every public place, but our greetings became colder and colder; and the day before I left Moscow, we brushed against each other without speaking at all. So much for acquaintances, who, after an intimacy of three or four hours, had ridden home under the same cloak, with their arms around each other's neck.

But to return: as soon as the marquis left me, I again went to the Kremlin, to me the great, I had almost said the only, object of interest in Moscow. I always detested a cicerone; his bowing, fawning, and prating, annoyed me; and all through Italy, with my map and guide-book under my arm, I was in the habit of rambling about alone. I did the same at Moscow, and again walked to the Kremlin unaccompanied. Unlike many of the places I had visited, all the interest I had felt in looking forward to the Kremlin was increased when I stood within its walls. I had thought of it as the rude and barbarous palace of the Czars, but I found it one of the most extraordinary, beautiful, and magnificent objects I ever beheld. I rambled over it several times with admiration, without attempting to comprehend it all. Its commanding situation on the banks of the Moskwa river; its high and venerable walls; its numerous battlements, towers, and steeples; its magnificent and gorgeous palaces; its cathedrals, churches, monasteries, and belfries, with their gilded, coppered, and tin-plated domes; its mixture of barbarism and decay, magnificence and ruins; its strong contrast of architecture, including the Tartarian, Hindoo, Chinese, and Gothic; and, rising above all, the lofty tower of Ivan Veliki, with its golden ball reflecting the sun with dazzling brilliancy, all together exhibited a beauty, grandeur, and magnificence, strange and indescribable.

The Kremlin is "the heart" and "sacred place" of Moscow, once the old fortress of the Tartars, and now the centre of the modern city. It is nearly triangular in form, enclosed by a high brick wall painted white, and nearly two miles in extent, and is in itself a city. It has five gates, at four of which there are high watch-towers. The fifth is "our Saviour's," or the Holy Gate, through whose awe-commanding portals no male, not even the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, can pass, except with uncovered head and bended body. Barchaded, I entered by this gate, and passed on to a noble esplanade, commanding one of the most interesting views of Moscow, and having in front the range of palaces of the Czars. I shall not attempt to describe these palaces. They are a combination of every variety of taste, and every order of architecture, Grecian, Gothic, Italian, Tartar, and Hindoo, rude, fanciful, grotesque, gorgeous, magnificent, and beautiful. The churches, monasteries, arsenals, museum, and public buildings, are erected with no attempt at regularity of design, and in the same wild confusion of architecture. There are no regular streets, but three open places or squares, and abundance of room for carriages and foot passengers, with which, in summer afternoons, it is always thronged.

Having strolled for some time about the Kremlin, I entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, the most splendid church in Moscow. It was founded in 1325, and rebuilt in 1472. It is loaded with gorgeous and extravagant ornaments. The *iconostas* or screen which divides the sanctuary from the body of the church, is in many parts covered with plates of solid silver and gold, richly and finely wrought. On the walls are painted the images of more than 2300 saints, some at full length and some of a colossal size, and the whole interior seems illuminated with gold, of which more than 210,000

leaves have been employed in embellishing it. From the centre of the roof is suspended a crown of massive silver, with forty-eight chandeliers, all in a single piece, and weighing nearly 3000 pounds. Besides the portraits of saints and martyrs, there are portraits of the old historians, whose names, to prevent confusion, are attached to their resemblances, as Aristotle, Anacharsis, Thucydides, Plutarch, &c. Some of the paintings on wood could not fail to delight an antiquary, inasmuch as every vestige of paint being obliterated, there is abundance of room for speculation as to their age and character. There is also an image of the Virgin, painted by St Luke's own hand!!!—the face dark, almost black, the head encircled with a glory of precious stones, and the hands and the body gilded. It is revered for its miraculous powers, guarded with great care, and enclosed within a large silver covering, which is never removed but on great religious festivals, or on payment of a ruble to the *verger*. Here, too, is a nail from the cross, a robe of our Saviour's, and part of one of the Virgin's!!! And here, too, are the tombs of the church patriarchs, one of whom, St Philippe, honoured by a silver monument, dared to say to John the Terrible, "We respect you as an image of the Divinity, but as a man you partake of the dust of the earth."

The Cathedral of the Assumption is honoured as the place where the sovereigns of Russia are crowned, and there is but a step from their throne to their grave, for near it is the Cathedral of the archangel Michael, the ancient burial-place where, in raised sepulchres, lie the bodies of the Czars, from the time when Moscow became the seat of empire until the close of the seventeenth century. The bodies rest in raised tombs or sepulchres, each covered with a velvet pall, and having on it a silver plate, bearing the name of the occupant and the date of his decease. Close by is an odd-looking church, constantly thronged with devotees; a humble structure, said to be the oldest Christian church in Moscow. It was built in the desert, before Moscow was thought of, and its walls are strong enough to last till the gorgeous city shall become a desert again.

After strolling through the churches, I ascended the tower of Ivan Veliki, or John the Great, the first of the Czars. It is about 270 feet high, and contains 33 bells, the smallest weighing 7000, and the largest more than 124,000 pounds English. On festivals they are all tolled together, the Muscovites being extremely fond of Ivan Veliki's music. This celebrated tower rises above every other object in the Kremlin, and its large gilded dome and cross are conspicuous from every part of the city. From its top I had the finest view of Moscow and the surrounding country, and, perhaps, the finest panoramic view in the world. Hundreds of churches were in sight, with their almost innumerable domes, and spires, and crosses, glittering with gold, Tartaric battlements, terraces, balconies, and ramparts, Gothic steeples, Grecian columns, the star, the crescent, and the cross, palaces, mosques, and Tartar temples, pagodas, pavilions, and verandas, monasteries peeping out over high walls and among noble trees, the stream of the Moskwa winding prettily below, and in the distance the Sparrow Hills, on which the French army first made its appearance on the invasion of Moscow. It may seem strange, but I did not feel myself a stranger on the top of that tower. Thousands of miles away I had read its history. I knew that the magnificent city at my feet had been a sheet of fire, and that when Napoleon fled by the light of its conflagration, a dreadful explosion shook to their foundation the sacred precincts of the Kremlin, and rent from its base to its top the lofty tower of Ivan.

I descended, and the *custode* conducted me to another well-known object, the great bell, the largest, and the wonder of the world. It is only a short distance from the foot of the tower, in an excavation under-ground, accessible by a trap-door, like the covered mouth of a well. I descended by a broken ladder, and can hardly explain to myself the curiosity and interest with which

I examined this monstrous piece of metal. I have no knowledge of or taste for mechanics, and no particular *passion* for bells, even when spelled with an additional *e*; but I knew all about this one, and it added wonderfully to the interest with which I strolled through the Kremlin, that, from accidental circumstances, I was familiar with every object within its walls. I impeach, no doubt, my classical taste, but, before seeing either, I had dwelt with more interest upon the Kremlin, and knew more of it, than of the Acropolis at Athens; and I stood at the foot of the great bell almost with a feeling of reverence. Its perpendicular height is twenty-one feet four inches, and the extreme thickness of the metal twenty-three inches; the length of the clapper is fourteen feet, the greatest circumference sixty-seven feet four inches, its weight upwards of 400,000 pounds English, and its cost has been estimated at more than £365,000 sterling. There is some question whether this immense bell was ever hung, but it is supposed that it was suspended by a great number of beams and cross-beams; that it was rung by forty or fifty men, one half on either side, who pulled the clapper by means of ropes, and that the sound amazed and deafened the inhabitants. On one side is a crack large enough to admit the figure of a man. I went inside and called aloud, and received an echo like the reverberations of thunder.

Besides the great bell, there is another noisy musical instrument, namely, the great gun—like the bell, the largest in the world, being a 4320-pounder. It is sixteen feet long, and the diameter of its calibre nearly three feet. I jumped in and turned round in its mouth, and sat upright, my head not reaching the top. All around were planted cannon taken from the French in their unhappy expedition against the capital of Russia; immense field-pieces, whose throats once poured their iron hail against the walls within which they now repose as trophies. I was attracted by a crowd at the door of one of the principal buildings, which I found to be the treasury, containing what a Russian prizes as his birthright, the repository of sacred heir-looms; the door-keeper demanded a permit, and I answered him with rubles, and entered the treasury. On the first floor are the ancient imperial carriages; large, heavy, and extraordinary vehicles, covered with carving and gilding, and having large plate glass windows; among them was an enormous sleigh, carved and profusely gilded, and containing a long table with cushioned seats on each side; altogether, these vehicles were most primitive and Asiatic in appearance, and each one had some long and interesting story connected with it.

I ascended by a noble staircase to the *belle etage*, a gallery composed of five parts, in the first of which are the portraits of all the Emperors and Czars and their wives, in the exact costume of the times in which they lived; in another is a model of a palace projected by the Empress Catherine, to unite the whole Kremlin under one roof, having a circumference of two miles, and make of it one magnificent palace; if it had been completed according to the plan, this palace would probably have surpassed the Temple of Solomon, or any of the seven wonders of the world. In another is a collection of precious relics, such as the crowns worn by the different Emperors and Czars, loaded with precious stones; the dresses worn at their marriages; the canopies under which the emperors are married, surmounted by magnificent plumes; two canopies of red velvet, studded with gold, and a throne with two seats. The crown of Prince Vladimir is surmounted by a golden cross, and ornamented with pearls and precious stones, and, until the time of Peter the Great, was used to crown the Czars; the crown of the conquered kingdom of Cazan was placed there by the victorious hands of John Vassilivitch. Besides these were the crowns of the conquered countries of Astrachan and Siberia. That of John Alexius has 881 diamonds, and under the cross which surmounts it is an immense ruby. There were also the crown of Peter the Great, containing 847 diamonds; that of Catherine I. his widow, containing 2536 fine diamonds, to which

the Empress Anne added a ruby of enormous size, bought by the Russian ambassador at Pekin; and, lastly, the crown of unhappy Poland! It is of polished gold, surmounted by a cross, but no other ornament. And there were other emblems of royalty: a throne or Greek fauteuil of ivory, in arabesque, presented to John the Great by the ambassadors who accompanied from Rome to Moscow the Princess Sophia, whom he had demanded in marriage. She was the daughter of Thomas Paleologus Porphyrogenitus, brother of Constantine Paleologus, who died in 1453, after seeing his empire fall into the hands of the Turks. By this marriage John considered himself the heir of Constantine, and took the title of Czar, meaning Cæsar (this is one of the derivations of the name), and thus the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias has the fairest claim to the throne of the Cæsars, and, consequently, has always had an eye upon Constantinople; then there are the throne of Boris, adorned with 2760 turquoises and other precious stones; that of Michel, containing 8824 precious stones; that of Alexius, containing 876 diamonds, 1224 other jewels, and many pearls, bought of a company of merchants trafficking to Ispahan; the throne of the Czars John and Peter, made of massive silver, separated in the middle, the back a cloth of gold, concealing a hole through which the Czarina used to dictate answers to the foreign ambassadors; and, lastly, the throne of Poland!

In the armory are specimens of ancient armour, the workmanship of every age and nation; coats of mail, sabres adorned with jewels, swords, batons, crosses in armour, imperial robes, ermines in abundance, and, finally, the clothes in which Peter the Great worked at Saardam, including his old boots, from which it appears that he had considerable of a foot. These memorials were all interesting, and I wandered through the apartments till ordered out by the footman, when I returned to my hotel to meet my old friend the marquis, who was engaged to dine with me. At his suggestion we went to a new restaurant, patronised by a different set of people from those who frequented the Restaurant au coin du point des Mareschaux, being chiefly Frenchmen, manufacturers, and small merchants of various kinds, who, while they detested the country, found it a profitable business to introduce Parisian luxuries and refinements among the barbarous Russians. A party of about twenty sat at a long table, and relieved the severity of exile by talking of their beautiful and beloved France; many of them were old *militaires*; and my octogenarian friend, as a soldier distinguished under the empire, and identified with the glory of the French arms, was treated with a consideration and respect honourable to them and flattering to himself. At another table was another circle of strangers, composed almost exclusively of Swiss, forming here, as elsewhere, one of the most valuable parts of the foreign population; keeping alive by intercourse with each other the recollections of home, and looking to the time when, with the profits of successful industry, they might return to their wild and beloved native mountains.

"Dear is that hill to which his soul conforms,
And dear that cliff which lifts him to the storms."

Before we rose from table, my friend of the theatre came in and took his seat at one end; he talked and laughed louder than any one else, and was received generally with an outward appearance of cordiality; but the old marquis could not endure his presence. He said he had become too old to learn, and it was too late in life to temporise with dishonour; that he did not blame his countrymen; fair words cost nothing, and it was not worth their while wilfully to make an enemy who would always be on their haunches; but as to himself, he had but a few years to live, and he would not sully the last moments of his life by tolerating a man whom he regarded as a disgrace to his country. We rose from the table, the old marquis leaning on my arm, and pouring in my ears his honest indignation at the disgraceful character of his countryman, and pro-

ceeded to the Kitaigorod, or Chinese Town, the division immediately encircling the Kremlin. It is enclosed by a wall with battlements, towers, and gates; is handsomely and compactly built, with wide, clean, and regular streets, and thronged with every variety of people, Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, French, Italians, Poles, and Germans, in the costumes of their respective nations. The quarter is entirely Russian, and I did not find in the shops a single person who could speak any language but Russian. In one of them, where I was conducted by the marquis, I found the old *mongik* to whom I before referred, who could not agree with his master for the price of his ransom. The principal shops resemble the bazaars in the East, though they are far superior even to those in Constantinople, being built of stone, and generally in the form of arcades. They are well filled with every description of Asiatic goods; and some of them, particularly their tea, and tobacco, and pipe shops, are models of propriety and cleanliness. The façade of the great bazaar or market is very imposing, resting the whole length on Corinthian columns. It fronts on a noble square, bounded on the opposite side by the white walls of the Kremlin, and contains 6000 "bargaining shops." The merchants live at a distance, and on leaving their shops at sundown, each of them winds a piece of cord round the padlock of his door, and seals it with soft wax—a seal being with the Russians more sacred than a lock.

In another section of the Kitaigorod is the finest part of the city, containing the hotels and residences of the nobles, many of which are truly magnificent. The hotel at which I put up would in Italy be called a palace. As we moved slowly along the street by the Pont des Mareschaux, we discoursed of the terrible inroads at this moment making by the French in the capital of the north, almost every shop having an inviting sign of *nouveautés* from Paris. Foiled in their attempt with the bayonet, they are now advancing with apparently more feeble, but far more insidious and fatal weapons; and the rugged Russian, whom French arms could not conquer, bows to the supremacy of the French *modistes* and *artistes*, and quietly wears the livery of the great mistress of fashion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Drosky.—Salle des Nobles.—Russian Gaming.—Gastronomy.—Pedroski.—A Sunday in Moscow.—A Gipsy Belle.—Tea drinking.—The Emperor's Garden.—Retrospective.

EARLY the next morning I mounted a drosky, and rode to a celebrated garden, or springs, furnished with every description of mineral water. I have several times spoken of the drosky. This may be called the Russian national vehicle, for it is found all over Russia, and nowhere else that I know of, except at Warsaw, where it was introduced by its Russian conquerors. It is on four wheels, with a long cushioned seat running lengthwise, on which the rider sits astride as on horseback, and so low that he can mount from the street. It is drawn by two horses; one in shafts, with a high-arched bow over the neck, called the *douga*, and the other, called "*le furieux*," in traces alongside, this last being trained to curb his neck and canter while the shaft-horse trots. The seat is long enough for two besides the driver, the riders sitting with their feet on different sides; or sometimes there is a cross-seat behind, on which the riders sit, with their faces to the horses, and the drosky boy, always dressed in a long surcoat, with a bell-crowned hat turned up at the sides, sits on the end. But to return to the springs. The waters are prepared under the direction of medical men, who have the chemical analysis of all the principal mineral waters known, and manufacture them to order. As is universally the case in Russia, where there is any attempt at style, the establishment is upon a magnificent scale. The building contains a room perhaps 150 feet long, with a clean and highly polished floor, large looking-glasses, elegant sofas, and mahogany chairs and tables.

The windows open upon a balcony extending along the whole front, which is furnished with tables and rustic chairs, and opens upon a large garden ornamented with gravel-walks, trees, and the most rare and valuable plants and flowers, at the time of my visit in full bloom. Every morning, I

and particularly the nobility and higher classes, frequent this establishment, and that morning there was a larger collection than usual. Russian hospitality is conspicuous at a place like this. A stranger, instead of being avoided, is sought out; and after one or two promenades, I was accosted by more than one gentleman, ready to show me

long room and on the balconies, scattered about at the different tables, I saw the gourmand who had distended his stomach almost to bursting, and near him the gaunt and bilious dyspeptic, drinking their favourite waters; the dashing officer and the blooming girl, the lover and coquette, and, in short, all the style and fashion of Moscow, their eyes occasionally turning to the long mirrors, and then singly, in pairs and in groups, strolling gently through the gardens, enjoying the music that was poured forth from hidden arbours.

Returning through a street not far from my hotel, I saw a line of carriages, and gentlemen and ladies passing under a light arcade, which formed the entrance to a large building. I joined the throng, and was put back by the doorkeeper because I was not in a dress-coat. I ran to my hotel and changed my frock-coat, but now I had no *biglietto* of entrance. A few rubles obviated this difficulty, and admitted me to the *Salle des Nobles*, a magnificent apartment surrounded by a colonnade, capable of containing more than 3000 persons, and said to be the finest ballroom in Europe. It belongs to a club of the nobility, and none are admitted as members but nobles. All games of hazard are forbidden; but, nevertheless, all games of hazard are played. Indeed, among the "on dita" which a traveller picks up, gambling is said to be the great vice of Russia. Young men who have not two rubles to rub together will bet thousands; and when all other resources fail, the dishonourable will cheat, but the delicate-minded will kill themselves. It is not uncommon for a young man to say at the card-table over night, "I must shoot myself to-morrow;" and he is as good as his word. The Salle was open for a few days, as a sort of fair, for the exhibition of specimens of Russian manufacture; and besides tables, workboxes, &c., there were some of the finest living specimens of genuine Russian men and women that I had yet seen, though not to be compared, as a Russian officer said, to whom I made the remark, with the exhibition of the same specimens in the waltz and mazourka, when the Salle was lighted up and decorated for a ball.

I returned to my hotel, where I found my old friend the marquis waiting, according to appointment, to dine with me. He would have accompanied me every where, but I saw that he suffered from the exception, and would not allow it. Meeting with me had struck a chord that had not been touched for years, and he was never tired of talking of his friends in America. Every morning he breakfasted in my room, and we dined together every day. We went to the restaurant where I had supped with my friend of the theatre. The saloon was crowded, and at a table next us sat a seigneur, who was dining upon a delicacy that will surprise the reader, viz., one of his own female slaves, a very pretty girl, whom he had hired to the keeper of the restaurant for her maintenance, and a dinner *à volonté* per annum for himself. This was the second time he had dined on her account, and she was then waiting upon him; a pretty, modest, delicate-looking girl, and the old noble seemed never to know when he had enough of her. We left him gloating over still untasted dishes, and apparently mourning that human ability could hold out no longer. In going out, my old friend, in homely but pithy phrase, said the only difference between a Russian seigneur and a Russian serf is, that the one wears his shirt inside his trousers and the other outside; but my

friend spoke with the prejudices of a soldier of France, aggravated by more than twenty years of exile. So far my observation extended, the higher classes are extraordinary for talent and acquirements. Their government is unfortunate for the development and exercise of abilities. They have none of the learned profession; merchandise is disgraceful, and the army is the only field. With an ardent love of country and an ambition to distinguish himself, every nobleman becomes a soldier, and there is hardly an old or middle-aged individual of this class who was not in arms to repel the invasion of Napoleon, and hardly a young man who did not serve lately in a less noble cause, the campaign in Poland. The consequence of service in the army seems to have been generally a passion for display and expensive living, which sent them back to their estates, after their terms of service expired, over head and ears in debt. Unable to come often to the cities, and obliged to live at their chateaux, deprived of all society, surrounded only by slaves, and feeling the want of the excitement incident to a military life, many of them become great gourmands, or rather, as my French friend said, gluttons. "They do not eat," said he; "they swallow;" and the manner in which, with the true spirit of a Frenchman who still remembered the cuisine of the Palais Royal, he commented upon their eating *entremets, hors d'œuvres, rotis*, and desserts, all pell-mell, would have formed a proper episode to Major Hamilton's chapter upon Americans eating eggs out of wine-glasses. The old marquis, although he retained all his French prejudices against the Russians, and always asserted, as the Russians themselves admit, that but for the early setting-in of winter, Napoleon would have conquered Russia, allowed them the virtue of unbounded hospitality, and enumerated several principal families at whose tables he could at any time take a seat without any express invitation, and with whom he was always sure of being a welcome guest; and he mentioned the case of a compatriot, who for years had a place regularly reserved for him at the table of a seigneur, which he took whenever he pleased without any questions being asked, until, having staid away longer than usual, the seigneur sent to inquire for him, and learned that he was dead.

But to return. Towards evening I parted with the marquis, mounted a drosky, and rode to the country theatre at Pedroski. Pedroski is a place dear to the heart of every Russian, having been the favourite residence of Peter the Great, to whom Russia owes its existence among civilised nations. It is about three versts from the barrier, on the St Petersburg road. The St Petersburg Gate is a very imposing piece of architecture. Six spirited horses rest lightly upon the top, like the brazen horses at St Mark's in Venice. A wide road, divided into avenues for carriages and pedestrians, gravelled and lined with trees, leads from the gate. The chateau is an old and singular, but interesting building of red brick, with a green dome and white cornices, and enclosed by a circular wall flanked with turrets. In the plain in front, two regiments of Cossack cavalry were going through their exercises. The grounds around the chateau are very extensive, handsomely laid out for carriages and promenades, public and retired, to suit every taste. The principal promenade is about a mile in length, through a forest of majestic old trees. On each side is a handsome footpath of continual shade; and sometimes, almost completely hidden by the luxuriant foliage, are beautiful little summer-houses, abundantly supplied with all kinds of refreshments.

The theatre is at a little distance from the extreme end of the great promenade, a plain and unpretending building; and this and the grand opera-house are the only theatres I have seen built like ours, merely with continued rows of seats, and not partitioned off into private boxes. The opera was some little Russian piece, and was followed by the grand ballet, the Revolt of the Serraglio. He who goes to Russia expecting to see a people just emerging from a state of barbarism, is astonished to find himself suddenly in a

scene of Parisian elegance and refinement; and in no place will he feel this wonder more than in an opera-house at Moscow. The house was rather full, and contained more of the Russian nobility than I had yet seen at any one time. They were well dressed, adorned with stars and ribbons, and, as a class of men, the "biggest in the round" I ever saw. Orders and titles of nobility, by the way, are given with a liberality which makes them of no value; and all over Russia princes are as plenty as pickpockets in London.

The seigneurs of Russia have jumped over all intermediate grades of civilisation, and plunged at once into the luxuries of metropolitan life. The ballet was, of course, inferior to that of Paris or London, but it is speaking in no mean praise of it to say that at this country theatre it might be made a subject of comparison. The dancers were the prettiest, the most interesting, and what I was particularly struck with, the most modest-looking, I ever saw on the stage. It was melancholy to look at those beautiful girls, who, amid the glare and glitter of the stage, and in the graceful movements of the dance, were perfectly captivating and entrancing, and who, in the shades of domestic life, might fill the measure of man's happiness on earth, and know them to be slaves. The whole troop belongs to the emperor. They are selected when young with reference to their beauty and talents, and are brought up with great care and expense for the stage. With light fairy figures, seeming rather spirits than corporeal substances, and trained to inspire admiration and love, they can never give way to these feelings themselves, for their affections and marriages are regulated entirely by the manager's convenience. What though they are taken from the very poorest class of life, leaving their parents, their brothers and sisters, the tenants of miserable cabins, oppressed and vilified, and cold and hungry, while they are rolling in luxuries!—a chain does not gall the less because it is gilded. Raised from the lot to which they were born, taught ideas they would never have known, they but feel more sensibly the weight of their bonds; and the veriest sylph, whose graceful movements have brought down the loudest thunders of applause, and whose little heart flutters with the admiration she has excited, would probably give all her shortlived triumph for the privilege of bestowing that little flutter where it would be loved and cherished. There was one among them whom I long remembered. I followed her with my eyes till the curtain fell and left a blank around me. I saw her go out, and afterwards she passed me in one of a long train of dark blue carriages belonging to the directors, which they had carried about like merchandise from theatre to theatre; but, like many other bright visions that broke upon me for a moment, I never saw her again.

At about eleven, I left the steps of the theatre to return home. It was a most magnificent night, or, rather, it is almost profanation to call it by so black a name, for in that bright northern climate the day seemed to linger, unwilling to give place before the shades of night. I strolled on alone, wrapped in lonely but not melancholy meditations; the carriages rolled rapidly by me, and I was almost the last of the throng that entered the gate of Moscow.

A Sunday at Moscow! To one who had for a long time been a stranger to the sound of the church-going bell, few things could be more interesting than a Sunday at Moscow. Any one who has rambled along the Maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bell ringing for matins, vespers, and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasing sounds. To me there is always something touching in the sound of the church bell; in itself pleasing by its effect upon the sense, but far more so in its associations. And these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday in the holy city of Moscow. In Greece and Turkey there are no bells; in Russia they are almost innumerable; but this was the first time I had happened to pass the Sabbath in a city. I lay and listened, almost fearing to move lest I should lose the sounds; thoughts

of home came over me ; of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church door. But he who has never heard the ringing of bells at Moscow, does not know its music. Imagine a city containing more than 600 churches and innumerable convents, all with bells, and these all sounding together, from the sharp, quick hammer-note, to the loudest, deepest peals that ever broke and lingered on the ear, struck at long intervals, and swelling on the air as if unwilling to die away. I rose and threw open my window, dressed myself, and, after breakfast, joining the throng called to their respective churches by their well-known bells, I went to what is called the English chapel, where, for the first time in many months, I joined in a regular church service, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation, though I remarked among them many English governesses with children, the English language being at that moment the rage among the Russians, and multitudes of cast-off chambermaids being employed to teach the rising Russian nobility the beauties of the English tongue.

All over the Continent, Sunday is the great day for observing national manners and customs. I dined at an early hour with my friend the marquis, and, under his escort, mounting a drosky, rode to a great promenade of the people, called *L'Allée des Peuples*. It lies outside the barrier, and beyond the state prisons, where the exiles for Siberia are confined, on the land of Count Seremetow, the richest nobleman in Russia, having 130,000 slaves on his estate ; the chateau is about eight versts from the city, and a noble road through his own land leads from the barrier to his door.

This promenade is the great rendezvous of the people ; that is, of the merchants and shopkeepers of Moscow. The promenade is simply a large piece of ground ornamented with noble trees, and provided with every thing necessary for the enjoyment of all the national amusements, among which the "Russian mountain" is the favourite ; and refreshments were distributed in great abundance. Soldiers were stationed at different points to preserve order, and the people seemed all cheerful and happy ; but the life and soul of the place were the Bohemian or gipsy girls. Wherever they moved, a crowd gathered round them. They were the first I had seen of this extraordinary people, coming no one knows whence, and living no one knows how ; wanderers from their birth, and with a history enveloped in doubt. It was impossible to mistake the dark complexion and piercing coal-black eyes of the gipsy women. The men were nowhere to be seen, nor were there any old women with them ; and these young girls, well dressed, though, in general, with nothing peculiar in their costume, moved about in parties of five or six, singing, playing, and dancing, to admiring crowds. One of them, with a red silk cloak trimmed with gold, and a gold band round her hair, struck me as the very *beau idéal* of a gipsy queen. Recognising me as a stranger, she stopped just in front of me, struck her castanets and danced, at the same time directing the movements of her companions, who formed a circle around me. There was a beauty in her face, combined with intelligence and spirit, that rivetted my attention ; and when she spoke, her eyes seemed to read me through. I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed of it, but in all my wanderings I never regretted so much my ignorance of the language as when it denied me the pleasure of conversing with that gipsy girl. I would fain have known whether her soul did not soar above the scene and the employment in which I found her ; whether she was not formed for better things than to display her beautiful person before crowds of bores ; but I am sorry to add, that the character of my queen was not above reproach ; and as I had nothing but my character to stand upon in Moscow, I was obliged to withdraw from the observation which her attention fixed upon me.

Leaving my swarthy princess with this melancholy reflection, and leaving the scene of humbler enjoyment, I mounted a drosky, and depositing my old friend in

the suburbs of the city, in half an hour was in another world, in the great promenade of Pedroski, the gathering-place of the nobility, where all the rank and fashion of Moscow were vieing with each other in style and magnificence. The extensive grounds around the old chateau are handsomely disposed and ornamented with trees, but the great carriage promenade is equal to any thing I ever saw. It is a straight road, more than a mile in length, through a thick forest of noble trees. For two hours before dark, all the equipages in Moscow paraded up and down this promenade. These equipages were striking and showy without being handsome ; and the Russian manner of driving four horses makes a very dashing appearance, the leaders being harnessed with long traces, perhaps twenty feet from the wheel horses, and guided by a lad riding the near leader, the coachman sitting as if nailed to the box, and merely holding the reins. All the rules of good taste, as understood in the capitals of southern Europe, were set at defiance ; and many a seigneur, who thought he was doing the thing in the very best style, had no idea how much his turn-out would have shocked an English whip. But all this extravagance, in my eyes, added much to the effect of the scene ; and the star-spangled Muscovite who dashed up and down the promenade on horseback, with two Calmuc Tartars at his heels, attracted more of my attention than the plain gentleman who paced along with his English jockey and quiet elegance of equipment. The stars and decorations of the seigneurs set them off to great advantage ; and scores of officers, with their showy uniforms, added brilliancy to the scene, while the footmen made as good an appearance as their masters.

On either side of the grand promenade is a walk for foot passengers ; and behind this, almost hidden from view by the thick shade of trees, are little cottages, arbours, and tents, furnished with ices and all kinds of refreshments suited to the season. I should have mentioned long since that tea, the very *pabulum* of all domestic virtues, is the Russian's favourite beverage. They say that they have better tea than can be obtained in Europe, which they ascribe to the circumstance of its being brought by caravans over-land, and saved the exposure of a sea voyage. Whether this be the cause or not, if I am any judge they are right as to the superiority of their article ; and it was one of the most striking features in the animating scene at Pedroski, to see family groups distributed about, all over the grounds, under the shade of noble trees, with their large brass urn hissing before them, and taking their tea under the passing gaze of thousands of people, with as much unconcern as if by their own firesides.

Leaving for a moment the thronged promenade, I turned into a thick forest, and entered the old chateau of the great Peter. There all was solitude ; the footman and I had the palace to ourselves. I followed him through the whole range of apartments, in which there was an appearance of stayed respectability that quite won my heart, neither of them being any better furnished than one of our old-fashioned country houses. The pomp and show that I saw glittering through the openings in the trees were unknown in the days of the good old Peter ; the chateau was silent and deserted ; the hand that built it was stiff and cold, and the heart that loved it had ceased to beat ; old Peter was in his grave, and his descendants loved better their splendid palaces on the banks of the Neva.

When Moscow was burning, Napoleon fled to this chateau for refuge. I stopped for a moment in the chamber, where, by the blaze of the burning city, he dictated his dispatches for the capital of France ; gave the attendant a ruble, and again mixed with the throng, with whom I rambled up and down the principal promenade, and at eleven o'clock was at my hotel. I ought not to forget the Russian ladies ; but after the gay scene at Pedroski, it is no disparagement to them if I say that, in my quiet walk home, the dark-eyed gipsy girl was uppermost in my thoughts.

The reader may perhaps ask if such is indeed what

the traveller finds in Russia; "Where are the eternal snows that cover the steppes and the immense wastes at northern empire—that chill the sources of enjoyment, and congeal the very fountains of life?" I answer, have but just passed by, and they will soon come in; the present is the season of enjoyment; the Russians know it to be brief and fleeting, and like butterflies, unfold themselves to the sun and flutter among the flowers.

Like them, I made the most of it at Moscow. Mounted in a drosky, I hurried from church to church, from convent to convent, and from quarter to quarter. But although it is the duty of a traveller to see every thing that is to be seen, and although there is a kind of excitement in hurrying from place to place, which he is apt to mistake for pleasure, it is not in this that his real enjoyment is found. His true pleasure is in turning quietly to those things which are interesting to the imagination as well as to the eyes, and so I found myself often turning from the churches and palaces, specimens of architecture and art, to the sainted walls of the Kremlin. Here were the first and last of my visits; and whenever I sauntered forth without any specific object, perhaps to the neglect of many other places I ought to have seen, my footsteps involuntarily turned thitherward.

Outside and beneath the walls of the Kremlin, and running almost the whole extent of its circumference, are boulevards and a public garden, called the Emperor's, made within a few years, and the handsomest thing of the kind in Moscow; I am not sure but that I may add any where else. I have compared it in my mind to the Gardens of the Luxembourg and Tuilleries, and in many respects hold it to be more beautiful. It is more agreeably irregular and undulating in its surface, and has a more rural aspect, and the groves and plants are better arranged, although it has not the statues, lakes, and fountains, of the pride of Paris. I loved to stroll through this garden, having on one side of me the magnificent buildings of the great Russian princes, seigneurs, and merchants, among the finest and most conspicuous of which is the former residence of the unhappy Queen of Georgia; and on the other side, visible through the foliage of the trees, the white walls of the Kremlin, and, towering above them, the domes of the palaces and churches within, and the lofty tower of Ivan Veliki. Thence I loved to stroll to the Holy Gate of the Kremlin. It is a vaulted portal, and over the entrance is a picture, with a lamp constantly burning; and a sentinel is always posted at the gate. I loved to stand by it and see the haughty seigneurs and the degraded serf alike humble themselves on crossing the sacred threshold, and then, with my hat in my hand, follow the footsteps of the venerated Russian. Once I attempted to brave the interdict, and go in with my head covered; but the soldier at the gate stopped me, and forbade my violating the sacred prohibition. Within the walls I wandered about, without any definite object, sometimes entering the great church and beholding for a moment the prostrate Russian praying before the image of some saint, or descending to take another look at the great bell, or at other times mounting the tower, and gazing at the beautiful panorama of the city.

On the last day of my stay in Moscow, a great crowd drew me to the door of the church, where some fête was in course of celebration, in honour of the birth, marriage, or some other incident in the life of the emperor or empress. The archbishop, a venerable-looking old man, was officiating; and when he came out, a double line of men, women, and children, was drawn up from the door of the church to his carriage, all pressing forward and struggling to kiss his hands. The crowd dispersed, and I strolled once more through the repository of heirlooms, and imperial reliques and trophies; but, passing by the crowns loaded with jewels, the canopies and thrones adorned with velvet and gold, I paused before the throne of unhappy Poland! I have seen great cities desolate and in ruins, magnificent temples buried in the sands of the African desert, and

places once teeming with fertility now lying waste and silent; but no monument of fallen greatness ever affected me more than this. It was covered with blue velvet, and studded with golden stars. It had been the seat of Casimir, and Sobieski, and Stanislaus Augustus. Brave men had gathered round it, and sworn to defend it, and died in redeeming their pledge. Their oaths are registered in heaven, their bodies rest in bloody graves; Poland is blotted from the list of nations, and her throne, unspotted with dishonour, brilliant as the stars which glitter on its surface, is exhibited as a Russian trophy, before which the stoutest manhood need not blush to drop a tear.

Towards evening I returned to my favourite place, the porch of the palace of the Czars. I seated myself on the step, took out my tablets, and commenced a letter to my friends at home. What should I write? Above me was the lofty tower of Ivan Veliki; below, a solitary soldier, in his grey overcoat, was retiring to a sentry-box to avoid a drizzling rain. His eyes were fixed upon me, and I closed my book. I am not given to musing, but I could not help it. Here was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary events in the history of the world. After sixty battles, and a march of more than 2000 miles, the grand army of Napoleon entered Moscow, and found no smoke issuing from a single chimney, nor a Muscovite even to gaze upon them from the battlements or walls. Moscow was deserted, her magnificent palaces forsaken by their owners, her 300,000 inhabitants vanished as if they had never been. Silent and amazed, the grand army filed through its desolate streets. Approaching the Kremlin, a few miserable, ferocious, and intoxicated wretches, left behind as a savage token of the national hatred, poured a volley of musketry from the battlements. At midnight the flames broke out in the city; Napoleon, driven from his quarters in the suburbs, hurried to the Kremlin, ascended the steps, and entered the door at which I sat. For two days the French soldiers laboured to repress the fierce attempts to burn the city. Russian police-officers were seen stirring up the fire with tarred lances; hideous-looking men and women, covered with rags, were wandering like demons amid the flames, armed with torches, and striving to spread the conflagration. At midnight again the whole city was in a blaze; and while the roof of the Kremlin was on fire, and the panes of the window against which he leaned were burning to the touch, Napoleon watched the course of the flames, and exclaimed, "What a tremendous spectacle! These are Scythians indeed!" Amid volumes of smoke and fire, his eyes blinded by the intense heat, and his hands burned in shielding his face from its fury, and traversing streets arched with fire, he escaped from the burning city.

Russia is not classic ground. It does not stand before us covered with the shadow of great men's deeds. A few centuries ago it was overrun by wandering tribes of barbarians; but what is there in those lands which stand forth on the pages of history, crowned with the glory of their ancient deeds, that, for extraordinary daring, for terrible sublimity and undaunted patriotism, exceeds the burning of Moscow. Neither Marathon nor Thermopylæ, nor the devotion of the Decii, can equal it; and when time shall cover with its dim and quiet glories that bold and extraordinary deed, the burning of Moscow will be regarded as outstripping all that we read of Grecian or Roman patriotism, and the name of the Russian governor (Rostopchin), if it be not too tough a name to hand down to posterity, will never be forgotten.

CHAPTER XIX.

Getting a Passport.—Parting with the Marquis.—The Language of Signs.—A Loquacious Traveller.—From Moscow to St Petersburg.—The Wolga.—Novogorod.—Newski Perspective.—An unfortunate Mistake.—Northern Twilight.

UNABLE to remain longer in Moscow, I prepared for my journey for St Petersburg. Several diligences run

regularly between these two great cities; one of which, the *Velocifere*, is superior to any public conveyance on the Continent of Europe. I took my place in that, and two days beforehand sent my passport to be *viséd*. I sent for it the next day, and it was not ready. I went myself, and could not get it. I knew that nothing could be done at the Russian offices without paying for it, and was ready and willing to do so, and time after time I called the attention of the officer to my passport. He replied coolly "*Dans un instant*," and, turning to something else, kept me waiting two hours; and when at length he took it up and arranged it, he led me down stairs out of sight to receive the expected *douceur*. He was a well-dressed man, with the large government button on his coat, and rather *distingué* in his appearance and manners. I took the passport, folded it up, and put it in my pocket with a coolness equal to his own, and with malicious pleasure put into his hand a single ruble, equal to twenty cents of our money; he expected at least twenty-five rubles, or about five dollars, and his look of rage and disappointment amply repaid me for all the vexation he had caused by his delay. I bade him farewell, with a smile that almost drove him mad.

Bribery is said to be almost universal among the inferior officers of government, and there is a story of a Frenchman in Russia which illustrates the system. He had an office, of which the salary was so small that he could not live upon it. At first he would not take bribes, but stern necessity drove him to it; and while he was about it, he did the thing handsomely. Having overreached the mark, and been guilty of being detected, he was brought before the proper tribunal; and when asked "Why did you take a bribe?" his answer was original and conclusive, "I take, thou takest, he takes, we take, you take, they take!"

I told the marquis the story of my parting interview at the police-office, which he said was capital, but startled me by suggesting that, if there should happen to be any irregularity, I would have great trouble in getting it rectified; even this, however, did not disturb my immediate satisfaction, and, fortunately, all was right.

The morning of my departure, before I was out of bed, the marquis was in my room. Meeting with me had revived in him feelings long since dead; and at the moment of parting he told me, what his pride had till that moment concealed, that his heart yearned once more to his kindred; and that, if he had the means, old as he was, he would go to America. And yet, though his frame trembled, and his voice was broken, and his lamp was almost burned out, his spirit was as high as when he fought the battles of the empire; and he told me to say to them that he would not come to be a dependent upon their bounty; that he could repay all they should do for him by teaching their children. He gave me his last painting, which he regarded with the pride of an artist, as a souvenir for his sister; but having no means of carrying it safely, I was obliged to return it to him. He remained with me till the moment of my departure, clung to my hand after I had taken my place in the drosky; and when we had started, I looked back and saw him still standing in the road. It seemed as if the last link that bound him to earth was broken. He gave me a letter, which I forwarded to his friends at home; his sister was still living, and had not forgotten her long-lost brother; she had not heard from him in twenty years, and had long believed him dead. Pecuniary assistance was immediately sent to him, and, unhappily, since my return home, intelligence has been received that it arrived only at the last moment when human aid could avail him; in time to smooth the pillow of death by the assurance that his friends had not forgotten him. And, perhaps, in his dying moments, he remembered me: At all events, it is some satisfaction, amid the recollections of an unprofitable life, to think that, when his chequered career was drawing to its close, I had been the means of gladdening for a moment the old exile's heart.

I must not forget my host, the quondam exile to Siberia. In his old days, his spirit too was chafed at living under despotism, and, like the marquis, he also hoped, before he died, to visit America. I gave him my address, with the hope, but with very little expectation, of seeing him again. A travelling companion once remarked, that if every vagabond to whom I gave my address should find his way to America, I would have a precious set to present to my friends. Be it so; there is not a vagabond among them whom I would not be glad to see.

My English companion and myself had seen but little of each other at Moscow. He intended to remain longer than I did, but changed his mind, and took a place in the same diligence for St Petersburg. This diligence was the best I ever rode in; and, for a journey of nearly 500 miles, we could not have been more comfortably arranged. It started at the hour punctually, as from the *Messagere* in Paris. We rolled for the last time through the streets of Moscow, and in a few minutes passed out at the St Petersburg Gate. Our companions were a man about thirty-five, a cattle-driver, with his trousers torn, and his linen hanging out ostentatiously in different places, and an old man about sixty-five, just so far civilised as to have cut off the long beard and put on broad-cloth clothes. It was the first time the old man had ever been on a journey from home; every thing was new to him, and he seemed puzzled to know what to make of us; he could not comprehend how we could look, and walk, and eat like Russians, and not talk like them. My place was directly opposite his, and as soon as we were seated, he began to talk to me. I looked at him, and made no answer; he began again, and went on in an uninterrupted strain for several minutes, more and more surprised that I did not answer, or answered only in unintelligible sounds. After a while he seemed to come to the conclusion that I was deaf and dumb, and turned to my companion, as to my keeper, for an explanation. Finding he could do nothing there, he appeared alarmed, and it was some time before he could get a clear idea of the matter. When he did, however, he pulled off an amazingly white glove, took my hand, and shook it, pointed to his head, shook it, and touched my head, then put his hand to his heart, then to my heart; all which was to say, that though our heads did not understand each other, our hearts did. But though he saw we did not understand him, he did not on that account stop talking; indeed, he talked incessantly, and the only way of stopping him was to look directly in his face and talk back again; and I read him long lectures, particularly upon the snares and temptations of the world into which he was about to plunge, and wound up with stanzas of poetry and scraps of Greek and Latin, all which the old man listened to without ever interrupting me, bending his ear as if he expected every moment to catch something he understood; and when I had finished, after a moment's blank expression he whipped off his white glove, took my hand, and touched significantly his head and heart. Indeed, a dozen times a-day he did this; and particularly whenever we got out, on resuming our seats, as a sort of renewal of the compact of good fellowship, the glove invariably came off, and the significant movement between the hand, head, and heart, was repeated. The second day, a young seigneur named Chickoff, who spoke French, joined the diligence, and through him we had full explanations with the old Russian. He always called me the American *graff*, or noble, and said that, after being presented to the emperor, I should go down with him into the country.

My worthy comrade appeared at first to be not a little bored by the old man's garrulous humour, but at length, seized by a sudden whim, began, as he said, to teach him English. But such English! He taught him, after a fashion peculiarly his own, the manner of addressing a lady and gentleman in English; and very soon, with the remarkable facility of the Russians in acquiring languages, the old man, utterly unconscious of their meaning, repeated the words with extraordinary dia-

tininess; and regularly, when he took his place in the diligence, he accompanied the significant movements of his hand, head, and heart, to me with the not very elegant address taught him by my companion. Though compelled to smile inwardly at the absurdity of the thing, I could not but feel the inherent impropriety of the conduct of my eccentric fellow-traveller; and ventured to suggest to him that, though he had an undoubted right to do as he pleased in matters that could not implicate me, yet, independent of the very questionable character of the joke itself (for the words savoured more of Wapping than of St James's), as we were known to have travelled together, a portion of the credit of having taught the old Russian English might fall upon me—an honour of which I was not covetous, and, therefore, should tell the old man never to repeat the words he had been taught, which I did without assigning any reason for it; and before we arrived at St Petersburg, he had forgotten them.

The road from Moscow to St Petersburg is now one of the best in Europe. It is Macadamised nearly the whole way, and a great part is bordered with trees; the post-houses are generally large and handsome, under the direction of government, where soup, cutlets, &c., are always ready at a moment's notice, at prices regulated by a tariff hanging up in the room, which, however, being written in Russian, was of no particular use to us. The country is comparatively thickly settled, and villages are numerous. Even on this road, however, the villages are forlorn things, being generally the property, and occupied by the serfs, of the seigneurs, and consisting of a single long street, with houses on both sides built of logs, the better sort squared, with the gable-end to the street, the roofs projecting two or three feet from the houses, and sometimes ornamented with rude carving and small holes for windows. We passed several chateaux, large, imposing buildings, with parks and gardens, and a large church, painted white, with a green dome surmounted by a cross.

In many places on the road are chapels with figures of the Panagia, or all holy Virgin, or some of the saints; and our old Russian, constantly on the look-out for them, never passed one without taking off his hat and going through the whole formula of crosses; sometimes, in entering a town, they came upon us in such quick succession, first on one side, then on the other, that, if he had not been engaged in, to him, a sacred ceremony, his hurry and perplexity would have been ludicrous. During the night we saw fires ahead, and a little off the road were the bivouacs of teamsters or wayfarers, who could not pay for lodging in a miserable Russian hut. All the way we met the great caravan teams carrying tallow, hides, hemp, and other merchandise, to the cities, and bringing back wrought fabrics, groceries, &c., into the interior. They were generally thirty or forty together, one man or woman attending to three or four carts, or rather neglecting them, as the driver was generally asleep on the top of his load. The horses, however, seemed to know what they were about; for as the diligence came rolling towards them, before the position could reach them with his whip, they intuitively hurried out of the way. The bridges over the streams and rivers are strong substantial structures, built of heavy hewn granite, with iron balustrades, and ornamented in the centre with the double-headed eagle, the arms of Russia.

At Tver we passed the Volga on a bridge of boats. This noble river, the longest in Europe, navigable almost from its source for an extent of 4000 versts, dividing, for a great part of its course, Europe and Asia, runs majestically through the city, and rolls on, bathing the walls of the city of Astrachan, till it reaches the distant Caspian; its banks still inhabited by the same tribes of warlike Cossacks who hovered on the skirts of the French army during their invasion of Russia. By its junction with the Irtys, a communication is made between the Volga and Neva, or, in other words, between the Caspian and Baltic. The impetus of internal improvements has extended even to the north of Europe,

and the Emperor Nicholas is now actively engaged in directing surveys of the great rivers of Russia, for the purpose of connecting them by canals and railroads, and opening steam communications throughout the whole interior of his empire. A great number of boats of all sizes, for carrying grain to the capital, were lying off the city. These boats are generally provided with one mast, which, in the largest, may equal a frigate's mainmast. "The weight of the mastsail," an English officer remarks, "must be prodigious, having no fewer than 100 breadths in it; yet the facility with which it is managed bears comparison with that of the Yankees with their boom-mainsail in their fore-and-aft clippers." The rudder is a ponderous machine, being a broad piece of timber floating astern twelve or fifteen feet, and fastened to the tiller by a pole, which descends perpendicularly into the water; the tiller is from thirty to forty feet long, and the pilot who turns it stands upon a scaffold at that distance from the stern. Down the stream a group of Cossacks were bathing, and I could not resist the temptation to throw myself for a moment into this king of rivers. The diligence hurried me, and, as it came along, I gathered up my clothes and dressed myself inside.

About eighty versts from St Petersburg, we came to the ancient city of Novogorod. In the words of an old traveller, "Next unto Moscow, the city of Novogorod is reputed the chiefest in Russia; for although it be in majesty inferior to it, yet in greatness it goeth beyond it. It is the chiefest and greatest mart-town of all Muscovy; and albeit the emperor's seat is not there but at Moscow, yet the commodiousness of the river, falling into that gulf which is called Sinus Finnicus, whereby it is well frequented by merchants, makes it more famous than Moscow itself." Few of the ruined cities of the Old World present so striking an appearance of fallen greatness, as this comparatively unknown place. There is an ancient saying, "Who can resist the gods and Novogorod the Great?" Three centuries ago it covered an area of sixty-three versts in circumference, and contained a population of more than 400,000 inhabitants. Some parts of it are still in good condition, but the larger portion has fallen to decay. Its streets present marks of desolation, mouldering walls, and ruined churches, and its population has dwindled to little more than 7000 inhabitants. The steeples in this ancient city bear the cross, unaccompanied by the crescent, the proud token showing that the Tartars, in all their invasions, never conquered it, while in the reconquered cities the steeples all exhibit the crescent surmounted by the cross.

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day we were approaching St Petersburg. The ground is low and flat, and I was disappointed in the first view of the capital of Russia; but passing the barrier, and riding up the Newski Perspective, the most magnificent street in that magnificent city, I felt that the stories of its splendour were not exaggerated, and that this was, indeed, entitled to the proud appellation of the "Palmyra of the North." My English companion again stopped at a house kept by an Englishwoman, and frequented by his countrymen, and I took an apartment at a hotel in a broad street, with an unpronounceable Russian name, a little off the Newski Perspective. I was worn and fatigued with my journey, but I could not resist the inclination to take a gentle promenade along the Newski Perspective. While in the coffee-room refreshing myself with a cup of the best Russian tea, I heard some one outside the door giving directions to a tailor, and presently a man entered, whom, without looking at him, I told he was just the person I wanted to see, as I had a pair of pantaloons to be mended. He made no answer, and, without being able to see distinctly, I told him to wait till I could go up stairs and change them, and that he must mend them strongly and bring them back in the morning. In all probability, the next moment I should have been sprawling on the floor; but the landlady, a clever Frenchwoman, who saw my error, stepped up, and cry-

ing out, "Ah, Monsieur Colonel, attendez, attendez," explained my mistake as clearly as I could have done myself, and I followed closely with an apology, adding that my remark could not be intended as disrespectful to him, inasmuch as even then, with the windows closed, I could scarcely distinguish his person. He understood the thing at once, accepted my apology with great frankness, and, instead of knocking me down, or challenging me to fight with sabre or some other diabolical thing, finding I was a stranger just arrived from Moscow, sat down at the table, and before we rose offered to accompany me in my walk.

There could be no mistake as to the caste of my new friend. The landlady had called him colonel, and, in repelling the imputation of his being a tailor, had spoken of him as a rich seigneur, who for ten years had occupied the front apartments *au premier* in her hotel. We walked out into the Newski Perspective, and strolled along that magnificent street down to the Admiralty, and along the noble quays of the Neva. I had reached the terminus of my journey; for many months I had been moving farther and farther away, and the next step I took would carry me towards home. It was the eve of the 4th of July; and as I strolled through the broad streets and looked up at the long ranges of magnificent buildings, I poured into the ear of my companion the recollections connected with this moment at home: in boyhood, crackers and fireworks in readiness for the great jubilee of the morrow; and, latterly, the excursion into the country to avoid the bustle and confusion of "the glorious fourth."

At Moscow, and during the journey, I had admired the exceeding beauty of the twilight in these northern latitudes, but this night in St Petersburg it was magnificent. I cannot describe the peculiar shades of this northern twilight. It is as if the glare and brilliancy of the sun were softened by the mellowing influence of the moon, and the city, with its superb ranges of palaces, its statues, its bridges, and its clear and rapid river, seemed, under the reflection of that northern light, of a brilliant and almost unearthly beauty. I felt like rambling all night. Even though worn with three days' travel, it was with me as with a young lady at her first ball; the night was too short. I could not bear to throw it away in sleep. My companion was tough, and by no means sentimental, and the scene was familiar to him; but he told me, that, even in his eyes, it never lost its interest. Moonlight is something, but this glorious twilight is a thing to enjoy and to remember; and, as the colonel remarked when we sat down in his apartment to a comfortable supper, it always gave him such an appetite. After supper I walked through a long corridor to my apartment, threw myself upon my bed and tried to sleep, but the mellow twilight poured through my window, and reproached me with the base attempt. I was not restless, but I could not sleep; lest, however, the reader should find himself of a different humour, I will consider myself asleep the first night in St Petersburg.

CHAPTER XX.

Police Requisites.—The Russian Capital.—Equestrian Statue of Peter the Great.—The Alexandrine Column.—Architectural Wonders.—The Summer Islands.—A Perilous Achievement.—Origin of St Petersburg.—Tombs of Dead Monarchs.—Origin of the Russian Navy.

July 4th.—I had intended to pass this day at Moscow, and to commemorate it in Napoleon style by issuing a bulletin from the Kremlin, but it was a long time since I had heard from home. At Constantinople I had written to Paris, directing my letters to be sent to Petersburg; and notwithstanding my late hours the night before, I was at the post-office before the door was open. I had never been so long without hearing from home, and my lips quivered when I asked for letters, my hand shook when I received them, and I hardly drew breath until I had finished the last post-script.

My next business was at the bureau of general police for a *carte de séjour*, without which no stranger can remain in St Petersburg. As usual, I was questioned as to my reasons for coming into Russia, age, time of sojourn, destination, &c.; and satisfied that I had no intention of preaching democratic doctrines, or subverting the government of the autocrat, I received permission to remain two weeks, which, according to direction, I gave to my landlord, to be entered at the police-office of his district. As no stranger can stay in Petersburg without permission, neither can he leave without it; and to obtain this, he must advertise three times in the Government Gazette, stating his name, address, and intention of leaving the empire; and as the Gazette is only published twice a-week, this formality occupies eight days. One of the objects of this is to apprise his creditors, and give them an opportunity of securing their debts; and few things show the barbarity and imperfect civilisation of the Russians more clearly than this; making it utterly impossible for a gentleman to spend a winter in St Petersburg, and go away without paying his landlord. This must prevent many a soaring spirit from wending its way hither, and keep the residents from being enlivened by the flight of those birds of passage which dazzle the eyes of the denizens of other cities. As there was no other way of getting out of the dominions of the Czar, I caused my name and intention to be advertised. It did not create much of a sensation; and though it was proclaimed in three different languages, no one except my landlord seemed to feel any interest in it. After all, to get in debt is the true way to make friends; a man's creditors always feel an interest in him—hope no misfortune may happen to him, and always wish him prosperity and success.

These formalities over, I turned to other things. Different from every other principal city I had visited, St Petersburg had no storied associations to interest the traveller. There is no Colosseum, as at Rome; no Acropolis, as at Athens; no Rialto, as at Venice; and no Kremlin, as at Moscow; nothing identified with the men and scenes hallowed in our eyes, and nothing that can touch the heart. It depends entirely upon itself for the interest it creates in the mind of the traveller.

St Petersburg is situated at the mouth of the Neva, at the eastern extremity of the Gulf of Finland. It is built partly on islands formed by the Neva, and partly on both sides of that river. But little more than a century ago, the ground now covered with stately palaces, consisted of wild morasses and primeval forests, and a few huts tenanted by savage natives, who lived upon the fish of the sea. In 1703, Peter the Great appeared as a captain of grenadiers, under the orders of one of his own generals, on the wild and dreary banks of the Neva, drove the Swedes from their fortress at its mouth, cut down the forests on the rude islands of the river, and laid the foundations of a city which now surpasses in architectural magnificence every other in the world. I do not believe that Rome, when Adrian reared the mighty Colosseum, and the palace of the Cæsars covered the Capitoline Hill, exhibited such a range of noble structures as now exist in the Admiralty Quarter. The Admiralty itself is the central point, on one side fronting the Neva, and on the other a large open square, and has a façade of marble, with ranges of columns, a quarter of a mile in length. A beautiful golden spire shoots up from the centre, towering above every other object, and seen from every part of the city glittering in the sun; and three principal streets, each two miles in length, radiate from this point. In front is a range of boulevards, ornamented with trees, and an open square, at one extremity of which stands the great church of St Isaac, of marble, jasper, and porphyry, upon a foundation of granite; it has been once destroyed, and reared again with increased splendour, enormous columns of a single block of red granite already lifting their capitals in the air.

On the right of the façade, and near the Isaac Bridge, itself a magnificent structure, 1050 feet long and 60 feet

wide, with two draw-bridges, stands the well-known equestrian statue of Peter the Great. The huge block of granite forming the pedestal is 1500 tons in weight. The height of the figure of the emperor is 11 feet, that of the horse 17 feet, and the weight of the metal in the group nearly 37,000 pounds. Both the idea and the execution of this superb monument are regarded as masterpieces of genius. To immortalise the enterprise and personal courage with which that extraordinary man conquered all difficulties, and converted a few fishermen's huts into palaces, Peter is represented on a fiery steed, rushing up a steep and precipitous rock to the very brink of a precipice; the horse rears with his fore-feet in the air, and seems to be impatient of restraint, while the imperial rider, in an attitude of triumph, extends the hand of protection over his capital rising out of the waters. To aid the inspiration of the artist, a Russian officer, the boldest rider of his time, daily rode the wildest Arabian of Count Orloff's stud to the summit of a steep mound, where he halted him suddenly, with his fore-legs raised pawing the air over the brink of the precipice. The monument is surrounded by an iron railing, and the pedestal bears the simple inscription, "Petro Primo, Catharina Secunda, MDCCCLXXXII."

On the other side of the square, and in front of the Winter Palace—raised within the last two years, and the most gigantic work of modern days, rivalling those magnificent monuments in the Old World, whose ruins now startle the wondering traveller, and towering to the heavens, as if to proclaim that the days of architectural greatness are not gone by for ever—is the great Alexandrine Column, a single shaft of red granite, exclusive of pedestal and capital, eighty-four feet high. On the summit stands an angel holding a cross with the left hand, and pointing to heaven with the right. The pedestal contains the simple inscription, "To Alexander I. Grateful Russia."

Surrounding this is a crescent of lofty buildings, denominated the Etat Major, its central portion having before it a majestic colonnade of the Corinthian order, placed on a high rustic basement, with a balustrade of solid bronze gut between the columns. In the middle is a triumphal arch, which, with its frieze, reaches nearly to the upper part of the lofty building, having a span of seventy feet, the entablature sculptured with military trophies, allegorical figures, and groups in *alto relievo*. Next, on a line with the Admiralty, and fronting the quay, stands the first of a long range of imperial palaces, extending in the form of a crescent for more than a mile along the Neva. The Winter Palace is a gigantic and princely structure, built of marble, with a façade of 740 feet. Next are the two palaces of the Hermitage, connected with it and with each other by covered galleries on bold arches; the beautiful and tasteful fronts of these palaces are strangely in contrast with their simple and unpretending name. Next is the stately Grecian theatre of the Hermitage. Beyond this are the barracks of the guards, then the palace of the French ambassador, then the marble palace built by Catherine II. for her favourite, Prince Orloff, with a basement of granite and superstructure of bluish marble, ornamented with marble columns and pillars. In this palace died Stanislaus Poniatowsky, the last of the Polish sovereigns. This magnificent range, presenting an uninterrupted front of marble palaces, upwards of a mile in length, unequalled in any city in the world, is terminated by an open square, in which stands a colossal statue of Suwarrow; beyond this, still on the Neva, is the beautiful summer garden fronting the palace of Paul II.; and near it, and at the upper end of the square, is the palace of the Grand Duke Michael.

Opposite is the citadel, with its low bastions of solid granite, washed all around by the Neva; beautiful in its structure, and beautifully decorated by the tall, slender, and richly-gilded spire of its church. On the one side of the Admiralty is the senatorial palace, and beyond opens the English Quay, with a range of buildings that might well be called the residence of the

chant princes," while the opposite bank is crowded with public buildings, among which the most conspicuous are the palace of the Academy of the Fine Arts; the Obelisk, rising in the centre of a wide square, recording the glory of some long-named Russian hero; the building of the Naval Cadet Corps, with its handsome front, and the barracks of the Guard of Finland; finally, the great pile of palace-like buildings belonging to the Military Cadet Corps, reaching nearly to the palace of the Academy of Sciences, and terminating with the magnificent Grecian front of the Exchange. I know that a verbal description can give but a faint idea of the character of this scene, nor would it help the understanding of it to say that it exhibits all that wealth and architectural skill can do, for few in our country know what even these powerful engines can effect; as for myself, hardly noting the details, it was my greatest delight to walk daily to the bridge across the Neva, at the summer gardens, the view from which more than realised all the crude and imperfect notions of architectural magnificence that had ever floated through my mind; a result that I had never found in any other city I had yet seen, not excepting Venice the Rich, or Genoa the Proud, although the latter is designated in guide-books the city of palaces.

Next to the palaces in solidity and beauty of structure, are the bridges crossing the Neva, and the magnificent quays along its course, these last being embankments of solid granite, lining the stream on either side the whole length of its winding course through the city.

I was always at a loss whether to ride or walk in St Petersburg; sometimes I mounted a drosky, and rode up and down the Newski Perspective, merely for the sake of rolling over the wooden pavement. This street is perhaps more than twice as wide as Broadway; the gutter is in the middle, and on each side are wooden pavements wide enough for vehicles to pass each other freely. The experiment of wooden pavements was first made in this street, and found to answer so well, that it has since been introduced into many others; and as the frost is more severe than with us, and it has stood the test of a Russian winter, if rightly constructed it will, no doubt, prove equally successful in our own city. The road is first covered with broken stone, or macadamised; then logs are laid across it, the interstices being filled up with sand and stone, and upon this are placed hexagonal blocks of pine about eighteen inches long, fitted like joiner's work, fastened with long pegs, and covered with a preparation of melted lead.

When I left Paris, I had no expectation of travelling in Russia, and, consequently, had no letter of introduction to Mr Wilkins, our minister; but long before reaching St Petersburg, I had made it a rule, immediately on my arrival in a strange place, to call upon our representative, whatever he might be, from a minister plenipotentiary down to a little Greek consul. I did so here, and was probably as well received upon my own introduction as if I had been recommended by letter; for I got from Mr Wilkins the invitation to dinner, usually consequent upon a letter, and, besides, much interesting information from home, and, more than all, a budget of New York newspapers. It was a long time since I had seen a New York paper, and I hailed all the well-known names, informed myself of every house to let, every vessel to sail, all the cotton in market, and a new kind of shaving-soap for sale at Hart's Bazaar; read with particular interest the sales of real estates by James Bleecker and Sons; wondered at the rapid increase of the city in creating a demand for building lots in one hundred and twenty-seventh street, and reflected that some of my old friends had probably grown so rich that they would not recognise me on my return.

Having made arrangements for the afternoon to visit the Summer Islands, I dined with my friend the colonel, in company with Prince ——. (I have his name in my pocket-book, written by himself, and could give a *fac simile* of it, but I could not spell it.) The prince was about forty-five, a high-toned gentleman, a nobleman in

his feelings, and courtly in his manners, though, for a prince, rather out at elbows in fortune. The colonel and he had, been fellow-soldiers, had served in the guards during the whole of the French invasion, and entered Paris with the allied armies as officers in the same regiment. Like most of the Russian seigneurs, they had run through their fortunes in their military career. The colonel, however, had been set up again by an inheritance from a deceased relative, but the prince remained ruined. He was now living upon a fragment saved from the wreck of his estate, a pension for his military services, and the bitter experience acquired by a course of youthful extravagance. Like many of the reduced Russian seigneurs, he was disaffected towards the government, and liberal in politics; he was a warm admirer of liberal institutions, had speculated upon and studied them both in France and America, and analysed understandingly the spirit of liberty as developed by the American and French revolutions; when he talked of Washington, he folded his hands and looked up to heaven, as if utterly unable to express the fulness of his emotions. With us, the story of our revolution is a hackneyed theme, and even the sacred name of Washington has become almost commonplace; but the freshness of feeling with which the prince spoke of him, invested him in my eyes with a new and holy character. After dinner, and while on our way to the summer islands, we stopped at his apartments, when he showed me the picture of Washington conspicuous on the wall; under it, by way of contrast, was that of Napoleon; and he summed up the characters of both in few words, by saying that the one was all for himself, the other all for his country.

The Summer Islands on Sundays and fête-days are the great promenade of the residents of the capital, and the approach to them is either by land or water. We preferred the latter, and at the Admiralty took a boat on the Neva. All along the quay are flights of steps cut in the granite, and descending to a granite platform, where boats are constantly in attendance for passengers. These boats are fantastically painted, and have the stern raised some three or four feet; sometimes they are covered with an awning. The oar is of disproportionate thickness towards the handle, the blade very broad, always feathered in rowing, and the boatman, in his calico or lincloth and pantaloons, his long yellowish beard and mustaches, looks like any thing but the gondolier of Venice. In passing down the Neva I noticed, about half way between low-water mark and the top of the quay, a ring which serves to fasten vessels, and is the mark to which, if the water rises, an inundation may be expected. The police are always on the watch, and the fearful moment is announced by the firing of cannon, by the display of white flags from the Admiralty steeple by day, and by lanterns and the tolling of the bells at night. In the last dreadful inundation of 1824, bridges were swept away, boats floated in some parts of the town above the tops of the houses, and many villages were entirely destroyed. At Cronstadt, a vessel of 100 tons was left in the middle of one of the principal streets; 8000 dead bodies were found and buried, and probably many thousands more were hurried on to the waters of the Gulf of Finland.

It was a fête-day in honour of some church festival, and a great portion of the population of St Petersburg was bending its way towards the Summer Islands. The emperor and empress were expected to honour the promenade with their presence, and all along the quay boats were shooting out loaded with gay parties, and, as they approached the islands, they formed into a fleet, almost covering the surface of the river. We were obliged to wait till perhaps a dozen boats had discharged their passengers, before we could land.

These islands are formed by the branches of the Neva, at about three versts from St Petersburg. They are beautifully laid out in grass and gravel walks, ornamented with trees, lakes, shrubs, and flowers, connected together by light and elegant bridges, and adorned with beautiful little summer-houses. These summer-houses

are perfectly captivating; light and airy in their construction, and completely buried among the trees. As we walked along, we heard music or gentle voices, and now and then came upon a charming cottage, with a beautiful lawn or garden, just enough exposed to let the passer-by imagine what he pleased; and on the lawn was a light fanciful tent, or an arbour hung with foliage, under which the occupants, with perhaps a party of friends from the city, were taking tea, and groups of rosy children were romping around them, while thousands were passing by and looking on, with as perfect an appearance of domestic *abandon* as if in the privacy of the fireside. I have sometimes reproached myself that my humour changed with every passing scene; but, inasmuch as it generally tended towards at least a momentary satisfaction, I did not seek to check it; and though, from habit and education, I would have shrunk from such a family exhibition, here it was perfectly delightful. It seemed like going back to a simpler and purer age. The gay and smiling faces seemed to indicate happy hearts; and when I saw a mother playing on the green with a little cherub daughter, I felt how I hung upon the community, a loose and disjointed member, and would fain have added myself to some cheerful family group. A little farther on, however, I saw a papa flogging a chubby urchin, who drowned with his bellowing the music from a neighbouring arbour, which somewhat broke the charm of this public exhibition of scenes of domestic life.

Besides these little retiring-places, or summer residences of citizens, restaurants, and houses of refreshment, were distributed in great abundance, and numerous groups were sitting under the shade of trees or arbours, taking ices or refreshments; and the grounds for promenade were so large and beautifully disposed, that although thousands were walking through them, there was no crowd, except before the door of a principal refectory, where a rope-dancer was flourishing in the air among the tops of the trees.

In addition to the many enchanting retreats and summer residences created by the taste, luxury, and wealth of private individuals, there are summer theatres and imperial villas. But the gem of the islands is the little imperial palace at Cammenoi. I have walked through royal palaces, and admired their state and magnificence without one wish to possess them, but I felt a strong yearning towards this imperial villa. It is not so grand and stately as to freeze and chill one, but a thing of extraordinary simplicity and elegance, in a beautifully picturesque situation, heightened by a charming disposition of lawn and trees, so elegant, and, if I may add such an unpoetical word in the description of this imperial residence, so comfortable, that I told the prince if I were a Rasselas escaped from the Happy Valley, I would look no farther for a resting-place. The prince replied, that in the good old days of Russian barbarism, when a queen swayed the sceptre, Russia had been a great field for enterprising and adventurous young men, and in more than one instance a palace had been the reward of a favourite. We gave a sigh to the memory of those good old days, and at eleven o'clock returned to the city on the top of an omnibus. The whole road from the Summer Islands, and the great street leading to the Admiralty, were lighted with little glass lamps, arranged on the side walks about six feet apart, but they almost realised the conceit of illuminating the sun by hanging candles around it, seeming ashamed of their own sickly glare, and struggling vainly with the glorious twilight.

The next morning, the valet who had taken me as his master, and who told others in the house that he could not attend to them, as he was in my service, informed me that a traveller, arrived from Warsaw the night before, had taken apartments in the same hotel, and could give me all necessary information in regard to that route; and after breakfast I sent him with my compliments, to ask the traveller if he would admit me, and shortly after called myself. He was a young man, under thirty, above the middle size, strong and robust.

of frame, with good features, light complexion, but very much freckled, a head of extraordinary red hair, and a mustache of the same brilliant colour; and he was dressed in a coloured stuff morning-gown, and smoking a pipe with an air of no small dignity and importance. I explained the purpose of my visit, and he gave me as precise information as could possibly be had; and the most gratifying part of the interview was, that before we separated, he told me that he intended returning to Warsaw in about ten days, and would be happy to have me bear him company. I gladly embraced his offer, and left him, better pleased with the result of my interview than I had expected, from his rather unprepossessing appearance. He was a Frenchman by descent, born in Belgium, and educated and resident in Poland, and possessed in a striking degree the compounded *amor patriæ* incident to the relationship in which he stood to these three countries. But as I shall be obliged to speak of him frequently hereafter, I will leave him for the present to his morning-gown and pipe.

Well pleased with having my plans arranged, I went out without any specific object, and found myself on the banks of the Neva. Directly opposite the Winter Palace, and one of the most conspicuous objects on the whole line of the Neva, is the citadel or old fortress, and, in reality, the foundation of the city. I looked long and intently on the golden spire of its church, shooting towards the sky, and glittering in the sun. This spire, which rises tapering till it seems almost to fade away into nothing, is surmounted by a large globe, on which stands an angel supporting a cross. This angel, being made of corruptible stuff, once manifested symptoms of decay, and fears were entertained that he would soon be numbered with the fallen. Government became perplexed how to repair it, for to raise a scaffolding to such a height, would cost more than the angel was worth. Among the crowd which daily assembled to gaze at it from below, was a roofer of houses, who, after a long and silent examination, went to the government, and offered to repair it without any scaffolding or assistance of any kind. His offer was accepted; and on the day appointed for the attempt, provided with nothing but a coil of cords, he ascended inside to the highest window, and looking for a moment at the crowd below, and at the spire tapering away above him, stood up on the outer ledge of the window. The spire was covered with sheets of gilded copper, which, to beholders from below, presented only a smooth surface of burnished gold; but the sheets were roughly laid, and fastened by large nails, which projected from the sides of the spire. He cut two pieces of cord, and tied loops at each end of both, fastened the upper loops over two projecting nails, and stood with his feet in the lower; then clenching the fingers of one hand over the rough edges of the sheets of copper, raised himself till he could hitch one of the loops on a higher nail with the other hand; he did the same for the other loop, and so he raised one leg after the other, and at length ascended, nail by nail, and stirrup by stirrup, till he clasped his arms around the spire directly under the ball. Here it seemed impossible to go any farther, for the ball was ten or twelve feet in circumference, with a smooth and glittering surface, and no projecting nails, and the angel was above the ball, as completely out of sight as if it were in the habitation of its prototypes. But the daring roofer was not disheartened. Raising himself in his stirrups, he encircled the spire with a cord, which he tied round his waist; and, so supported, leaned gradually back until the soles of his feet were braced against the spire, and his body fixed almost horizontally in the air. In this position he threw a cord over the top of the ball, and threw it so coolly and skilfully, that at the first attempt it fell down on the other side, just as he wanted it; then he drew himself up to his original position, and by means of his cord, climbed over the smooth sides of the globe, and in a few moments, amid thunders of applause from the crowd below, which at that great height sounded only like a faint murmur, he stood by the side of the angel. After attaching a cord

to it, he descended, and the next day carried up with him a ladder of ropes, and effected the necessary repairs.

But to return. With my eyes fixed upon the spire, I crossed the bridge, and entered the gate of the fortress. It is built on a small island, fortified by five bastions, which, on the land side, are mere ramparts connected with the St Petersburg quarter by drawbridges, and on the river side it is surrounded by walls cased with granite, in the centre of which is a large gate or sally-port. As a fortress, it is now useless; but it is a striking object of embellishment to the river, and an interesting monument in the history of the city. Peter himself selected this spot for his citadel and the foundation of his city. At that time it contained two fishing-huts in ruins, the only original habitations on the island. It was necessary to cut down the trees, and elevate the surface of the island with dirt and stone brought from other places, before he commenced building the fortress; and the labour of the work was immense, no less than 40,000 workmen being employed at one time. Soldiers, Swedish prisoners, Ingrians, Carelians and Cossacks, Tartars and Calmucs, were brought from their distant solitudes, to lay the foundation of the imperial city, labouring entirely destitute of all the comforts of life, sleeping on the damp ground and in the open air, often without being able, in that wilderness, to procure their daily meal; and, moreover, without pickaxes, spades, or other instruments of labour, and using only their bare hands for digging; but in spite of all this, the work advanced with amazing rapidity, and in four months the fortress was completed. The principal objects of interest it now contains are the Imperial Mint, and the Cathedral of St Peter and St Paul. Brought up in a community where "making money" is the great business of life, I ought perhaps to have entered the former, but I turned away from the ingots of gold and silver, and entered the old church, the burial place of Peter the Great, and nearly all the czars and czarinas, emperors and empresses, since his time. Around the walls were arranged flags and banners, trophies taken in war, principally from the Turks, waving mournfully over the tombs of the dead. A sombre light broke through the lofty windows, and I moved directly to the tomb of Peter. It is near the great altar, of plain marble, in the shape of a square coffin, without any ornament but a gold plate, on one end of which are engraved his name and title; and at the moment of my entrance, an old Russian was dusting it with a brush. It was with a mingled feeling of veneration and awe that I stood by the tomb of Peter. I had always felt a profound admiration for this extraordinary man, one of those prodigies of nature which appear on the earth only once in many centuries; a combination of greatness and cruelty, the sternness of whose temper spared neither age nor sex, nor the dearest ties of kindred; whose single mind changed the face of an immense empire, and the character of millions, and yet who often remarked with bitter compunction, "I can reform my people, but I cannot reform myself."

By his side lies the body of his wife, Catherine I., the beautiful Livonian, the daughter of a peasant girl, and the wife of a common soldier, who, by a wonderful train of events, was raised to wield the sceptre of a gigantic empire. Her fascination soothed the savage Peter in his moodiest hours. She was the mediatrix between the stern monarch and his subjects; mercy was ever on her lips, and one who knew her well writes what might be inscribed in letters of gold upon her tomb:—"She was a pretty well-looking woman, but not of that sublimity of wit, or rather that quickness of imagination, which some people have supposed. The great reason why the Czar was so fond of her was her exceeding good temper; she never was seen peevish or out of humour; obliging and civil to all, and never forgetful of her former condition, and withal mighty grateful."

Near their imperial parents lie the bodies of their two daughters, Anne of Holstein and the Empress Elizabeth. Peter, on his death-bed, in an interval of

delirium, called to him his daughter Anne, as it was supposed, with the intention of settling upon her the crown, but suddenly relapsed into insensibility; and Anne, brought up in the expectation of two crowns, died in exile, leaving one son, the unfortunate Peter III.

Elizabeth died on the throne, a motley character of goodness, indolence, and voluptuousness, and extremely admired for her great personal attractions. She was never married, but, as she frequently owned to her confidants, never happy but when in love. She was so tender of heart that she made a vow to inflict no capital punishment during her reign; shed tears upon the news of every victory gained by her troops, from the reflection that it could not have been gained without bloodshed, and would never give her consent for the execution of a felon, however deserving; and yet she condemned two noble ladies, one of them the most beautiful woman in Russia, to receive fifty strokes of the knout in the open square of St Petersburg.

I strolled for a few moments among the other imperial sepulchres, and returned to the tomb of Peter's family. Separate monuments are erected over their bodies, all in the shape of large oblong tombstones, ornamented with gold, and enclosed by high iron railings. As I leaned against the railing of Peter's tomb, I missed one member of his imperial family. It was an awful chasm. Where was his first-born child and only son—the presumptive heir of his throne and empire! Early the object of his unnatural prejudice, excluded from the throne, imprisoned, tortured, tried, condemned, sentenced to death, by the stern decree of his offended father!

The ill-starred Alexius lies in the vaults of the church, in the imperial sepulchre, but without any tomb or inscription to perpetuate the recollection of his unhappy existence. And there is something awful in the juxtaposition of the dead; he lies by the side of his unhappy consort, the amiable Princess Charlotte, who died the victim of his brutal neglect; so subdued by affliction, that, in a most affecting farewell to Peter, unwilling to disturb the tranquillity of her last hour, she never mentioned his name, and welcomed death as a release from her sufferings.

Leaving the church, I went to a detached building within the fortress, where is preserved, in a separate building, a four-oared boat, as a memorial of the origin of the Russian navy. Its history is interesting. About the year 1691, Peter saw this boat at a village near Moscow, and inquiring the cause of its being built differently from those he was in the habit of seeing, learned that it was contrived to go against the wind. Under the direction of Brandt, the Dutch shipwright who built it, he acquired the art of managing it. He afterwards had a large pleasure-yacht constructed after the same model; and from this beginning went on till he surprised all Europe by a large fleet on the Baltic and the Black Sea. Twenty years afterwards he had it brought up from Moscow, and gave a grand public entertainment, which he called the consecration of the "little grandsire." The fleet, consisting of twenty-seven men-of-war, was arranged at Cronstadt in the shape of a half moon. Peter embarked in the little grandsire, himself steering, and three admirals and Prince Mendzikoff rowing, and made a circuit in the gulf, passing by the fleet, the ships striking their flags and saluting it with their guns, while the little grandsire returned each salute by a discharge of three small pieces. It was then towed up to St Petersburg, where its arrival was celebrated by a masquerade upon the waters, and, Peter again steering, the boat proceeded to the fortress, and under a discharge of all the artillery, it was deposited where it now lies.

Returning, I took a bath in the Neva. In bathing, as in every thing else, the Russians profit by the short breath of summer, and large public bathing-houses are stationed at intervals along the quay of the river, besides several smaller ones, tasteful and ornamental in appearance, being the private property of rich seigneurs. I went into one of the former, where a swimming-master

was teaching a school of boys the art of swimming. The water of the Neva was the first thing I had found regularly Russian, that is, excessively cold; and though I bathed in it several times afterwards, I always found it the same.

At five o'clock I went to dine with Mr Wilkins. He had broken up his establishment, and taken apartments at the house of an English lady, where he lived much in the same style as at home. He had been at St Petersburg but a short time, and, I believe, was not particularly well pleased with it, and was then making arrangements to return. I had never met with Mr Wilkins in our own country, and I consider myself under obligations to him; for, not bringing him any letter, I stood an entire stranger in St Petersburg, with nothing but my passport to show that I was an American citizen, and he might have even avoided the dinner, or have given me the dinner, and troubled himself no more about me. But the politeness which he had shown me as a stranger increased to kindness; and I was in the habit of calling upon him at all times, and certainly without any expectation of ever putting him in print. We had at table a *parti quarré*, consisting of Mr Wilkins, Mr Gibson, who has been our consul, I believe, for twenty years, if, he being still a bachelor, it be not unfriendly to carry him back so far, and Mr Clay, the secretary of legation, who had been twice left as *chargé d'affaires* at the imperial court, and was then lately married to an English lady in St Petersburg. After dinner, three or four American merchants came in; and at eleven o'clock, having made an appointment to go with Mr Wilkins and see a boat-race on the Neva, Mr Clay and I walked home along the quay, under that enchanting twilight which I have already so often thrust upon the reader, and which I only regret that I cannot make him realise and enjoy.

CHAPTER XXI.

A New Friend.—The Winter Palace.—Importance of a Hat.—An Artificial Mine.—Remains of a huge Monster.—Peter the Great's Workshop.—The Greek Religion.—Tomb of a Hero.—A Saint Militant.—Another Love Affair.—The Hermitage.—The Winter and Summer Gardens.

EARLY in the morning, while at breakfast, I heard a loud knock at my door, which was opened without waiting for an answer, and in stalked a tall, stout, dashing-looking young man, with a blue frock, white pantaloons, and a vest of many colours, a heavy gold chain around his neck, an enormous Indian cane in his hand, and a broad-brimmed hat brought down on one side, over his right eye in particular. He had a terrible scowl on his face, which seemed to be put on to sustain the dignity of his amazing costume, and he bowed on his entrance with as much *hauteur* as if he meant to turn me out of my own room. I stared at him in unfeigned astonishment, when, putting his cane under his arm, and pulling off his hat, his intensely red head broke upon me with a blaze of beauty, and I recognised my friend and intended fellow-traveller, the French Belgian Pole, whom I had seen in an old morning-gown and slippers. I saw through my man at once; and speedily knocking on the head his overwhelming formality, came upon him with the old college salutation, asking him to pull off his clothes and stay a week; and he complied almost literally, for in less than ten minutes he had off his coat and waistcoat, cravat and boots, and was kicking up his heels on my bed. I soon discovered that he was a capital fellow, a great beau in his little town on the frontiers of Poland, and one of a class by no means uncommon, that of the very ugly men who imagine themselves very handsome. While he was kicking his heels over the footboard, he asked me what we thought of red hair in America; and I told him that I could not undertake to speak the public voice, but that, for myself, I did not admire it as much as some people did, though, as to his, there was something striking about it, which was strictly true, for it was such an

enormous mop, that as his head lay on the pillow, it looked like a bust set in a large red frame. All the time, he held in his hand a pocket looking-glass and a small brush, with which he kept brushing his mustaches, giving them a peculiar twirl towards the ears. I told him that he was wrong about the mustache; and, taking the brush, brought them out of their twist, and gave them an inclination *à la Turque*, recommending my own as a model; but he soon got them back to their place, and, rising, shook his gory locks, and began to dress himself, or, as he said, to put himself in parchment for a walk.

My new friend was for no small game, and proposed visiting some of the palaces. On the way he confided to me a conquest he had already made since his arrival; a beautiful young lady, of course, the daughter of an Italian music-master, who resided directly opposite our hotel. He said he had applied for an apartment next to mine, which commanded a view of the window at which she sat, and asked me, as a friend, whether it would be interfering with me. Having received my assurance that I had no intentions in that quarter, he said he would order his effects to be removed the same day.

By this time we had arrived at the Winter Palace, presenting, as I have before remarked, a marble front on the Neva of more than 700 feet, or as long as the side of Washington Square, and larger and more imposing than that of the Tuilleries, or any other royal palace in Europe. We approached the large door of entrance to this stately pile, and, notwithstanding my modest application, backed by my companion's dashing exterior, we were turned away by the imperial footman because we had not on dress-coats. We went home, and soon returned equipped as the law of etiquette requires, and were admitted to the imperial residence. We ascended the principal story by the great marble staircase, remarkable for its magnificence and the grandeur of its architecture. There are nearly 100 principal rooms on the first floor, occupying an area of 400,000 square feet, and forming almost a labyrinth of splendour. The great banqueting hall is 189 feet by 110, encrusted with the finest marble, with a row of columns at each end, and the side decorated with attached columns, rich gilding, and splendid mirrors. The great Hall of St George is one of the richest and most superb rooms on the Continent, not excepting the pride of the Tuilleries or Versailles. It is a parallelogram of 140 feet by 60, decorated with forty fluted Corinthian columns of porphyritic marble, with capitals and bases of bronze richly gilded, and supporting a gallery with a gilded bronze balustrade of exquisite workmanship. At one end, on a platform, is the throne, approached by a flight of eight steps covered with the richest Genoa velvet, embroidered with gold, with the double-headed eagle expanding his wings above it. The large windows on both sides are hung with the richest drapery, and the room is embellished by magnificent mirrors and colossal candelabra profusely gilded.

We passed on to the *salle blanche*, which is nearly of the same dimensions, and beautifully chaste in design and finish. Its elevation is greater, and the sides are decorated with pilasters, columns, and bas-reliefs of a soft white tint, without the least admixture of gaudy colours. The space between the Hall of St George and the *salle blanche* is occupied as a gallery of national portraits, where the Russians who distinguished themselves during the French invasion are exhibited in half-length portraits, as rewards for their military services. The three field-marsals, Kutuzow, Barclay de Tolly, and the Duke of Wellington, are represented at full length. The symbol which accompanies the hero of Waterloo is that of imperishable strength, the British oak, "the triumph of many storms."

I will not carry the reader through all the magnificent apartments, but I cannot help mentioning the Diamond Room, containing the crowns and jewels of the imperial family. Diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, are arranged round the room in small cases, of such dazzling beauty that it is almost bewildering to look at

them. I had already acquired almost a passion for gazing at precious stones. At Constantinople I had wandered through the bazaars, under the guidance of a Jew, and seen all the diamonds collected and for sale in the capital of the East; but I was astonished at the brilliancy of this little chamber, and, in my strongly awakened admiration, looked upon the miser, who, before the degrading days of bonds and mortgages, converted his wealth into jewels and precious stones, as a man of elegant and refined taste. The crown of the emperor is adorned with a chaplet of oak-leaves made of diamonds of an extraordinary size, and the imperial sceptre contains one supposed to be the largest in the world, being the celebrated stone purchased by the Empress Catherine II. from a Greek slave, for 450,000 rubles and a large pension for life. 80,000 persons were employed in the construction of this palace; upwards of 2000 habitually reside in it, and even a

presence in the capital; and about the time that his majesty sat down to his royal dinner, we were working upon a *cotolette de mouton*, and drinking in *vin ordinaire* health and long life to Nicholas I.; and afterwards, in talking of the splendour of the imperial palace and the courtesy of the imperial footmen, we added health and long life to the Lady Autocrat and all the little autocrats.*

After dinner we took our coffee at the *Café Chinois*, on the Newski Perspective, equal, if not superior, in style and decoration, to any thing in Paris. Even the rules of etiquette in France are not orthodox all over the world. In Paris it is not necessary to take off the hat on entering a café or restaurant, and in the south of France a Frenchman will sit down to dinner next a lady with his head covered; but in Russia, even on entering an apartment where there are only gentlemen, it is necessary to uncover the head. I neglected this rule from ignorance and want of attention, and was treated with rudeness by the proprietor, and afterwards learned the cause, with the suggestion that it was fortunate that I had not been insulted. This is a small matter, but a man's character in a strange place is often affected by a trifling circumstance; and Americans, at least I know it to be the case with myself, are perhaps too much in the habit of neglecting the minor rules of etiquette.

That night my new friend had his effects removed to a room adjoining mine, and the next morning I found him sitting in his window with a book in his hand, watching the young lady opposite. He was so pleased with his occupation that I could not get him away, and went off without him. Mr Wilkins having offered to accompany me to some of the public institutions, I called for him, and finding him disengaged, we took a boat on the Neva, and went first to the Academy of Arts, standing conspicuously on the right bank opposite the English Quay, and, perhaps, the chastest and most classical structure in St Petersburg. In the court are two noble Egyptian sphynxes. A magnificent staircase, with a double flight of granite steps, leads to a grand landing-place with broad galleries around it, supporting, by means of Ionic columns, the cupola, which crowns the whole. The Rotunda is a fine apartment of exquisite proportions, decorated with statues and busts; and at the upper end of the Conference-room stands a large table, at the head of which is a full length portrait of Nicholas under a rich canopy. In one room are a collection of models from the antique, and another of the paintings of native artists, some of which are considered as indicating extraordinary talent.

From hence we went to the *Hotel des Mines*, where the name of the American minister procured us admis-

* The Winter Palace has since been destroyed by fire. The author has not seen any account of the particulars, but has heard that the contents of the Diamond Chamber were saved.

sion without the usual permit. The *Hotel des Mines* was instituted by the great Peter for the purpose of training a mining engineer corps, to explore scientifically the vast mineral resources of the empire, and also engineers for the army. Like all the other public edifices, the building is grand and imposing, and the arrangement of the different rooms and galleries is admirable. In one room is a large collection of medals, and in another of coins. Besides specimens of general mineralogy of extraordinary beauty, there are native iron from the Lake Olonetz, silver ore from Tobolsk, and gold sand from the Oural Mountains; and in iron-bound cases, beautifully ornamented, there is a rich collection of native gold, found either in the mines belonging to government, or in those of individuals, one piece of which was discovered at the depth of three and a half feet in the sand, weighing more than 24 pounds. The largest piece of platinum in existence, from the mines of Demidoff, weighing 10 pounds, is here also; and, above all, a colossal specimen of amala-chite weighing 3456 pounds, and, at the common average price of this combination of copper and carbonic acid, worth £3750 sterling.

But the most curious part of this valuable repository is under ground, being a model of a mine in Siberia. Furnished with lighted tapers, we followed our guides through winding passages cut into the bowels of the earth, the sides of which represented, by the aggregation of real specimens, the various stratifications, with all the different ores, and minerals, and different species of earth, as they were found in the natural state; the coal formation, veins of copper, and in one place of gold, being particularly well represented, forming an admirable practical school for the study of geology, though under a chilliness of atmosphere which would be likely very soon to put an end to studies of all kinds.

From here we passed to the Imperial Academy of Sciences, by far the most interesting part of our day's visiting. This, too, was founded by the Great Peter. I hardly know why, but I had already acquired a warm admiration for the stout old czar. There was nothing high or chivalric about him, but every step in Russia, from the Black Sea to the Baltic, showed me what he had done to advance the condition of his people. I knew all this as matter of history, but here I felt it as fact. We strolled through the mineralogical and zoological repositories, and stopped before the skeleton of that stupendous inhabitant of a former world, denominated the mammoth, whose fame had been carried over the waste of waters even to our distant country, and beside which even the skeletons of elephants looked insignificant. What was he, where did he live, and is his race extinct? It gave rise to a long train of interesting speculation, to endow him with life, and see him striding with gigantic steps, the living tenant of a former world; and more interesting still to question, as others had done, whether he was not, after all, one of a race of animals not yet extinct, and perhaps wandering even now within a short distance of the Polar Sea.

There is also in this part of the museum a collection of anatomical specimens and of human monsters; an unpleasing exhibition, though, no doubt, useful to medical science; among them was a child with two heads from America. More interesting to me was a large collection of insects, of medals, and particularly of the different objects in gold found in the tumuli of Siberia, consisting of bracelets, vases, crowns, bucklers, rings, sabres with golden hilts, Tartar idols, &c., many of them of great value, and of very elegant workmanship, which have given rise to much interesting speculation in regard to the character of the people who formerly inhabited that country. The Asiatic museum contains a library of Chinese, Japanese, Mongolese, and Tibetan books and manuscripts; Mahomedan, Chinese, and Japanese coins; an interesting assemblage of Mongolese idols cut in bronze and gilded, and illustrating the religion of Buddha. There is also an Egyptian museum, containing about a thousand articles. The cabinet of curiosities contains figures of all the different people

conquered under the government of Russia, habited in their national costumes; also of Chinese, Persians, Aleutians, Carelians, and the inhabitants of many of the Eastern, Pacific, or Northern Islands, discovered or visited by Russian travellers and navigators, as well as of the different nations inhabiting Siberia.

But by far the most interesting part of the museum is the cabinet of Peter himself, consisting of a suite of apartments, in which the old czar was in the habit of passing his leisure hours engaged in some mechanical employment. In one room are several brass cylinders turned by his own hands, and covered with battle-scenes of his own engraving. Also an iron bar forged by him; and reliefs executed in copper, representing his desperate battles in Livonia; an ivory chandelier of curious and highly-wrought workmanship, and a group in ivory representing Abraham offering up his son Isaac, the ram and the angel Gabriel cut out entire. In another room is his workshop, containing a variety of vessels and models etched in copper, and a copperplate with an unfinished battle-scene. His tools and implements are strewed about the room precisely in the state in which he left them the last time he was there. In another chamber were the distended skin of his French body-servant, seven feet high; the Arabian horse which he rode at the bloody battle of Pultowa, and the two favourite dogs which always accompanied him; and in another the figure of the old czar himself in wax, as large as life; the features, beyond doubt, bearing the exact resemblance to the original, being taken from a cast applied to his face when dead, and shaded in imitation of his real complexion. The eyebrows and hair are black, the eyes dark, the complexion swarthy, and aspect stern. This figure is surrounded by the portraits of his predecessors, in their barbarian costumes, himself seated in an arm-chair in the same splendid dress which he wore when with his own hands he placed the imperial crown on the head of his beloved Catherine. Here, also, are his uniform of the guards, gorget, scarf, and sword, and hat shot through at the battle of Pultowa; and the last thing which the guide put into my hands was a long stick measuring his exact height, and showing him literally a great man, being six Russian feet. I must not forget a pair of shoes made by his own hands; but the old czar was no shoemaker. Nevertheless, these memorials were all deeply interesting; and though I had seen the fruits of his labours from the Black Sea to the Baltic, I never felt such a strong personal attraction to him as I did here.

I was obliged to decline dining with Mr Wilkins, in consequence of an engagement with my friend the Pole; and, returning, I found him at the window with a book in his hand, precisely in the same position in which I had left him. After dinner, a servant came in and delivered a message, and he proposed a walk on the Admiralty Boulevards. It was the fashionable hour for promenade, and, after a turn or two, he discovered his fair enslaver, accompanied by her father and several ladies and gentlemen, one of whom seemed particularly devoted to her. She was a pretty little girl, and seemed to me a mere child, certainly not more than fifteen. His admiration had commenced on the Boulevards the first afternoon of his arrival, and had increased violently during the whole day, while he was sitting at the window. He paraded me up and down the walk once or twice, and, when they had seated themselves on a bench, took a seat opposite. He was sure she was pleased with his admiration, but I could not see that her look indicated any very flattering acknowledgment. In fact, I could not but remark that the eyes of the gentlemen were turned towards us as often as those of the lady, and suggested, that if I insisted, he would involve us in some difficulty with her; but he said there could not be any difficulty about for if he offended them, he would give them satisfaction. As this view of the case did not hit my humour, I told him that, as I had come out with him, I would remain; but if he made any further demonstrations, I should leave him, and, at all events, after that he must excuse

me from joining his evening promenades. Soon after, they left the Boulevards, and we returned to our hotel, where he entertained me with a history of his love adventures at home, and felicitations upon his good fortune in finding himself already engaged in one here.

Sunday. Until the early part of the tenth century, the religion of Russia was a gross idolatry. In 988, Olga, the widow of Igor, the son of Rurik, sailed down the Dnieper from Kief, was baptised at Constantinople, and introduced Christianity into Russia, though her family and nation adhered for a long time to the idolatry of their fathers. The great schism between the Eastern and Western churches had already taken place, and the Christianity derived from Constantinople was of course of the Greek persuasion. The Greek Church believes in the doctrines of the Trinity, but differs from the Catholic in some refined and subtle distinction in regard to what is called the procession of the Holy Ghost. It enjoins the invocation of saints as mediators, and permits the use of pictures, as a means of inspiring and strengthening devotion. The well-informed understand the use for which they are intended, but these form a very small portion of the community, and probably the great bulk of the people worship the pictures themselves. The clergy are, in general, very poor and very ignorant. The priests are not received at the tables of the upper classes, but they exercise an almost controlling influence over the lower, and they exhibited this influence in rousing the serfs against the French, which may be ascribed partly, perhaps, to feelings of patriotism, and partly to the certainty that Napoleon would strip their churches of their treasures, tear down their monasteries, and turn themselves out of doors. But of the population of 55,000,000, 15,000,000 are divided into Roman Catholics, Armenians, Protestants, Jews, and Mahomedans, and among the Caucasians, Georgians, Circassians, and Mongol tribes, nearly 2,000,000 are pagans or idolators, Brahmins, Lamists, and worshippers of the sun.

For a people so devout as the Russians, the utmost toleration prevails throughout the whole empire, and particularly in St Petersburg. Churches of every denomination stand but a short distance apart on the Newski Perspective. The Russian cathedral is nearly opposite the great Catholic chapel; near them is the Armenian, then the Lutheran, two churches for Dissenters, and a mosque for the Mahomedans; and on Sunday thousands are seen bending their steps to their separate churches, to worship according to the faith handed down to them by their fathers.

Early in the morning, taking with me a valet, and joining the crowd that was already hurrying with devout and serious air along the Newski Perspective, I entered the Cathedral of our Lady of Cazan, a splendid monument of architecture, and more remarkable as the work of a native artist, with a semicircular colonnade in front, consisting of 182 Corinthian columns thirty-five feet high, somewhat after the style of the great circular colonnade of St Peter's at Rome, and surmounted by a dome crowned with a cross of exquisite workmanship, supported on a large gilded ball. Within, fifty noble columns, each of one piece of solid granite from Finland, forty-eight feet high and four feet in diameter, surmounted by a rich capital of bronze, and resting on a massive bronze base, support an arched roof richly ornamented with flowers in bas-relief. The decorations of the altar are rich and splendid, the doors leading to the *sanctum sanctorum*, with the railing in front, being of silver. As in the Catholic churches, there are no pews, chairs, or benches, and all over the floor were the praying figures of the Russians. Around the walls were arranged military trophies, flags, banners, and the keys of fortresses wrested from the enemies of Russia; but far more interesting than her columns, and colossal statues, and military trophies, is the tomb of the warrior Kutuzow; simple and remarkable for the appropriate warlike trophy over it, formed of French eagles and the eagles of Napoleon. Admiration for owns no geographical or territorial limits, and

I pity the man who could stand by the grave of Kutuzow without feeling it a sacred spot. The Emperor Alexander with his own hands took the most precious jewel from his crown, and sent it to the warrior, with a letter announcing to him his elevation to the rank of Prince of Smolensko; but richer than jewels or principalities is the tribute which his countrymen pay at his tomb.

The church of our Lady of Cazan contains another monument of barbarian patriotism. The celebrated leader of the Cossacks, during the period of the French invasion, having intercepted a great part of the booty which the French were carrying from Moscow, sent it to the metropolitan or head of the church, with a characteristic letter, directing it to be "made into an image of the four Evangelists, and adorn the church of the Mother of God of Cazan." The concluding paragraph is: "Hasten to erect in the temple of God this monument of battle and victory; and while you erect it, say, with thankfulness to Providence, the enemies of Russia are no more; the vengeance of God has overtaken them on the soil of Russia; and the road they have gone has been strewn with their bones, to the utter confusion of their frantic and proud ambition."

(Signed) PLATOFF."

From the church of our Lady of Cazan I went to the Protestant church, where I again joined in an orthodox service. The interior of the church is elegant, though externally it can scarcely be distinguished from a private building. The seats are free, the men sitting on one side, and the women on the other. Mr Law, the clergyman, has been there many years, and is respected and loved by his congregation. After church I walked to the convent of Alexander Newski, the burial-place of Prince Alexander, who obtained in the thirteenth century a splendid victory over the allied forces of Sweden, Denmark, and Livonia; afterwards became a monk, and for his pure and holy life was canonised, and now ranks among the principal saints in the Russian calendar. The warrior was first buried at Moscow, but Peter the Great had his remains transported with great ceremony to this place, a procession of 1000 priests walking barefoot all the way. The monastery stands at the extreme end of the Newski Perspective, and within its precincts are several churches and a large cemetery. It is the residence of the distinguished prelates of the Greek Church and a large fraternity of monks. The dress of the monks is a loose black cloak and round black cap, and no one can be admitted a member until the age of thirty. We entered a grand portal, walked up a long avenue, and, crossing a bridge over a stream, worked our way between lines of the carriages of nobles and ladies, and crowds of the people in their best bell-crowned hats; and amid a throng of miserable beggars, penetrated to the door of the principal church, a large and beautiful specimen of modern Corinthian architecture. I remarked the great entrance, the lofty dome, the fresco paintings on the ceilings, and the arabesque decorations on the walls; the altar-piece of white Carrara marble, paintings by Rubens and Vandeyck, the holy door in the *iconostase*, raised on a flight of steps of rich gilded bronze, and surmounted by the representation of a dazzling *aureola* of different coloured metals, and in the centre the initials of that awful name which none in Israel save the initiated were permitted to pronounce. I walked around, and paused before the tomb of the warrior saint.

A sarcophagus, or coffin of massive silver, standing on an elevated platform, ornamented in bas-relief, representing scenes of battles with the Swedes, contains his relics; a rich ermine lies upon the coffin, and above is a silver canopy. On each side is a warrior clothed in armour, with his helmet, breastplate, shield, and spear, also of massive silver. The altar rises thirty feet in height, of solid silver, with groups of military figures and trophies of warriors, also of silver, as large as life; and over it hangs a golden lamp, with a magnificent candelabrum of silver, together with a vessel of curious workmanship holding the bones of several holy men, the whole of extraordinary magnificence and cost-

liness of material, upwards of 4000 pounds' weight of silver having been used in the construction of the chapel and shrine. The dead sleep the same whether in silver coffins or in the bare earth, but the stately character of the church, dimly lighted, and the splendour and richness of the material, gave a peculiar solemnity to the tomb of the warrior saint.

Leaving the churches, I strolled through the cloisters of the monastery, and entered the great cemetery. There, as in the great cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, all that respect, and love, and affection can do to honour the memory of the dead, and all that vanity and folly can do to ridicule it, have been accomplished. There are seen epitaphs of affecting brevity and elaborate amplification; every design, every device, figure, emblem, and decoration; every species of material, from native granite to Carrara marble and pure gold. Among the simpler tombs of poets, warriors, and statesmen, a monument of the most gigantic proportions is erected to snatch from oblivion the name of a rich Russian merchant. The base is a solid cubic block of the most superb marble, on which is a solid pedestal of black marble ten feet square, bearing a sarcophagus fourteen feet high, and of most elegant proportions, surmounted by a gold cross twenty feet in height. At each of the four corners is a colossal candelabrum of cast iron, with entwining serpents of bronze gilded. The ground alone cost £1000, and the whole monument about 20,000 dollars. Near the centre of this asylum of the dead, a tetrastyle Ionic temple of the purest white marble records the virtues of an interesting lady, the Countess of Potemkin; and *alto relievos* of the most exquisite execution, on three sides of the temple, tell the melancholy story of a mother snatched from three lovely children. The countess, prophetically conscious of her approaching fate, is looking up calmly and majestically to the figure of religion, and resting with confidence her left hand on the symbol of Christianity. In front are the inscription and arms of the family in solid gold.

But what are the Russian dead to me! The granite and marble monument of the merchant is a conglomeration of hides, hemp, and tallow; a man may be excused if he linger a moment at the tomb of an interesting woman, a mother cut off in her prime; but melancholy is infectious, and induces drowsiness and closing of the book.

In consideration for my valet, at the grand portal I took a drosky, rolled over the wooden pavement of the Newski Perspective, and, with hardly motion enough to disturb my reverie, was set down at the door of my hotel. My Pole was waiting to dine with me, and roused me from my dreams of the dead to recount his dreams of the living. All day he had sat at his window, and a few straggling glances from the lady opposite had abundantly rewarded him, and given him great spirits for his evening promenade on the Boulevards. I declined accompanying him, and he went alone, and returned in the evening almost in raptures. We strolled an hour by the twilight, and retired early.

It will hardly be believed, but early the next morning he came to my room with a letter on fine pink paper addressed to his fair enslaver. The reader may remember that this was not the first time I had been made a confidant in an *affaire du cœur*. To be sure, the missionary at Smyrna turned out to be crazy; and on this point at least, my Pole was a little touched; nevertheless, I listened to his epistle. It was the regular old-fashioned document, full of hanging, shooting, drowning, and other extravagances. He sealed it with an amatory device, and, calling up a servant in his confidence, told him to carry it over, and then took his place in my window to watch the result. In the mean time, finding it impossible to dislodge him, and that I could not count upon him to accompany me on my visits to the palaces as he had promised, I went to the Hermitage alone. The Great and Little Hermitages are connected with the Winter Palace, and with each other, by covered galleries, and the theatre is connected with the two Hermitages by means of another great arch thrown

over a canal, so that the whole present a continued line of imperial palaces, unequalled in extent in any part of Europe, measuring 1596 feet, or one third of an English mile. If I were to select a building designed to realise the most extravagant notions of grandeur and luxury, it would be the gorgeous palace known under the modest name of the Hermitage. I shall not attempt any description of the interior of this splendid edifice, but confine myself to a brief enumeration of its contents. I ascended by a spacious staircase to the ante-room, where I gave, or, rather, where my cane was demanded by the footman, and proceeded through a suit of magnificent rooms, every one surpassing the last, and richer in objects of the fine arts, science, and literature; embellished throughout by a profusion of the most splendid ornaments and furniture, and remarkable for beauty of proportion and variety of design. In rooms and galleries appropriated to the separate schools and masters, are upwards of 1300 paintings by Raphael, Titian, Guido, Andrea del Sarto, Luca Giordano, the Caracci, Perugino, Correggio, and Leonardi da Vinci; here is also the best collection in existence of pictures by Wouvermans and Teniers, with some of the masterpieces of Rubens and Vandyck, of the French Claude, Poussin, and Vernet. The celebrated Houghton collection is here, with a gallery of paintings of the Spanish schools, many of them Murillo's. In one room is a superb vase of Siberian jasper, of a lilac colour, five feet high, and of exquisite form and polish; in another are two magnificent candelabra, said to be valued at 220,000 rubles, or about 50,000 dollars; I must mention also the great musical clock, representing an antique Grecian temple, and containing within a combination of instruments, having the power of two orchestras, which accompany each other; two golden tripods, seven feet high, supporting the golden salvers on which salt and bread were exhibited to the Emperor Alexander on his triumphal return from Paris, as emblems of wisdom and plenty; a large musical and magical secretary, which opens spontaneously in a hundred directions at the sound of music, purchased by the late emperor for 800 guineas; a room surrounded with books, some of which were originals, placed there by Catherine for the use of the domestics, as she said to keep the devil out of their heads; a saloon containing the largest collection of engravings and books of engravings in Europe, amounting to upwards of 30,000; a library of upwards of 110,000 volumes; an extensive cabinet of medals, and another of gems and pastes; a jewel-cabinet, containing the rich ornaments which have served for the toilettes of succeeding empresses, innumerable precious stones and pearls, many of extraordinary magnitude; a superb collection of antiques and cameos, amounting to upwards of 15,000, the cameos alone affording employment for days. In one room are curious works in ivory and fish-bones, by the inhabitants of Archangel, who are skilled in that species of workmanship; and in another is the celebrated clock, known by the name of L'Horloge du Paon. It is enclosed in a large glass case ten feet high, being the trunk of a golden tree, with its branches and leaves all of gold. On the top of the trunk sits a peacock, which, when the chimes begin, expands its brilliant tail, while an owl rolls its eyes with its own peculiar stare, and, instead of a bell striking the hours, a golden cock flaps his wings, and crows. The clock is now out of order, and the machinery is so complicated that no artist has hitherto been able to repair it.

But perhaps the most extraordinary and interesting of the wonders of the Hermitage, are the Winter and Summer Gardens. As I strolled through the suites of apartments, and looked out through the windows of a long gallery, it was hardly possible to believe that the flourishing trees, shrubs, and flowers, stood upon an artificial soil, raised nearly fifty feet above the surface of the earth. The Winter Garden is a large quadrangular conservatory, planted with laurels and orange trees, in which linnet and Canary birds formerly flew about enjoying the freedom of nature; but the feathered tribe have disappeared. The Summer Garden, add-

erected with it is 400 feet long; and here, suspended, as it were, in the air, near the top of the palace, I strolled along gravel walks, and among parterres of shrubs and flowers growing in rich luxuriance, and under a thick foliage inhaled their delightful fragrance. It is idle to attempt a description of this scene.

I returned to my Pole, whom I found at his window with a melancholy and sentimental visage, his beautiful epistle returned upon his hands—having in sportsman's phrase entirely missed fire, and then lying with a most reproving look on his table. My friend had come up to St Petersburg in consequence of a law-suit; and as this occupied but a small portion of his time, he had involved himself in a love-suit, and, so far as I could see, with about an equal chance of success in both. *L'amour* was the great business of his life, and he could not be content unless he had what he called *une affaire de cœur* on hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

An Imperial Fête.—Nicholas of Russia.—Varied Splendours.—A Soliloquy.—House of Peter the Great.—A Boat-race.—Czarakoselo.—The Amber Chamber.—Catherine II.—The Emperor Alexander.

THE next day was that appointed for the great fête at Peterhoff. In spite of the confining nature of his two suits, my Pole had determined to accompany me thither, being prompted somewhat by the expectation of seeing his damsel; and, no way disheartened by the fate of his first letter, he had manufactured another, by comparison with which the first was an icicle. I admitted it to be a masterpiece, though when he gave it to a servant to carry over, as we were on the point of setting off, suggested that it might be worth while to wait and pick it up when she threw it out of the window. But he had great confidence, and thought much better of her spirit for sending back his first letter.

The whole population of Petersburg was already in motion, and on the way to Peterhoff. It was expected that the fête would be more than usually splendid, on account of the presence of the Queen of Holland, then on a visit to her sister the empress; and at an early hour the splendid equipages of the nobility, carriages, drookies, telegas, and carts, were hurrying along the banks of the Neva, while steam-boats, sail-boats, row-boats, and craft of every description, were gliding on the bosom of the river.

As the least trouble, we chose a steam-boat, and at twelve o'clock embarked at the English Quay. The boat was crowded with passengers, and among them was an old English gentleman, a merchant of thirty years' standing in St Petersburg. I soon became acquainted with him, how I do not know, and his lady told me that the first time I passed them she remarked to her husband that I was an American. The reader may remember that a lady made the same remark at Smyrna; without knowing exactly how to understand it, I mention it as a fact, showing the nice discrimination acquired by persons in the habit of seeing travellers from different countries. Before landing, the old gentleman told me that his boys had gone down in a pleasure-boat, abundantly provided with materials, and asked me to go on board and lunch with them, which, upon the invitation being extended to my friend, I accepted.

Peterhoff is about twenty-five versts from St Petersburg, and the whole bank of the Neva on that side is adorned with palaces and beautiful summer residences of the Russian seigneurs. It stands at the mouth of the Neva, on the borders of the Gulf of Finland. Opposite is the city of Cronstadt, the seaport of St Petersburg, and the anchorage of the Russian fleet. It was then crowded with merchant ships of every nation, with flags of every colour streaming from their spars in honour of the day. On landing, we accompanied our new friends, and found "the boys," three fine young fellows just growing up to manhood,

in a handsome little pleasure-boat, with a sail arranged as an awning, waiting for their parents. We were introduced, and received with open arms, and sat down to a cold collation in good old English style, at which, for the first time since I left home, I fastened upon an old-fashioned sirloin of roast-beef. It was a delightful meeting for me. The old people talked to me about my travels; and the old lady particularly, with almost a motherly interest in a straggling young man, inquired about my parents, brothers, and sisters, &c.; and I made my way with the frank-hearted "boys" by talking "boat." Altogether, it was a regular home family scene; and, after the lunch, we left the old people under the awning, promising to return at nine o'clock for tea, and with "the boys" set off to view the fête.

From the time when we entered the grounds until we left, at three o'clock the next morning, the whole was a fairy scene. The grounds extended some distance along the shore, and the palace stands on an embankment perhaps 150 feet high, commanding a full view of the Neva, Cronstadt with its shipping, and the Gulf of Finland. We followed along the banks of a canal 500 yards long, bordered by noble trees. On each side of the canal were large wooden frames about sixty feet high, filled with glass lamps for the illumination; and at the foot of each was another high framework with lamps, forming, among other things, the arms of Russia, the double-headed eagle, and under it a gigantic star thirty or forty feet in diameter. At the head of the canal was a large basin of water, and in the centre of the basin stood a colossal group in brass, of a man tearing open the jaws of a rampant lion; and out of the mouth of the lion rushed a *jet d'eau* perhaps 150 feet high. On each side of this basin, at a distance of about 300 feet, was a smaller basin, with a *jet d'eau* in each about half its height, and all around were *jets d'eau* of various kinds, throwing water vertically and horizontally; among them I remember a figure larger than life, leaning forward in the attitude of a man throwing the discus, with a powerful stream of water rushing from his clenched fist. These basins were at the foot of the embankment on which stands the palace. In the centre was a broad flight of steps leading to the palace, and on each side was a continuous range of marble slabs to the top of the hill, over which poured down a sheet of water, the slabs being placed so high and far apart as to allow lamps to be arranged behind the water. All over, along the public walks and in retired alcoves, were frames hung with lamps; and every where, under the trees and on the open lawn, were tents of every size and fashion, beautifully decorated; many of them, oriental in style and elegance, were fitted up as places of refreshment. Thousands of people, dressed in their best attire, were promenading the grounds, but no vehicles were to be seen, until turning a point we espied at some distance up an avenue, and coming quietly towards us, a plain open carriage, with two horses and two English jockey outriders, in which were a gentleman and lady, whom, without the universal taking off of hats around us, I recognised at once as the emperor and empress. I am not apt to be carried away by any profound admiration for royalty, but without consideration of their rank, I never saw a finer specimen of true gentility; in fact, he looked every inch a king, and she was my *beau idéal* of a queen in appearance and manners. They bowed as they passed, and as I thought, being outside of the line of Russians, and easily recognised as a stranger, their courtesy was directed particularly to me; but I found that my companion took it very much to himself, and no doubt every long-bearded Russian near us did the same. In justice to myself, however, I may almost say that I had a conversation with the emperor; for although his imperial highness did not speak to me, he spoke in a language which none but I (and the queen and his jockey outriders) understood; for waving his hand to them, I heard him say in English, "To the right." After this interview with his majesty, we walked up to the palace. The splendid

regiments of cavalier guards were drawn up around it, every private carrying himself like a prince; and I did not admire all his palaces, nor hardly his queen, so much as this splendid body of armed followers. Behind the palace is a large plain cut up into gravel-walks, having in one place a basin of water, with waterworks of various kinds, among which were some of peculiar beauty falling in the form of a semi-globe.

A little before dark, we retired to a refectory under a tent until the garden was completely lighted up, that we might have the full effect of the illumination at one *coup d'œil*, and, when we went out, the dazzling brilliancy of the scene within the semicircular illumination around the waterworks was beyond description. This semicircular framework enclosed in a large sweep the three basins, and terminated at the embankment on which the palace stands, presenting all around an immense fiery scroll in the air, sixty or eighty feet high, and filled with all manner of devices; and for its background a broad sheet of water falling over a range of steps, with lighted lamps behind it, forming an illuminated cascade, while the basins were blazing with the light thrown upon them from myriads of lamps, and the colossal figures of a reddened and unearthly hue were spouting columns of water into the air. More than 200,000 people were supposed to be assembled in the garden, in every variety of gay, brilliant, and extraordinary costume. St Petersburg was half depopulated, and thousands of peasants were assembled from the neighbouring provinces. I was accidentally separated from all my companions; and, alone among thousands, sat down on the grass, and for an hour watched the throng passing through the illuminated circle, and ascending the broad steps leading towards the palace. Among all this immense crowd, there was no rabble; not a dress that could offend the eye; but intermingled with the ordinary costumes of Europeans, were the Russian shopkeeper, with his long surtout, his bell-crowned hat, and solemn beard; Cossacks, and Circassian soldiers, and Calmuc Tartars, and cavalier guards; hussars, with the sleeves of their rich jackets dangling loose over their shoulders, tossing plumes, and helmets glittering with steel, intermingled throughout with the gay dresses of ladies; while near me, and like me, carelessly stretched on the grass, under the light of thousands of lamps, was a group of peasants from Finland fiddling and dancing; the women with light hair, bands around their heads, and long jackets encircling their square forms, and the men with long greatcoats, broad-brimmed hats, and a bunch of shells in front.

Leaving this brilliant scene, I joined the throng on the steps, and by the side of a splendid hussar, stooping his manly figure to whisper in the ears of a lovely young girl, I ascended to the palace, and presented my ticket of admission to the *bal masqué*, so called from there being no masks there. I had not been presented at court, and, consequently, had only admission to the outer apartments with the people. I had, however, the range of a succession of splendid rooms, richly decorated with vases and tazzas of precious stones, candelabra, couches, ottomans, superb mirrors, and inlaid floors; and the centre room, extending several hundred feet in length, had its lofty walls covered to the very ceilings with portraits of all the female beauties in Russia about eighty years ago. I was about being tired of gazing at these pictures of long-sleeping beauties, when the great doors at one end were thrown open, and the emperor and empress, attended by the whole court, passed through on their way to the banquetting-hall. Although I had been in company with the emperor before in the garden, and though I had taken off my hat to the empress, both passed without recognising me. The court at St Petersburg is admitted to be the most brilliant in Europe; the dresses of the members of the diplomatic corps and the uniforms of the general and staff officers being really magnificent, while those of the ladies sparkled with jewels. Besides the emperor and empress, the only acquaintance I recognised in that constellation of brilliantly dressed people were Mr

Wilkins and Mr Clay, who, for republicans, made a very fair blaze. I saw them enter the banquetting-hall, painted in oriental style to represent a tent, and might have had the pleasure of seeing the emperor and empress and all that brilliant collection ent; but, turning away from a noise that destroyed much of the illusion, viz. the clatter of knives and forks, and a little piqued at the cavalier treatment I had received from the court circles, I went out on the balcony and soliloquised—"Fine feathers make fine birds; but look back a little, ye dashing cavaliers and supercilious ladies. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, a French traveller in Russia wrote that 'most men treat their wives as a necessary evil, regarding them with a proud and stern eye, and even beating them after.' Dr Collins, physician to the czar in 1670, as an evidence of the progress of civilisation in Russia, says that the custom of tying up wives by the hair of the head and flogging them 'begins to be left off;' accounting for it, however, by the prudence of parents, who made a stipulative provision in the marriage contract that their daughters were not to be whipped, struck, kicked, &c. But, even in this improved state of society, one man 'put upon his wife a shirt dipped in ardent spirits, and burned her to death,' and was not punished, there being, according to the doctor, 'no punishment in Russia for killing a wife or a slave.' When no provision was made in the marriage contract, he says they were accustomed to discipline their wives very severely. At the marriage, the bridegroom had a whip in one boot and a jewel in the other, and the poor girl tried her fortune by choosing. 'If she happens upon the jewel,' says another traveller, 'she is lucky; but if on the whip, she gets it.' The bridegroom rarely saw his companion's face till after the marriage, when, it is said, 'If she be ugly, she pays for it soundly, maybe the first time he sees her.' Ugliness being punished with the whip, the women painted to great excess; and a traveller in 1636 saw the grand duchess and her ladies on horseback astride, 'most wickedly bepainted.' The day after a lady had been at an entertainment, the hostess was accustomed to ask how she got home; and the polite answer was, 'Your ladyship's hospitality made me so tipsy that I don't know how I got home;' and for the climax of their barbarity, it can scarcely be believed, but it is recorded as a fact, that the women did not begin to wear stays till the beginning of the present century!"

Soothed by these rather ill-natured reflections, I turned to the illuminated scene and the thronging thousands below, descended once more to the garden, passed down the steps, worked my way through the crowd, and fell into a long avenue, like all the rest of the garden, brilliantly lighted, but entirely deserted. At the end of the avenue, I came to an artificial lake, opposite which was a small square two-story cottage, being the old residence of Peter the Great, the founder of all the magnificence of Peterhoff. It was exactly in the style of our ordinary country-houses, and the furniture was of a simplicity that contrasted strangely with the surrounding luxury and splendour. The door opened into a little hall, in which were two old-fashioned Dutch mahogany tables, with oval leaves, legs tapering and enlarging at the feet into something like a horse-shoe; just such a table as every one may remember in his grandfather's house, and recalling to mind the simple style of our own country some thirty or forty years ago. In a room on one side was the old czar's bed, a low, broad, wooden bedstead, with a sort of canopy over it, the covering of the canopy and the coverlet being of striped calico; the whole house, inside and out, was hung with lamps, illumining, with a glare that was almost distressing, the simplicity of Peter's residence; and, as if to give greater contrast to this simplicity, while I was standing in the door of the hall, I saw roll by me, in splendid equipages, the emperor and empress, with the whole of the brilliant court which I had left in the banquetting-hall, now making a tour of the gardens. The carriages were all of one pattern, long, hung low, without any tops, and somewhat like our omnibuses,

except that instead of the seats being on one side, there was a partition in the middle not higher than the back of a sofa, with large seats like sofas on each side, on which the company sat in a row, with their backs to each other; in front was a high and large box for the coachman, and a footman behind. It was so light that I could distinguish the face of every gentleman and lady as they passed; and there was something so unique in the exhibition, that, with the splendour of the court dresses, it seemed the climax of the brilliant scenes at Peterhoff. I followed them with my eyes till they were out of sight, gave one more look to the modest pillow on which old Peter reposed his care-worn head, and at about one o'clock in the morning left the garden. A frigate brilliantly illuminated was firing a salute, the flash of her guns lighting up the dark surface of the water as I embarked on board the steam-boat. At two o'clock the morning twilight was like that of day; at three o'clock I was at my hotel, and probably, at ten minutes past, asleep.

About eight o'clock the next morning, my Pole came into my room. He had returned from Peterhoff before me, and found waiting for him his second epistle, with a note from the mother of the young lady, which he read to me as I lay in bed. Though more than half asleep, I was rather roused by the strange effect this letter had upon him, for he was now encouraged to go on with his suit, since he found that the backwardness of the young lady was to be ascribed to the influence of the mother, and not to any indifference on her part.

In the afternoon I went to a boat-race between English amateurs that had excited some interest among the English residents. The boats were badly matched; a six-oared boat thirty-two feet long, and weighing 230 pounds, being pitted against three pairs of sculls, with a boat twenty-eight feet long and weighing only 108 pounds. One belonged to the English legation, and the other to some English merchants. The race was from the English Quay to the bridge opposite the Suwarrow monument at the foot of the Summer Garden, and back, a little more than two miles each way. The rapidity of the current was between two and three miles an hour, though its full strength was avoided by both boats keeping in the eddies along shore. It was a beautiful place for a boat-race; the banks of the Neva were lined with spectators, and the six-oared boat beat easily, performing the distance in thirty-one minutes.

The next morning, in company with a Frenchman lately arrived at our hotel, I set out for the imperial palace of Czarskoselo, about seventeen versts from St Petersburg. About seven versts from the city, we passed the imperial seat of Zechenne, built by the Empress Catherine to commemorate the victory obtained by Orloff over the Turks on the coast of Anatolia. The edifice is in the form of a Turkish pavilion, with a central rotunda containing the full length portraits of the sovereigns contemporary with Catherine. Since her death, this palace has been deserted. In 1825, Alexander and the empress passed it on their way to the south of Russia, and about eight months after, their mortal remains found shelter in it for a night, on their way to the imperial sepulchre. There was no other object of interest on the road, until we approached Czarskoselo. Opposite the "Caprice Gate" is a cluster of white houses, in two rows, of different sizes, diminishing as they recede from the road, and converging at the farthest extremity; altogether a bizarre arrangement, and showing the magnificence of Russian gallantry. The Empress Catherine, at the theatre one night, happened to express her pleasure at the perspective view of a small town, and the next time she visited Czarskoselo, she saw the scene realised in a town erected by Count Orloff, at immense expense, before the gate of the palace. The façade of the palace is unequalled by royal residence in the world, being 1300 feet in length. Originally, every statue, pedestal, and capital, of the numerous columns, the vases, carvings, and other

ornaments in front, were covered with gold leaf, the gold used for that purpose amounting to more than a million of ducats. In a few years the gilding wore off, and the contractors engaged in repairing it offered the empress nearly half a million of rubles (silver) for the fragments of gold; but the empress scornfully refused, saying, "*Je ne suis pas dans l'usage de vendre mes vieilles hardes.*" I shall not attempt to carry the reader through the magnificent apartments of this palace. But I must not forget the famed amber chamber, the whole walls and ceilings being of amber, some of the pieces of great size, neatly fitted together, and even the frames of the pictures an elaborate workmanship of the same precious material. But even this did not strike me so forcibly, as when, conducted through a magnificent apartment, the walls covered with black paper shining like ebony, and ornamented with gold and immense looking-glasses, the footman opened a window at the other end, and we looked down into the chapel, an Asiatic structure, presenting an ensemble of rich gilding of surpassing beauty, every part of it, the groups of columns, the *iconostas*, and the gallery for the imperial family, resplendant with gold. In one of the state-rooms, where the empress's mother resides, the floor consists of a parquet of fine wood inlaid with wreaths of mother-of-pearl, and the panels of the room were encrusted with *lapis lazuli*.

But to me all these magnificent chambers were as nothing, compared with those which were associated with the memory of the late occupant. "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown;" and perhaps it is for this reason that I like to look upon the pillow of a king, far more on that of a queen. The bed-chamber of Catherine II. is adorned with walls of porcelain and pillars of purple glass; the bedclothes are those under which she slept the last time she was at the palace, and in one place was a concealed door, by which, as the unmannerly footman, without any respect to her memory, told us, her imperial highness admitted her six feet paramours. In the bedchamber of Alexander were his cap, gloves, boots, and other articles of dress, lying precisely as he left them, previous to his departure for the southern part of his empire. His bed was of leather, stuffed with straw, and his boots were patched over and over worse than mine, which I had worn all the way from Paris. I tried on his cap and gloves, and moralised over his patched boots. I remembered Alexander as the head of a gigantic empire, the friend and ally, and then the deadly foe, of Napoleon; the companion of kings and princes; the arbiter of thrones and empires, and playing with crowns and sceptres. I sat with the patched boots in my hand. Like old Peter, he had considerable of a foot, and I respected him for it. I saw him, as it were, in an undress, simple and unostentatious in his habits; and there was a domestic air in his whole suite of apartments, that interested me more than when I considered him on his throne. His sitting-room showed quiet and gentlemanly, as well as domestic habits, for along the wall was a border of earth, with shrubs and flowers growing out of it, a delicate vine trailed around and almost covering a little mahogany railing. The grounds around the palace are eighteen miles in circumference, abounding in picturesque and beautiful scenery, improved by taste and an unbounded expenditure of money, and at this time they were in the fulness of summer beauty. We may talk simplicity and republicanism, but, after all, it must be a pleasant thing to be an emperor. I always felt this, particularly when strolling through imperial parks or pleasure-grounds, and sometimes I almost came to the unsentimental conclusion, that to be rural, a man must be rich.

We wandered through the grounds without any plan, taking any path that offered, and at every step some new beauty broke upon us: a theatre; Turkish kiosks or Chinese pagoda; splendid bridges, arches, and columns; and an Egyptian gate; a summer-house in the form of an Ionic colonnade, a masterpiece of taste and elegance, supporting an aerial garden crowded with

flowers; and a Gothic building called the Admiralty, on the borders of an extensive lake, on which lay several boats rigged as frigates, elegant barges and pleasure-boats, and beautiful white swans floating majestically upon its surface; on the islands and the shores of the lake were little summer-houses; at the other end was a magnificent stone landing, and in full view a marble bridge, with Corinthian columns of polished marble; an arsenal, with many curious and interesting objects, antique suits of armour, and two splendid sets of horse-trappings, holsters, pistols, and bridles, all studded with diamonds, presented by the sultan on occasion of the peace of Adrianople. Nor must I forget the dairy, and a superb collection of goats and lambs from Siberia. Amid this congregation of beauties, one thing offended me; a Gothic tower, built as a ruin for the sake of the picturesque, which, wanting the associations connected with monuments ruined by time, struck me as a downright mockery. We had intended to visit the palace of Paulowsky, but time slipped away, and it was six o'clock before we started to return to St Petersburg.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Soldier's Reward.—Review of the Russian Army.—American Cannibals.—Palace of Potemkin.—Palace of the Grand-duke Michael.—Equipments for Travelling.—Rough Riding.—Poland.—Vitepek.—Napoleon in Poland.—The Disastrous Retreat.—Passage of the Berezina.

EARLY the next morning I went out about twelve versts from the city, to attend a grand military review by the emperor in person. The government of Russia is a military despotism, and her immense army, nominally amounting to 1,000,000, even on the peace establishment numbers actually 600,000, of which 60,000 follow the person of the emperor, and were at that time under arms at St Petersburg. When I rode on the parade-ground, the spectacle of this great army, combining the *élite* of barbaric chivalry, with soldiers trained in the best schools of European discipline, drawn up in battle's stern array, and glittering with steel, was brilliant and almost sublime; in numbers and military bearing, in costliness of armour and equipment, far surpassing any martial parade that I had seen, not excepting a grand review of French troops at Paris, or even a *fourth of July* parade at home. I once had the honour to be a paymaster in the valiant 197th regiment of New York State Militia; and I can say what, perhaps, no other man who ever served in our army can say, that I served out my whole term without being once promoted. Men came in below, and went out above me; ensigns became colonels, and lieutenants generals, but I remained the same; it was hard work to escape promotion, but I was resolute. Associated with me was a friend as quarter-master, with as little of the spirit of a soldier in him as myself, for which we were rather looked down upon by the warriors of our day; and when, at the end of our term, in company with several other officers, we resigned, the next regimental orders were filled with military panegyrics, such as, "the colonel has received, with the greatest regret, the resignation of Lieutenant A.;" "the country has reason to deplore the loss of the services of Captain B.;" and wound up with "Quarter-master G. and Paymaster S. have tendered their resignations, *both of which are hereby accepted.*" But when strains of martial music burst from a hundred bands, and companies, and regiments, and brigades, wheeled and manœuvred before me, and the emperor rode by, escorted by general and field officers, and the most magnificent staff in Europe, and the earth shook under the charge of cavalry, I felt a strong martial spirit roused within me; perhaps I was excited by the reflection that these soldiers had been in battles, and that the stars and medals glittering on their breasts were not mere holiday ornaments, but the tokens of desperate service on bloody battle-fields.

In a body, the Russian soldiers present an exceed-

ingly fine appearance. When the serf is enrolled, his hair and beard are cut off, except on the upper lip; his uniform is simple and graceful; a belt is worn tightly round the waist, and the breast of the coat is thickly padded, increasing the manliness of the figure, though sometimes at the expense of health. In evolutions they move like a great machine, as if all the arms and legs were governed by a single impulse.

The army under review was composed of representatives from all the nations under the sway of Russia; Cossacks of the Don, and the Volga, and the Black Sea, in jackets and wide pantaloons of blue cloth, riding on small horses, with high-peaked saddles, and carrying spears eight or ten feet in length. One regiment had the privilege of wearing a ragged flag and caps full of holes, as proofs of their gallant service, being the only regiment that fought at Pultowa. And there were Calmucs in their extraordinary war-dress; a helmet with a gilded crest, or a chain cap with a network of iron rings falling over the head and shoulders, and hanging as low as the eyebrows in front; a shirt of mail, composed of steel rings matted together and yielding to the body, the arms protected by plates, and the back of the hand by steel network fastened to the plates on each side; their offensive weapons were bows and arrows, silver-mounted pistols peeping out of their holsters, cartridge-boxes on each side of the breast, and a dagger, sword, and gun.

The Kirgish, a noble-looking race, come from the steppes of Siberia. Their uniform is magnificent, consisting of a blue frock-coat and pantaloons covered with silver lace, a Grecian helmet, and a great variety of

they are all noble, and have no regular duty, except to attend the imperial family on extraordinary occasions. At home they are always at war among themselves. They are Mahomedans; and one of them said to an American friend who had a long conversation with him, that he had four wives at home; that some had more, but it was not considered becoming to exceed that number. A bearded Russian came up, and said that these Kirgish eat dogs and cats, against which the Kirgish protested. The same Russian afterwards observed that the Americans were worse than the Kirgish, for that a patriarch of the church had written, and therefore it must be true, that the number of human beings eaten by Americans could not be counted; adding, with emphasis, "Sir, you were created in the likeness of your maker, and you should endeavour to keep yourself so." He continued that the Russians were the first Christians, and he felt much disposed to send missionaries among the Americans to meliorate their condition.

The Imperial Guards are the finest looking set of men I ever saw. The standard is six feet, and none are admitted below that height. Their uniform is a white cloth coat, with buckskin breeches, boots reaching up to the hips, and swords that Wallace himself would not have been ashamed to wield. But perhaps the most striking in that brilliant army was the emperor himself; seeming its natural head, towering even above his gigantic guards, and looking, as Mr Wilkins once said of him, like one who, among savages, would have been chosen for a chief. In the midst of this martial spectacle, the thought came over me of militia musters at home; and though smiling at the insignificance of our military array as I rode back in my drosky, I could not but think of the happiness of my isolated position, which spares us the necessity of keeping a large portion of our countrymen constantly in arms, to preserve the rest in the enjoyment of life and fortune.

The next morning my Polish friend, hopeless of success either in his law-suit or his love-suit, fixed a day for our departure; and, with the suggestion that I am about leaving St Petersburg, I turn once more, and for the last time, to the imperial palaces. Not far from the Hermitage is the marble palace; a colossal pile, built by the Empress Catherine for her favourite Count Orloff, presenting one of its fronts to the Neva.

All the decorations are of marble and gilded bronze, and the capitals and bases of the columns and pilasters, and the window-frames and balustrades of the balconies, of cast bronze richly gilded. The effect is heightened by the unusually large dimensions of the squares of fine plate glass. A traveller in 1759, says, "that the prodigies of enchantment which we read of in the tales of the genii are here called forth into reality; and the temples reared by the luxuriant fancy of our poets may be considered as a picture of the marble palace, which Jupiter, when the burden of cares drives him from heaven, might make his delightful abode." At present, however, there are but few remains of this Olympian magnificence, and I think Jupiter, at the same expense, would prefer the Winter Palace or the Hermitage.

The Taurida Palace, erected by Catherine II. for her lover Potemkin, in general effect realises the exaggerated accounts of travellers. The entrance is into a spacious hall, which leads to a circular vestibule of extraordinary magnitude, decorated with busts and statues in marble, with a dome supported by white columns. From thence you pass between the columns into an immense hall or ball-room, 280 feet long and 80 wide, with double colonnades of lofty Ionic pillars decorated with gold and silver festoons, 35 feet high and 10 feet in circumference. From the colonnade, running the whole length of the ball-room, you enter the Winter Garden, which concealed flues and stoves keep always at the temperature of summer; and here, upon great occasions, under the light of magnificent lustres and the reflection of numerous mirrors, during the fierceness of the Russian winter, when the whole earth is covered with snow, and "water tossed in the air drops down in ice," the imperial visitor may stroll through gravel-walks bordered with the choicest plants and flowers, blooming hedges and groves of orange, and inhale the fragrance of an Arabian garden. Paul, in one of his "darkened hours," converted this palace into barracks and a riding-school; but it has since been restored, in some degree, to its ancient splendour.

The palace of Paul, in which he was assassinated, has been uninhabited since his death. But the triumph of modern architecture in St Petersburg is the palace of the Grand Duke Michael. I shall not attempt any description of this palace; but to give some notion of its splendours to my calculating countrymen, I shall merely remark that it cost upwards of 17,000,000 of rubles. But I am weary of palaces; of wandering through magnificent apartments, where scene after scene bursts upon my eyes, and, before I begin to feel at home in them, I find myself ordered out by the footman. Will the reader believe me! On the opposite side of the river is a little wooden house, more interesting in my eyes than all the palaces in St Petersburg. It is the humble residence of Peter the Great. I visited it for the last time after rambling through the gorgeous palace of the Grand-duke Michael. It is one story high, low-roofed, with a little piazza around it, and contains a sitting-room, bed-room, and dining-parlours; and Peter himself, with his own axe, assisted in its construction. The rooms are only 8 feet in height, the sitting-room is 15 feet square, the dining-room 15 feet by 12, and the bed-chamber 10 feet square. In the first there is a chapel and shrine, where the Russian visitor performs his orisons and prays for the soul of Peter. Around the cottage is a neat garden, and a boat made by Peter himself is suspended to one of the walls. I walked around the cottage, inside and out; listened attentively, without understanding a word he said, to the garrulous Russian cicerone, and sat down on the step of the front piazza. Opposite was that long range of imperial palaces extending for more than a mile on the Neva, and surpassing all other royal residences in Europe or the world. When Peter sat in the door of this humble cottage, the ground where they stand is all morass and forest. Where I saw the lofty spires of magnificent churches, he looked out on men's huts. My eyes fell upon the golden

spire of the church of the citadel glittering in the sun-beams, and reminding me that in its dismal chancel-house slept the tenant of the humble cottage, the master-spirit which had almost created out of nothing all this splendour. I saw at the same time the beginning and the end of greatness. The humble dwelling is preserved with religious reverence, and even now is the most interesting monument which the imperial city can show.

And here, at this starting-point in her career, I take my leave of the Palmyra of the North. I am compelled, to omit many things which he who speaks of St Petersburg at all ought not to omit: her magnificent churches; her gigantic and splendid theatres; her literary, scientific, and eleemosynary institutions, and that which might form the subject of a chapter in her capital, her government and laws. I might have seen something of Russian society, as my friend Luoff had arrived in St Petersburg; but, with my limited time, the interchange of these civilities interfered with my seeing the curiosities of the capital.

My intimacy with the colonel had fallen off, though we still were on good terms. The fact is, I believe I fell into rather queer company in St Petersburg, and very soon found the colonel to be the most thorough roué I ever met. He seemed to think that travelling meant dissipating; he had never travelled but once, and that was with the army to Paris; and, except when on duty, his whole time had been spent in riot and dissipation; and though sometimes he referred to hard fighting, he talked more of the pleasures of that terrible campaign than of its toils and dangers. In consideration of my being a stranger, and a young man, he constituted himself my Mentor; and the advice which, in all soberness, he gave me as the fruits of his experience, was a beautiful guide for the road to ruin. I have no doubt that, if I had given myself up entirely to him, he would have fettered me all the time I was in St Petersburg; but this did not suit me, and I afterwards fell in with the Pole, who had his own vagaries, too, and who, being the proprietor of a cloth manufactory, did not suit the aristocratic notions of the colonel, and so our friendship cooled. My intimacy with his friend the prince, however, increased. I called upon him frequently, and he offered to accompany me every where; but as in sight-seeing I love to be alone, I seldom asked him, except for a twilight walk. Old associations were all that now bound together him and the colonel; their feelings, their fortunes, and their habits of life, were entirely different; and the colonel, instead of being displeased with my seeking the prince in preference to himself, was rather gratified. Altogether, the colonel told me, he was much mistaken in me, but he believed I was a good fellow after all; excused my regular habits somewhat on the ground of my health; and the day before that fixed for my departure, asked me to pass the evening with him, and to bring my friend the Pole. In the evening we went to the colonel's apartments. The prince was there, and, after an elegant little supper, happening to speak of a Frenchman and a Prussian living in the hotel, with whom I had become acquainted, he sent down for them to come up and join us. The table was cleared, pipes and tobacco were brought on, and champagne was the only wine. We had a long and interesting conversation on the subject of the road to Warsaw, and particularly in regard to the bloody passage of the Berezhina, at which both the colonel and the prince were present. The servant, a favourite serf (who the next day robbed the colonel of every valuable article in his apartment), being clumsy in opening a new bottle of champagne, the colonel said he must return to army practice, and reaching down his sabre, with a scientific blow took off the neck without materially injuring the bottle or disturbing the contents. This military way of decanting champagne aided its circulation, and head after head fell rapidly before the naked sabre. I had for some time avoided emptying my glass, which, in the general hurry of business, was not noticed; but as soon as the

colonel discovered it, he cried out, "Treason, treason against good-fellowship. America is a traitor!" I pleaded ill health, but he would not listen to me; upbraided me that the friend and old ally of Russia should fail him; turned up his glass on the table, and swore he would not touch it again unless I did him justice. All followed his example; all decided that America was disturbing the peace of nations; the glasses were turned up all around, and a dead stop was put to the merriment. I appealed, begged, and protested; and the colonel became positive, dogged, and outrageous. The prince came to my aid, and proposed that the difficulty between Russia and America should be submitted to the arbitration of France and Prussia. He had observed these powers rather backing out. The eyes of France were already in a fine phrensy rolling, and Prussia's tongue had long been wandering; and, in apprehension of their own fate, these mighty powers leaned to mercy. It was necessary, however, to propitiate the colonel, and they decided, that to prevent the effusion of blood, I should start once more the flow of wine; that we should begin again with a bumper all around; and after that every man should do as he pleased. The colonel was obliged to be content; and swearing that he would drink for us all, started anew.

The Prussian was from Berlin, and this led the colonel to speak of the stirring scenes that had taken place in that capital on the return of the Russian army from Paris; and, after a while, the Prussian, personally unknown to the colonel, told him that his name was still remembered in Berlin as a leader in Russian riot and dissipation, and particularly as having carried off, in a most daring manner, a lady of distinguished family; and—"go on," said the colonel—"killed her husband." "He refused my challenge," said the colonel, "but sought my life, and I shot him like a dog." The whole party now became uproarious; the colonel begged me, by all the friendly relations between Russia and America, to hold on till breakfast-time; but, being the coolest man present, and not knowing what further developments might take place, I broke up the party.

In the morning my passport was not ready. I went off to the police-office for it, and when I returned the horses had not come, and the valet brought me the usual answer, that there were none. My Pole was glad to linger another day, for the sake of his flirtation with the little girl opposite, and so we lounged through the day, part of the time in the bazaar of a Persian, where I came near ruining myself by an offer I made for a beautiful emerald; and after one more and the last twilight stroll on the banks of the Neva and up the Newski Perspective, we returned at an early hour, and for the last time in Russia, slept in a bed.

At nine o'clock the next morning a *kibitka* drove up to the door of our hotel, demanding an American and a Pole for Warsaw. All the servants of the hotel were gathered around, arranging the luggage, and making a great parade of getting off the distinguished travellers. The travellers themselves seemed equipped for a long journey. One wore a blue roundabout jacket, military cap and cloak, with whiskers and a mustache tending to red; the other, a tall, stout, Herculean fellow, was habited in the most *outré* costume of a Russian traveller; a cotton dressing-gown of every variety of colours, red and yellow predominating; coarse grey trousers; boots coming above his knees; a cap *tout à fait farouche*, and there was no mistake about the colour of his hair and mustaches; he was moving slowly around the *kibitka* in his travelling dress, and looking up to the window opposite, to give his dulcinea the melancholy intelligence that he was going away, and perhaps to catch one farewell smile at parting. The carriage of these distinguished travellers was the *kibitka*, one of the national vehicles of Russia, being a long, round-bottomed box or cradle on four wheels, probably the old Seythian waggon, resting, in proud contempt of the effeminacy of springs, on the oaken axles; the hubs of the wheels were two feet long, the linch-pins of wood, the body of the carriage fastened to the wheels by

wooden pins, ropes, and sticks; and, except the tires of the wheels, there was not a nail or a piece of iron about it. The hinder part was covered with matting, open in front, somewhat like an old-fashioned bonnet, and supported by an arched stick, which served as a linch-pin for the hind wheels; a bucket of grease hung under the hind axle, and the bottom of the *kibitka* was filled with straw; whole cost of outfit, thirteen dollars. Before it were three horses, one in shafts and one on each side, the centre one having a high bow over his neck, painted yellow and red, to which a rein was tied for holding up his head, and also a bell, to a Russian postilion more necessary than harness. The travellers took their places in the bottom of the *kibitka*, and the postilion, a rough, brutal-looking fellow, in grey coat and hat turned up at the sides, mounted in front, catching a seat where he could on the rim of the waggon, about three inches wide; and in this dashing equipage we started for a journey of a thousand miles to the capital of another kingdom. We rolled for the last time through the streets of St Petersburg, gazed at the domes, and spires, and magnificent palaces, and in a few moments passed the barrier.

I left St Petersburg, as I did every other city, with a certain feeling of regret that, in all probability, I should never see it more; still the cracking of the postilion's whip and the galloping of the horses created in me that high excitement which I always felt in setting out for a new region. Our first stage was to Czarskoe-selo, our second to Czena, where there was another palace. It was dark when we reached the third, a small village, of which I did not even note the name. I shall not linger on this road, for it was barren of interest and incident, and through a continued succession of swamps and forests. For two hundred miles it tried the tenure of adhesion between soul and body, being made of the trunks of trees laid transversely, bound down by long poles or beams fastened into the ground with wooden pegs, covered with layers of boughs, and the whole strewed over with sand and earth; the trunks in general were decayed and sunken, and the sand worn or washed away, reminding me of the worst of our western corduroy roads. Our waggon being without springs, and our seats a full-length extension on straw on the bottom, without the bed, pillows, and cushions, which the Russians usually have, I found this ride one of the severest trials of physical endurance I ever experienced. My companion groaned and brushed his mustaches, and talked of the little girl at St Petersburg. In my previous journey in Russia, I had found the refreshment of tea, and on this, often when almost exhausted, I was revived by that precious beverage. I stood it three days and nights, but on the fourth completely broke down. I insensibly slipped down at full length in the bottom of the waggon; the night was cold and rainy; my companion covered me up to the eyes with straw, and I slept from the early part of the evening like a dead man. The horses were changed three times; the waggon was lifted up under me, and the wheels greased; and three times my companion quarrelled with the postmaster over my body without waking me. About six o'clock in the morning, he roused me. I could not stir hand or foot; my mouth was full of dust and straw, and I felt a sense of suffocation. In a few moments I crawled out, staggered a few steps, and threw myself down on the floor of a wretched post-house. My companion put my carpet-bag under my head, wrapped cloaks and greatcoats around me, and prepared me some tea; but I loathed every thing. I was in that miserable condition which every traveller has some time experienced; my head ringing, every bone aching, and perfectly reckless as to what became of me. While my companion stood over me I fell asleep, and believe I should have been sleeping there yet if he had not waked me. He said we must go on at all risks, until we found a place where we could remain with some degree of comfort. I begged and entreated to be left to myself, but he was inexorable. He lifted me up, hauled me out to the *kibitka*, which

was filled with fresh straw, and seated me within, supporting me on his shoulder.

It was a beautiful day. We moved moderately, and towards evening came to a post-house kept by a Jew, or rather a Jewess, who was so kind and attentive that we determined to stay there all night. She brought in some clean straw and spread it on the floor, where I slept gloriously. My companion was tougher than I, but he could not stand the fleas and bugs, and about midnight went out and slept in the *kibitka*. In the morning we found that he had been too late; that the *kibitka* had been stripped of every article except himself and the straw. Fortunately, my carpet-bag had been brought in; but I received a severe blow in the loss of a cane, an old friend and travelling companion, which had been with me in every variety of scene, and which I had intended to carry home with me, and retain as a companion through life. It is almost inconceivable how much this little incident distressed me. It was a hundred times worse than the loss of my carpet-bag. I felt the want of it every moment; I had rattled it on the boulevards of Paris, in the eternal city, the Colosseum, and the places thereabout; had carried it up the burning mountain, and poked it into the red-hot lava; had borne it in the Acropolis, on the field of Marathon, and among the ruins of Ephesus; had flourished it under the beard of the sultan, and the eyes and nose of the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias; in deserts and in cities it had been my companion and friend. Unsparing Nemesis, let loose your vengeance upon the thief who stole it! The rascals had even carried off the rope traces, and every loose article about the *kibitka*.

Notwithstanding this, however, I ought not to omit remarking the general security of travelling in Russia and Poland. The immense plains; the distance of habitations; the number of forests; the custom of travelling by night as well as by day; the negligence of all measures to ensure the safety of the roads, all contribute to favour robbery and murders; and yet an instance of either is scarcely known in years. It was difficult, on those immense levels, which seemed independent of either general or individual proprietors, to recognise even the bounds of empires. The Dwina, however, a natural boundary, rolls between Russia and Poland; and at Vitepsk we entered the territories of what was once another kingdom. The surface of Poland forms part of that immense and unvaried plain which constitutes the northern portion of all the central European countries. A great portion of this plain is overspread with a deep layer of sand, alternately, however, with large clayey tracts and extensive marshes; a winter nearly as severe as that of Sweden, and violent winds blowing uninterruptedly over this wide open region, are consequences of its physical structure and position. The Roman arms never penetrated any part of this great level tract, the whole of which was called by them Sarmatia; and Sarmatia and Scythia were in their descriptions always named together as the abode of nomadic and savage tribes. From the earliest era, it appears to have been peopled by the Slavonic tribes; a race widely diffused, and distinguished by a peculiar language, by a strong national feeling, and by a particular train of superstitious ideas. Though shepherds, they did not partake of the migratory character of the Teutonic or Tartar nations; and were long held in the most cruel bondage by the Huns, the Goths, and other nations of Asia, for whom their country was a path to the conquest of the west of Europe.

In the tenth century the Poles were a powerful and warlike nation. In the fourteenth Lithuania was incorporated with it, and Poland became one of the most powerful monarchies in Europe. For two centuries it was the bulwark of Christendom against the alarming invasions of the Turks; the reigns of Sigismund and Sobieski hold a high place in military history; and until the beginning of the last century, its martial character gave it a commanding influence in Europe.

It is unnecessary to trace the rapid and irrecover-

able fall of Poland. On the second partition, Kosciusko, animated by his recent struggles for liberty in America, roused his countrymen to arms. But the feet of three giants were upon her breast; and Suwarow, marching upon the capital, storming the fortress of Praga, and butchering in cold blood 80,000 inhabitants, extinguished, apparently for ever, the rights and the glories of Poland. Living, as we do, apart from the rest of the world, with no national animosities transmitted by our fathers, it is impossible to realise the feeling of deadly hatred existing between neighbouring nations from the disputes of ancestors centuries ago. The history of Russia, and Poland presents a continued series of bloodstained pages. Battle after battle has nourished their mutual hate, and for a long time it had been the settled feeling of both that Russia or Poland must fall. It is perhaps fortunate for the rest of Europe that this feeling has always existed; for if they were united in heart, the whole south of Europe would lie at the mercy of their invading armies. Napoleon committed a fatal error in tampering with the brave and patriotic Poles; for he might have rallied around him a nation of soldiers, who in gratitude would have stood by him until they were exterminated.

But to return to Vitepsk. Here, for the first time, we fell into the memorable road traversed by Napoleon on his way to Moscow. The town stands on the banks of the Dwina, built on both sides of the river, and contains a population of about 15,000, a great portion of whom are Jews. In itself, it has but little to engage the attention of the traveller; but I strolled through its streets with extraordinary interest, remembering it as the place where Napoleon decided on his fatal march to Moscow. It was at the same season, and on the very same day of the year, that the "grand army," having traversed the gloomy forests of Lithuania in pursuit of an invincible and intangible enemy, with the loss of more than 100,000 men, emerged from the last range of woods, and halted at the presence of the hostile fires that covered the plain before the city. Napoleon slept in his tent on an eminence at the left of the main road, and before sunrise appeared at the advanced posts, and by its first rays saw the Russian army, 80,000 strong, encamped on a high plain commanding all the avenues of the city. 10,000 horsemen made a show of defending its passes; and at about ten o'clock, Murat le Beau Sabreur, intoxicated by the admiration his presence excited, at the head of a single regiment of chasseurs charged the whole Russian cavalry. He was repulsed, and driven back to the foot of the hillock on which Napoleon stood. The chasseurs of the French guards formed a circle around him, drove off the assailant lancers, and the emperor ordered the attack to cease; and, pointing to the city, his parting words to Murat were, "To-morrow at five o'clock the sun of Austerlitz."

At daylight the camp of Barclay de Tolly was deserted; not a weapon, not a single valuable, left behind; and a Russian soldier asleep under a bush was the sole result of the day expected to be so decisive. Vitepsk, except by a few miserable Jews and Jesuits, like the Russian camp, was also abandoned. The emperor mounted his horse, and rode through the deserted camp and desolate streets of the city. Chagrined and mortified, he pitched his tents in an open courtyard; but, after a council of war with Murat, Eugène, and others of his principal officers, laid his sword upon the table, and resolved to finish in Vitepsk the campaign of that year. Well had it been for him had he never changed that determination. He traced his line of defence on the map, and explored Vitepsk and its environs as a place where he was likely to make a long residence; formed establishments of all kinds; erected large ovens capable of baking at once 30,000 loaves of bread; pulled down a range of stone houses which injured the appearance of the square of the palace, and made arrangements for opening the theatre with Parisian actors. But in a few days he was observed to grow restless; the members of his house-

hold recollected his expression at the first view of the deserted Vitepsk, "Do you think I have come so far to conquer these miserable huts?" Segur says that he was observed to wander about his apartments as if pursued by some dangerous temptation. Nothing could rivet his attention. Every moment he began, stopped, and resumed his labour. At length, overwhelmed with the importance of the considerations that agitated him, "he threw himself on the floor of his apartment; his frame, exhausted by the heat and the struggles of his mind, could only bear a covering of the slightest texture. He rose from his sleepless pillow possessed once more with the genius of war; his voice deepens, his eyes flash fire, and his countenance darkens. His attendants retreat from his presence, struck with mingled awe and respect. His plan is fixed, his determination taken, his order of march traced out."

The last council occupied eight hours. Berthier by a melancholy countenance, by lamentations, and even by tears—Lobau by the cold and haughty frankness of a warrior—Caulaincourt with obstinacy and impetuosity amounting to violence—Duroc by a chilling silence, and afterwards by stern replies—and Daru, straightforward and with firmness immovable, opposed his going; but, as if driven on by that fate he almost defied, he broke up the council with the fatal determination. "Blood has not been shed, and Russia is too great to yield without fighting. Alexander can only negotiate after a great battle. I will proceed to the holy city in search of that battle, and I will gain it. Peace waits me at the gates of Moscow." From that hour commenced that train of terrible disasters which finally drove him from the throne of France, and sent him to die an exile on a small island in the Indian Ocean. I walked out on the Moscow road, by which the grand army, with pomp and martial music, with Murat, and Ney, and Duroc, and Daru, inspired by the great names of Smolensk and Moscow, plunged into a region of almost pathless forest, where most of them were destined to find a grave. I was at first surprised at the utter ignorance of the inhabitants of Vitepsk in regard to the circumstances attending the occupation of the city by Napoleon. A Jew was my cicerone, who talked of the great scenes of which this little city had in his own day been the theatre almost as matter of tradition, and without half the interest with which, even now, the Greek points the stranger to the ruins of Argos or the field of Marathon; and this ignorance in regard to the only matters that give an interest to this dreary road, I remarked during the whole journey. I was so unsuccessful in my questions, and the answers were so unsatisfactory, that my companion soon became tired of acting as my interpreter. Indeed, as he said, he himself knew more than any one I met, for he had travelled it before in company with an uncle, of the Polish legion; but even he was by no means familiar with the ground.

We left Vitepsk with a set of miserable horses, rode all night, and at noon of the next day were approaching the banks of the Berezina, memorable for the dreadful passage which almost annihilated the wretched remnant of Napoleon's army. It was impossible, in passing over the same ground, not to recur to the events of which it had been the scene. The "invincible legions," which left Vitepsk 200,000 strong, were now fighting their dreadful retreat from Moscow through regulars and Cossacks, reduced to less than 12,000 men marching in column, with a train of 30,000 undisciplined followers, sick, wounded, and marauders of every description. The cavalry which crossed the Niemen 37,000 in number, was reduced to 150 men on horseback. Napoleon collected all the officers who remained mounted, and formed them into a body, in all about 500, which he called his sacred squadron; officers served as privates, and generals of divisions as captains. He ordered the carriages of the officers, many of the waggons, and even the eagles belonging to the different corps, to be burned in his presence; and drawing his sword, with the stern remark that he had sufficiently

acted the emperor, and must once more play the general, marched on foot at the head of his old guard. He had hardly reorganised before the immense pine forests which border the Berezina echoed with the thunder of the Russian artillery; in a moment all remains of discipline were lost. In the last stage of weakness and confusion, they were roused by loud cries before them, and, to their great surprise and joy, recognised the armies of Victor and Oudinot. The latter knew nothing of the terrible disasters of the army of Moscow, and they were thrown into consternation, and then melted to tears, when they saw behind Napoleon, instead of the invincible legions which had left them in splendid equipments, a train of gaunt and spectral figures, their faces black with dirt, and long bristly beards, covered with rage, female pelisses, pieces of carpet, with bare and bleeding feet, or bundled with rags, and colonels and generals marching pell-mell with soldiers, unmanned and shameless, without any order or discipline, kept together and sleeping round the same fires only by the instinct of self-preservation.

About noon we drove into the town of Borzoff. It stands on the banks of the Berezina, and is an old, irregular-looking place, with a heavy wooden church in the centre of an open square. As usual, at the door of the post-house a group of Jews gathered around us. When Napoleon took possession of Borzoff, the Jews were the only inhabitants who remained; and they, a scattered, wandering, and migratory people, without any attachment of soil or country, were ready to serve either the French or Russians, according to the inducements held out to them. A few noble instances are recorded where this persecuted and degraded people exhibited a devotion to the land that sheltered them, honourable to their race and to the character of man; but in general they were false and faithless. Those who gathered around us in Borzoff, looked as though they might be the very people who betrayed the Russians. One of them told us that a great battle had been fought there, but we could not find any who had been present at the fatal passage of the river. We dined at the post-house, probably with less anxiety than was felt by Napoleon or any of the flying Frenchmen; but even we were not permitted to eat in peace; for, before we had finished, our vehicle was ready, with worse horses than usual, and a surlier postilion. We sent the postilion on ahead, and walked down to the bank of the river. On the night preceding the passage, Napoleon himself had command of Borzoff, with 6000 guards prepared for a desperate contest. He passed the whole night on his feet; and while waiting for the approach of daylight in one of the houses on the border of the river, so impracticable seemed the chance of crossing with the army, that Murat proposed to him to put himself under the escort of some brave and determined Poles, and save himself while there was yet time; but the emperor indignantly rejected the proposition as a cowardly flight. The river is here very broad, and divided into branches. On the opposite side are the remains of an embankment that formed part of the Russian fortifications. When the Russians were driven out of Borzoff by Oudinot, they crossed the river, burned the bridge, and erected these embankments.

Besides the sanguinary contest of the French and Russians, this river is also memorable for a great battle between my companion and our postilion. In the middle of the bridge the postilion stopped, and waited till we came up; he grumbled loudly at being detained, to which my companion replied in his usual conciliatory and insinuating manner, by laying his cane over the fellow's shoulders; but on the bridge of Borzoff the blood of the Lithuanian was roused, and perhaps urged on by the memory of the deeds done there by his fathers, he sprang out of the waggon, and with a war-cry that would not have disgraced a Cossack of the Don, rushed furiously upon my friend. Oh, for a Homer to celebrate that fight on the bridge of Borzoff! The warriors met, not like Grecian heroes, with spear and shield, and clad in steel, but with their naked fists and

faces bare to take the blows. My friend was a sublime spectacle. Like a rock, firm and immovable, he stood and met the charge of the postilion; in short, in the twinkling of an eye, he knocked the postilion down. Those who know say that it is more trying to walk over a field of battle after all is over than to be in the fight; and I believe it from my experience in our trying passage of the Berezina; for when I picked up the discomfited postilion, whose face was covered with blood, I believe that I had the worst of it. All great victories are tested by their results, and nothing could be more decisive than that over the postilion. He arose a wiser and much more tractable man. At first he looked very stupid when he saw me leaning over him, and very startled when he rubbed his hand over his face and saw it stained with blood; but, raising himself, he caught sight of his victor, and without a word got into the waggon, walked the horses over the bridge, and at the other end got out and threw himself on the ground.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and we lingered on the bridge. Crossing it, we walked up the bank on the opposite side towards the place where Napoleon erected his bridges for the passage of his army. All night the French worked at the bridges by the light of the enemy's fires on the opposite side. At daylight the fires were abandoned, and the Russians, supposing the attempt here to be a feint, were seen in full retreat. The emperor, impatient to get possession of the opposite bank, pointed it out to the bravest. A French aide-de-camp and Lithuanian count threw themselves into the river, and in spite of the ice, which cut their horses' breasts, reached the opposite bank in safety. About one o'clock the bank on which we stood was entirely cleared of Cossacks, and the bridge for the infantry was finished. The first division crossed it rapidly with its cannon, the men shouting "*Vive l'empereur!*" The passage occupied three days. The number of stragglers and the quantity of baggage were immense. On the night of the 27th, the stragglers left the bridge, tore down the whole village, and made fires with the materials, around which they crouched their shivering figures, and from which it was impossible to tear themselves away. At daylight they were roused by the report of Wittenstein's cannon thundering over their heads, and again all rushed tumultuously to the bridges. The Russians, with Platow and his Cossacks, were now in full communication on both sides of the river. On the left bank, Napoleon's own presence of mind, and the bravery of his soldiers, gave him a decided superiority; but, in the language of Scott, the scene on the right bank had become the wildest and most horrible which war can exhibit.

"Victor, with eight or ten thousand men, covered the retreat over the bridges, while behind his line thousands of stragglers, old men, women, and children, were wandering by the side of this river like the fabled spectres which throng the banks of the infernal Styx, seeking in vain for passage. The balls of the Russians began to fall among the disordered mass, and the whole body rushed like distracted beings towards the bridges, every feeling of prudence or humanity swallowed up by the animal instinct of self-preservation. The weak and helpless either shrank from the fray, and sat down to wait their fate at a distance, or, mixing in it, were thrust over the bridges, crushed under carriages, cut down with sabres, or trampled to death under the feet of their countrymen. All this while the action continued with fury; and, as if the heavens meant to match their wrath with that of man, a hurricane arose and added terrors to a scene which was already of a character so dreadful. About mid-day the larger bridge, constructed for artillery and heavy carriages, broke down, and multitudes were forced into the water. The scream of the despairing multitude became at this crisis for a moment so universal, that it rose shrilly above the wild whistling of the tempest, and the sustained and redoubled hurrahs of the Cossacks. The dreadful scene continued till dark. As the obscurity came on, Victor abandoned the station he had defended so bravely, and led the rem-

nant of his troops in their turn across. All night the miscellaneous multitude continued to throng across the bridge, under the fire of the Russian artillery. At day-break the French engineers finally set fire to the bridge, and all that remained on the other side, including many prisoners, and a great quantity of guns and baggage, became the property of the Russians. The amount of the French loss was never exactly known; but the Russian report concerning the bodies of the invaders, which were collected and burned as soon as the thaw permitted, states that upwards of 36,000 were found in the Berezina."

The whole of this scene was familiar to me as matter of history; the passage of the Berezina had in some way fastened itself upon my mind as one of the most fearful scenes in the annals of war; and, besides this, at St Petersburg the colonel and prince had given me a detailed account of the horrors of that dreadful night, for they were both with Wittenstein's army, by the light of the snow, the course of the river, and the noise, directing a murderous fire of artillery against the dark mass moving over the bridge; and nearer still, my companion had visited the place in company with his uncle, of the Polish legion, and repeated to me the circumstances of individual horror which he had heard from his relative, surpassing human belief. The reader will excuse me if I have lingered too long on the banks of that river; and perhaps, too, he will excuse me when I tell him, that before leaving it, I walked down to its brink and bathed my face in its waters. Others have done so at the classic streams of Italy and Greece; but I rolled over the Arno and the Tiber in a *vetturino* without stopping, and the reader will remember that I jumped over the Iliassus.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Travel by night.—A Rencontre.—A Traveller's Message.—Lithuania.—Poverty of the Country.—Agricultural Implements.—Minsk.—Polish Jews.—A Coin of Freedom.—Elding in a Basket.—Brezno.—The Bug.—A Searching Operation.—Women Labourers.—Warsaw.

It was after dark when we returned to our waggon, still standing at the end of the bridge opposite Borzoff. Our postilion, like a sensible man, had lain down to sleep at the head of his horses, so they could not move without treading on him and waking him; and when we roused him, the pain of his beating was over, and with it all sense of the indignity; and, in fact, we made him very grateful for the flogging by promising him a few additional kopeks.

We hauled up the straw, and seated ourselves in the bottom of our kibitka. Night closed upon us amid the gloomy forests bordering the banks of the Berezina. We talked for a little while, and by degrees, drawing our cloaks around us, each fell into a reverie. The continued tinkling of the bell, which on my first entering Russia grated on my ear, had become agreeable to me, and, in a dark night particularly, was a pleasing sound. The song of the postilion, too, harmonised with the repose of spirit at that moment most grateful to us; that too died away, the bell almost ceased its tinkling, and, in spite of the alarm of war which we had all day been ringing in our own ears, we should probably soon have fallen into a sleep as sound, for a little while at least, as that of them who slept under the waters of the Berezina, but we were suddenly roused by a shock as alarming to quiet travellers as the *hourra* of the Cossack in the ears of the flying Frenchmen. Our horses sprang out of the road, but not in time to avoid a concussion with another waggon going towards Borzoff. Both postilions were thrown off their seats; and the stranger, picking himself up, came at us with a stream of Lithuanian Russian almost harsh enough to frighten the horses. I will not suggest what its effect was upon us, but only that, as to myself, it seemed at first equal to the voice of at least a dozen freebooters and marauders; and if the English of it had been "stand and

deliver," I should probably have given up my carpet-bag without asking to reserve a change of linen. But I was restored by the return fire of our postilion, who drowned completely the attack of his adversary by his outrageous clamour; and when he stopped to take breath, my companion followed up the defence, and this brought out a fourth voice from the bottom of the opposite waggon. A truce was called, and waiving the question on which side the fault lay, we all got out to ascertain the damage. Our antagonist passenger was a German merchant, used to roughing it twice every year between Berlin, Warsaw, Petersburg, and Moscow, and took our smashing together at night in this desolate forest as coolly as a rub of the shoulders in the streets; and when satisfied that his waggon was not injured, kindly asked us if we had any bones broken. We returned his kind inquiries; and after further interchanges of politeness, he said that he was happy to make our acquaintance, and invited us to come and see him at Berlin. We wanted him to go back and let us have a look at him by torchlight, but he declined; and, after feeling him stretched out in his bed in the bottom of his waggon, we started him on his way.

We resumed our own places, and, without dozing again, arrived at the post-house, where, first of all, we made ourselves agreeable to the postmaster by delivering our German friend's message to him, that he ought to be whipped and condemned to live where he was till he was a hundred years old for putting the neck of a traveller at the mercy of a sleepy postilion; but the postmaster was a Jew, and thought the vile place where he lived equal to any on earth. He was a miserable, squalid-looking object, with a pine torch in his hand, lighting up the poverty and filthiness of his wretched habitation, and confessed that he should be too happy to enjoy the fortune which the German would have entailed upon him as a curse. He offered to make us a bed of some dirty straw which had often been slept on before; but we shrank from it; and as soon as we could get horses, returned to our kibitka, and resumed our journey.

The whole province of Lithuania is much the same in appearance. We lost nothing by travelling through it at night; indeed, every step that we advanced was a decided gain, as it brought us so much nearer its farthest border. The vast provinces of Lithuania, formerly a part of the kingdom of Poland, and, since the partition of that unhappy country, subject to the throne of Russia, until the fourteenth century were independent of either. The Lithuanians and Samogitians are supposed to be of a different race from the Poles, and spoke a language widely dissimilar to the Polish or Russian. Their religion was a strange idolatry; they worshipped the god of thunder, and paid homage to a god of the harvest; they maintained priests, who were constantly feeding a sacred fire in honour of the god of the seasons; they worshipped trees, fountains, and plants; had sacred serpents, and believed in guardian spirits of trees, cattle, &c. Their government, like that of all other barbarous nations, was despotic, and the nobles were less numerous and more tyrannical than in Poland. In the latter part of the fourteenth century, on the death of Louis, successor to Casimir the Great, Hedwiga was called to the throne of Poland, under a stipulation, however, that she should follow the will of the Poles in the choice of her husband. Many candidates offered themselves for the hand dowered with a kingdom; but the offers of Jagellon, duke of Lithuania, were most tempting; he promised to unite his extensive dominions to the territory of Poland, and pledged himself for the conversion to Christianity of his Lithuanian subjects. But queens are not free from the infirmities of human nature; and Hedwiga had fixed her affections upon her cousin, William of Austria, whom she had invited into Poland; and when Jagellon came to take possession of his wife and crown, she refused to see him. The nobles, however, sent William back to his papa, and locked her up as if she had been a boarding-school miss. And again, queens are not free from the infirmities of human

nature: Hedwiga was inconstant; the handsome Lithuanian made her forget her first love, and Poland and Lithuania were united under one crown. Jagellon was baptised, but the inhabitants of Lithuania did not so readily embrace the Christian religion; in one of the provinces they clung for a long time to their own strange and wild superstitions; and even in modern times, it is said, the peasants long obstinately refused to use ploughs or other agricultural instruments furnished with iron, for fear of wounding the bosom of mother earth.

All the way from Borisoff the road passes through a country but little cultivated, dreary, and covered with forests. When Napoleon entered the province of Lithuania, his first bulletins proclaimed, "Here, then, is that Russia so formidable at a distance! It is a desert for which its scattered population is wholly insufficient. They will be vanquished by the very extent of territory which ought to defend them;" and before I had travelled in it a day, I could appreciate the feeling of the soldier from La Belle France, who, hearing his Polish comrades boast of their country, exclaimed, "*Et ces gueux la appellent cette pays une patrie!*"

The villages are a miserable collection of straggling huts, without plan or arrangement, and separated from each other by large spaces of ground. They are about ten or twelve feet square, made of the misshapen trunks of trees heaped on each other, with the ends projecting over; the roof of large shapeless boards, and the window a small hole in the wall, answering the double purpose of admitting light and letting out smoke. The tenants of these wretched hovels exhibit the same miserable appearance both in person and manners. They are hard-boned and sallow-complexioned; the men wear coarse white woollen frocks, and a round felt cap lined with wool, and shoes made of the bark of trees, and their uncombed hair hangs low over their heads, generally of a flaxen colour. Their agricultural implements are of the rudest kind. The plough and harrow are made from the branches of the fir-tree, without either iron or ropes; their carts are put together without iron, consisting of four small wheels, each of a single piece of wood; the sides are made of the bark of a tree bent round, and the shafts are a couple of fir branches; their bridles and traces platted from the bark of trees, or composed merely of twisted branches. Their only instrument to construct their huts and make their carts is a hatchet. They were servile and cringing in their expressions of respect, bowing down to the ground and stopping their carts as soon as we came near them, and stood with their caps in their hands till we were out of sight. The whole country, except in some open places around villages, is one immense forest of firs, perhaps sixty feet in height, compact and thick, but very slender. As we approached Minsk, the road was sandy, and we entered by a wooden bridge over a small stream, and along an avenue of trees.

Minsk is one of the better class of Lithuanian towns, being the chief town of the government of Minsk, but very dirty and irregular. The principal street terminates in a large open square of grass and mean wooden huts. From this another street goes off at right angles, containing large houses, and joining with a second square, where some of the principal buildings are of brick. From this square several streets branch off, and enter a crowd of wooden hovels irregularly huddled together, and covering a large space of ground. The churches are heavily constructed, and in a style peculiar to Lithuania, their gable ends fronting the street, and terminated at each corner by a square spire, with a low dome between them. The population is half Catholic and half Jewish, and the towns are of the most filthy and abject class.

A few words with regard to the people in Poland. From the moment of crossing the border into Lithuania, I had remarked in every town and village swarms of people differing entirely from the other inhabitants in physical appearance and costume, and in whose sharply drawn features, long beards, and flowing dresses, with the coal-black eyes and oriental costumes of the women,

I at once recognised the dispersed and wandering children of Israel. On the second destruction of Jerusalem, when the Roman general drove a plough over the site of the Temple of Solomon, the political existence of the Jewish nation was annihilated, their land was portioned out among strangers, and the descendants of Abraham were forbidden to pollute with their presence the holy city of their fathers. In the Roman territories, their petition for the reduction of taxation received the stern answer of the Roman, "Ye demand exemption from tribute for your soil; I will lay it on the air you breathe;" and in the words of the historian, "Dispersed and vagabond, exiled from their native soil and air, they wander over the face of the earth without a king, either human or divine, and even as strangers they are not permitted to salute with their footsteps their native land." History furnishes no precise records of the emigration or of the first settlement of the Israelites in the different countries of Europe; but for centuries they have been found dispersed, as it was foretold they would be, over the whole habitable world, a strange, unsocial, and isolated people, a living and continued miracle. At this day they are found in all the civilised countries of Europe and America, in the wildest regions of Asia and Africa, and even within the walls of China; but, after Palestine, Poland is regarded as their Land of Promise; and there they present a more extraordinary spectacle than in any country where their race is known. Centuries have rolled on, revolutions have convulsed the globe, new and strange opinions have disturbed the human race, but the Polish Jew remains unchanged: the same as the dark superstition of the middle ages made him; the same in his outward appearance and internal dispositions, in his physical and moral condition, as when he fled thither for refuge from the swords of the crusaders.

As early as the fourteenth century, great privileges were secured to the Jews by Casimir the Great, who styled them his "faithful and able subjects," induced, according to the chronicles of the times, like Ahasuerus of old, by the love of a beautiful Esther. While in Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and even in England and France, their whole history is that of one continued persecution, oppressed by the nobles, anathematised by the clergy, despised and abhorred by the populace, flying from city to city, arrested and tortured, and burned alive, and sometimes destroying themselves by thousands to escape horrors worse than death; while all orders were arrayed in fierce and implacable hatred against them, in Poland the race of Israel found rest; and there they remain at this day, after centuries of residence, still a distinct people, strangers and sojourners in the land, mingling with their neighbours in the everyday business of life, but never mingling their blood; the direct descendants of the Israelites, who, 3000 years ago, went out from the land of Egypt; speaking the same language, and practising the laws delivered to Moses on the mountain of Sinai; mourning over their fallen temple, and still looking for the Messiah who shall bring together their scattered nation, and restore their temporal kingdom.

But notwithstanding the interest of their history and position, the Polish Jews are far from being an interesting people; they swear about the villages and towns, intent on gain, and monopolising all the petty traffic of the country. Outward degradation has worked inward upon their minds; confined to base and sordid occupations, their thoughts and feelings are contracted to their stations, and the despised have become despicable. It was principally in this capacity of innkeeper that I became acquainted with the Polish Jew. The inn is generally a miserable hovel communicating with, or a room partitioned off in one corner of, a large shed serving as a stable and yard for vehicles; the entrance is under a low porch of timber; the floor is of dirt; the furniture consists of a long table, or two or three small ones, and in one corner a bunch of straw, or sometimes a few raised boards formed into a platform, with straw spread over it, for beds; at one end a narrow door leads

into a sort of hole filled with dirty beds, old women, half-grown boys and girls, and children not over burdened with garments, and so filthy that, however fatigued, I never felt disposed to venture among them for rest. Here the Jew, assisted by a dirty-faced Rachel, with a keen and anxious look, passes his whole day in serving out to the meanest customers beer, and hay, and corn; wrangling with and extorting money from intoxicated peasants; and it is said, sometimes, after the day's drudgery is over, retires at night to his miserable hole to pore over the ponderous volumes filled with rabbinical lore; or sometimes his mind takes a higher flight, meditating upon the nature of the human soul; its relation to the Divinity; the connexion between the spirit and the body; and indulging in the visionary hope of gaining, by means of cabalistic formula, command over the spirits of the air, the fire, the flood, and the earth.

Though the days of bitter persecution and hatred have gone by, the Jews are still objects of contempt and loathing. Once I remember pointing out to my postilion a beautiful Jewish girl, and, with the fanatic spirit of the middle ages, himself one of the most degraded serfs in Poland, he scorned the idea of marrying the fair daughter of Israel. But this the Jew does not regard; all he asks is to be secured from the active enmity of mankind. "Like the haughty Roman banished from the world, the Israelite throws back the sentence of banishment, and still retreats to the lofty conviction that his race is not excluded as an unworthy, but kept apart as a sacred, people; humiliated, indeed, but still hallowed, and reserved for the sure though tardy fulfilment of the divine promises."

The Jews in Poland are still excluded from all offices and honours, and from all the privileges and distinctions of social life. Until the accession of Nicholas, they were exempted from military service on payment of a tax; but since his time, they have been subject to the regular conscription. They regard this as an alarming act of oppression, for the boys are taken from their families at twelve or thirteen, and sent to the army or the common military school, where they imbibe notions utterly at variance with the principles taught them by their fathers; and, probably, if the system continues, another generation will work a great change in the character of the Jews of Poland.

But to return to the Jews at Minsk. As usual, they gathered around us before we were out of our kibitka, laid hold of our baggage, and in Hebrew, Lithuanian, and Polish, were clamorous in offers of service. They were spare in figure, dressed in high fur caps and long black muslin gowns, shining and glossy from long use, and tied around the waist with a sash; and here I remarked what has often been remarked by other travellers, when the features were at rest, a style of face and expression resembling the pictures of the Saviour in the galleries in Italy. While my companion was arranging for post-horses and dinner, I strolled through the town alone, that is, with a dozen Israelites at my heels; and on my return I found an accession of the stiff-necked and unbelieving race, one of whom arrested my attention by thrusting before me a silver coin. It was not an antique, but it had in my eyes a greater value than if it had been dug from the ruins of a buried city, and bore the image of Julius Caesar. On the breaking out of the late revolution, one of the first acts of sovereignty exercised by the provincial government, was to issue a national coin stamped with the arms of the old kingdom of Poland, the white eagle and the armed cavalier, with an inscription around the rim, "God protect Poland." When the revolution was crushed, with the view of destroying in the minds of the Poles every memento of their brief but glorious moment of liberty, this coin was called in and suppressed, and another substituted in its place, with the Polish eagle, by way of insult, stamped in a small character near the tip end of the wing of the double-headed eagle of Russia. The coin offered me by the Jew was one of the emission of the revolution, and my companion told me it was a

rare thing to find one. I bought it at the Jew's price, and put it in my pocket, as a memorial of a brave and fallen people.

I will not inflict upon the reader the particulars of our journey through this dreary uninteresting country. We travelled constantly, except when we were detained for horses. We never stopped at night, for there seldom was any shelter on the road better than the Jews' inns, and even in our kибитка we were better than there. But, unluckily, on the seventh day, our kибитка broke down; the off hind wheel snapped in pieces, and let us down rather suddenly in one of the autocrat's forests. Our first impulse was to congratulate ourselves that this accident happened in daylight; and we had a narrow escape, for the sun had hardly begun to find its way into the dark forest. Fortunately, too, we were but two or three versts from a post-house. I had met with such accidents at home, and rigged a small tree (there being no such things as rails, property there not being divided by rail fences) under the hind axle, supporting it on the front. We lighted our pipes and escorted our crippled vehicle to the post-house, where we bought a wheel off another waggon, much better than the old one, only about two inches lower. This, however, was not so bad as might be supposed, at least for me, who sat on the upper side, and had the stout figure of my companion as a leaning-post.

At Sloghan, about 200 versts from Brezco, the frontier town of Poland, we sold our kибитка for a breakfast, and took the *char de pôt*, or regular *troika*. This is the postboy's favourite vehicle; the body being made of twigs interlaced like a long basket, without a particle of iron, and so light that a man can lift up either end with one hand. Our speed was increased wonderfully by the change; the horses fairly played with the little car at their heels; the drivers vied with each other, and several posts in succession we made nearly twenty versts in an hour. It will probably be difficult to throw the charm of romance around the *troika* driver; but he comes from the flower of the peasantry; his life, passed on the wild highways, is not without its vicissitudes, and he is made the hero of the Russian's favourite popular ballads:

"Away, away, along the road
The gallant *troika* bounds;
While 'neath the douga, sadly sweet,
Their Valdai bell resounds."

We passed the house of a *very respectable* seigneur who had married his own sister. We stopped at his village and talked of him with the postmaster, by whom he was considered a model of the domestic virtues. The same day we passed the chateau of a nobleman who wrote himself cousin to the Emperors of Russia and Austria, confiscated for the part he took in the late Polish revolution, a melancholy-looking object, deserted and falling to ruins, its owner wandering in exile with a price upon his head. It rained hard during the day, for the first time since we left Petersburg; at night the rain ceased, but the sky was still overcast. For a long distance, and, in fact, a great part of the way from Petersburg, the road was bordered with trees. At eleven o'clock we stopped at a wretched post-house, boiled water, and refreshed ourselves with deep potations of hot tea. We mounted our *troika*, the postilion shouted, and set off on a run. Heavy clouds were hanging in the sky; it was so dark that we could not see the horses, and there was some little danger of a breakdown; but there was a high and wild excitement in hurrying swiftly through the darkness on a run, hearing the quick tinkling of the bell and the regular fall of the horses' hoofs, and seeing only the dark outline of the trees. We continued this way all night, and towards morning we were rattling on a full gallop through the streets of Brezco. We drove into a large stable-yard filled with kибитkas, troikas, and all kinds of Russian

vehicles, at one end of which was a long low building kept by a Jew. We dismounted, and so ended nearly 3000 miles of posting in Russia. The Jew, roused by our noise, was already at the door with a lighted taper in his hand, and gave us a room with a leather-covered sofa and a leather cushion for a pillow, where we slept till eleven o'clock the next day.

We breakfasted, and in the midst of a violent rain crossed the Bug, and entered the territory of Poland Proper. For many centuries the banks of the Bug have been the battle-ground of the Russians and Poles. In the time of Boleslaus the Terrible, the Russians were defeated there with great slaughter, and the river was so stained with blood that it has retained ever since the name of the *Horrid*. Before crossing, we were obliged to exchange our Russian money for Polish, rubles for florins, losing, of course, heavily by the operation, besides being subjected to the bore of studying a new currency; and the moment we planted our feet on the conquered territory, though now nominally under the same government, we were obliged to submit to a most vexatious process. The custom-house stood at the end of the bridge, and, as a matter of course, our postilion stopped there. Our luggage was taken off the waggon, carried inside, every article taken out and laid on the floor, and a Russian soldier stood over, comparing them with a list of prohibited articles as long as my arm. Fortunately for me, the Russian government had not prohibited travellers from wearing pantaloons and shirts in Poland, though it came near faring hard with a morning gown. My companion, however, suffered terribly; his wearing apparel was all laid out on one side, while a large collection of curious and pretty nothings, which he had got together with great affection at the capital, as memorials for his friends at home, were laid out separately, boxes opened, papers unrolled, and, with provoking deliberation, examined according to the list of prohibited things. It was a new and despotic regulation unknown to him, and he looked on in agony, every condemned article being just the one above all others which he would have saved; and when they had finished, a large pile was retained for the examination of another officer, to be sent on to Warsaw in case of their being allowed to pass at all. I had frequently regretted having allowed the trouble and inconvenience to prevent my picking up curiosities; but when I saw the treasures of my friend taken from him, or, at least, detained for an uncertain time, I congratulated myself upon my good fortune. My friend was a man not easily disheartened; he had even got over the loss of his love at St Petersburg; but he would rather have been turned adrift in Poland without his pantaloons, than be stripped of his precious baubles. I had seen him roused several times on the road, quarrelling with postmasters and thumping postilions, but I had never before seen the full development of that extraordinary head of hair. He ground his teeth, and cursed the whole Russian nation, from the Emperor Nicholas down to the soldier at the custom-house. He was ripe for revolution, and if a new standard of rebellion had been set up in Poland, he would have hurried to range himself under its folds. I soothed him by striking the key-note of his heart. All the way from Petersburg he had sat mechanically, with his pocket-glass and brush, dressing his mustaches; but his heart was not in the work, until, as we approached the borders of Poland, he began to recover from his Petersburg affair, and to talk of the beauty of the Polish women. I turned him to this now.

It is a fact, that while for ages a deadly hatred has existed between the Russians and the Poles, and while the Russians are at this day lording it over the Poles with the most arbitrary insolence and tyranny, beauty still asserts its lawful supremacy, and the Polish women are the admiration of their fathers, and husbands, and brothers. The first post-house at which we stopped confirmed all that my companion had said; for the postmaster's daughter was brilliantly beautiful, particularly in the melting wildness of a dark eye, indicating an Asiatic or Tartar origin; and her gentle

* The douga is the bow over the neck of the middle horse, to which the bell is attached; and Valdai the place on the Moscow road where the best bells are made.

TRAVELS IN POLAND.

influence was exerted in soothing the savage humour of my friend, for she sympathised in his misfortunes, and the more sincerely when she heard of the combs, and rings, and slippers, and other pretty little ornaments for sisters and female friends at home; and my Pole could not resist the sympathy of a pretty woman.

We had scarcely left the postmaster's daughter, on the threshold of Poland, almost throwing a romance about the Polish women, before I saw the most degrading spectacle I ever beheld in Europe, or even in the barbarous countries of the East. Forty or fifty women were at work in the fields, and a large, well-dressed man, with a pipe in his mouth and a long stick in his hand, was walking among them as overseer. In our country the most common labouring man would revolt at the idea of his wife or daughter working in the open fields. I had seen it, however, in gallant France and beautiful Italy; but I never saw, even in the barbarous countries of the East, so degrading a spectacle as this; and I could have borne it almost any where better than in chivalric Poland.

We were now in the territory called Poland Proper; that is, in that part which, after the other provinces had been wrested away and attached to the dominions of the colossal powers around, until the revolution and conquest of 1830 had retained the cherished name of the kingdom of Poland. The whole road is Macadamised, smooth and level as a floor, from the banks of the Bug to Warsaw; the post-houses and postmasters are much better, and posting is better regulated, though more expensive. The road lay through that rich agricultural district which had for ages made Poland celebrated as the granary of Europe; and though the face of the country was perfectly flat, and the scenery tame and uninteresting, the soil was rich, and, at that time, in many places teeming with heavy crops. As yet, it had not recovered from the desolating effects of the war of the revolution. The whole road has been a battle-ground, over which the Poles had chased the Russians to the frontier, and been driven back to Warsaw; time after time it had been drenched with Russian and Polish blood, the houses and villages sacked and burned, and their blackened ruins still cumbered the ground, nursing in the conquered but unsubdued Pole his deep, undying hatred of the Russians.

On this road Diebitsch, the crosser of the Balkan, at the head of 80,000 men, advanced to Warsaw. His right and left wings manoeuvred to join him at Siedler, the principal town, through which we passed. We changed horses three times, and rolled on all night without stopping. In the morning my companion pointed out an old oak, where a distinguished colonel of the revolution, drawing up the fourth Polish regiment against the Imperial Guards, with a feeling of mortal hate, commanded them to throw away their primings, and charge with the bayonet, "*cœur à cœur*." In another place 500 gentlemen, dressed in black, with pumps, silk stockings, and small swords, in a perfect wantonness of pleasure at fighting with the Russians, and, as they said, in the same spirit with which they would go to a ball, threw themselves upon a body of the guards, and, after the most desperate fighting, were cut to pieces to a man. Farther on, a little off from the road, on the borders of the field of Gorkow, was a large mound covered with black crosses, thrown up over the graves of the Poles who had fallen there. About eleven o'clock we approached the banks of the Vistula. We passed the suburbs of Praga, the last battle-ground of Kosciuszko, where the blood-stained Suwarow butchered in cold blood 30,000 Poles. Warsaw lay spread out on the opposite bank of the river, the heroic but fallen capital of Poland, the city of brave men and beautiful women; of Stanislaus, and Sobieski, and Poniatowski, and Kosciuszko, and, I will not withhold it, possessing, in my eyes, a romantic interest from its associations with the hero of my schoolboy days, Thaddeus of Warsaw. On the right is the chateau of the old kings of Poland, now occupied by a Russian viceroy, with the banner of Russia waving over its walls. We rode over the bridge,

and entered the city. Martial music was sounding, and Russian soldiers, Cossacks, and Circassians, were filing through its streets. We held up to let them pass, and they moved like the keepers of a conquered city, with bent brows and stern faces, while the citizens looked at them in gloomy silence. We drove up to the Hotel de Leipsic (which, however, I do not recommend), where I took a bath and a doctor.

CHAPTER XXV.

Warsaw.—A Polish Doctor.—Battle of Gorkow.—The Outbreak.—The Fatal Issue.—Present Condition of Poland.—Polish Exiles.—Aspect of Warsaw.—Traits of the Poles.

A LETTER dated at Warsaw to my friends at home begins thus:—"I have reached this place to be put on my back by a Polish doctor. How long he will keep me here, I do not know. He promises to set me going again in a week; and as he has plenty of patients without keeping me down, I have great confidence in him. Besides, having weathered a Greek, an Armenian, and a Russian, I think I shall be too much for a Pole." There was not a servant in the house who understood any language I spoke, and my friend kindly proposed my taking a room with him; and as he had many acquaintances in Warsaw, who thronged to see him, he had to tell them all the history of the American in the bed in one corner. All the next day I lay in the room alone on a low bedstead, looking up at the ceiling, and counting the cracks in the wall. I was saved from a fit of the blues by falling into a passion, and throwing my boots at the servant because he could not understand me. Late in the evening my friend returned from the theatre with three or four companions, and we made a night of it, I taking medicine and they smoking pipes. They were all excellent fellows, and, as soon as they heard me moving, came over to me, and, when I fell back on my pillow, covered me up, and went back, and talked till I wanted them again. Towards daylight I fell asleep, and when the doctor came in the morning, felt myself a new man. My doctor, by the way, was not a Pole, but a German, physician to the court, and the first in Warsaw; he occupied a little country-seat a few miles from Warsaw belonging to Count Nympsiewitch, the poet and patriot, who accompanied Kosciuszko to this country, and married a lady of New Jersey; returned with him to Poland, was with him on his last battle-field, and almost cut to pieces by his side.

In the afternoon one of my companions of the night before came to see me. He had been in Warsaw during the revolution, and talked with enthusiasm of their brief but gallant struggle; and, as it was a beautiful afternoon, proposed strolling to a little eminence near at hand, commanding a view of the first battle-ground. I went with him, and he pointed out on the other side of the Vistula the field of Gorkow. Below it was the bridge over which General Romarino carried his little army during the night, having covered the bridge, the horses' hoofs, and the wheels of the carriages, with straw. This general is now in France under sentence of death, with a price set upon his head.

The battle of Gorkow, the greatest in Europe since that of Waterloo, was fought on the 25th of February 1831, and the place where I stood commanded a view of the whole ground. The Russian army was under the command of Diebitsch, and consisted of 142,000 infantry, 40,000 cavalry, and 312 pieces of cannon. This enormous force was arranged in two lines of combatants, and a third of reserve. Its left wing, between Wawre and the marshes of the Vistula, consisted of four divisions of infantry of 47,000 men, three of cavalry of 10,800, and 108 pieces of cannon; the right consisted of three and a half divisions of infantry of 31,000 men, four divisions of cavalry of 15,750 men, and 52 pieces of cannon. Upon the borders of the great forest opposite the Forest of Elders, conspicuous from where I stood, was placed the reserve, commanded

by the Grand-duke Constantine. Against this immense army the Poles opposed less than 50,000 men and 100 pieces of cannon, under the command of General Skrzynski.

At break of day the whole force of the Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery and columns of infantry, charged the Polish left, with the determination of carrying it by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles, with 6500 men and 12 pieces of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, and knowing they could hope for no succour, resisted this attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About ten o'clock the plain was suddenly covered with the Russian forces issuing from the cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. 200 pieces of cannon, posted on a single line, commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more terrible than the oldest officers, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerlitz, had ever beheld. The Russians now made an attack upon the right wing; but failed in this as upon the left, Diebitsch directed the strength of his army against the Forest of Elders, hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. 120 pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this one point, and fifty battalions, incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer, who was in the battle, told me that the small streams which intersected the forest were so choked with dead that the infantry marched directly over their bodies. The heroic Poles, with twelve battalions, for four hours defended the forest against the tremendous attack. Nine times they were driven out, and nine times, by a series of admirably executed manoeuvres, they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries, now concentrated in one point, were in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's columns, and there opened a murderous fire of grape.

At three o'clock, the generals, many of whom were wounded, and most of whom had their horses shot under them, and fought on foot at the head of their divisions, resolved upon a retrograde movement, so as to draw the Russians on the open plain. Diebitsch, supposing it to be a flight, looked over to the city and exclaimed, "Well, then, it appears that, after this bloody day, I shall take tea in the Belvidere Palace." The Russian troops debouched from the forest. A cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of heavy cuirassiers at their head, advanced to the attack. Colonel Pientka, who had kept up an unrelenting fire from his battery for five hours, seated with perfect sang froid upon a disabled piece of cannon, remained to give another effective fire, then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. This rapid movement of his battery animated the Russian forces. The cavalry advanced on a trot upon the line of a battery of rockets. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses, galled to madness by the flakes of fire, became wholly ungovernable, and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction; the whole body swept helplessly along the fire of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes was so completely annihilated, that, of a regiment of cuirassiers who bore inscribed on their helmets the "Invincibles" not a man escaped. The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers, carried along in its flight the columns of infantry; a general retreat commenced, and the cry of "Poland for ever!" reached the walls of Warsaw, to cheer the hearts of its anxious inhabitants. So terrible was the fire of that day, that in the Polish army there was not a single general or staff officer who had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two-thirds of the officers, and, perhaps, of the soldiers, had their clothes pierced with balls, and more than a tenth part of the army were wounded. 30,000 Russians and 10,000 Poles were left on the field of battle; rank upon rank lay prostrate on the earth, and the Forest of Elders was

so strewn with bodies that it received from that day the name of the "Forest of the Dead." The czar heard with dismay, and all Europe with astonishment, that the crosser of the Balkan had been foiled under the walls of Warsaw.

All day, my companion said, the cannonading was terrible. Crowds of citizens, of both sexes and all ages, were assembled on the spot where we stood, earnestly watching the progress of the battle, sharing in all its vicissitudes, in the highest state of excitement as the clearing up of the columns of smoke showed when the Russians or the Poles had fled; and he described the entry of the remnant of the Polish army into Warsaw as sublime and terrible. Their hair and faces were begrimed with powder and blood; their armour shattered and broken, and all, even dying men, were singing patriotic songs; and when the fourth regiment, among whom was a brother of my companion, and who had particularly distinguished themselves in the battle, crossed the bridge and filed slowly through the streets, their lances shivered against the cuirasses of the guards, their helmets broken, their faces black and spotted with blood, some erect, some tottering, and some barely able to sustain themselves in the saddle, above the stern chorus of patriotic songs rose the distracted cries of mothers, wives, daughters, and lovers, seeking among this broken band for forms dearer than life, many of whom were then sleeping on the battle-field. My companion told me that he was then a lad of seventeen, and had begged with tears to be allowed to accompany his brother; but his widowed mother extorted from him a promise that he would not attempt it. All day he had stood with his mother on the very spot where we did, his hand in hers, which she grasped convulsively, as every peal of cannon seemed the knell of her son; and when the lancers passed, she sprang from his side as she recognised in the drooping figure of an officer, with his spear broken in his hand, the figure of her gallant boy. He was then reeling in his saddle, his eye was glazed and vacant, and he died that night in their arms.

The tyranny of the Grand-duke Constantine, the imperial viceroy, added to the hatred of the Russians, which is the birthright of every Pole, induced the unhappy revolution of 1830. Although, on the death of Alexander, Constantine waived in favour of his brother Nicholas his claim to the throne of Russia, his rule in Poland shows that it was not from any aversion to the exercise of power.

When Constantine was appointed its commander-in-chief, the Polish army ranked with the bravest in Europe. The Polish legions under Dombrowski and Poniatowski had kept alive the recollections of the military glory of their fallen nation. Almost annihilated by the bloody battles in Italy, where they met their old enemies under Suwarrow, the butcher of Praga, the proud remnants re-organised, and formed the fifth corps of the "grande armée," distinguished themselves at Smolensk, Borodino, Kalouga, and the passage of the Berezina, took the field with the wreck of the army in Saxony, fought at Dresden and Leipsic; and when Napoleon told them, brave as they were, that they were free to go home if they pleased, they scorned to desert him in his waning fortunes, and accompanied him to Paris. Alexander promised an amnesty, and they marched with him to Warsaw. Within the first six months many officers of this army had been grossly insulted; an eyewitness told me that he had seen, on the great square of Warsaw, the high sheriff tear off the epaulettes from the shoulders of an officer, and, in the presence of the whole troops, strike him on the cheek with his hand.

It would perhaps be unjust to enumerate, as I heard them, the many causes of oppression that roused to revolt the slumbering spirit of the Poles; in the midst of which the French revolution threw all Poland into commotion. The three days of July were hailed with rapture by every patriotic heart; the new revolutionary movements in Belgium cheered them on; and eighty young men, torn from the altars when praying

for the souls of their murdered countrymen on the anniversary of the butchery at Praga, thrilled every heart, and hurried the hour of retribution. The enthusiasm of youth struck the first blow. A band of ardent young men of the first families attended the meetings of secret patriotic associations; and six of them, belonging to the military school, suspecting they were betrayed, early in the evening went to their barracks, and proposed to their comrades a plan for liberating their country. The whole corps, not excepting one sick in bed, amounting in all to about a hundred and fifty, took up arms, and under a lieutenant of nineteen, attacked the palace of Constantine, and almost secured his person. The grand-duke was then asleep on a couch in a room opening upon a corridor of the Belvidere Palace, and roused by a faithful valet, had barely time to throw a robe over him and fly. The insurgents, with cries of vengeance, rushed into the interior of the palace, driving before them the chief of the city police, and the aide-de-camp of the grand-duke. The latter had the presence of mind to close the door of the grand-duke's apartment before he was pierced through with a dozen bayonets. The wife of the grand-duke, the beautiful and interesting princess for whom he had sacrificed a crown, hearing the struggle, was found on her knees offering up prayers to Heaven for the safety of her husband. Constantine escaped by a window; and the young soldiers, foiled in their attempt, marched into the city, and passing the barracks of the Russian guards, daringly fired a volley to give notice of their coming. Entering the city, they broke open the prisons and liberated the state prisoners, burst into the theatres, crying out, "Women, home! men, to arms!" forced the arsenal, and in two hours, 40,000 men were under arms. Very soon the fourth Polish regiment joined them; and before midnight the remainder of the Polish troops in Warsaw, declaring that their children were too deeply implicated to be abandoned, espoused the popular cause. Some excesses were committed; and General Stanislaus Potocki, distinguished in the revolution of Kosciusko, for hesitating, was killed, exclaiming with his last breath that it was dreadful to die by the hands of his countrymen.

Chlopicki, the comrade of Kosciusko, was proclaimed dictator by an immense multitude in the Champ de Mars. For some time the inhabitants of Warsaw were in a delirium; the members of the patriotic association, and citizens of all classes, assembled every day, carrying arms, and with glasses in their hands, in the saloon of the theatre, and at a celebrated coffee-house, discussing politics and singing patriotic songs. In the theatres, the least allusion brought down thunders of applause, and at the end of the piece heralds appeared on the stage waving the banners of the dismembered provinces. In the pit they sang in chorus national hymns; the boxes answered them; and sometimes the spectators finished by scaling the stage, and dancing the Mazurka and the Cracoviak.

The fatal issue of this revolution is well known. The Polish nation exerted and exhausted its utmost strength, and the whole force of the colossal empire was brought against it, and in spite of prodigies of valour, crushed it. The moment, the only moment, when gallant, chivalric, and heroic Poland could have been saved and restored to its rank among nations, was suffered to pass by, and no one came to her aid. The minister of France threw out the bold boast that 100,000 men stood ready to march to her assistance; but France and all Europe looked on and saw her fall. Her expiring diet ordered a levy in mass, and made a last appeal "In the name of God; in the name of liberty; of a nation placed between life and death; in the name of kings and heroes who have fought for religion and humanity; in the name of future generations; in the name of justice and the deliverance of Europe;" but her dying appeal was unheard. Her last battle was under the walls of Warsaw; and then she would not have fallen, but even in Poland there were traitors. The governor of Warsaw blasted the laurels won in the early battles of the

revolution by the blackest treason. He ordered General Romarino to withdraw 8000 soldiers, and chase the Russians beyond the frontier at Breze. While he was gone, the Russians pressed Warsaw; he could have returned in time to save it, but was stopped with directions not to advance until further orders. In the meantime Warsaw fell, with the curse of every Pole upon the head of its governor. The traitor now lives ingloriously in Russia, disgraced and despised, while the young lieutenant is in unhappy but not unhonoured exile in Siberia.

So ended the last heroic struggle of Poland. It is dreadful to think so, but it is greatly to be feared that Poland is blotted for ever from the list of nations. Indeed, by a late imperial ukase, Poland is expunged from the map of Europe; her old and noble families are murdered, imprisoned, or in exile; her own language is excluded from the offices of government, and even from the public schools; her national character destroyed; her national dress proscribed; her national colours trampled under foot; her national banner, the white eagle of Poland, is in the dust. Warsaw is abandoned, and become a Russian city; her best citizens are wandering in exile in foreign lands, while Cossack and Circassian soldiers are fling through her streets, and the banner of Russia is waving over her walls.

Perhaps it is not relevant, but I cannot help saying that there is no exaggeration in the stories which reach us at our own doors of the misfortunes and sufferings of Polish exiles. I have met them wandering in many different countries, and particularly I remember one at Cairo. He had fought during the whole Polish revolution, and made his escape when Warsaw fell. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, dressed in a worn military frock-coat, and carrying himself with a manly martial air. He had left a wife and two children at Warsaw. At Constantinople he had written to the emperor requesting permission to return, and even promising never again to take up arms against Russia, but had received for answer that the amnesty was over, and the day of grace was past; and the unfortunate Pole was then wandering about the world, like a cavalier of fortune or a knight of romance, with nothing to depend upon but his sword. He had offered his services to the sultan and to the pacha of Egypt; he was then poor, and with the bearing of a gentleman and the pride of a soldier, was literally begging his bread. I could sympathise in the misfortunes of an exiled Pole, and felt that his distress must indeed be great, that he who had perilled life, and ties dearer than life, in the cause of an oppressed country, should offer his untarnished sword to the greatest despot that ever lived.

The general appearance of Warsaw is imposing. It stands on a hill of considerable elevation on the left bank of the Vistula; the Zamech, or Chateau of the kings of Poland, spreads its wings midway between the river and the summit of the hill, and churches and towering spires chequer at different heights the distant horizon. Most of the houses are built of stone, or brick stuccoed; they are numbered in one continued series throughout the city, beginning from the royal palace (occupied by Paskiewitch), which is numbered *one*, and rising above number five thousand. The churches are numerous and magnificent; the palaces, public buildings, and many of the mansions of noblemen, are on a large scale, very showy, and, in general, striking for their architectural designs. One great street runs irregularly through the whole city, of which Miodowa, or Honey Street, and the Nowy Swiat, or New World, are the principal and most modern portions. As in all aristocratic cities, the streets are badly paved, and have no *trottoirs* for the foot-passengers. The Russian *rosky* is in common use; the public carriages are like those in western Europe, though of a low form; the linings generally painted red; the horses large and handsome, with large collars of red or green, covered with small brass rings, which sound like tinkling bells; and the carts are like those in our own city, only longer and lower, and more like our brewer's dray. The

hotels are numerous, generally kept in some of the old palaces, and at the entrance of each stands a large porter, with a cocked hat and silver-headed cane, to show travellers to their apartments, and receive the names of visitors. There are two principal *kukiernia*, something like the French cafés, where many of the Varsovians breakfast and lounge in the mornings.

The Poles, in their features, looks, customs, and manners, resemble Asiatics rather than Europeans; and they are no doubt descended from Tartar ancestors. Though belonging to the Slavonic race, which occupies nearly the whole extent of the vast plains of western Europe, they have advanced more than the others from the rude and barbarous state which characterises this race; and this is particularly manifest at Warsaw. An eyewitness, describing the appearance of the Polish deputies at Paris sent to announce the election of Henry of Anjou as successor of Sigismund, says, "It is impossible to describe the general astonishment when we saw these ambassadors in long robes, fur caps, sabres, arrows, and quivers; but our admiration was excessive when we saw the sumptuousness of their equipages; the scabbards of their swords adorned with jewels; their bridles, saddles, and horse-cloths decked in the same way," &c.

But none of this barbaric display is now seen in the streets of Warsaw. Indeed, immediately on entering it, I was struck with the European aspect of things. It seemed almost, though not quite, like a city of western Europe, which may perhaps be ascribed, in a great measure, to the entire absence of the semi-Asiatic costumes so prevalent in all the cities of Russia, and even at St Petersburg; and the only thing I remarked peculiar in the dress of the inhabitants was the remnant of a barbarous taste for show, exhibiting itself in large breastpins, shirt-buttons, and gold chains over the vest; the mustache is universally worn. During the war of the revolution immediately succeeding our own, Warsaw stood the heaviest brunt; and when Kosciuszko fell fighting before it, its population was reduced to 75,000. Since that time it has increased, and is supposed now to be 140,000, 30,000 of whom are Jews. Calamity after calamity has befallen Warsaw; still its appearance is that of a gay city. Society consists altogether of two distinct and distant orders, the nobles and the peasantry, without any intermediate degrees. I except, of course, the Jews, who form a large item in her population, and whose long beards, thin and anxious faces, and piercing eyes, met me at every corner of Warsaw. The peasants are in the lowest stage of mental degradation. The nobles, who are more numerous than in any other country in Europe, have always, in the eyes of the public, formed the people of Poland. They are brave, prompt, frank, hospitable, and gay, and have long been called the French of the North, being French in their habits, fond of amusements, and living in the open air, like the loungers in the Palais Royal, the Tuilleries, the Boulevards, and Luxembourg, and particularly French in their political feelings, the surges of a revolution in Paris being always felt at Warsaw. They regard the Germans with mingled contempt and aversion, calling them "dumb," in contrast with their own fluency and loquacity; and before their fall were called by their neighbours the "proud Poles." They consider it the deepest disgrace to practise any profession, even law or medicine, and, in case of utmost necessity, prefer the plough. A Sicilian, a fellow-passenger from Palermo to Naples, who one moment was groaning in the agony of sea-sickness, and the next playing on his violin, said to me, "*Canta il, signore!*"—"Do you sing?" I answered "No," and he continued, "*Suonate!*"—"Do you play?" I again answered "No," and he asked me, with great simplicity, "*Cosa fatte? Niente!*"—"What do you do? Nothing!" and I might have addressed the same question to every Pole in Warsaw.

The whole business of the country is in the hands of the Jews, and all the useful and mechanical arts are practised by strangers. I did not find a Pole in a single

shop in Warsaw; the proprietors of the hotels and coffee-houses are strangers, principally Germans; my tailor was a German, my shoemaker a Frenchman, and the man who put a new crystal in my watch an Italian from Milan. But though this entire absence of all useful employment is, on grounds of public policy, a blot on their national character, as a matter of feeling it rather added to the interest with which I regarded the "proud Poles;" and perhaps it was imaginary, but I felt all the time I was in Warsaw, that though the shops and coffee-houses were open, and crowds thronged the streets, a sombre air hung over the whole city; and if for a moment this impression left me, a company of Cossacks, with their wild music, moving to another station, or a single Russian officer riding by in a drosky, wrapped in his military cloak, reminded me that the foot of a conqueror was upon the necks of the inhabitants of Warsaw. This was my feeling after a long summer day's stroll through the streets; and in the evening I went to the theatre, which was a neat building, well filled, and brilliantly lighted; but the idea of a pervading and gloomy spirit so haunted me that in a few moments I left what seemed a heartless mockery of pleasure. I ought to add that I did not understand a word of the piece; the *triste* air which touched me may have been induced by the misfortunes of the stage hero; and, in all probability, I should have astonished a melancholy-looking neighbour if, acting under my interpretation of his visage, I had expressed to him my sympathy in the sufferings of his country.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Religion of Poland.—Sunday in Warsaw.—Baptised Jew.—Palaces of the Polish Kings.—Sobieski.—Field of Vola.—Wreck of a Warrior.—The Poles in America.—A Polish Lady.—Troubles of a Passport.—Departure from Warsaw.—An official Rachel.—A mysterious Visitor.

SUNDAY at Warsaw. Poland is distinguished above the other nations of Europe as a land of religious toleration. So late as the latter part of the tenth century, the religion of Poland was a gross idolatry; and, mingled with the rites of their own country, they worshipped, under other names, Jupiter, Pluto, Mars, Venus, Diana, and others of the pagan deities. During the reign of Mieczylaus I. of the Piast dynasty, the monks introduced Christianity. The prince himself was proof against the monks, but received from woman's lips the principles of the Christian religion. Enamoured of Dombrowska, the daughter of the Duke of Bohemia, a country which had then lately embraced Christianity, who refused to accept his suit unless he was baptised, Mieczylaus sacrificed the superstitions and prejudices of his fathers on the altar of love. But the religion which he embraced for the sake of Dombrowska he afterwards propagated for its own; became an ardent champion of the cross; broke down with his own hands the idols of his country; built Christian churches on the ruins of pagan temples; and, in the ardour of his new faith, issued an edict that, when any portion of the Gospel was read, the hearers should half draw their swords to testify their readiness to defend its truth.

In the reign of the "famous" John Sobieski, the annals of Poland, till that time free from this disgrace, were stained by one of the most atrocious acts of barbarity recorded in the history of religious persecution. A Lithuanian nobleman, a religious and benevolent man, but sufficiently intelligent to ridicule some of the current superstitions, and very rich, on account of a note made in the margin of a book, written by a stupid German, was tried for atheism by a council of bigoted Catholic bishops, and found guilty, not only of "having denied the existence of a God, but the doctrine of the Trinity and the divine maternity of the Virgin Mary." Zaluski, one of the villains concerned in the torment, writes, "The convict was led to the scaffold, where the executioner, with a red-hot iron, tore his tongue and his mouth, with which he had been cruel towards God; then

they burned his hands, instruments of the abominable production, at a slow fire. The sacrilegious paper was thrown into the flame; himself last; that monster of the age, that decide, was cast into the flames of expiation, if such a crime could be atoned."

In 1726, the Jesuits, making a public procession with the Host in the streets of Thorn, the young scholars of the order insisted that some Lutheran children should kneel; and on their refusal a scuffle ensued between the Jesuits and townspeople, most of whom were Lutherans, in which the enraged townspeople broke open the Jesuits' college, profaned all the objects of worship, and, among others, an image of the Virgin. The Catholics of Poland, assembled in the diet, almost infuriated with fanatic zeal, condemned to death the magistrates of Thorn for not exercising their authority. Seven of the principal citizens were also condemned to death; many were imprisoned or banished; three persons, accused of throwing the Virgin's image into the fire, lost their right arms, and the whole city was deprived of the freedom of public worship.

This was the last act of religious persecution in Poland; but even yet the spirit of the reformation has made but little progress, and the great bulk of the people are still groping in the darkness of Catholicism. On every public road, and in all the streets of Warsaw, stand crosses, sometimes thirty feet high, with a figure of the Saviour large as life, sometimes adorned with flowers, and sometimes covered with rags.

As in all Catholic cities, a Sunday in Warsaw is a *fête* day. I passed the morning in strolling through the churches, which are very numerous, and some of them, particularly the Cathedral Church of St John and that of the Holy Cross, of colossal dimensions. The scene was the same as in the Catholic churches in Italy; at every door crowds were entering and passing out, nobles, peasants, shopmen, drosky boys, and beggars; the high-born lady descended from her carriage, dipped her fingers in the same consecrated water, and knelt on the same pavement, side by side with the beggar; alike equal in God's house, and outside the door again an immeasurable distance between them.

At twelve o'clock, by appointment, I met my travelling companion and another of his friends, in the Jardin de Saxe, the principal public garden in Warsaw. It stands in the very heart of the city, in the rear of the Palais de Saxe, built by the Elector of Saxony when called to the throne of Poland. It is enclosed all around by high brick walls, screened by shrubs and vines, and trees rising above, so as to exclude the view of the houses facing it. It is handsomely laid out with lawns and gravel-walks, and adorned with trees; and as the grounds are exceedingly rural and picturesque, and the high walls and trees completely shut out the view of all surrounding objects, I could hardly realise that I was in the centre of a populous city. It was then the fashionable hour for promenade, and all the *élite* of Warsaw society was there. I had heard of this Sunday promenade; and after making one or two turns on the principal walk, I remarked to my companions that I was disappointed in not seeing, as I had expected, a collection of the high-born and aristocratic Poles; but they told me that, changed as Warsaw was in every particular, in nothing was this change more manifest than in the character of this favourite resort. From boyhood, one of them had been in the habit of walking there regularly on the same day and at the same hour; and he told me that, before the revolution, it had always been thronged by a gay and brilliant collection of the nobility of Warsaw; and he enumerated several families whose names were identified with the history of Poland, who were in the habit of being there at a certain time, as regularly as the trees which then shaded our walk; but since the revolution these families were broken up and dispersed, and their principal members dead or in exile, or else lived retired, too proud in their fallen state to exhibit themselves in public places, where they were liable to be insulted by the presence of their Russian conquerors; and I could well appreciate the feeling

which kept them away, for Russian officers, with their rattling swords and nodding plumes, and carrying themselves with a proud and lordly air, were the most conspicuous persons present. I had noticed one party, a dark, pale, and interesting looking man, with an elegant lady and several children and servants, as possessing, altogether, a singularly melancholy and aristocratic appearance; but the interest I was disposed to take in them was speedily dispelled by hearing that he was a baptised Jew, a money broker, who had accumulated a fortune by taking advantage of the necessities of the distressed nobles. Indeed, next to the Russian officers, the baptised Jews were the most prominent persons on the promenade. These persons form a peculiar class in Warsaw, occupying a position between the Israelites and Christians, and amalgamating with neither. Many of them are rich, well educated, and accomplished, and possess great elegance of appearance and manner. They hate most cordially their unregenerated brethren, and it is unnecessary to say that this hate is abundantly reciprocated. It was with a feeling of painful interest that I strolled through this once favourite resort of the nobility of Warsaw; and my companions added to this melancholy feeling by talking in a low tone, almost in whispers, and telling me that now the promenade was always *triste* and dull; and in going out they led me through a private walk, where an old noble, unable to tear himself from a place consecrated by the recollections of his whole life, still continued to take his daily walk apart from the crowd, wearing out the evening of his days in bitter reflections on the fallen condition of his kindred and country.

We dined, as usual, at a restaurant, where at one table was a party of Swiss, here, as at Moscow, exercising that talent, skill, and industry, which they exhibit all over the world, and consoling themselves for the privations of exile, with the hope of one day being able to return to their native mountains, never to leave them again.

After dinner we took an open carriage, and at the barrier entered one of the numerous avenues of the Ujazdow, leading to Belvidere, the country residence of the late Grand-duke Constantine. The avenue is divided by rows of old and stately trees, terminating in a large circular octagon, from which branch off eight other avenues, each at a short distance crossed by others, and forming a sort of labyrinth, said to be one of the finest drives and promenades in Europe, and on Sundays the rendezvous of nearly the entire population of Warsaw. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the throng of carriages, and horsemen, and thousands of pedestrians, and the sun, occasionally obscured, and then breaking through the thick foliage, darkening and again lighting up the vista through the trees, gave a beauty to the landscape, and a variety and animation to the scene, that I had not yet found in Warsaw. Passing the Belvidere Palace, my companions described the manner in which the students had made their attack upon it, and pointed out the window by which Constantine escaped. Turning from one of the splendid avenues of the Ujazdow, we crossed a stone bridge, on which stands the equestrian statue of John Sobieski, his horse rearing over the body of a prostrate Turk; it was erected to him as the saviour of Christendom, after he had driven the Turks from the walls of Vienna. Beyond this we entered the grounds and park of Lazienki, formerly the country residence of Stanislaus Augustus, situated in a most delightful spot on the banks of the Vistula.

The royal villa stands in the midst of an extensive park of stately old trees, and the walks lead to a succession of delightful and romantic spots, adorned with appropriate and tasteful buildings. Among them, on an island, reached by crossing a rustic bridge, are a winter and a summer theatre, the latter constructed so as to resemble, in a great measure, an ancient amphitheatre in ruins; in it performances used formerly to take place in the open air. I am not given to dreaming, and there was enough in the scenes passing under my eyes to

employ my thoughts; but as I wandered through the beautiful walks, and crossed romantic bridges, composed of the trunks and bended branches of trees, I could not help recurring to the hand that had planned these beauties, the good King Stanislaus.

"Dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,"

hurled Stanislaus from his throne; and as I stood under the portico of his palace, I could but remember that its royal builder had fled from it in disguise, become a prisoner to the Turks, and died an exile in a foreign land.

From here we rode to the chateau of Villanow, another, and one of the most interesting of the residences of the kings of Poland, constructed by John Sobieski, and perhaps the only royal structure in Europe which, like some of the great edifices of Egypt and Rome, was erected by prisoners taken in war, being constructed entirely by the hands of Turkish captives. It was the favourite residence of Sobieski, where he passed most of his time when not in arms, and where he closed his days. Until lately, the chamber, and bed on which he died, might still be seen. The grounds extend for a great distance along the banks of the Vistula, and many of the noble trees which now shade the walks were planted by Sobieski's own hands. The reign of Sobieski is the most splendid era in the history of Poland. The great statue I had just passed presented him as the conqueror of the Turks, the deliverer of Christendom, the redoubtable warrior, riding over the body of a prostrate Mussulman; and every stone in the palace is a memorial of his warlike triumphs; but if its inner chambers could tell the scenes of which they had been the witness, loud and far as the trumpet of glory has sounded his name, no man would envy John Sobieski. The last time he unsheathed his sword, in bitterness of heart he said, "It will be easier to get the better of the enemies I am in quest of than my own sons." He returned, broken with vexation and shattered with wounds, more than sixty years old, and two-thirds of his life spent in the tented field; his queen drove his friends from his side, destroyed that domestic peace which he valued above all things, and filled the palace with her plots and intrigues. He had promised to Zaluski an office which the queen wished to give to another. "My friend," said the dying monarch, "you know the rights of marriage, and you know if I can resist the prayers of the queen; it depends, then, on you that I live tranquil, or that I be constantly miserable. She has already promised to another this vacant office, and if I do not consent to it, I am obliged to fly my house. I know not where I shall go to die in peace. You pity me; you will not expose me to public ridicule." Old and infirm, with grey hairs and withered laurels, a prey to lingering disease, the deathbed of the dying warrior was disturbed by a noise worse than the din of battle; and before the breath had left him, an intriguing wife and unnatural children were wrangling over his body for the possession of his crown. A disgraceful struggle was continued a short time after his death. One by one his children died, and there is not now any living of the name of Sobieski.

The next day I visited the field of Volä, celebrated as the place of election of the kings of Poland. It is about five miles from Warsaw, and was formerly surrounded by a ditch with three gates, one for great Poland, one for little Poland, and one for Lithuania. In the middle were two enclosures, one of an oblong shape, surrounded by a kind of rampart or ditch, in the centre of which was erected, at the time of election, a vast temporary building of wood, covered at the top and open at the sides, which was called the *sopa*, and occupied by the senate; and the other of a circular shape, called the *kola*, in which the nuncios assembled in the open air. The nobles, from 150,000 to 200,000 in number, encamped on the plain in separate bodies under the banners of their respective palatinates, with their principal officers in front on horseback. The

primate, having declared the names of the candidates, kneeled down and chanted a hymn; and then, mounting on horseback, went round the plain and collected the votes, the nobles not voting individually, but each palatinate in a body. It was necessary that the election should be unanimous, and a single nobleman peremptorily stopped the election of Ladislaus VII. Being asked what objection he had to him, he answered, "None at all; but I will not suffer him to be king." After being by some means brought over, he gave the king as the reason for his opposition, "I had a mind to see whether our liberty was still in being or not. I am satisfied that it is, and your majesty shall not have a better subject than myself." If the palatinates agreed, the primate asked again, and yet a third time, if all were satisfied; and after a general approbation, three times proclaimed the king; and the grand-marshal of the crown repeated the proclamation three times at the gates of the camp. It was the exercise of this high privilege of electing their own king which created and sustained the lofty bearing of the Polish nobles, inducing the proud boast which, in a moment of extremity, an intrepid band made to their king, "What hast thou to fear with 20,000 lances? If the sky should fall, we would keep it up with their points." But, unhappily, although the exercise of this privilege was confined only to the nobles, the election of a king often exhibited a worse picture than all the evils of universal suffrage with us. The throne was open to the whole world; the nobles were split into contending factions; foreign found its way among them; and sometimes they d... rated under the bayonets of foreign troops. Warsaw and its environs were a scene of violence and confusion, and sometimes the field of Volä was stained with blood. Still no man can ride over that plain without recurring to the glorious hour when Sobieski, covered with laurels won in fighting the battles of his country, amid the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the senate, the nobles, and the army, was hailed the chosen king of a free people.

I had enough of travelling post, and was looking out for some quiet conveyance to Cracow. A Jew applied to me, and I went with him to look at his carriage, which I found at a sort of "Bull's-head" stopping-place, an enormous vehicle without either bottom or top, being a species of framework like our hay-waggons, filled with straw to prevent goods and passengers from spilling out. He showed me a couple of rough-looking fellows, who would be my *compagnons de voyage*, and who said that we could all three lie very comfortably in the bottom of the vehicle. Their appearance did not add to the recommendation of the wagon; nevertheless, if I had understood the language and been strong enough for the rough work, I should perhaps have taken that conveyance, as, besides the probable incidents of the journey, it would give me more insight into the character of the people than a year's residence in the capital. Returning to my hotel, I found that a Polish officer had left his address, with a request for me to call upon him. I went, and found a man about forty, middle-sized, pale and emaciated, wounded and an invalid, wearing the Polish revolutionary uniform. It was the only instance in which I had seen this dress. After the revolution it had been absolutely proscribed; but the country being completely subdued, and the government in this particular case not caring to exercise any unnecessary harshness, he was permitted to wear it unmolested. It was, however, almost in mockery that he still wore the garb of a soldier; for if Poland had again burst her chains, and the unsheathed sword were put in his hands, he could not have struck a blow to help her. Unfortunately, he could not speak French, or rather I may say fortunately, for in consequence of this I saw his lady, a pensive, melancholy, and deeply-interesting woman, dressed in black, in mourning for two gallant brothers who died in battle under the walls of Warsaw.

Their business with me was of a most commonplace nature. They had lately returned from a visit to some

friends at Cracow in a *caliche* hired at the frontier ; and hearing from the peasant who drove them that a stranger was looking for a conveyance to that place, out of good will to him desired to recommend him to me. The lady had hardly finished a sort of apologising commencement, before I had resolved to assent to almost any thing she proposed ; and when she stated the whole case, it was so exactly what I wanted, that I expressed myself under great obligations for the favour done me. I suggested, however, my doubts as to the propriety of undertaking the journey alone, without any interpreter ; but after a few words with the major, she replied that she would give full directions to the peasant as to the route. As the carriage could not go beyond the frontier, her husband would give me a letter to the *commissaire* at Michoof, who spoke French, and also to the postmaster ; and, finally, she would herself make out for me a vocabulary of the words likely to be most necessary, so as to enable me to ask for bread, milk, eggs, &c. ; and with this, and the Polish for "how much," I would get along without any difficulty. While she was writing, another officer came in, old and infirm, and also dressed in the Polish uniform. She rose from the table, met him almost at the door, kissed him affectionately, led him to a seat, and barely mentioning him to me as "*mon beau père*," resumed her work. While she was writing, I watched attentively the whole three, and the expression of face with which the two officers regarded her was unspeakably interesting. They were probably unconscious of it, and perhaps it was only my fancy ; but if the transient lightning of their sunken eyes meant any thing, it meant that they who sat there in the garb and equipment of soldiers, who had stood in all the pride and vigour of manhood on bloody battle-fields, now looked to a feeble and lovely woman as their only staff and support in life. I would have told them how deeply I sympathised in the misfortunes of their suffering country, but their sadness seemed too deep and sacred. I knew that I could strike a responsive chord by telling them that I was an American, but I would not open their still bleeding wounds ; at parting, however, I told them that I should remember in my own country and to their countrymen the kindness shown me here ; and as soon as I mentioned that I was an American, the lady asked me the fate of her unhappy countrymen who had been landed as exiles on our shores, and I felt proud in telling them that they had found among our citizens that sympathy which brave men in misfortune deserve, and that our government had made a provision in law for the exiled compatriots of Kosciusko. She inquired particularly about the details of their occupation, and expressed the fear that their habits of life, most of them having been brought up as soldiers, unfitted them for usefulness among us. I did not then know how prophetic were her forebodings, and was saved the necessity of telling her, what I afterwards read in a newspaper, that an unhappy portion of that band of exiles, discontented with their mode of life, in attempting to cross the Rocky Mountains were cut to pieces by a party of Indians. Under the pressure of their immediate misfortunes, they had not heard the fate of the exiles, and a ray of satisfaction played for a moment over their melancholy features in hearing that they had met with friends in America ; and they told me to say to the Poles, wherever I found them, that they need never again turn their eyes towards home. She added that the time had been when she and her friends would have extended the hand of welcome to a stranger in Poland ; that, when a child, she had heard her father and brothers talk of liberty and the pressure of a foreign yoke, but living in affluence, surrounded by friends and connexions, she could not sympathise with them, and thought it a feeling existing only in men, which women could not know ; but actual occurrences had opened her eyes ; her family had been crushed to the earth, her friends imprisoned, killed, or driven into exile ; and yet, she added, turning to her husband and father, she ought not to mourn, for those dearest to her

on earth were spared. But I could read in her face, as she bent her eyes upon their pallid features, that she felt they were spared only for a season.

Reluctantly I bade them farewell. A servant waited to go with me and show me the *caliche*, but I told him it was not worth while. I was in no humour for examining the spokes of carriage-wheels ; and if I had been obliged to ride on the tongue, I believe I should have taken it. I went to my hotel, and told my friend of my interview with the major and his lady. He knew them by reputation, and confirmed and strengthened all the interest I took in them, adding that both father and son had been among the first to take up arms during the revolution, and at its unhappy termination were so beloved by the people of Warsaw, that, in their wounded and crippled state, the Russian government had not proceeded to extremities with them.

I spent my last evening in Warsaw with my Pole and several of his friends at a *herbata*, that is, a sort of confectioner's shop, like a *café* in the south of Europe, where, as in Russia, tea is the popular drink. The next morning, as usual, my passport was not ready. My valet had been for it several times, and could not get it. I had been myself to the police-office, and waited until dark, when I was directed to call the next morning. I went at a little after eight, but I will not obtrude upon the reader the details of my vexation, nor the amiable feelings that passed in my mind in waiting till twelve o'clock in a large ante-room. In my after wanderings I sometimes sat down upon a stump, or on the sands of the desert, and meditated upon my folly in undergoing all manner of hardships when I might be sitting quietly at home ; but when I thought of passports in Russia and Poland, I shook myself with the freedom of a son of the desert—and with the thought that I could turn my dromedary's head which way I pleased, other difficulties seemed light. Ancient philosophers extolled uniformity as a great virtue in a young man's character ; and, if so, I was entitled to the highest praise, for in the matter of arranging my passport I was always in a passion. I do not know a single exception to the contrary. And if there was one thing more vexatious than another, it was in the case at Warsaw, where, after having been bandied from office to office, I received my passport, still requiring the signature of the governor, and walked up to the palace, nursing my indignation, and expecting an accumulation. I was ushered in by guards and soldiers, and at once disarmed of all animosity by the politeness and civility of the principal officers of government. I was almost sorry to be obliged to withhold my intended malediction. I hurried back to my hotel. My friend, with three or four of his Warsaw acquaintances, was waiting to see the last of me ; my *caliche* was at the door, and I was already late for a start. I took my seat, and bade them farewell. I promised to write to him on my arrival in Paris, and to continue a correspondence on my return home. Most unfortunately, I lost his address. He lived in some town in Poland, near the frontiers of Prussia, and probably at this moment thinks of me unkindly for my apparent neglect. Possibly we may meet again, though probably never ; but if we do, though it do not happen till our heads are grey, we will have a rich fund of satisfaction in the recollections of our long journey to Warsaw.

I was again setting out alone. My guide or *conducteur* was a Polish peasant. Without having seen him, I had calculated upon making ordinary human intelligence, to some extent, a medium of communication ; but I found that I had been too soaring in my ideas of the divinity of human nature. When I returned to the hotel, I found him lying on the side-walk asleep ; a servant kicked him up, and pointed me out as his master for the journey. He ran up and kissed my hand, and, before I was aware of his intention, stooped down and repeated the same salutation on my boot. An American, perhaps, more than any other, scorns the idea of man's debasing himself to his fellow-man ; and so powerful was this feeling in me, that before I went abroad I

almost despised a white man whom I saw engaged in a menial office. I had outlived this feeling; but when I saw a tall, strong, athletic white man kneel down and kiss my foot, I could almost have spurned him from me. His whole dress was a long shirt coming down to his feet, supported by a broad leathern belt eight inches wide, which he used as a pocket, and a low, broad-brimmed hat, turned up all round, particularly at the sides, and not unlike the headgear of the Lebanon Shakers.

Before putting myself out of the reach of aid, I held a conversation with him through an interpreter. The lady of the major had made out a chart for me, specifying each day's journey, which he promised to observe, and added, that he would be my slave if I would give him plenty to drink. With such a companion, then, I may say most emphatically that I was again setting out alone; but my *caleche* was even better than the Polish officer represented it, abundantly provided with pockets for provisions, books, &c., and altogether so much more comfortable than any thing I was used to, that I threw myself back in it with a feeling of great satisfaction. I rolled for the last time through the streets of Warsaw; looked out upon the busy throng; and though, in the perfectly indifferent air with which they turned to me, I felt how small a space I occupied in the world, I lighted my pipe and smoked in their faces, and with a perfect feeling of independence towards all the world, at one o'clock I arrived at the barrier.

Here I found, to my great vexation, that I was an object of special consideration to the Emperor of Russia. A soldier came out for my passport, with which he went inside the guardhouse, and in a few minutes returned with the paper in his hands to ask me some question. I could not answer him. He talked to me a little while, and again went within doors. After sitting for a few moments, vexed at the detention, but congratulating myself that if there was any irregularity it had been discovered before I had advanced far on my journey, I dismounted and went inside, where, after detaining me long enough to make me feel very uncomfortable, they endorsed the *visé*, and let me go. I again lighted my pipe, and in the mildness and beauty of the day, the comfort of my *caleche*, and the docility and accommodating spirit of my peasant, forgot my past, and even the chance of future difficulties. There was nothing particularly attractive in the road; the country was generally fertile, though tame and uninteresting. Late in the afternoon we stopped at a little town, of which I cannot make out the name. Like all the other towns on this side of Warsaw, in the centre was a square, with a range of wooden houses built all around fronting on the square, and the inhabitants were principally Jews. My peasant took off his horses and fed them in the square, and I went into a little *kukernia*, much cleaner and better than the town promised, where I had a cup of coffee and a roll of bread, and then strolled around the town, which, at this moment, presented a singular spectacle. The women and children were driving into the square herds of cows from the pasture-grounds in the unenclosed plains around; and when all were brought in, each proprietor picked out his own cow and drove her home, and in a few moments, opposite almost every house stood the family cow, with a woman or child milking her. After this the cows strolled back into the square to sleep till morning.

A little before dark we started, and after a fine moonlight ride, at about ten o'clock drove into a sort of caravanerai, being simply a large shed or covered place for waggons and horses, with a room partitioned off in one corner for eating and sleeping. There were, perhaps, fifteen or twenty waggons under the shed, and their waggons were all assembled in this room, some standing up and eating off a board stretched along the wall, some drinking, some smoking, and some already asleep on the floor. In one corner was a party of Jews, with the contents of a purse emptied before them, which they were dividing into separate parcels. The place was kept by a Jew, who, with his wife, or some woman

belonging to the establishment, old and weather-beaten, was running about serving, and apparently quarrelling with, all the waggons. She seemed particularly disposed to quarrel with me, I believe because I could not talk to her, this being, in her eyes, an unpardonable sin. I could understand, however, that she wanted to prepare me a supper; but my appetite was not tempted by what I saw around me, and I lighted my pipe and smoked. I believe she afterwards saw something in me which made her like me better; for while the waggons were strewing themselves about the floor for sleep, she went out, and returning with a tolerably clean sheaf of straw under each arm, called me to her, and shaking them out in the middle of the floor, pointed me to my bed. My pipe was ended, and putting my carpet-bag under my head, I lay down upon the straw; and the old woman climbed up to a sort of platform in one corner, where a moment after, I saw her sitting up with her arms above her head, with the utmost nonchalance changing her innermost garment.

I was almost asleep, when I noticed a strapping big man, muffled up to the eyes, standing at my feet and looking in my face. I raised my head, and he walked round, keeping his eyes fixed upon me, and went away. Shortly after, he returned, and again walking round, stopped and addressed me, "Spreechen sie Deutsch?" I answered by asking him if he could speak French; and not being able, he went away. He returned again, and again walked round as before, looking steadily in my face. I rose on my elbow, and followed him with my eyes till I had turned completely round with him, when he stopped as if satisfied with his observations, and in his broadest vernacular opened bluntly, "Hadt we better speak English?" I need not say that I entirely agreed with him. I sprang up, and catching his hand, asked him what possessed him to begin upon me in Dutch; he replied by asking why I had answered in French, adding that his stout English figure ought to have made me know better; and after mutual good-natured recriminations, we kicked my straw bed about the floor, and agreed to make a night of it. He was the proprietor of a large iron manufactory, distant about three days' journey, and was then on his way to Warsaw. He went out to his carriage, and one of his servants produced a stock of provisions like the larder of a well-furnished hotel; and as I had gone to bed supperless, he seemed a good, stout, broad-shouldered guardian angel sent to comfort me. We sat on the back seat of the carriage, making a table of the front; and when we had finished, and the fragments were cleared away, we stretched our legs on the table, lighted our pipes, and talked till we fell asleep on each other's shoulder. Notwithstanding our intimacy so far, we should not have known each other by daylight, and at break of day we went outside to examine each other. It was, however, perhaps hardly worth while to retain a recollection of features; for unless by some such accident as that which brought us together, we never shall meet again. We wrote our names in each other's pocket-book as a memorial of our meeting, and at the same moment started on our opposite roads.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Friendly Solitude.—Raddom.—Symptoms of a Difficulty.—A Court of Inquisition.—Showing a proper spirit.—Troubles thickening.—Approaching the climax.—Woman's Influence.—The Finale.—Utility of the Classics.—Another Latinist.—A Lucky Accident.—Arrival at Cracow.

AT about eight o'clock we stopped to feed, and at the feeding-place met a German waggoner, who had lived in Hamburg, and spoke English. He seemed much distressed at my not understanding the language of the country. He was a stout burly fellow, eating and drinking all the time, and his great anxiety was lest I should starve on the road. He insisted upon my providing against such a fatality, and had a couple of fowls roasted for me, and wrapped in a piece of coarse brown paper;

and, at parting, backed by a group of friends, to whom he had told my story, he drank *schnaps* (at my expense) to my safe arrival at Cracow.

At eleven o'clock we reached Raddom. There was a large swinging gate at the barrier of the town, and the soldier opening it demanded my passport to be *visé* by the police; he got into the *calèche* with me, and we drove into the town, stopped in the public square, and went to the bureau together. He left me in an ante-chamber, and went within, promising, by his manner, to expedite the business, and intimating an expectation of *schnaps* on his return. In a few minutes he returned, and barely opening the door for me to enter, hurried off, apparently with some misgivings about his *schnaps*. I entered, and found three or four men, who took no notice of me. I waited a few moments, and seeing my passport on a table before one of them, went up, and, certainly without intending any thing offensive, took up the passport with a view of calling his attention to it; he jerked it out of my hand, and looking at me with an imperious and impertinent air, at the same time saying something I have no doubt in character with the expression of his face, he slapped it down on the table. Two or three officers coming in, looked at it, and laid it down again, until at length one man, the head of that department I suppose, took it up, wrote a note, and giving the note and the passport to a soldier, directed me to follow him. The soldier conducted me to the bureau of the government, the largest building, and occupying a central position in the town, and left me in an ante-chamber with the usual retinue of soldiers and officers. In about a quarter of an hour he came out without the passport, and pulled me by the sleeve to follow him. I shook my head, asked for the passport, and, in fact, moved towards the door he had left. He seemed a good-hearted fellow, and, anxious to save me from any imprudence, pulled me back, held up his fingers, and pointing to the clock, told me to return at one; and touching his hat respectfully, with probably the only French words he knew, "*Adieu, seigneur*," and a look of real interest, hurried away.

I strolled about the town, dropped in at a *kukiernia*, went to the square, and saw my peasant friend feeding his horses, apparently in some trouble and perplexity. I went back at one, and was ordered to come again at four. I would have remonstrated, but, besides that I could not make myself understood, when I attempted to speak they turned rudely away from me. I was vexed by the loss of the day, as I had agreed to pay a high price for the sake of going through a day sooner, and this might spoil my plan; and I was particularly vexed by the rough manner in which I was treated. I returned at four, and was conducted into a large chamber, in which were perhaps twenty or thirty clerks and inferior officers in the uniform of the government. As soon as I entered, there was a general commotion. They had sent for a young man who spoke a little French, to act as interpreter. The passport was put into his hands, and the first question he asked me was how I, an American, happened to be travelling under a Russian passport? I answered that it was not from any wish of mine, but in obedience to their own laws, and added the fact that this passport had been made out by the Russian ambassador at Constantinople; that under it I had been admitted into Russia, and travelled from the Black Sea to St Petersburg, and from there down to Warsaw, as he might see from the paper itself, the *visés* of the proper authorities, down to that of the governor of Warsaw, being regularly endorsed.

He then asked what my business was in Poland, and what had induced me to come there. I answered, the same that had carried me into Russia, merely the curiosity of a traveller; and he then inquired what in particular I wanted to see in Poland. If I had consulted merely my feelings, I should have told him that, besides being attracted by the interest of her heroic history, I wished to see with my own eyes the pressure of a colossal foot upon the necks of a conquered people; that this very system of inquisition and *espionage* was

one of the things I expected to see; but I, of course, forbore this, and answered only in general terms, and my answer was not satisfactory. He then began a more particular examination; asked my age, my height, the colour of my eyes, &c. At first I did not see the absurdity of this examination, and answered honestly according to the fact, as I believed it; but all at once, it struck me that, as I did not remember the particulars of the description of my person in the passport, my own *impromptu* might very easily differ from it, and, catching an insulting expression on his face, I told him that he had the passport in his hands, and might himself compare my person with the description there given of me. He then read aloud the entire description; height, so many feet; eyes, such a colour, &c. &c.; scanned me from head to foot; peered into my eyes, stopping after each article to look at me and compare me with the description. By this time every man in the room had left his business and gathered round looking at me, and, after the reading of each article and the subsequent examination, there was a general shaking of heads and a contemptuous smile.

At the time I remembered, what had before suggested itself to me rather as a good thing, that before embarking for Europe, I had written on to the department of state for a passport, with a description of my person made out at the moment by a friend, not very flattering, and perhaps not very true, but good enough for the Continent, which I expected to be the extent of my tour; and I felt conscious that, on a severe examination, my nose might be longer, or my eyes greyer, or in some other point different from the description. This, added to their close and critical examination, at first embarrassed me considerably, but the supercilious and insulting manner in which the examination was conducted, roused my indignation and restored my self-possession. I saw, from the informal way in which the thing was done, that this was a mere preliminary inquisition, and not the court to sit in judgment; and I had noticed from the beginning that most of these men were Poles, who had sold themselves to Russia for petty place and pay in her offices, traitors in their hearts and lives; apostates from every honourable feeling, and breathing a more infernal spirit against their enslaved country than the Russians themselves; and I told the interpreter, as coolly as the nature of the case would admit, to accept for himself, and to convey to his associates, the assurance that I should remember their little town as long as I lived; that I had then travelled from England through France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Russia, and had nowhere met such wanton rudeness and insult as from them; that I did not think it possible that in any European government twenty of its officers would laugh and sneer at the embarrassment of a stranger, without a single one stepping forward to assist him; that I deeply regretted the occurrence of such a circumstance in Poland; that I felt convinced that there was not a true-hearted Pole among them, or my character as an American would have saved me from insult.

The interpreter seemed a little abashed, but I could see in the vindictive faces of the rest that they were greatly irritated. The examination was cut short, and I was directed to come again at half-past five, when the commandant, who had been sent for, would be there. By this time there was some excitement in the streets, and, as I afterwards learned, it was noised through the little town that an American was detained on suspicion of travelling under a false passport. My *calèche* had been standing in the public square all day. I had been noticed going to and from the offices with a soldier at my heels, and my poor Pole had been wandering up and down the streets, telling every body his fear and interest in me, and particularly his anxiety about ten rubles I had promised him. As I passed along, people turned round and looked at me. I went to a *kukiernia*, where the dame had been very smiling and attentive, and could not get even a look from her. I went to another; several men were earnestly talking, who became silent the moment I entered. A small matter

created an excitement in that little place. It was a rare thing for a traveller to pass through it; the Russian government threw every impediment in the way, and had made the road so vexatious that it was almost broken up. The French, or the citizens of a free country like America, were always suspected of being political emissaries to stir up the Poles to revolution, and it seemed as if, under that despotic government, to be suspected was to be guilty. The Poles were in the habit of seeing slight offences visited with terrible punishments, and probably half the little town looked on me as a doomed man. I went back to the square, and took a seat on my *calèche*; my poor Pole sat on the box looking at me; he had followed me all over, and, like the rest, seemed to regard me as lost. I had probably treated him with more kindness than he was accustomed to receive, though, for every new kindness, he vexed me anew by stooping down and kissing my foot.

At half-past five o'clock I was again at the door of the palace. On the staircase I met the young man who had acted as interpreter; he would have avoided me, but I stopped him, and asked him to return with me. I held on to him, asking him if the commandant spoke French; begged him, as he would hope himself to find kindness in a strange country, to go back and act as a medium of explanation; but he tore rudely away, and hurried down stairs. A soldier opened the door, and led me into the same apartment as before. The clerks were all at their desks writing; all looked up as I entered, but not one offered me a seat, nor any the slightest act of civility. I waited a moment, and they seemed studiously to take no notice of me. I felt outrageous at their rudeness. I had no apprehensions of any serious consequences, beyond, perhaps, that of a detention until I could write to Mr Wilkins, our ambassador at St Petersburg, and resolved not to be trampled upon by the understrappers. I walked up to the door of the commandant's chamber, when one man, who had been particularly insulting during the reading of the passport, rudely intercepted me, and leaning his back against the door, flourished his hands before him to keep me from entering. Fortunately, I fell back in time to prevent even the tip end of his fingers touching me. My blood flashed through me like lightning, and even now I consider myself a miracle of forbearance that I did not strike him.

In a few moments the door opened, and a soldier beckoned me to enter. Directly in front, at the other end of the room, behind a table, sat the commandant, a grim, gaunt-looking figure about fifty, his military coat buttoned tight up in his throat, his cap and sword on the table by his side, and in his hands my unlucky passport. As I walked towards him, he looked from the passport to me, and from me to the passport; and when I stopped at the table, he read over again the whole description, at every clause looking at me; shook his head with a grim smile of incredulity, and laid it down, as if perfectly satisfied. I felt that my face was flushed with indignation, and perhaps, to a certain extent, so distorted with passion that it would have been difficult to recognise me as the person described. I suggested to him that the rude treatment I had met with in the other room, had no doubt altered the whole character of my face, but he waved his hand for me to be silent; and, taking up a sheet of paper, wrote a letter or order, or something which I did not understand, and gave it to a soldier, who took it off to one corner and stamped it. The commandant then folded up the passport, enclosed it in the letter, and handed it again to the soldier, who carried it off and affixed to it an enormous wax seal, which looked very ominous and Siberian-like. I was determined not to suffer from the want of any effort on my part, and pulled out my old American passport, under which I had travelled in France and Italy, and also a new one which Commodore Porter had given me in Constantinople. He looked at them without any comment, and without understanding them; and when the soldier returned with the paper

and the big seal, he rose, and without moving a muscle, waved with his hand for me to follow the soldier. I would have resisted if I had dared. I was indignant enough to do some rash thing, but at every step was a soldier; I saw the folly of it, and grinding my teeth with vexation and rage, I did as I was ordered.

At the door of the palace we found a large crowd, who, knowing my appointment for this hour, were waiting to hear the result. A line of people was formed along the walk, who, seeing me under the charge of a soldier, turned round and looked at me with ominous silence. We passed under the walls of the prison, and the prisoners thrust their arms through the bars and hailed me, and seemed to claim me as a companion, and to promise me a welcome among them. For a moment I was infected with some apprehensions. In my utter ignorance as to what it all meant, I ran over in my mind the stories I had heard of the exercise of despotic authority, and for one moment thought of my German host at Moscow and a journey to Siberia by mistake. I did not know where the soldier was taking me, but felt relieved when we had got out of the reach of the voices of the prisoners, and more so when we stopped before a large house, which I remarked at once as a private dwelling, though a guard of honour before the door indicated it as the residence of an officer of high rank. We entered, and were ushered into the presence of the governor and commander-in-chief. He was of course a Russian, a man about sixty, in the uniform of a general officer, and attended by an aide-de-camp about thirty. I waited till the soldier had delivered his message; and before the governor had broken the seal, I carried the war into the enemy's country, by complaining of the rude treatment I had received, interrupted in my journey under a passport which had carried me all over Russia, and laughed at and insulted by the officers of the government, at the same time congratulating myself that I had at last met those who could at least tell me why I was detained, and would give me an opportunity of explaining any thing apparently wrong. I found the governor, as every where else in Russia where I could get access to the principal man, a gentleman in his bearing and feelings. He requested me to be seated, while he retired into another apartment to examine the passport. The aide-de-camp remained, and I entertained him with my chapter of grievances; he put the whole burden of the incivility upon the Poles, who, as he said, filled all the inferior offices of government, but told me, too, that the country was in such an unsettled state that it was necessary to be very particular in examining all strangers; and particularly as at that time several French emissaries were suspected to be secretly wandering in Poland, trying to stir up revolution. The governor staid so long that I began to fear there was some technical irregularity which might subject me to detention; and I was in no small degree relieved when he sent for me, and telling me that he regretted the necessity for giving such annoyance and vexation to travellers, handed me back the passport, with a direction to the proper officer to make the necessary *visé* and let me go. I was so pleased with the result that I did not stop to ask any questions, and to this day I do not know particularly why I was detained.

By this time it was nine o'clock, and when we returned, the bureau was closed. The soldier stated the case to the loungers about the door, and now all, including some of the scoundrels who had been so rude to me in the morning, were anxious to serve me. One of them conducted me to an apartment near, where I was ushered into the presence of an elderly lady and her two daughters, both of whom spoke French. I apologised for my intrusion; told them my extreme anxiety to go on that night, and begged them to procure some one to take the governor's order to the commandant; in fact, I had become nervous, and did not consider myself safe till out of the place. They called in a younger brother, who started with alacrity on the errand, and I sat down to wait his return. There

must be a witchery about Polish ladies. I was almost savage against all mankind; I had been kept up to the extreme point of indignation, without any opportunity of exploding, all day, and it would have been a great favour for some one to knock me down; but in a few minutes all my bitterness and malevolence melted away, and before tea was over I forgot that I had been banded all day from pillar to post, and even forgave the boors who had mocked me, in consideration of their being the countrymen of the ladies who were showing me such kindness. Even with them I began with the chafed spirit that had been goading me on all day; but when I listened to the calm and sad manner in which they replied; that it was annoying, but it was light, very light, compared with the scenes through which they and all their friends had passed, I was ashamed of my petulance. A few words convinced me that they were the Poles of my imagination and heart. A widowed mother and orphan children, their staff and protector had died in battle, and a gallant brother was then wandering an exile in France. I believe it is my recollection of Polish ladies that gives me a leaning towards rebels. I never met a Polish lady who was not a rebel, and I could but think, as long as the startling notes of revolution continue to fall like music from their pretty lips, so long the Russian will sleep on an unquiet pillow in Poland.

It was more than an hour before the brother returned, and I was sorry when he came; for after my professions of haste, I had no excuse for remaining longer. I was the first American they had ever seen; and if they do not remember me for any thing else, I am happy to have disbursed them of one prejudice against my country, for they believed the Americans were all black. At parting, and at my request, the eldest daughter wrote her name in my memorandum-book, and I bade them farewell.

It was eleven o'clock when I left the house, and at the first transition from their presence the night seemed of pitchy darkness. I groped my way into the square, and found my *calèche* gone. I stood for a moment on the spot where I had left it, ruminating what I should do. Perhaps my poor Pole had given me up as lost, and taken out letters of administration upon my carpet-bag. Directly before me, intersecting the range of houses on the opposite side of the square, was a street leading out of the town. I knew that he was a man to go straight ahead, turning neither to the right hand nor the left. I walked on to the opening, followed it a little way, and saw on the right a gate opening to a shed for stabling. I went in, and found him with his horses unharnessed, feeding them, whipping them, and talking at them in furious Polish. As soon as he saw me he left them, and came at me in the same tone, throwing up both his hands, and almost flourishing them in my face; then went back to his horses, began pitching on the harness, and, snatching up the meal-bag, came back again towards me, all the time talking and gesticulating like a Bedlamite. I was almost in despair. What have I done now? Even my poor peasant turns against me; this morning he kissed my foot, now he is ready to brain me with a meal-bag. Roused by the uproar, the old woman, proprietor of the shed, came out, accompanied by her daughter, a pretty little girl about twelve years old, carrying a lantern. I looked at them without expecting any help. My peasant moved between them and me and the horses, flourishing his meal-bag, and seeming every moment to become more and more enraged with me. I looked on in dismay, when the little girl came up, and dropping a curtsy before me, in the prettiest French I ever heard, asked me, "*Que voulez vous, monsieur?*" I could have taken her up in my arms and kissed her. I have had a fair share of the perplexity which befalls every man from the sex, but I hold many old accounts cancelled by the relief twice afforded me this day. Before coming to a parley with my Pole, I took her by the hand, and, sitting down on the tongue of a wagon, learned from her that she had been taken into the house of a rich seigneur to be

educated as a companion for his daughter, and was then at home on a visit to her mother; after which she explained the meaning of my postilion's outcry. Besides his apprehensions for me personally, he had been tormented with the no less powerful one of losing the promised ten rubles upon his arrival at a fixed time at Michoof, and all his earnestness was to hurry me off at once, in order to give him a chance of still arriving within the time. This was exactly the humour in which I wanted to find him, for I had expected great difficulty in making him go on that night; so I told him to hitch on his horses, and at parting did give the little girl a kiss, and the only other thing I could give her without impoverishing myself was a silk purse as a memento. I lighted my pipe, and, worn out with the perplexities of the day, in a short time forgot police and passports, rude Russians and dastardly Poles, and even the Polish ladies and the little girl.

I woke the next morning under a shed, horses harnessed, postilion on the box whipping, and a Jew at their head holding them, and the two bipeds quarrelling furiously about the stabling. I threw the Jew a florin, and he let go his hold, though my peasant shook his whip, and roared back at him long after we were out of sight and hearing. At a few miles' distance we came to a stopping-place, where we found a large *calèche* with four handsome horses, and the postilion in the costume of a peasant of Cracow, a little square red cap with a red feather, a long white frock somewhat like a shooting jacket, bordered with red, a belt covered with pieces of brass like scales lapping over each other, and a horn slung over his right shoulder. It belonged to a Polish seigneur, who, though disaffected towards government, had succeeded in retaining his property, and was the proprietor of many villages. He was accompanied by a young man about thirty, who spoke a very little French; less than any man whom I ever heard attempt to speak it at all. They had with them their own servants and cooking apparatus, and abundance of provisions. The seigneur superintended the cooking, and I did them the honour to breakfast with them. While we were breakfasting, a troop of waggoners or vagabonds were under the shed dancing the *mazurka*. The better class of Poles are noble, high-spirited men, warm and social in their feelings, and to them, living on their estates in the interior of their almost untrodden country, a stranger is a curiosity and a treasure. The old seigneur was exceedingly kind and hospitable, and the young man and I soon became on excellent terms. I was anxious to have a friend in case of a new passport difficulty, and at starting gladly embraced his offer to ride with me. As soon as we took our seats in the *calèche*, we lighted our pipes and shook hands as a bargain of good-fellowship. Our perfect flow of confidence, however, was much broken by the up-hill work of making ourselves understood. I was no great scholar myself, but his French was execrable; he had studied it when a boy, but for more than ten years had not spoken a word. At one time, finding it impossible to express himself, he said, "*Parlatis Latinum?*"—"Can you speak Latin?" I at first thought it was some dialect of the country, and could not believe that he meant the veritable stuff that had been whipped into me at school, and which, to me, was most emphatically a dead language; but necessity develops all that a man has, and for three hours we kept up an uninterrupted stream of talk in bad Latin and worse French.

Like every Pole whom I met, except the *employés* in the public offices, from the bottom of his heart he detested a Russian. He had been a soldier during the revolution, and lay on his back crippled with wounds when it was crushed by the capture of Warsaw. I showed him the coin which had accidentally come into my hands, and when we came to the point where our roads separated, he said that he was ashamed to do so, but could not help begging from me that coin; to me it was merely a curiosity, to him it was a trophy of the brilliant but short-lived independence of his country. I was loath to part with it, and would rather have given

him every button on my coat; but I appreciated his patriotic feeling, and could not refuse. I got out, and he threw his arms around me, kissed me on both cheeks, called me his friend and brother, and mounted the kibitka with the old seigneur. The latter invited me to go with him to his chateau, about a day's journey distant; and if I had expected to write a book, I should certainly have done so.

I went on again alone. At about twelve o'clock we arrived at the town of Kielse. I felt nervous as we approached the barrier. I threw myself back in the *calèche*, and drew my cap over my eyes in grand seigneur style, the soldier touched his hat as he opened the gate, and we drove into the public square unmolested. I breathed more freely, but almost hesitated to leave the *calèche* while the horses fed. I smiled, however, at thinking that any effort to avoid observation was the very way to attract it, and went to a *kuchnia*, where I drank coffee, ate bread encrusted with sugar, and smoked a pipe until my Pole came in and kissed my foot, as an intimation that the horses were ready.

No questions were asked at the barrier; and we rode on quietly till nine o'clock, when we drove under the shed of a caravanserai. Fifteen or twenty waggons were eating off a bench, and as they finished, stretched themselves on the floor for sleep. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I strolled out for a walk. The whole country was an immense plain. I could see for a great distance, and the old shed was the only roof in sight. It was the last night of a long journey through wild and unsettled countries. I went back to the time when on a night like that I had embarked on the Adriatic for Greece; thought of the many scenes I had passed through since, and bidding farewell to the plains of Poland, returned to my *calèche*, drew my cloak around me, and was soon asleep.

At nine o'clock we stopped at a feeding-place, where a horde of dirty Jews were at a long table eating. I brushed off one corner, and sat down to some bread and milk. Opposite me was a beggar woman dividing with a child about ten years old a small piece of dry black bread. I gave them some bread and a jar of milk, and I thought, from the lighting up of the boy's face, that it was long since he had had such a meal.

At twelve o'clock we reached Michoof, the end of my journey with the *calèche*. I considered my difficulties all ended, and showed at the post-house my letter from the Polish captain to the commissario. To my great annoyance, he was not in the place. I had to procure a conveyance to Cracow; and having parted with my poor Pole, overwhelmed with gratitude for my treatment on the road, and my trifling gratuity at parting, I stood at the door of the post-house with my carpet-bag in my hand, utterly at a loss what to do. A crowd of people gathered round, all willing to assist me, but I could not tell them what I wanted. One young man in particular seemed bent upon serving me; he accosted me in Russian, Polish, and German. I answered him in English, French, and Italian, and then both stopped. As a desperate resource, and almost trembling at my own temerity, I asked him the question I had learned from my yesterday's companion, "*Parlati Latinum?*" and he answered me with a fluency and volubility that again threw me into another perplexity, caught my hand, congratulated me upon having found a language both understood, praised the good old classic tongues, offered his services to procure any thing I wanted, &c.; and all with such rapidity of utterance that I was obliged to cry out with something like the sailor's "vast heaving," and tell him that if he went on at that rate it was all Russian to me. He stopped, and went on more moderately, and, with great help from him, I gave him to understand that I wanted to hire a waggon to take me to Cracow. "*Venite cum me,*" said my friend, and conducted me round the town until we found one. I then told him I wanted my passport *visé* for passing the frontier. "*Venite cum me,*" again said my friend, and took me with him and procured the *visé*; then that I wanted a dinner; still he answered "*Venite cum me,*"

and took me to a *trattoria*, and dined with me. At dinner my classical friend did a rather unclassical thing. An enormous cucumber was swimming in a tureen of vinegar. He asked me whether I did not want it; and, taking it up in his fingers, ate it as a dessert, and drinking the vinegar out of the tureen, smacked his lips, wiped his mustaches with the table cloth, and pronounced it "*optimum.*" For three hours we talked constantly, and talked nothing but Latin. It was easy enough for him, for, as he told me, at school it had been the language of conversation. To me it was like breaking myself into the treadmill; but, once fairly started, my early preceptors would have been proud of my talk. At parting he kissed me on both cheeks, rubbed me affectionately with his mustaches; and after I had taken my seat, his last words were, "*Semper me servate in vestra memoria.*"

We had four and a half German, or about eighteen English, miles to Cracow. We had a pair of miserable, ragged little horses, but I promised my postilion two florins extra if he took me there in three hours; and he started off so furiously that in less than an hour the horses broke down, and we had to get out and walk. After breathing them a little, they began to recover, and we arrived on a gentle trot at the frontier town, about half way to Cracow. My passport was all right, but here I had a new difficulty in that I had no passport for my postilion. I had not thought of this, and my classical friend had not suggested it. It was exceedingly provoking, as to return would prevent my reaching Cracow that night. After a parley with the commanding officer, a gentlemanly man, who spoke French very well, he finally said that my postilion might go on under charge of a soldier to the next post-house, about a mile beyond, where I could get another conveyance and send him back. Just as I had thanked him for his courtesy, a young gentleman from Cracow, in a barouche with four horses, drove up, and, hearing my difficulty, politely offered to take me in with him. I gladly accepted his offer, and arrived at Cracow at about dark, where, upon his recommendation, I went to the Hotel de la Rose Blanche, and cannot well describe the satisfaction with which I once more found myself on the borders of civilised Europe, within reach of the ordinary public conveyances, and among people whose language I could understand. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" Often, after a hard day's journey, I have asked myself this question, but seldom with the same self-complacency and the same determination to have mine ease as at Cracow. I inquired about the means of getting to Vienna, which at that moment I thought no more of than a journey to Boston. Though there was no particular need of it, I had a fire built in my room for the associations connected with a cheerful blaze. I put on my morning-gown and slippers, and hauling up before the fire an old chintz-covered sofa, sent for my landlord to come up and talk with me. My host was an Italian, and an excellent fellow. Attached to his hotel was a large restaurant, frequented by the first people at Cracow. During the evening an old countess came there to sup; he mentioned to her the arrival of an American, and I supped with her and her niece; neither of them, however, so interesting as to have any effect upon my slumber.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Cracow.—Casimir the Great.—Kosciusko.—Tombs of the Polish Kings.—A Polish Heroine.—Last Words of a King.—A Hero in Decay.—The Salt-mines of Cracow.—The Descent.—The Mines.—Underground Meditations.—The Farewell.

Cracow is an old, curious, and interesting city, situated in a valley on the banks of the Vistula; and approaching it as I did, towards the sunset of a summer's day, the old churches and towers, the lofty castles and the large houses, spread out on the immense plains, gave it an appearance of actual splendour. This faded away as I entered, but still the city inspired a feeling of respect, for it bore the impress of better days. It contains

numerous churches, some of them very large, and remarkable for their style and architecture, and more than a hundred monasteries and convents. In the centre is a large square, on which stands the church of Notre Dame, an immense Gothic structure, and also the old palace of Sobieski, now cut down into shops, and many large private residences, uninhabited, and falling to ruins. The principal streets terminate in this square. Almost every building bears striking marks of ruined grandeur. On the last partition of Poland in 1815 by the Holy Alliance, Cracow, with a territory of 500 square miles and a population of 108,000, including about 30,000 Jews, was erected into a republic; and at this day it exists nominally as a *free city*, under the protection of the three great powers; emphatically such protection as vultures give to lambs; three masters instead of one, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, all claiming the right to interfere in its government.

But even in its fallen state Cracow is dear to the Pole's heart, for it was the capital of his country when Poland ranked high among nations, and down to him who last sat upon the throne, was the place of coronation and of burial for her kings. It is the residence of many of the old Polish nobility, who with reduced fortunes prefer this little foothold in their country, where liberty nominally lingers, to exile in foreign lands. It now contains a population of about 30,000, including Jews. Occasionally the seigneur is still seen, in his short casack of blue cloth, with a red sash and a white square-topped cap; a costume admirably adapted to the tall and noble figure of the proud Pole, and the costume of the peasant of Cracow is still a striking feature in her streets.

After a stroll through the churches, I walked on the old ramparts of Cracow. The city was formerly surrounded with regular fortifications, but, as in almost all the cities of Europe, her ancient walls have been transformed into boulevards; and now handsome avenues of trees encircle it, destroying altogether its Gothic military aspect, and on Sundays and fête days the whole population gathers in gay dresses, seeking pleasure where their fathers stood clad in armour and arrayed for battle.

The boulevards command an extensive view of all the surrounding country. "All the sites of my country," says a national poet, "are dear to me; but above all, I love the environs of Cracow; there at every step I meet the recollections of our ancient glory and our once imposing grandeur."

On the opposite bank of the river is a large tumulus of earth, marking the grave of Cracus, the founder of the city. A little higher up is another mound, revered as the sepulchre of his daughter Wenda, who was so enamoured of war that she promised to give her hand only to the lover who should conquer her in battle. Beyond this is the field of Zochino, where the brave Kosciusko, after his return from America, with a band of peasants, again struck the first blow of revolution, and, by a victory over the Russians, roused all Poland to arms.

About a mile from Cracow are the ruins of the palace of Lobzow, built by Casimir the Great, for a long time the favourite royal residence, and identified with a crowd of national recollections; and until lately, a large mound of earth in the garden was revered as the grave of Esther, the beautiful Jewess, the idol of Casimir the Great. Poetry has embellished the tradition, and the national muse has hallowed the palace of Lobzow and the grave of Esther.

"Passer-by, if you are a stranger, tremble in thinking of human destruction; but if you are a Pole, shed bitter tears; heroes have inhabited this palace. . . . Who can equal them!"

Casimir erected this palace: centuries have hailed him with the name of the Great.

Near his Esther, in the delightful groves of Lobzow,

he thought himself happy in ceasing to be a king to become a lover.

But fate is unpitiable for kings as for us, and even beauty is subject to the common law. Esther died, and Casimir erected a tomb in the place she had loved.

Oh! if you are sensible to the grief caused by love, drop a tear at this tomb, and adorn it with a crown. If Casimir was tied to humanity by some weaknesses, they are the appendage of heroes! In presence of this chateau, in finding again noble remains, sing the glory of Casimir the Great."

I was not a sentimental traveller, nor sensible to the grief that is caused by love, and I could neither drop a tear at the tomb of Esther nor sing the glory of Casimir the Great; but my heart beat high as I turned to another monument in the environs of Cracow; an immense mound of earth, standing on an eminence visible from every quarter, towering almost into a mountain, and sacred to the memory of Kosciusko! I saw it from the palace of the kings and from the ramparts of the fallen city, and, with my eyes constantly fixed upon it, descended to the Vistula, followed its bank to a large convent, and then turned to the right, direct for the mound. I walked to the foot of the hill, and ascended to a broad table of land. From this table the mound rises in a conical form, from a base 300 feet in diameter, to the height of 175 feet. At the four corners formerly stood small houses, which were occupied by revolutionary soldiers who had served under Kosciusko. On the farther side, enclosed by a railing, was a small chapel, and within it a marble tomb covering Kosciusko's heart! A circular path winds round the mound; I ascended by this path to the top. It is built of earth sodded, and was then covered with a thick carpet of grass, and reminded me of the tumult of the Grecian heroes on the plains of Troy; and, perhaps, when thousands of years shall have rolled by, and all connected with our age be forgotten, and time and exposure to the elements shall have changed its form, another stranger will stand where I did, and wonder why and for what it was raised. It was erected in 1819 by the voluntary labour of the Polish people; and so great was the enthusiasm, that, as an eyewitness told me, wounded soldiers brought earth in their helmets, and women in their slippers; and I remembered, with a swelling heart, that on this consecrated spot a nation of brave men had turned to my country as the star of liberty, and that here a banner had been unfurled and hailed with acclamation by assembled thousands, bearing the sacred inscription, "Kosciusko, the friend of Washington!"

The morning was cold and dreary, the sky was overcast with clouds, and the sun, occasionally breaking through, lighted up for a moment with dazzling brilliancy the domes and steeples of Cracow, and the palace and burial-place of her kings, emblematic of the fitful gleams of her liberty flashing and dazzling, and then dying away. I drew my cloak around me, and remained there till I was almost drenched with rain. The wind blew violently, and I descended and sheltered myself at the foot of the mound, by the grave of Kosciusko's heart!

I returned to the city, and entered the Cathedral Church. It stands by the side of the old palace, on the summit of the rock of Wauvel, in the centre of and commanding the city, enclosed with walls and towers, and allied in its history with the most memorable annals of Poland; the witness of the ancient glory of her kings, and their sepulchre. The rain was pattering against the windows of the old church as I strolled through the silent cloisters, and among the tombs of the kings. A *verger* in a large cocked hat, and a group of peasants, moved, like myself, with noiseless steps, as if afraid to disturb the repose of the royal dead. Many of the kings of Poland fill but a corner of the page of history. Some of their names I had forgotten, or perhaps never knew, until I saw them inscribed on their tombs; but every monument covered a head that had worn a crown,

and some whose bones were mouldering under my feet will live till the last records of heroism perish.

The oldest monument is that of Wladislaus le Bref, built of stone, without any inscription, but adorned with figures in bas-relief, which are very much injured. He died in 1333, and chose himself the place of his eternal rest. Charles XII., of Sweden, on his invasion of Poland, visited the Cathedral Church, and stopped before this tomb. A distinguished canon who attended him, in allusion to the position of John Casimir, who was then at war with the king of Sweden, remarked, "And that king was also driven from his throne, but he returned and reigned until his death." The Swede answered with bitterness, "But your John Casimir will never return." The canon replied respectfully, "God is great, and fortune is fickle;" and the canon was right, for John Casimir regained his throne.

I approached with a feeling of veneration the tomb of Casimir the Great. It is of red marble; four columns support a canopy, and the figure of the king, with a crown on his head, rests on a coffin of stone. An iron railing encloses the monument. It is nearly 500 years since the palatins and nobles of Poland, with all the insignia of barbaric magnificence, laid him in the place where his ashes now repose. The historian writes, "Poland is indebted to Casimir for the greatest part of her churches, palaces, fortresses, and towns," adding that "he found Poland of wood, and left her of marble." He patronised letters, and founded the University of Cracow; promoted industry and encouraged trade; digested the unwritten laws and usages into a regular code; established courts of justice; repressed the tyranny of the nobles, and died with the honourable title of King of the Peasants; and I did not forget, while standing over his grave, that beneath me slept the spirit that loved the groves of Lobzow, and the heart that beat for Esther the Jewess.

The tomb of Sigismund I. is of red marble, with a figure as large as life reclining upon it. It is adorned with bas-reliefs and the arms of the republic, the white eagle and the armed cavalier of Lithuania. He died in 1541, and his monument bears the following inscription in Latin: "Sigismund Jagellon, King of Poland, Grand-duke of Lithuania, Conqueror of the Tartars, of the Wallachians, of the Russians and Prussians, reposes under this stone, which he prepared for himself." Forty years ago Thaddeus Czacki, the Polish historian, opened the tombs of the kings, and found the head of Sigismund resting upon a plate of silver bearing a long Latin inscription; the body measured six feet and two inches in height, and was covered with three rich crimines; on the feet were golden spurs, a chain of gold around the neck, and a gold ring on one finger of the left hand. At his feet was a small pewter coffin enclosing the body of his son by Bone Sforza.

By his side lies the body of his son Sigismund II., the last of the Jagellons, at whose death began the cabals and convulsions of an elective monarchy, by which Poland lost her influence among foreign powers. His memory is rendered interesting by his romantic love for Barbe Radzewill. She appeared at his father's court, the daughter of a private citizen, celebrated in Polish history and romance as uniting to all a woman's beauty, mingled force and tenderness, energy, and goodness. The prince had outlived the ardour of youth; disappointed and listless amid pleasures, his energy of mind destroyed by his excesses, inconstant in his love, and at the summit of human prosperity, living without a wish or a hope; but he saw Barbe, and his heart beat anew with the pulsations of life. In the language of his biographer, he proved, in all its fulness, that sentiment which draws to earth by its sorrows and raises to heaven by its delights. He married her privately, and on his father's death proclaimed her queen. The whole body of nobles refused to acknowledge the marriage, and one of the nuncios, in the name of the representatives of the nation, supplicated him for himself, his country, his blood, and his children, to extinguish his passion; the king swore on his sword that

neither the diet, nor the nation, nor the whole universe, should make him break his vows to Barbe; that he would a thousand times rather live with her out of the kingdom than keep a throne which she could not share; and was on the point of abdicating, when his opponents offered to do homage to the queen. When Czacki opened the coffin of this prince, he found the body perfectly preserved, and the head, as before, resting on a silver plate containing a long Latin inscription.

At the foot of his coffin is that of his sister and successor, Anne; and in a separate chapel is the tomb of Stephen Batory, one of the greatest of the kings of Poland, raised to the throne by his marriage with Anne.

I became more and more interested in this asylum of royal dead. I read there almost the entire history of the Polish republic, and again I felt that it was but a step from the throne to the grave, for near me was the great chair in which the kings of Poland were crowned. I paused before the tomb of John Casimir: and there was something strangely interesting in the juxtaposition of these royal dead. John Casimir lies by the side of the brother whom he endeavoured to supplant in his election to the throne. His reign was a continued succession of troubles and misfortunes. Once he was obliged to fly from Poland. He predicted what has since been so fearfully verified, that his country, enfeebled by the anarchy of its government and the licentiousness of the nobles, would be dismembered among the neighbouring powers; and, worn out with the cares of royalty, abdicated the throne, and died in a convent in France. I read at his tomb his pathetic farewell to his people.

"People of Poland:—It is now 280 years that you have been governed by my family. The reign of my ancestors is past, and mine is going to expire. Fatigued by the labours of war, the cares of the cabinet, and the weight of age; oppressed with the burdens and vicissitudes of a reign of more than twenty-one years, I, your king and father, return into your hands what the world esteems above all things, a crown, and choose for my throne six feet of earth, where I shall sleep with my fathers. When you show my tomb to your children, tell them that I was the foremost in battle and the last in retreat; that I renounced regal grandeur for the good of my country, and restored my sceptre to those who gave it me."

By his side, and under a monument of black marble, lies the body of his successor, Michel Wisniowiecki, an obscure and unambitious citizen, who was literally dragged to the throne, and wept when the crown was placed upon his head, and of whom Casimir remarked, when informed of his late subjects' choice, "What! have they put the crown on the head of that poor fellow?" And again I was almost startled by the strange and unnatural mingling of human ashes. By the side of that "poor fellow" lies the "famous" John Sobieski, the greatest of the long line of kings of a noble and valorous nation—

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

On the lower floor of the church, by the side of Poniatowski, the Polish Bayard, is the tomb of one nobler in my eyes than all the kings of Poland or of the world. It is of red marble, ornamented with the cap and plume of the peasant of Cracow, and bears the simple inscription, "T. Kosciuszko." All over the church I had read elaborate panegyrics upon the tenants of the royal sepulchres, and I was struck with this simple inscription, and remembered that the white marble column reared amid the magnificent scenery of the Hudson, which I had often gazed at from the deck of a steam-boat, and at whose base I had often stood, bore also in majestic simplicity the name of "Kosciuszko." It was late in the afternoon, and the group of peasants, two Poles from the interior, and a party of the citizens of Cracow, among whom were several ladies, joined me at the tomb. We could not speak each other's language; we were born and lived thou-

sands of miles apart, and we were strangers in our thoughts and feelings, in all our hopes and prospects, but we had a bond of sympathy at the grave of Kosciusko. One of the ladies spoke French, and I told them that, in my far distant country, the name of their nation's idol was hallowed; that schoolboys had erected a monument to his memory. They knew that he had fought by the side of Washington, but they did not know that the recollection of his services was still so dearly cherished in America; and we all agreed that it was the proudest tribute that could be paid to his memory, to write merely his name on his monument. It meant that it was needless to add an epitaph, for no man would ask, Who was Kosciusko?

It was nearly dark when I returned to my hotel. In the restaurant, at a small table directly opposite me, sat the celebrated Chlopicki, to whom, on the breaking out of the last revolution, Poland turned as to another Kosciusko, and who, until he faltered during the trying scenes of that revolution, would have been deemed worthy to lie by Kosciusko's side. Born of a noble family, a soldier from his birth, he served in the memorable campaigns of the great patriot, distinguished himself in the Polish legions in Italy under Dombrowski, and, as colonel of a regiment of the army of the Vistula, behaved gloriously in Prussia. In Spain he fought at Saragossa and Sagunta, and was called by *Suchet le brave des braves*; as general of brigade in the army of Russia, he was wounded at Valentina, near Smolensk, and was general of a division in 1814, when Poland fell under the dominion of the autocrat. The Grand-duke Constantine censured him on parade, saying that his division was not in order; and Chlopicki, with the proud boast, "I did not gain my rank on the parade-ground, nor did I win my decorations there," asked his discharge the next day, and could never after be induced to return to the service. The day after the revolutionary blow was struck, all Poland turned to Chlopicki as the only man capable of standing at the head of the nation. The command of the army, with absolute powers, was conferred upon him by acclamation, and one of the patriot leaders concluded his address to him with these words:—"Brother, take the sword of your ancestors and predecessors, Czarnecki, Dombrowski, and Kosciusko. Guide the nation that has placed its trust in you in the path of honour. Save this unhappy country." Chlopicki, with his silver head grown white in the service of Poland, was hailed by 100,000 people on the Champ de Mars, with shouts of "Our country and its brave defender, Chlopicki, for ever!" He promised never to abuse their confidence, and swore that he would defend the liberty of Poland to the last moment. The whole nation was enthusiastic in his favour; but in less than three months, at a stormy session of the diet, he threw up his high office of dictator, and refused peremptorily to accept command of the army. This brave army, enthusiastically attached to him, was struck with profound grief at his estrangement; but with all the faults imputed to him, it never was charged that he attempted to take advantage of his great popularity for any ambitious purposes of his own.

At the battle of Grolow he fought nominally as a private soldier, though Skryznecki and Radziwill being both deficient in military experience, the whole army looked to him for guidance. Once, when the battle was setting strong against the Poles, in a moment of desperation he put himself at the head of some disposable battalions, and, turning away from an aide-de-camp who came to him for orders, said, "Go and ask Radziwill; for me, I seek only death." Grievously wounded, his wounds were dressed in presence of the enemy; but at two o'clock he was borne off the field, the hopes of the soldiers died, and the army remained without any actual head. Throughout the revolution his conduct was cold, indifferent, and inexplicable; private letters from the Emperor of Russia were talked of, and even treason was whispered in connexion with his name. The Poles speak of him more in sorrow than in anger; they say that it was not enough that he exposed his

person on the field of battle; that he should have given them the whole weight of his great military talents, and the influence of his powerful name; that, standing alone, without children or relations to be compromised by his acts, he should have consummated the glory of his life by giving its few remaining years for the liberty of his country. He appeared about sixty-five, with hair perfectly white, a high florid complexion, a firm and determined expression, and in still unbroken health, carrying himself with the proud bearing of a distinguished veteran soldier. I could not believe that he had bartered the precious satisfaction of a long and glorious career for a few years of ignoble existence; and though a stranger, could but regret that, in the wane of life, circumstances, whether justly or not, had sullied an honoured name. It spoke loudly against him that I saw him sitting in a public restaurant at Cracow, unmolested by the Russian government.

The next day I visited the celebrated salt-mines at Wielitska. They lie about twelve miles from Cracow, in the province of Galicia, a part of the kingdom of Poland, which, on the unrighteous partition of that country, fell to the share of Austria. Although at so short a distance, it was necessary to go through all the passport formalities requisite on a departure for a foreign country. I took a fiacre, and rode to the different bureaux of the city police; and having procured the permission of the municipal authorities to leave the little territory of Cracow, rode next to the Austrian consul, who thereupon, and in consideration of one dollar to him in hand paid, was graciously pleased to permit me to enter the dominions of his master the Emperor of Austria. It was also necessary to have an order from the director of the mines to the superintendent; and furnished with this, I again mounted my fiacre, rattled through the principal street, and in a few minutes crossed the Vistula. At the end of the bridge an Austrian soldier stopped me for my passport, a *douanier* examined my carriage for articles subject to duty; and these functionaries being satisfied, in about two hours from the time at which I began my preparations I was fairly on my way.

Leaving the Vistula, I entered a pretty, undulating, and well cultivated country, and saw at a distance a high dark line, marking the range of the Carpathian mountains. It was a long time since I had seen any thing that looked like a mountain. From the Black Sea the whole of my journey had been over an immense plain, and I hailed the wild range of the Carpathians as I would the spire of a church, as an evidence of the approach to regions of civilisation.

In an hour and a half I arrived at the town of Wielitska, containing about 3000 inhabitants, and standing, as it were, on the roof of the immense subterranean excavations. The houses are built of wood, and the first thing that struck me was the almost entire absence of men in the streets, the whole male population being employed in the mines, and then at work below. I rode to the office of the superintendent, and presented my letter, and was received with great civility of manner; but his Polish was perfectly unintelligible. A smutty-faced operative, just out of the mines, accosted me in Latin, and I exchanged a few shots with him, but hauled off on the appearance of a man whom the superintendent had sent for to act as my guide; an old soldier who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, and, as he said, become an amateur and proficient in fighting and French. He was dressed in miner's costume, fanciful, and embroidered with gold, holding in his hand a steel axe; and having arrayed me in a long white frock, conducted me to a wooden building covering the shaft which forms the principal entrance to the mine. This shaft is 10 feet square, and descends perpendicularly more than 200 feet into the bowels of the earth. We arranged ourselves in canvass seats, and several of the miners who were waiting to descend, attached themselves to seats at the end of the ropes, with lamps in their hands, about eight or ten feet below us.

When my feet left the brink of the shaft, I felt, for a moment, as if suspended over the portal of a bottomless pit; and as my head descended below the surface, the rope, winding and tapering to a thread, seemed letting me down to the realms of Pluto. But in a few moments we touched bottom. From within a short distance of the surface, the shaft is cut through a solid rock of salt; and from the bottom, passages almost innumerable are cut in every direction through the same bed. We were furnished with guides, who went before us bearing torches, and I followed through the whole labyrinth of passages, forming the largest excavations in Europe, peopled with upwards of 2000 souls, and giving a complete idea of a subterranean world. These mines are known to have been worked upwards of 600 years, being mentioned in the Polish annals as early as 1237, under Boleslaus the Chaste, and then not as a new discovery, but how much earlier they had existed cannot now be ascertained. The tradition is, that a sister of St Casimir, having lost a gold ring, prayed to St Anthony, the patron saint of Cracow, and was advised in a dream, that by digging in such a place she would find a treasure far greater than that she had lost, and within the place indicated these mines were discovered.

There are four different stories or ranges of apartments; the whole length of the excavations is more than 6000 feet, or three-quarters of an hour's walk, and the greatest breadth more than 2000 feet; and there are so many turnings and windings that my guide told me, though I hardly think it possible, that the whole length of all the passages cut through this bed of salt amounts to more than 300 miles. Many of the chambers are of immense size. Some are supported by timber, others by vast pillars of salt; several are without any support in the middle, and of vast dimensions, perhaps 80 feet high, and so long and broad as almost to appear a boundless subterranean cavern. In one of the largest is a lake covering nearly the whole area. When the King of Saxony visited this place in 1810, after taking possession of his moiety of the mines as Duke of Warsaw, this portion of them was brilliantly illuminated, and a band of music, floating on the lake, made the roof echo with patriotic airs. We crossed the lake in a flat boat by a rope, the dim light of torches, and the hollow sound of our voices, giving a lively idea of a passage across the Styx; and we had a scene which might have entitled us to a welcome from the prince of the infernals, for our torch-bearers quarrelled, and in a scuffle that came near carrying us all with them, one was tumbled into the lake. Our Charon caught him, and without stopping to take him in, hurried across, and as soon as we landed beat them both unmercifully.

From this we entered an immense cavern, in which several hundred men were working with pickaxes and hatchets, cutting out large blocks of salt, and trimming them to suit the size of barrels. With their black faces begrimed with dust and smoke, they looked by the light of the scattered torches like the journeymen of Beelzebub, the prince of darkness, preparing for some great blow-up, or like the spirits of the damned condemned to toil without end. My guide called up a party, who disengaged with their pickaxes a large block of salt from its native bed, and in a few minutes cut and trimmed it to fit the barrels in which they are packed. All doubts as to their being creatures of our upper world were removed by the eagerness with which they accepted the money I gave them; and it will be satisfactory to the advocates of that currency to know that paper money passes readily in these lower regions.

There are more than a thousand chambers or halls, most of which have been abandoned and shut up. In one is a collection of fanciful things, such as rings, books, crosses, &c., cut in the rock-salt. Most of the principal chambers had some name printed over them, as the "Archduke," "Carolina," &c. Whenever it was necessary, my guides went ahead and stationed themselves in some conspicuous place, lighting up the

dark caverns with the blaze of their torches, and, after allowing me a sufficient time, struck their flambeaux against the wall, and millions of sparks flashed and floated around and filled the chamber. In one place, at the end of a long dark passage, a door was thrown open, and I was ushered suddenly into a spacious ballroom lighted with torches; and directly in front, at the head of the room, was a transparency with coloured lights, in the centre of which were the words "Excelsio hospiti," "To the illustrious guest," which I took to myself, though I believe the greeting was intended for the same royal person for whom the lake chamber was illuminated. Lights were ingeniously arranged around the room, and at the foot, about twenty feet above my head, was a large orchestra. On the occasion referred to, a splendid ball was given in this room; the roof echoed with the sound of music; and nobles and princely ladies flirted and coquetted the same as above ground; and it is said that the splendid dresses of a numerous company, and the blaze of light from the chandeliers reflected upon the surface of the rock-salt, produced an effect of inconceivable brilliancy. My chandeliers were worse than Allan M'Aulay's strapping Highlanders with their pine torches, being dirty, ragged, smutty-faced rascals, who threw the light in streaks across the hall. I am always willing to believe fanciful stories; and if my guide had thrown in a handsome young princess as part of the welcome to the "Excelsio hospiti," I would have subscribed to any thing he said; but, in the absence of a consideration, I refused to tax my imagination up to the point he wished. Perhaps the most interesting chamber of all, is the chapel dedicated to that Saint Anthony who brought about the discovery of these mines. It is supposed to be more than 400 years old. The columns, with their ornamented capitals, the arches, the images of the Saviour, the Virgin and saints, the altar and the pulpit, with all their decorations, and the figures of two priests represented at prayers before the shrine of the patron saint, are all carved out of the rock-salt, and to this day grand mass is regularly celebrated in the chapel once every year.

Following my guide through all the different passages and chambers, and constantly meeting miners and seeing squads of men at work, I descended by regular stairs cut in the salt, but in some places worn away and replaced by wood or stone, to the lowest gallery, which is nearly a thousand feet below the surface of the earth. I was then a rather veteran traveller, but up to this time it had been my business to move quietly on the surface of the earth, or, when infected with the soaring spirit of other travellers, to climb to the top of some lofty tower or loftier cathedral; and I had fulfilled one of the duties of a visitor to the eternal city by perching myself within the great hall of St Peter's; but here I was far deeper under the earth than I had ever been above it; and at the greatest depth from which the human voice ever rose, I sat down on a lump of salt and soliloquised,

"Through what varieties of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!"

I have since stood upon the top of the Pyramids, and admired the daring genius and the industry of man, and at the same time smiled at his feebleness, when, from the mighty pile, I saw in the dark ranges of mountains, the sandy desert, the rich valley of the Nile, and the river of Egypt, the hand of the world's great Architect; but I never felt man's feebleness more than here; for all these immense excavations, the work of more than six hundred years, were but as the work of ants by the roadside. The whole of the immense mass above me, and around, and below, to an unknown extent, was of salt; a wonderful phenomenon in the natural history of the globe. All the different strata have been carefully examined by scientific men. The uppermost bed at the surface is sand; the second clay, occasionally mixed with sand and gravel, and containing petrifications of marine bodies; the third is calcareous stone; and from these circumstances it has been conjectured

that this spot was formerly covered by the sea, and that the salt is a gradual deposit, formed by the evaporation of its waters. I was disappointed in some of the particulars which had fastened themselves upon my imagination. I had heard and read glowing accounts of the brilliancy and luminous splendour of the passages and chambers, compared by some to the lustre of precious stones; but the salt is of a dark grey colour, almost black, and although sometimes glittering when the light was thrown upon it, I do not believe it could ever be lighted up to shine with any extraordinary or dazzling brightness. Early travellers, too, had reported that these mines contained several villages inhabited by colonies of miners, who lived constantly below; and that many were born and died there, who never saw the light of day; but all this is entirely untrue. The miners descend every morning and return every night, and live in the village above. None of them ever sleep below. There are, however, two horses which were foaled in the mines, and have never been on the surface of the earth. I looked at these horses with great interest. They were growing old before their time; other horses

had perhaps gone down, and told them stories of a world above, which they would never know.

It was late in the afternoon when I was hoisted up the shaft. These mines do not need the embellishment of fiction. They are, indeed, a wonderful spectacle, and I am satisfied that no traveller ever visited them without recurring to it as a day of extraordinary interest. I wrote my name in the book of visitors, where I saw those of two American friends who had preceded me about a month, mounted my barouche, and about an hour after dark reached the bank of the Vistula. My passport was again examined by a soldier, and my carriage searched by a custom-house officer; I crossed the bridge, dined with my worthy host of the Hotel de la Rose Blanche, and, while listening to a touching story of the Polish revolution, fell asleep in my chair.

And here, on the banks of the Vistula, I take my leave of the reader. I have carried him over seas and rivers, mountains and plains, through royal palaces and peasants' huts; and in return for his kindness in accompanying me to the end, I promise that I will not again burden him with my Incidents of Travel.

END OF INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN GREECE, TURKEY, &c.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

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ETHG Y P T, A R A B I A P E T R Æ A,

AND

T H E H O L Y L A N D.

BY J. L. STEPHENS,

§ AUTHOR OF INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN GREECE, TURKEY, RUSSIA, AND POLAND.

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PREFATORY NOTICE.

THE present work, which appeared originally in the United States of America, where it soon passed through six editions, has been already made favourably known in Britain, and now occupies a place among the most respectable publications of the day. To the sixth American edition, of which this is a faithful reprint, the following preface is prefixed by the author:—

“The preface of a book is seldom read, or the author would express his acknowledgments to the public for having so soon demanded a sixth edition of his work. If the sale of a book be any evidence of its merit, he has reason to believe that his subject matter has been interesting, and his manner of treating it not unacceptable. He has, too, a deeper source of satisfaction; for he cannot help flattering himself that he has been, in some degree, instrumental in turning the attention of his countrymen to subjects comparatively little known; and, in addition, he can only say, as before, that in the present state of the world it is almost presumptuous to put forth a book of travels. Universal peace and extended commercial relations, the introduction of steam-boats, and increased facilities of travelling generally, have brought comparatively close together the most distant parts of the world; and except within the walls of China, there are few countries which have not been visited and written upon by European travellers. The author's route, however, is comparatively new to the most of his countrymen; part of it—through the land of Edom—is, even at this day, entirely new. The author has compiled these pages from brief notes and recollections, and has probably fallen into errors in facts and impressions, which his occupations since his return have prevented his inquiring into and correcting. He has presented things as they struck his mind, without perplexing himself with any deep speculations upon the rise and fall of empires; nor has he gone much into detail in regard to ruins. His object has been, principally, as the title of the book imports, to give a narrative of the every-day incidents that occur to a traveller in the East, and to present to his countrymen, in the midst of the hurry, and bustle, and life, and energy, and daily-developing strength and resources of the New, a picture of the widely different scenes that are now passing in the faded and worn-out kingdoms of the Old World.”

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INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

IN

EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, &c

CHAPTER I.

Alexandria.—Pompey's Pillar.—The Catacombs.—The Warwick Vase.—The Pacha's Canal.—Boats of the Nile.

On the afternoon of the — December, 1835, after a passage of five days from Malta, I was perched up in the rigging of an English schooner, spyglass in hand, and earnestly looking for the "land of Egypt." The captain had never been there before; but we had been running several hours along the low coast of Barbary, and the chart and compass told us that we could not be far from the fallen city of Alexander. Night came on, however, without our seeing it. The ancient Pharos, the Lantern of Ptolemy, the eighth wonder of the world, no longer throws its light far over the bosom of the sea to guide the weary mariner. Morning came, and we found ourselves directly opposite the city, the shipping in the outward harbour, and the fleet of the pacha riding at anchor under the walls of the seraglio, carrying me back in imagination to the days of the Macedonian conqueror, of Cleopatra and the Ptolemies. Slowly we worked our way up the difficult and dangerous channel, unaided by a pilot, for none appeared to take us in charge. It is a fact worthy of note, that one of the monuments of Egypt's proudest days, the celebrated Pompey's Pillar, is even now, after a lapse of more than 2000 years, one of the landmarks which guide the sailor to her fallen capital. Just as we had passed the last reef, pilots came out to meet us, their swarthy faces, their turbans, their large dresses streaming in the wind, and their little boat with its huge latteen sail, giving a strange wildness to their appearance, the effect of which was not a little heightened by their noise and confusion in attempting to come alongside. Failing in their first endeavour, our captain gave them no assistance; and when they came upon us again, he refused to admit them on board. The last arrival at Malta had brought unfavourable accounts of the plague, and he was unwilling to run any risk until he should have an opportunity of advising with his consignee. My servant was the only person on board who could speak Arabic; and telling the wild, fly-away looking Arabs to fasten on a stern, we towed our pilots in, and at about eight o'clock came to anchor in the harbour. In half an hour I was ashore; and the moment I touched it, just as I had found at Constantinople, all the illusion of the distant view was gone.

Indeed, it would be difficult for any man who lives at all among the things of this world to dream of the departed glory of Egypt when first entering the fallen city of Alexander; the present, and the things of the present, are uppermost; and between ambling donkeys, loaded camels, dirty, half-naked, sore-eyed Arabs, swarms of flies, yelping dogs, and apprehensions of the plague, one thinks more of his own movements than of the pyramids. I groped my way through a long range of bazaars to the Frank quarter, and here, totally forgetting what I had come for, and that there were such

things as obelisks, pyramids, and ruined temples, the genius of my native land broke out, and with an eye that had had some experience in such matters at home, I contemplated the "improvements:" a whole street of shops, kept by Europeans and filled with European goods, ranges of fine buildings, fine country houses, and gardens growing upon barren sands, showed that strangers from a once barbarous land were repaying the debt which the world owes to the mother of arts, and raising her from the ruin into which she had been plunged by years of misrule and anarchy.

My first visit was to Mr Gliddon, the American consul, whose reception of me was such, that I felt already as one not alone in a strange land. While with him, an English gentleman came in—a merchant in Alexandria—who was going that night to Cairo. Mr Gliddon introduced us; and telling him that I, too, was bound for Cairo, Mr T. immediately proposed that I should accompany him, saying he had a boat and every thing ready, and that I might save myself the trouble of making any preparations, and would have nothing to do but come on board with my luggage at sundown. Though rather a short notice, I did not hesitate to accept his offer. Besides the relief from trouble in fitting out, the plague was in every one's mouth, and I was not sorry to have so early an opportunity of escaping from a city, where, above all others, "pestilence walketh in darkness, and destruction wasteth at noonday."

Having but a short time before me, I immediately mounted a donkey—an Egyptian donkey—being an animal entirely unknown to us, or even in Europe, and, accompanied by my servant, with a sore-eyed Arab boy to drive us, I started off upon a full gallop to make a hasty survey of the ruins of Alexandria. The Frank quarter is the extreme part of the city, and a very short ride brought us into another world. It was not until now, riding in the suburbs upon burning sands, and under a burning sun, that I felt myself really in the land of Egypt. It was not, in fact, till standing at the base of Pompey's Pillar, that I felt myself among the ruins of one of the greatest cities of the world. Reaching it through long rows of Arab huts, where poverty, and misery, and famine, and nakedness, stared me in the face, one glance at its majestic height told me that this was indeed the work of other men and other times. Standing on a gentle elevation, it rises a single shaft of ninety feet, and ten feet in diameter, surmounted by a Corinthian capital, ten feet high, and, independent of its own monumental beauty, it is an interesting object as marking the centre of the ancient city. It stands far outside the present walls, and from its base you may look over a barren waste of sand, running from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Lake Mareotis, the boundaries of Alexandria as it was of old.

All this intermediate space of sandy hills, alternating with hollows, was once covered with houses, palaces, and perhaps with monuments equal in beauty to that at whose base I stood. Riding over that

waste, the stranger sees broken columns, crumbling walls, and fragments of granite and marble, thrusting themselves above their sandy graves, as if struggling for resurrection; on one side he beholds a yawning chasm, in which forty or fifty naked Arabs are toiling to disentomb a column long buried in the sand; on another an excavated house, with all its walls and apartments almost as entire as when the ancient Egyptian left it. He is riding over a mighty sepulchre, the sepulchre of a ruined city, and at every step some tell-tale monument is staring at him from the grave.

Riding slowly among the ruins, I passed the celebrated wells built in the time of Alexander, at the very foundation of the city, at which generation after generation have continued to slake their thirst, and ended my ride at Cleopatra's Needle, a beautiful obelisk sixty feet high, full of mysterious hieroglyphics that mock the learning of the wise of our day. Time has dealt lightly with it; on one side the characters stand bold and clear as when it came from the hands of the sculptor, although, on the other, the dread sirocco, blowing upon it from the desert more than 2000 years, has effaced the sculptor's marks, and worn away the almost impenetrable granite. By its side, half buried in the sand, lies a fallen brother, of the same size, and about the same age, said to have been taken down by the English many years ago, for the purpose of being carried to England; but the pacha prevented it, and since that time it has lain in fallen majesty, stretching across a deep chasm formed by excavations around it.

At six o'clock I was riding with my new friend, spurring my donkey to its utmost to get out of the city before the gate should close; and my reader will acquit me of all intention of writing a book, when I tell him that a little after dark of the same day on which I arrived at Alexandria, I was on my way to Cairo. Accident, however, very unexpectedly brought me again to Alexandria; and on my second visit, while waiting for an opportunity to return to Europe, I several times went over the same ground more at my leisure, and visited the other objects of interest which my haste had before prevented me from seeing.

Among these were the Catacombs, situated about two miles from the city, on the edge of the Libyan Desert, and near the shore of the sea. These great repositories of the dead are so little known that we had some difficulty in finding them, although we inquired of every body whom we met. Seeing an Arab brushing some horses near an opening in the side of the rock, we went to him to inquire, and found we were at the door of the Catacombs. The real entrance is now unknown, but was probably from above. The present is a rude forced breach, and the first chamber into which we entered, a chamber built with pious regard to the repose of the dead, we found occupied as a stable for the horses of one of the pacha's regiments. My donkey-boy had taken the precaution to bring with him candles, and a line to tie at the entrance, after the manner of Fair Rosamond's clue, to save us from being lost in the labyrinth of passages; but the latter was unnecessary, as the Arabs employed about the horses had explored them so thoroughly for purposes of plunder, that they were sufficiently sure guides. Taking two of them into pay, we followed with our lighted torches through two chambers, which, to me, who had then seen the tombs in Thebes, Petra, and Jerusalem, contained nothing remarkable, and came to what has been called the state chamber, a circular room about thirty feet in diameter, with three recesses, one at each side of the door and one opposite, a vaulted roof, and altogether admirably fine in its proportions. In each of the recesses were niches for the bodies of the dead, and in one of them skulls and mouldering bones were still lying on the ground. Following my guides, I passed through several chambers half filled with sand; but having by this time lost much of my ardour for wandering among tombs, and finding the pursuit unprofitable and unsatisfactory, I returned to the state chamber and left the Catacombs.

They are supposed to extend many miles under the surface, but how far will probably never be known. The excavations that have as yet been made are very trifling; and unless the enlightened pacha should need the state chamber for his horses, the sands of the desert may again creep upon them, and shut them for ever from our eyes.

Near the door of the entrance, directly on the edge of the shore, are chambers cut in the rocks, which open to the sea, called by the imposing name of Cleopatra's Baths. It is rather an exposed situation, and, besides the view from the sea, there are several places where "peeping Tom" might have hidden himself. It is a rude place, too; and when I was there, the luxurious queen could hardly have got to her chambers without at least wetting her royal feet; in fact, not to be imposed upon by names, a lady of the present day can have a more desirable bath for a quarter of a dollar than ever the Queen of the East had in her life.

The present city of Alexandria, even after the dreadful ravages made by the plague in 1837, is still supposed to contain more than 50,000 inhabitants, and is decidedly growing. It stands outside the delta in the Libyan Desert, and as Volney remarks, "It is only by the canal which conducts the waters of the Nile into the reservoirs in the time of inundation that Alexandria can be considered as connected with Egypt." Founded by Alexander, to secure his conquests in the East, being the only safe harbour along the coasts of Syria or Africa, and possessing peculiar commercial advantages, it soon grew into a giant city. Fifteen miles in circumference, containing a population of 300,000 citizens and as many slaves, one magnificent street 2000 feet broad ran the whole length of the city, from the Gate of the Sea to the Canopic Gate, commanding a view, at each end, of the shipping, either in the Mediterranean or in the Mareotic Lake, and another of equal length intersected it at right angles; a spacious circus without the Canopic Gate for chariot-races, and on the east a splendid gymnasium, more than 600 feet in length, with theatres, baths, and all that could make it a desirable residence for a luxurious people. When it fell into the hands of the Saracens, according to the report of the Saracen general to the Calif Omar, "it was impossible to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty; and it is said to 'have contained 4000 palaces, 4000 baths, 400 theatres or public edifices, 12,000 shops, and 40,000 tributary Jews.'" From that time, like every thing else which falls into the hands of the Mussulman, it has been going to ruin, and the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope gave the death-blow to its commercial greatness. At present it stands a phenomenon in the history of a Turkish dominion. It appears once more to be raising its head from the dust. It remains to be seen whether this rise is the legitimate and permanent effect of a wise and politic government, combined with natural advantages, or whether the pacha is not forcing it to an unnatural elevation, at the expense, if not upon the ruins, of the rest of Egypt. It is almost presumptuous, on the threshold of my entrance into Egypt, to speculate upon the future condition of this interesting country; but it is clear that the pacha is determined to build up the city of Alexandria if he can: his fleet is here, his army, his arsenal, and his forts are here, and he has forced and centered here a commerce that was before divided between several places. Rosetta has lost more than two-thirds of its population, Damietta has become a mere nothing, and even Cairo the Grand has become tributary to what is called the regenerated city.

Alexandria has also been the scene of interesting events in modern days. Here the long-cherished animosity of France and England sought a new battlefield, as if conscious that the soil of Europe had too often been moistened with human blood. Twice I visited the spot where the gallant Abercrombie fell, about two miles outside the Rosetta Gate; the country was covered with a beautiful verdure, and the Arab

was turning up the ground with his plough; herds of buffalo were quietly grazing near, and a caravan of camels was slowly winding its way along the borders of a nameless lake, which empties into the Lake Mareotis. Farther on and near the sea is a large square enclosure, by some called the ruins of the palace of Cleopatra, by others the camp of Cæsar. This was the French position, and around it the battle was fought. All is quiet there now, though still the curious traveller may pick up from time to time balls, fragments of shells, or other instruments of death, which tell him that war, murderous and destructive war, has been there.

My last ride was to Pompey's Pillar. Chateaubriand requested a friend to write his name upon the great pyramid, not being able to go to it himself, and considering this one of the duties of a pious pilgrim; but I imagine that sentimental traveller did not mean it in the sense in which "Hero" and "Beatrice," and the less romantic name of "Susannah Wilson," are printed in great black letters, six inches long, about half way up the shaft.

There can be no doubt that immense treasures are still buried under the ruins of Alexandria; but whether they will ever be discovered will depend upon the pacha's necessities, as he may need the ruins of ancient temples for building forts or bridges. New discoveries are constantly made; and between my first and second visit a beautiful vase had been discovered, pronounced to be the original of the celebrated Warwick vase found at Adrian's villa, near Tivoli. It was then in the hands of the French consul, who told me he would not take its weight in gold for it. I have since seen the vase at Warwick Castle; and if the one found at Alexandria is not the original, it is certainly remarkable that two sculptors, one in Egypt and the other in Italy, conceived and fashioned two separate works of art so exactly resembling each other.

But to return to the moment of my first leaving Alexandria. At dark I was on board a boat at the mouth of the Mahmoudie, the canal which connects Alexandria with the Nile; my companion had made all necessary provision for the voyage, and I had nothing to do but select a place and spread my mattress and coverlet. In a few minutes we had commenced our journey on the canal, our boat towed by our Arab boatmen, each with a rope across his breast. I have heard this canal spoken of as one of the greatest works of modern days, and I have seen it referred to as such in the books of modern travellers; and some even, as if determined to keep themselves under a delusion in regard to every thing in Egypt, speak of it as they do of the pyramids, and obelisks, and mighty temples of the Upper Nile. The truth is, it is sixty miles in length, ninety feet in breadth, and eighteen in depth, through a perfectly level country, not requiring a single lock. In regard to the time in which it was made, it certainly is an extraordinary work; and it could only have been done in that time, in such a country as Egypt, where the government is an absolute despotism, and the will of one man is the supreme law. Every village was ordered to furnish a certain quota; 150,000 workmen were employed at once, and in a year from its commencement the whole excavation was made. As a great step in the march of public improvement, it certainly does honour to the pacha, though, in passing along its banks, our admiration of a barbarian struggling into civilisation is checked by remembering his wanton disregard of human life, and the melancholy fact that it proved the grave of more than 30,000 of his subjects.

We started in company with a Mr Waghorn, formerly in the East India Company's service, now engaged in forwarding the mails from England to India by the Red Sea. He was one of the first projectors of that route, is a man of indefatigable activity and energy, and was the first courier sent from England with dispatches overland. He travelled post to Trieste, took a Spanish vessel to Alexandria, and thence by dromedary to Cairo and Suez, where, not finding the

vessel which had been ordered to meet him, and having with him a compass, his constant travelling companion, he hired an open Arab boat, and, to the astonishment of his Arab crew, struck out into the middle of the Red Sea. At night they wanted, as usual, to anchor near the shore; but he sat with the helm in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other, threatening to shoot the first man that disobeyed his orders. On entering the harbour of Mocha, he found an English government vessel on its way to meet him, and in the then uncommonly short time of fifty-five days, delivered his dispatches in Bombay.

At about eight o'clock next morning we were standing on the banks of the Nile, the eternal river, the river of Egypt, recalling the days of Pharaoh and Moses—from the earliest periods of recorded time watering and fertilising a narrow strip of land in the middle of a sandy desert, rolling its solitary way more than a thousand miles without receiving a single tributary stream; the river which the Egyptians worshipped and the Arabs loved, and which, as the Mussulmans say, if Mohammed had tasted, "he would have prayed Heaven for terrestrial immortality, that he might continue to enjoy it for ever."

I cannot, however, join in the enthusiasm of the Mussulmans, for I have before me at this moment a vivid picture of myself and servant at Cairo, perched upon opposite divans covered with tawdry finery, in a huge barn of a room, with a ceiling thirty feet high, like two knights of the rueful countenance, comparing notes and bodily symptoms, and condoling with each other upon the corporeal miseries brought upon us by partaking too freely of the water of the Nile.

The appearance of the river at the mouth of the canal is worthy of its historic fame. I found it more than a mile wide, the current at that season full and strong; the banks on each side clothed with a beautiful verdure and groves of palm-trees (the most striking feature in African scenery), and the village of Fouah, the stopping-place for boats coming up from Rosetta and Damietta, with its mosques, and minarets, and whitened domes, and groves of palms, forming a picturesque object in the view.

Upon entering the Nile, we changed our boat, the new one being one of the largest and best on the river, of the class called *canjiah*, about seventy feet long, with two enormous latteen sails; these are triangular in form, and attached to two very tall spars more than a hundred feet long, heavy at the end, and tapering to a point; the spars or yards rest upon two short masts, playing upon them as on pivots. The spar rests at an angle of about thirty degrees, and, carrying the sail to its tapering point, gives the boat when under way a peculiarly light and graceful appearance. In the stern, a small place is housed over, which makes a very tolerable cabin, except that the ceiling is too low to admit of standing upright, being made to suit the cross-legged habits of the eastern people. She was manned by ten Arabs, good stout fellows, and a *rais* or captain.

CHAPTER II.

From Alexandria to Cairo.—Experience versus Travellers' Tales.—An unintended Bath.—Iron Rule of the Pacha.—Entrance into Cairo.—A Chat with a Pacha.

We commenced our voyage with that north wind which, books and travellers tell us, for nine months in the year continues to blow the same way, making it an easy matter to ascend from the Mediterranean to the Cataracts, even against the strong current of the river; and I soon busied myself with meditating upon this extraordinary operation of nature, thus presenting itself to my observation at the very moment of my entrance into this wonderful country. It was a beautiful ordinance of Providence in regard to the feebleness and wants of man, that while the noble river

rolled on eternally in one unbroken current, another agent of Almighty power should almost as constantly fill the flowing canvass, and enable navigators to stem the downward flow. I was particularly pleased with this train of reflection, inasmuch as at the moment we had the best of it. We were ascending against the current at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, with a noise and dash through the water that made it seem like nine or ten, while the descending boats, with their spars taken out and sails tied close, were crawling down almost imperceptibly, stern first, broadside first, not as the current carried them; but as the wind would let them. Our men had nothing to do; all day they lay strewn about on deck; towards evening they gathered around a large pilau of rice; and as the sun was setting, one after the other, turning his face towards the tomb of the Prophet, kneeled down upon the deck and prayed. And thus passed my first night upon the Nile.

In the morning I found things not quite so well ordered; the wind seemed to be giving "premonitory symptoms" of an intention to chop about, and towards noon, it came dead ahead. After my self-complacent observations of yesterday, I would hardly credit it; but when it became so strong that we were obliged to haul alongside the bank and lie-to, in order to avoid being driven down the stream, I was perfectly satisfied and convinced. We saw no more of our friend Mr Waghorn; he had a small boat rigged with oars, and while we were vainly struggling against wind and tide, he kindly left us to our fate. My companion was a sportsman, and happened to have on board a couple of guns; we went on shore with them, and the principal incident of the day that I remember is, that instead of fowler's, I had fisherman's luck. Rambling carelessly along, we found ourselves on the bank of a stream which it was necessary to cross; on the other side we saw a strapping Arab, and called to him to come and carry us over. Like most of his tribe, he was not troubled with any superfluous clothing, and slipping over his head the fragments of his frock, he was in a moment by our side, in all the majesty of nature. I started first, mounted upon his slippery shoulders, and went along very well until we had got more than half way over, when I began to observe an irregular tottering movement, and heard behind me the smothered laugh of my companion. I felt my Arab slowly and deliberately lowering his head; my feet touched the water; but with one hand I held my gun above my head, and with the other gripped him by the throat. I found myself going, going deeper and deeper, let down with the most studied deliberation, till all at once he gave his neck a sudden toss, jerked his head from under me, and left me standing up to my middle in the stream. I turned round upon him, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to strike him with the butt end of my gun; but one glance at the poor fellow was enough; the sweat stood in large drops on his face and ran down his naked breast; his knees shook, and he was just ready to drop himself. He had supported me as long as he could; but finding himself failing, and fearing we should both come down together with a splash, at full length, he had lowered me as gently as possible.

The banks of the Nile from here to Cairo furnish nothing interesting. On one side is the Delta, an extensive tract of low rich land, well cultivated and watered, and on the other a narrow strip of fertile land, and then the Libyan Desert. The ruined cities which attract the traveller into Egypt, their temples and tombs, the enduring monuments of its former greatness, do not yet present themselves. The modern villages are all built of mud or of unburnt bricks, and sometimes, at a distance, being surrounded by palm-trees, making a pleasing appearance; but this vanishes the moment you approach them. The houses, or rather huts, are so low that a man can seldom stand up in them, with a hole in front like the door of an oven, into which the miserable Arab crawls, more like a beast than a being made to walk in God's image. The same

spectacle of misery and wretchedness, of poverty, famine, and nakedness, which I had seen in the suburbs of Alexandria, continued to meet me at every village on the Nile, and soon suggested the interesting consideration whether all this came from country and climate, from the character of the people, or from the government of the great reformer. At one place, I saw on the banks of the river forty or fifty men chained together with iron bands around their wrists, and iron collars around their necks. Yesterday they were peaceful Fellahs, cultivators of the soil, earning their scanty bread by hard and toilsome labour, but eating it at home in peace. Another day, and the stillness of their life is for ever broken; chased, run down, and caught, torn from their homes, from the sacred threshold of the mosque, the sword and musket succeed the implements of their quiet profession; they are carried away to fight battles in a cause which does not concern them, and in which, if they conquer, they can never gain.

Returning to our boat on the brink of the river, a slight noise caught my ear; I turned, and saw a ragged mother kissing her naked child, while another of two years old, dirty and disgusting, was struggling to share its mother's embraces; their father I had just seen with an iron collar round his neck; and she loved these miserable children, and they loved their miserable mother, as if they were all clothed "in purple and fine raiment every day." But a few minutes after, a woman, knowing that we were "Franks," brought on board our boat a child, with a face and head so bloated with disease that it was disgusting to look at. The rais took the child in his arms and brought it up to us, the whole crew following with a friendly interest. My companion gave them a bottle of brandy, with which the rais carefully bathed the face and head of the child, all the crew leaning over to help; and when they had finished to their satisfaction, these kind-hearted but clumsy nurses kissed the miserable bawling infant, and passed it, with as much care as if it had been a basket of crockery, into the hands of the grateful mother.

This scene was finely contrasted with one that immediately followed. The boat was aground, and in an instant, stripping their long gowns over their heads, a dozen large swarthy figures were standing naked on the deck; in a moment more they were splashing in the river, and with their brawny shoulders under the bottom of the vessel, heaved her off the sand-bank. Near this we passed a long line of excavation, where several hundred men were then digging, being part of the gigantic work of irrigating the Delta lately undertaken by the pacha.

Towards the evening of the fourth day we came in sight of the "world's great wonder," the eternal pyramids, standing at the head of a long reach in the river directly in front of us, and almost darkening the horizon; solitary, grand, and gloomy, the only objects to be seen in the great desert before us. The sun was about setting in that cloudless sky known only in Egypt; for a few moments their lofty summits were lighted by a gleam of lurid red, and as the glorious orb settled behind the mountains of the Libyan Desert, the atmosphere became dark and more indistinct, and their clear outline continued to be seen after the whole earth was shrouded in gloom.

The next morning at seven o'clock we were alongside the Island of Rhoda, as the Arab boatmen called it, where the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe, and found the little Moses. We crossed over in a small boat to Boulac, the harbour of Cairo, breakfasted with Mr T——, the brother-in-law of my friend, an engineer in the pacha's service, whose interesting wife is the only English lady there; and mounting a donkey, in half an hour I was within the walls of Grand Cairo. The traveller who goes there with the reminiscences of Arabian tales hanging about him, will nowhere see the Cairo of the califs; but before arriving there he will have seen a curious and striking spectacle. He will have seen, streaming from the gate among loaded camels and dromedaries, the dashing Turk, with his

glittering sabre, the wily Greek, the grave Armenian, and the despised Jew, with their long silk robes, their turbans, solemn beards, and various and striking costumes; he will have seen the harem of more than one rich Turk, eight or ten women on horseback, completely enveloped in large black silk wrappers, perfectly hiding face and person, and preceded by that abomination of the East, a black eunuch; the miserable santon, the Arab saint, with a few scanty rags on his breast and shoulders, the rest of his body perfectly naked; the swarthy Bedouin of the desert, the haughty janizary, with a cocked gun in his hand, dashing furiously through the crowd, and perhaps bearing some bloody mandate of his royal master; and perhaps he will have seen and blushed for his own image in the person of some beggarly Italian refugee. Entering the gate, guarded by Arab soldiers in a bastard European uniform, he will cross a large square filled with officers and soldiers, surrounded by what are called palaces, but seeing nothing that can interest him save the house in which the gallant Kleber, the hero of many a bloody field, died ingloriously by the hands of an assassin. Crossing this square, he will plunge into the narrow streets of Cairo. Winding his doubtful and perilous way among tottering and ruined houses, jostled by camels, dromedaries, horses, and donkeys, perhaps he will draw up against a wall, and, thinking of plague, hold his breath, and screw himself into nothing, while he allows a corpse to pass, followed by a long train of howling women, dressed in black, with masks over their faces; and entering the large wooden gate which shuts in the Frank quarter for protection against any sudden burst of popular fury, and seating himself in a miserable Italian locanda, he will ask himself, Where is the "Cairo of the califs, the superb town, the holy city, the delight of the imagination, greatest among the great, whose splendour and opulence made the prophet smile?"

Almost immediately upon my arrival, I called upon Mr Gliddon, our vice-consul, and upon Nubar Bey, an Armenian dragoman to the pacha, to whom I had a letter from a gentleman in Alexandria. The purport of my visit to the latter was to procure a presentation to the pacha. He told me that several English officers from India had been waiting several days for that purpose; that he thought the pacha would receive them the next day, and, if so, he would ask permission to present me. Having arranged this, and not being particularly pleased with the interior, and liking exceedingly the donkeys, on which it is the custom there to mount on all occasions, for long and for short distances, I selected one that was particularly gay and sprightly, and followed by an Arab boy who had picked up a few Italian words, I told him to take me any where outside the city. He happened to take me out at the same gate by which I had entered, and I rode to Old Cairo.

Old Cairo is situated on the river, about four miles from Boulac. The road is pretty, and some of the points of view, particularly in returning, decidedly beautiful. The aqueduct which conveys water into the citadel at Cairo is a fine substantial piece of workmanship, and an item in the picture. The church and grotto in which, as tradition says, the Virgin Mary took refuge with the infant Saviour, when obliged to fly from the tetrarch of Judea, are among the few objects worthy of note in Old Cairo. The grotto, which is guarded with pious care by the Coptic priest, is a small excavation, the natural surface covered with smooth tiles; it is hardly large enough to allow one person to crawl in and sit upright. It is very doubtful whether this place was ever the refuge of the Virgin, but the craft or simplicity of the priests sustains the tradition; and a half dozen Coptic women, with their faces covered, and their long blue dresses, followed me down into the vault, and kneeled before the door of the grotto, with a devotion which showed that they at least believed the tale.

At my locanda this morning I made acquaintance with two English parties, a gentleman, his lady, and nephew, who had been travelling in their own yacht

on the Mediterranean, and the party of English officers to whom I before referred, as returning from India by way of the Red Sea. They told me that they were expecting permission from the pacha to wait on him that day, and asked me to accompany them. This suited me better than to go alone, as I was not ambitious for a tête-à-tête with his highness, and merely wished to see him as one of the lions of the country. Soon after I received a note from the consul, telling me that his highness would receive me at half-past three. This, too, was the hour appointed for the reception of the others, and I saw that his highness was disposed to make a lumping business of it, and get rid of us all at once. I accordingly suggested to Mr Gliddon that we should all go together; but this did not suit him; he was determined that I should have the benefit of a special audience. I submitted myself to his directions, and in this, as in other things, while at Cairo, found the benefit of his attentions and advice.

It is the custom of the pacha upon such occasions to send horses from his own stable, and servants from his own household, to wait upon the stranger. At half past three I left my hotel, mounted on a noble horse, finely caparisoned, with a dashing red cloth saddle, a bridle ornamented with shells, and all the decorations and equipments of a well-mounted Turkish horseman, and, preceded by the janizary and escorted by the consul, with no small degree of pomp and circumstance I arrived at the gate of the citadel. Passing through a large yard, in which are several buildings connected with the different offices of government, we stopped at the door of the palace, and, dismounting, ascended a broad flight of marble steps to a large or central hall, from which doors opened into the different apartments. There were three recesses fitted up with divans, where officers were lounging, smoking, and taking coffee. The door of the divan, or hall of audience, was open, at which a guard was stationed; and in going up to demand permission to enter, we saw the pacha at the farther end of the room, with four or five Turks standing before him.

Not being allowed to enter yet, we walked up and down the great hall, among lounging soldiers and officers of all ranks and grades, Turks, Arabs, and beggars, and went out upon the balcony. The view from this embraces the most interesting objects in the vicinity of Cairo, and there are few prospects in the world which include so many; the land of Goshen, the Nile, the obelisk at Heliopolis, the tombs of the califs, the pyramids, and the deserts of eternal sands.

While standing upon the balcony, a janizary came to tell us that the pacha would receive us, or, in other words, that we must come to the pacha. The audience chamber was a very large room, with a high ceiling—perhaps eighty feet long and thirty high—with arabesque paintings on the wall, and a divan all around. The pacha was sitting near one corner at the extreme end, and had a long and full view of every one who approached him. I, too, had the same advantage, and in walking up I remarked him as a man about sixty-five, with a long and very white beard, strong features, of a somewhat vulgar cast, a short nose, red face, and rough skin, with an uncommonly fine dark eye, expressing a world of determination and energy. He wore a large turban and a long silk robe, and was smoking a long pipe with an amber mouthpiece. Altogether, he looked the Turk much better than his nominal master the sultan.

His dragoman, Nubar Bey, was there, and presented me. The pacha took his pipe from his mouth, motioned me to take a seat at his right hand on the divan, and with a courteous manner said I was welcome to Egypt. I told him he would soon have to welcome half the world there; he asked me why: and, without meaning to flatter the old Turk, I answered that every body had a great curiosity to visit that interesting country; that heretofore it had been very difficult to get there, and dangerous to travel in when there;

but now the facilities of access were greatly increased, and travelling in Egypt had become so safe under his government, that strangers would soon come with a much confidence as they feel while travelling in Europe. and I had no doubt there would be many Americans among them. He took his pipe from his mouth, and bowed. I sipped my coffee with great complacency, perfectly satisfied with the manner in which, for the first time, I had played the courtier to royalty. Knowing his passion for new things, I went on, and told him that he ought to continue his good works, and introduce on the Nile a steam-boat from Alexandria to Cairo. He took the pipe from his mouth again, and in the tone of "Let there be light, and there was light," said he had ordered a couple. I knew he was fibbing, and I afterwards heard from those through whom he transacted all his business in Europe, that he had never given any such order. Considering that a steam-boat was an appropriate weapon in the hands of an American, I followed up my blow by telling him that I had just seen mentioned, in a European paper, a project to run steam-boats from New York to Liverpool in twelve or fourteen days. He asked me the distance; I told him, and he said nothing and smoked on. He knew America, and particularly from a circumstance which I afterwards found had done wonders in giving her a name and character in the East, the visit of Commodore Patterson in the ship *Delaware*. So far I had taken decidedly the lead in the conversation; but the constant repetition of "son altesse" by the dragoman, began to remind me that I was in the presence of royalty, and that it was my duty to speak only when I was spoken to. I waited to give him a chance, and the first question he asked was as to the rate of speed of the steam-boats on our rivers. Remembering an old, crazy, five or six mile an hour boat that I had seen in Alexandria, I was afraid to tell him the whole truth, lest he should not believe me, and did not venture to go higher than fifteen miles an hour; and even then he looked as Ilderim may be supposed to have looked when the Knight of the Leopard told him of having crossed over a lake like the Dead Sea without wetting his horse's hoofs. I have no doubt, if he ever thought of me afterwards, that it was as the lying American; and just at this moment, the party of English coming in, I rose and took my leave. Gibbon says, "When Persia was governed by the descendants of Sefis, a race of princes whose wanton cruelty often stained their divan, their table, and their bed, with the blood of their favourites, there is a saying recorded of a young nobleman that he never departed from the sultan's presence without satisfying himself whether his head was still on his shoulders." It was in somewhat of the same spirit that, in passing, one of the Englishmen whispered to me, "Are you sure of your legs?"

During my interview with the pacha, although my conversation and attention were directed towards him, I could not help remarking particularly his dragoman, Nubar Bey. He was an Armenian, perhaps a year or two over thirty, with an olive complexion, and a countenance like marble. He stood up before us, about half way between the pacha and me, his calm eye finely contrasted with the roving and unsettled glances of the pacha, a perfect picture of indifference, standing like a mere machine to translate words, without seeming to comprehend or take the least interest in their import; and though I had been particularly recommended to him, he did not give me a single glance to intimate that he had ever seen me before, or cared ever to see me again. He was an ambitious man, and was evidently acting, and acted well, a part suited to an eastern court; the part necessary in his responsible and dangerous position, as the depositary of important secrets of government. He was in high favour with the pacha, and, when I left, was in a fair way of attaining any honour at which his ambitious spirit might aim. On my return to Alexandria, four months after, he was dead.

The life and character of Mohammed Ali are a study and a problem. Like Bernadotte of Sweden, he has

risen from the rank of a common soldier, and now sits firmly and securely on a throne of his own making. He has risen by the usual road to greatness among the Turks: war, bloodshed, and treachery. In early life his bold and daring spirit attracted the attention of beys, pachas, and the sultan himself; and having attained a prominent position in the bloody wars that distracted Egypt under the Mamelukes, boldness, cruelty, intrigue, and treachery, placed him on the throne of the califs; and neither then nor since have these usual engines of Turkish government, these usual accompaniments of Turkish greatness, for a moment deserted him. The extermination of the Mamelukes, the former lords of Egypt, as regards the number killed, is perhaps nothing in comparison with the thousands whose blood cries out from the earth against him; but the manner in which it was effected brands the pacha as the prince of traitors and murderers. Invited to the citadel on a friendly visit, while they were smoking the pipe of peace he was preparing to murder them; and no sooner had they left his presence than they were pent up, fired upon, cut down and killed, bravely but hopelessly defending themselves to the last. This cruel deed must not be likened to the slaughter of the janizaries by the sultan, to which it is often compared, for the janizaries were a powerful body, insulting and defying the throne. The sultan staked his head upon the issue, and it was not till he had been driven to the desperate expedient of unfurling the sacred standard of the prophet, and calling upon all good Mussulmans to rally round it—in a word, it was not till the dead bodies of 30,000 janizaries were floating down the Bosphorus, that he became master in his own dominions. Not so with the pacha; the Mamelukes were reduced to a feeble band of 400 or 500 men, and could effect nothing of importance against the pacha. His cruelty and treachery can neither be forgotten nor forgiven; and when, in passing out of the citadel, the stranger is shown the place where the unhappy Mamelukes were penned up and slaughtered like beasts, one only leaping his gallant horse over the walls of the citadel, he feels that he has left the presence of a wholesale murderer. Since that time he has had Egypt quietly to himself; has attacked and destroyed the Wahabees on the Red Sea, and subdued the countries above the Cataracts of the Nile, to Senaar and Dongola. He has been constantly aiming at introducing European improvements; has raised and disciplined an army according to European tactics; increased the revenues, particularly by introducing the culture of cotton, and has made Egypt, from the Mediterranean to the Cataracts, as safe for the traveller as the streets of New York. It remains to be seen, whether, after all, he has not done more harm than good, and whether the miserable and oppressed condition of his subjects does not more than counterbalance all the good that he has done for Egypt. One of the strongest evidences he gave of his civilising inclinations is the tendency he once manifested to fall under petticoat government. He was passionately fond of his first wife, the sharer of his poverty and meridian greatness, and the mother of his two favourite children, Yousseuff and Ibrahim Pacha; and whenever a request was proffered in her name, the enamoured despot would swear his favourite oath, "By my two eyes, if she wishes it, it shall be done." Fond of war, and having an eye to the islands of Candia and Cyprus, he sent a large fleet and army, commanded by his son Ibrahim Pacha, to aid the sultan in his war against Greece, and with his wild Egyptians turned the tide against that unhappy country, receiving as his reward the islands which he coveted. More recently, availing himself of a trifling dispute with the governor of Acre, he turned his arms against the sultan, invaded Syria, and after a long siege, took and made himself master of Acre; his victorious armies under his son Ibrahim swept all Syria; Jerusalem, Damascus, and Aleppo, fell into his hands; and beating the sultan's forces whenever he met them, in mid winter he led his Egyptians over Mount Taurus, defeated the grand vizier with more than 100,000 men,

almost under the walls of Constantinople, and would have driven the sultan from the throne of his ancestors, if the Russians, the old enemies of the Porte, had not come in to his relief. According to the policy of the Porte, that which is wrested from her and she cannot get back, she confirms in the possession of the rebel; and Palestine and Syria are now in the hands of Mohammed Ali, as the fruits of drawing his sword against his master. He still continues to pay tribute to the sultan, constrained doubtless to make the last payment by the crippled state in which he was left by the terrible plague of 1834; and without any enemy to fear, is at this moment draining the resources of his country to sustain a large army and navy. No one can fathom his intentions; and probably he does not know them himself, but will be governed, as the Turks always are, by caprice and circumstances.

On leaving the pacha, Mr Gliddon proposed that we should call upon the governor of Cairo. We stopped at what would be called in France the "Palais de Justice," and, mounting a dozen steps, entered a large hall, at one end of which stood the governor. He was a short stout man, of about fifty-five, with a long beard, handsomely dressed, and stood gently rubbing his hands, and constantly working his jaws, like an ox chewing the cud. A crowd was gathered around him, and just as we were approaching, the crowd fell back, and we saw an Arab lying on his face on the floor, with two men standing over him, one on each side, with whips like cow-skins, carrying into effect the judgment of the munching governor. The blows fell thickly and heavily, the poor fellow screamed piteously, and when the full number had been given he could not move; he was picked up by his friends, and carried out of doors. It was precisely such a scene as realised the reference in the Scriptures to the manners of the East in the time of our Saviour, when a complaint was made to the judge, and the judge handed the offender over to justice; or the graphic accounts in the Arabian Nights, of summary justice administered by the *cadi* or other expounder of the law, without the intervention of lawyers or jury. The poor Arab was hardly removed before another complaint was entered; but not feeling particularly amiable towards the governor, and having seen enough of the great Turks for that day, I left the citadel and rode to my hotel.

CHAPTER III.

The Slave-market at Cairo.—Tomb of the Pacha.—The Pyramid of Cheops.—Oppressive Attention of the Arabs.—The Sphinx.

NEARLY all the time I was at Cairo, Paul and myself were ill, and for a few days we were in a rather pitiable condition. Fortunately, a young English army surgeon was there, on his way to India, and hearing there was a sick traveller in the house, he with great kindness called upon me and prescribed for our ailments. If this book should ever meet the eye of Dr Forbes, he will excuse my putting his name in print, as it is the only means I have of acknowledging his kindness in saving me from what would otherwise have been a severe and most inconvenient illness. At that time there was no English physician in Cairo, and I believe none at all, except some vile, half-bred Italian or French apothecaries, who held themselves fully qualified to practise, and were certainly very successful in relieving the sick from all their sufferings. On my return I found Dr Walne; and though for his own sake I could wish him a better lot, I hope for the benefit of sick travellers that he is there still.

One of my first rambles in Cairo was to the slave-market. It is situated nearly in the centre of the city, as it appeared to me, although after turning half a dozen corners in the narrow streets of a Turkish city, I will defy a man to tell where he is exactly. It is a large old building, enclosing a hollow square, with chambers all around, both above and below. There were probably 500 or 600 slaves, sitting on mats in groups of ten, twenty, or thirty, each belonging to a

different proprietor. Most of them were entirely naked, though some, whose shivering forms evinced that even there they felt the want of their native burning sun, were covered with blankets. They were mostly from Dongola and Sennar; but some were Abyssinians, with yellow complexions, fine eyes and teeth, and decidedly handsome. The Nubians were very dark, but with oval, regularly formed and handsome faces, mild and amiable expressions, and no mark of the African except the colour of their skin. The worst spectacle in the bazaar was that of several lots of sick, who were separated from the rest, and arranged on mats by themselves; their bodies thin and shrunk, their chins resting upon their knees, their long lank arms hanging helplessly by their sides, their faces haggard, their eyes fixed with a painful vacancy, and altogether presenting the image of man in his most abject condition. Meeting them on their native sands, their crouching attitudes, shrunk jaws, and rolling eyes, might have led one to mistake them for those hideous animals the orang-outang and ape. Prices vary from twenty to a hundred dollars; but the sick, as carrying within them the seeds of probable death, are coolly offered for almost nothing, as so much damaged merchandise which the seller is anxious to dispose of before it becomes utterly worthless on his hands. There was one, an Abyssinian, who had mind as well as beauty in her face; she was dressed in silk, and wore ornaments of gold and shells, and called me as I passed, and peeped from behind a curtain, smiling and coquetting, and wept and pouted when I went away; and she thrust out her tongue to show me that she was not like those I had just been looking at, but that her young blood ran pure and healthy in her veins.

Cairo is surrounded by a wall; the sands of the desert approach it on every side, and every gate, except that of Boulac, opens to a sandy waste. Passing out by the Victory Gate, the contrast between light and darkness is not greater than between the crowded streets and the stillness of the desert, separated from them only by a wall. Immediately without commences the great burial-place of the city. Among thousands and tens of thousands of Mussulmans' headstones, I searched in vain for the tomb of the lamented Burekhardt; there is no mark to distinguish the grave of the enterprising traveller from that of an Arabian camel-driver. At a short distance from the gate are the tombs of the califs, large and beautiful buildings, monuments of the taste and skill of the Saracens.

From hence, passing around outside the walls, I entered by the gate of the Citadel, where I saw what goes by the name of Joseph's Well, perhaps better known as the Well of Saladin. It is 45 feet wide at the mouth, and cut 270 feet deep through the solid rock, to a spring of saltish water, on a level with the Nile, whence the water is raised in buckets on a wheel, turned by a buffalo.

On the 25th, with a voice that belied my feelings, I wished Paul a merry Christmas; and after breakfast, wishing to celebrate the day, mounted a donkey and rode to the site of the ancient Heliopolis, near the village of Matara, about four miles from Cairo, on the borders of the rich land of Goshen. The geographer Strabo visited these ruins thirty years A.C., and describes them almost exactly as we see them now. A great temple of the sun once stood here. Herodotus and Plato studied philosophy in the schools of Heliopolis; "a barbarous Persian overturned her temples; a fanatic Arabian burnt her books;" and a single obelisk, sixty-seven feet high, in a field ploughed and cultivated to its very base, stands a melancholy monument of former greatness and eternal ruin.

Passing out by another gate is another vast cemetery, ranges of tombs extending miles out into the desert. In Turkey I had admired the beauty of the graveyards, and often thought how calmly slept the dead under the thick shade of the mourning cypress. In Egypt I admired still more the solemn stillness and grandeur of a last resting-place among the eternal sands of the desert. In this great city of the dead stand the

tombs of the Mamelukes, originally slaves from the foot of the Caucasus, then the lords and tyrants of Egypt, and now an exterminated race: the tombs are large handsome buildings, with domes and minarets, the interior of the domes beautifully wrought, and windows of stained glass, all going to ruins. Here, too, is the tomb of the pacha. Fallen, changed, completely revolutionised as Egypt is, even to this day peculiar regard is paid to the structure of tombs and the burial-places of the dead. The tomb of the pacha is called the greatest structure of modern Egypt. It is a large stone building, with several domes, strongly but coarsely made. The interior, still, solemn, and imposing, is divided into two chambers; in the first, in a conspicuous situation, is the body of his favourite wife, and around are those of other members of his family; in the other chamber are several tombs covered with large and valuable Cashmere shawls; several places yet unoccupied, and in one corner a large vacant place, reserved for the pacha himself. Both apartments are carpeted, and illuminated with lamps, with divans in the recesses, and little wicker chairs for the different members of the family who come to mourn and pray. Two ladies were there, sitting near one of the tombs, their faces completely covered; and, that I might not disturb their pious devotions, my guide led me in a different direction.

During the time that I had passed in lounging about Cairo, I had repeatedly been down to Boulac in search of a boat for my intended voyage up the Nile; and going one Sunday to dine on the Island of Rhoda with Mr Trail, a young Englishman who had charge of the palace and garden of Ibrahim Pacha, I again rode along the bank of the river for the same purpose. In coming up from Alexandria, I had found the inconveniences of a large boat, and was looking for one of the smallest dimensions that could be at all comfortable. We were crossing over one more than half sunk in the water, which I remarked to Paul was about the right size; and while we stopped a moment, without the least idea that it could be made fit for use, an Arab came up and whispered to Paul that he could pump out the water in two hours, and had only sunk the boat to save it from the officers of the pacha, who would otherwise take it for the use of government. Upon this information I struck a bargain for the boat, eight men, a rais, and a pilot. The officers of the pacha were on the bank looking out for boats, and, notwithstanding my Arab's ingenious contrivance, just when I had closed my agreement, they came on board and claimed possession. I refused to give up my right, and sent to the agent of the consul for an American flag. He could not give me an American, but sent me an English flag, and I did not hesitate to put myself under its protection. I hoisted it with my own hands; but the rascally Turks paid no regard to its broad folds. The majesty of England did not suffer, however, in my hands, and Paul and I spent more than an hour in running from one officer to another, before we could procure the necessary order for the release of the boat. Leaving this with the rais, and the flag still flying, I went on to Rhoda, and spent the day there in decidedly the prettiest spot about Cairo. At the head of this island is the celebrated Nilometer, which, for no one knows how long, has marked the annual rise and fall of the Nile.

I had been ten days in Cairo without going to the pyramids. I had seen them almost every day, but my doctor, who was to accompany me, had delayed my visit. He was obliged to leave Cairo, however, before I was ready to go; and as soon as he was off, like a schoolboy when the master is out of sight, I took advantage of his absence. My old friend from Alexandria had promised to go with me, and joining me at Old Cairo, we crossed over to Ghizeh. Almost from the gates of Cairo the pyramids are constantly in sight, and, after crossing the ferry, we at first rode directly towards them; but the waters were yet so high that we were obliged to diverge from the straight road. In about an hour we separated, my guide taking one route

and my friends another. With my eyes constantly fixed on the pyramids, I was not aware of our separation until I had gone too far to return, and my guide proved to be right. Standing alone on an elevated mountainous range on the edge of the desert, without any object with which to compare them, the immense size of the pyramids did not strike me with full force. Arrived at the banks of a stream, twenty Arabs, more than half naked, and most of them blind of an eye, came running towards me, dashed through the stream, and pulling, hauling, and scuffling at each other, all laid hold of me to carry me over. All seemed bent upon having something to do with me, even if they carried me over piecemeal; but I selected two of the strongest, with little more than one eye between them, and keeping the rest off as well as I could, was borne over dryshod. Approaching, the three great pyramids and one small one are in view, towering higher and higher above the plain. I thought I was just upon them, and that I could almost touch them; yet I was more than a mile distant. The nearer I approached, the more their gigantic dimensions grew upon me, until, when I actually reached them, rode up to the first layer of stones, and saw how very small I was, and looked up their sloping sides to the lofty summits, they seemed to have grown to the size of mountains.

The base of the great pyramid is about 800 feet square, covering a surface of about eleven acres, according to the best measurement, and four hundred and sixty-one feet high; or, to give a clearer idea, starting from a base as large as Washington Parade Ground, it rises to a tapering point nearly three times as high as Trinity church steeple. Even as I walked around it and looked up at it from the base, I did not feel its immensity until I commenced ascending; then, having climbed some distance up, when I stopped to breathe and look down upon my friend below, who was dwindled into insect size, and up at the great distance between me and the summit, then I realised in all their force the huge dimensions of this giant work. It took me twenty minutes to mount to the summit; about the same time that it had required to mount the cones of Aetna and Vesuvius. The ascent is not particularly difficult, at least with the assistance of the Arabs. There are 206 tiers of stone, from one to four feet in height, each two or three feet smaller than the one below, making what are called the steps. Very often the steps were so high that I could not reach them with my feet. Indeed, for the most part, I was obliged to climb with my knees, deriving great assistance from the step which one Arab made for me with his knee, and the helping hand of another above.

It is not what it once was to go to the pyramids. They have become regular lions for the multitudes of travellers; but still, common as the journey has become, no man can stand on the top of the great pyramid of Cheops, and look out upon the dark mountains of Mokattam bordering the Arabian desert; upon the ancient city of the Pharaohs, its domes, its mosques and minarets, glittering in the light of a vertical sun; upon the rich valley of the Nile, and the "river of Egypt" rolling at his feet; the long range of pyramids and tombs extending along the edge of the desert to the ruined city of Memphis, and the boundless and eternal sands of Africa, without considering that moment an epoch not to be forgotten. Thousands of years roll through his mind, and thought recalls the men who built them, their mysterious uses, the poets, historians, philosophers, and warriors, who have gazed upon them with wonder like his own.

For one who but yesterday was bustling in the streets of a busy city, it was a thing of strange and indescribable interest to be standing on the top of the great pyramid, surrounded by a dozen half-naked Arabs, forgetting, as completely as if they had never been, the stirring scenes of his distant home. But even here petty vexations followed me, and half the interest of the time and scene was destroyed by the clamour of my guides. The descent I found extremely easy; many

persons complain of the dizziness caused by looking down from such a height, but I did not find myself so affected; and though the donkeys at the base looked like flies, I could almost have danced down the mighty sides.*

The great pyramid is supposed to contain 6,000,000 of cubic feet of stone, and 100,000 men are said to have been employed twenty years in building it. The four angles stand exactly in the four points of the compass, inducing the belief that it was intended for other purposes than those of a sepulchre. The entrance is on the north side. The sands of the desert have encroached upon it, and, with the fallen stones and rubbish, have buried it to the sixteenth step. Climbing over this rubbish, the entrance is reached, a narrow passage three and a half feet square, lined with broad blocks of polished granite, descending in the interior at an angle of twenty-seven degrees for about ninety-two feet; then the passage turns to the right, and winds upward to a steep ascent of eight or nine feet, and then falls into the natural passage, which is five feet high and one hundred feet long, forming a continued ascent to a sort of landing-place; in a small recess of this is the orifice or shaft called the well. Moving onward through a long passage, the explorer comes to what is called the Queen's Chambers, seventeen feet long, fourteen wide, and twelve high. I entered a hole opening from this crypt, and crawling on my hands and knees, came to a larger opening, not a regular chamber, and now cumbered with fallen stones. Immediately above this, ascending by an inclined plane lined with highly polished granite, and about 120 feet in length, and mounting a short space by means of holes cut in the sides, I entered the King's Chamber, about thirty-seven feet long, seventeen feet wide, and twenty feet high. The walls of the chamber are of red granite, highly polished, each stone reaching from the floor to the ceiling; and the ceiling is formed of nine large slabs of polished granite, extending from wall to wall. It is not the least interesting part of a visit to the interior of the pyramids, as you are groping your way after your Arab guide, to feel your hand running along the sides of an enormous shaft, smooth and polished as the finest marble, and to see by the light of the flaring torch chambers of red granite from the Cataracts of the Nile, the immense blocks standing around and above you, smooth and beautifully polished in places, where, if our notions of the pyramids be true, they were intended but for few mortal eyes. At one end of the chamber stands a sarcophagus, also of red granite; its length is seven feet six inches, depth three and a half, breadth three feet three inches. Here is supposed to have slept one of the great rulers of the earth, the king of the then greatest kingdom of the world, the proud mortal for whom this mighty structure was raised. Where is he now? Even his dry bones are gone, torn away by rude hands, and scattered by the winds of heaven.

There is something curious about this sarcophagus too. It is exactly the size of the orifice which forms the entrance of the pyramid, and could not have been conveyed to its place by any of the now known passages; consequently, must have been deposited during the building, or before the passage was finished in its pre-

* A few years ago an unfortunate accident happened at this pyramid. An English officer, Mr M., who had come up the Red Sea from India with his friend, had mounted to the top, and, while his friend was looking another way, Mr M. was walking around the upper layer of stones, and fell; he rolled down eight or ten steps, and caught; for a moment he turned up his face with an expression that his friend spoke of as horrible beyond all description, when his head sank, his grasp relaxed, and he pitched headlong, rolling over and over to the bottom of the pyramid. Every bone in his body was broken; his mangled corpse was sewed up in a sack, carried to Old Cairo, and buried, and his friend returned the same day to Cairo. There were at the time imputations that Mr M. had premeditated this act, as he had left behind him his watch, money, and papers, and had been heard to say what a glorious death it would be to die by jumping from the top of a pyramid.

sent state. The interior of the pyramid is excessively hot, particularly when surrounded by a number of Arabs and flaring torches. Leaving the King's Chamber, I descended the inclined plane, and prepared to descend the well referred to by Pliny. The shaft is small; merely large enough to permit one to descend with the legs astride, the feet resting in little niches, and hands clinging to the same. Having no janizary with me to keep them off, I was very much annoyed by the Arabs following me. I had at first selected two as my guides, and told the others to go away; but it was of no use. They had nothing else to do; a few paras would satisfy them for their day's labour; and the chance of getting these, either from charity or by importunity, made them all follow. At the mouth of the well, I again selected my two guides, and again told the others not to follow; and, sending the two before me, followed down the well, being myself quickly followed by two others. I shouted to them to go back, but they paid no regard to me; so, coming out again, I could not help giving the fellow next me a blow with a club, which sent him bounding among his companions. I then flourished my stick among them, and after a deal of expostulation and threatening gesticulation, I attempted the descent once more. A second time they followed me, and I came out perfectly furious. My friend was outside shooting, the pyramids being nothing new to him, and unfortunately I had been obliged to leave Paul at Cairo, and had no one with me but a little Nubian boy. Him I could not prevail upon to descend the well; he was frightened, and begged me not to go down; and when he saw them follow the second time, and me come out and lay about me with a club, he began to cry, and, before I could lay hold of him, ran away. I could do nothing without him, and was obliged to follow. There was no use in battling with the poor fellows, for they made no resistance; and I believe I might have bruised the whole of them without one offering to strike a blow. Moreover, it was very hot and smothering; and as there was nothing particular to see, nor any discovery to make, I concluded to give it up; and calling my guides to return, in a few moments escaped from the hot and confined air of the pyramid.

At the base I found my friend sitting quietly with his gun in his hand, and brought upon him the hornet's nest which had so worried me within. The Arabs, considering their work done, gathered around me, clamorous for bucksheesh, and none were more importunate than the fellows who had followed me so pertinaciously. I gave them liberally, but this only whetted their appetites. There was no getting rid of them; a sweep of my club would send them away for a moment, but instantly they would reorganise and come on again, putting the women and children in the front rank. The sheik came ostensibly to our relief; but I had doubts whether he did not rather urge them on. He, however, protected us to a certain extent, while we went into one of the many tombs to eat our luncheon. For a great distance around there are large tombs which would of themselves attract the attention of the traveller, were they not lost in the overwhelming interest of the pyramids. That in which we lunched had a deep shaft in the centre, leading to the pit where the mummies had been piled one upon another. The Arabs had opened and rifled the graves, and bones and fragments were still lying scattered around. Our persecutors were sitting at the door of the tomb looking in upon us, and devouring with their eyes every morsel that we put into our mouths. We did not linger long over our meal; and, giving them the fragments, set off for a walk round the pyramid of Cephrens, the second in grandeur.

This pyramid was opened at great labour and expense by the indefatigable Belzoni, and a chamber discovered containing a sarcophagus, as in that of Cheops. The passage, however, has now become choked up and hardly accessible. Though not so high, it is much more difficult to mount than the other, the outside being covered with a coat of hard and polished

cement, at the top almost perfectly smooth and unbroken. Two English officers had mounted it a few days before, who told me that they had found the ascent both difficult and dangerous. One of the Arabs who accompanied them, after he had reached the top, became frightened, and, not daring to descend, remained hanging on there more than an hour, till his old father climbed up and inspired him with confidence to come down.

A new attempt is now making to explore the interior of this pyramid. Colonel Vyse, an English gentleman of fortune, has devoted the last six months to this most interesting work. He has for an associate in his labours the veteran Caviglia, who returns to the pyramids rich with the experience of twenty years in exploring the temples and tombs of Upper Egypt. By a detailed report and drawing received by Mr Gliddon from Caviglia himself, and by private letters of later date, it appears that they have already discovered a new passage and another chamber, containing on one of the walls a single hieroglyphic. This hieroglyphic was then under the consideration of the savans and pupils of the Champolion school in Egypt; and whether they succeed in reading it or not, we cannot help promising ourselves the most interesting results from the enterprise and labours of Colonel Vyse and Caviglia.

The pyramids, like all the other works of the ancient Egyptians, are built with great regard to accuracy of proportion. The sepulchral chamber is not in the centre, but in an irregular and out-of-the-way position in the vast pile; and some idea may be formed of the great ignorance which must exist in regard to the whole structure and its uses, from the fact that by computation, allowing an equal solid bulk for partition walls, there is sufficient space in the great pyramid for 3700 chambers as large as that containing the sarcophagus.

Next to the pyramids, probably as old, and hardly inferior in interest, is the celebrated Sphinx. Notwithstanding the great labours of Caviglia, it is now so covered with sand that it is difficult to realise the bulk of this gigantic monument. Its head, neck, shoulders, and breasts, are still uncovered; its face, though worn and broken, is mild, amiable, and intelligent, seeming, among the tombs around it, like a divinity guarding the dead.

CHAPTER IV.

Journey up the Nile.—An Arab Burial.—Pilgrims to Mecca.—Trials of Patience.—A Hurricane on the Nile.—A Turkish Bath.

On the 1st of January I commenced my journey up the Nile. My boat was small, for greater convenience in rowing and towing. She was, however, about forty feet long, with two fine latteen sails, and manned by eight men, a rais or captain, and a governor or pilot. This was to be my home from Cairo to the Cataracts, or as long as I remained on the river. There was not a place where a traveller could sleep, and I could not expect to eat a meal or pass a night except on board; consequently, I was obliged to provide myself at Cairo with all things necessary for the whole voyage. My outfit was not very extravagant. It consisted, as near as I can recollect, of two tin cups, two pairs of knives and forks, four plates, coffee, tea, sugar, rice, macaroni, and a few dozen of claret. My bedroom furniture consisted of a mattress and coverlet, which in the daytime were tucked up so as to make a divan. Over the head of my bed were my gun and pistols, and at the foot was a little swinging shelf containing my LIBRARY, which consisted of the *Modern Traveller in Egypt*, Volney's *Travels*, and an Italian grammar and dictionary. My only companion was my servant; and as he is about to be somewhat intimate with me, I take the liberty of introducing him to the reader. Paolo Nuozzo, or, more familiarly Paul, was a Maltese. I had met him at Constantinople travelling with two of my countrymen; and though they did not seem

to like him much, I was very well pleased with him, and thought myself quite fortunate, on my arrival at Malta, to find him disengaged. He was a man about thirty-five years old; stout, square built, intelligent; a passionate admirer of ruins, particularly the ruins of the Nile; honest and faithful as the sun, and one of the greatest cowards that luminary ever shone upon. He called himself my dragoman, and, I remember, wrote himself such in the convent of Mount Sinai and the temple at Petra, though he promised to make himself generally useful, and was my only servant during my whole tour. He spoke French, Italian, Maltese, Greek, Turkish, and Arabic, but could not read any one of these languages. He had lived several years in Cairo, and had travelled on the Nile before, and understood all the little arrangements necessary for the voyage.

At about twelve o'clock, then the hour when at home my friends were commencing their New-year visits, accompanied to the boat by my friend from Alexandria, my first, last, and best friend in Egypt, I embarked; and with a fair wind, and the "star-spangled banner" (made by an Arab tailor) floating above me, I commenced my journey on the Nile. It is necessary here for every stranger to place himself under the flag of his country, else his boat and men are liable to be taken at any moment by the officers of the pacha. It was the first time I had myself ever raised the banner of my country, and I felt a peculiar pride in the consciousness that it could protect me so far from home.

We started, as when I first embarked upon the Nile, with a fair wind, at sunset, and again to the gentle tap of the Arab drum we passed the great pyramids of Ghizeh and the giant monuments of Sachara and Dashoor. Long after sunset their dark outline was distinctly visible over the desert; I sat on the deck of my boat till their vast masses became lost in the darkness. My situation was novel and exciting, and my spirits were elated with curious expectation; but with the morrow came a very essential change. A feeling of gloom came over me when I found the wind against my progress. The current was still running obstinately the same way as before, and to be so soon deserted by the element that I needed, gave rather a dreary aspect to the long journey before me. That day, however, we contrived to do something; my boat being small, my men were almost continually ashore, with ropes around their breasts, towing; and, occasionally, rowing across from side to side would give us the advantage of a bend in the river, when we would carry sail and make some progress.

The scenery of the Nile, about fifty miles from Cairo, differed somewhat from the rich valley of the Delta, the dark mountains of Mokattam, in the neighbourhood of Cairo, bounding the valley on the Arabian side, while on the African the desert approached to the very banks of the river. Though travelling in a country in which, by poetic licence, and by way of winding off a period, every foot of ground is said to possess an exciting interest, during my first day's journey on the Nile I was thrown very much upon my own resources.

My gun was the first thing that presented itself. I had bought it in Cairo, double-barrelled and new, for fifteen dollars. I did not expect to make much use of it, and it was so very cheap that I was rather doubtful of its safety, and intended to make trial of it with a double charge and a slow match. But Paul had anticipated me; he had already put in two enormous charges, and sent one of the boatmen ashore to try it. I remonstrated with him upon the risk to which he had exposed the man; but he answered in the tone in which he (like all European servants) always spoke of the degraded inhabitants of Egypt—"Poh! he is only an Arab;" and I was soon relieved from apprehension by the Arab returning, full of praises of the gun, having killed with both shots. One thing disheartened me even more than the head wind. Ever since I left home

I had been in earnest search of a warm climate, and thought I had secured it in Egypt; but wherever I went, I seemed to carry with me an influence that chilled the atmosphere. In the morning, before I rose, Paul brought in to me a piece of ice as thick as a pane of glass, made during the night; a most extraordinary, and to me unexpected circumstance. The poor Arabs, accustomed to their hot and burning sun, shrank in the cold almost to nothing, and early in the morning and in the evening were utterly unfit for labour. I suffered very much also myself. Obligated to sit with the door of my cabin closed, my coat and greatcoat on, and with a prospect of a long cold voyage, by the evening of the second day I had lost some portion of the enthusiasm with which, under a well-filled sail, I had started the day before from Cairo.

The third day was again exceedingly cold, the wind still ahead, and stronger than yesterday. I was still in bed, looking through the many openings of my cabin, and the men were on shore towing, when I was roused by a loud voice of lamentation, in which the weeping and wailing of women predominated. I stepped out, and saw on the bank of the river the dead body of an Arab, surrounded by men, women, and children, weeping and howling over it previous to burial. The body was covered with a wrapper of coarse linen cloth, drawn tight over the head and tied under the neck, and fastened between two parallel bars, intended as a barrow to carry it to its grave. It lay a little apart before the group of mourners, who sat on the bank above, with their eyes turned towards it, weeping, and apparently talking to it. The women were the most conspicuous among the mourners. The dead man had been more happy in his connexions than I imagine the Arabs generally are, if all the women sitting there were really mourning his death. Whether they were real mourners, or whether they were merely going through the formal part of an Egyptian funeral ceremony, I cannot say; but the big tears rolled down their cheeks, and their cries sounded like the overflowings of distressed hearts. A death and burial scene is at any time solemn, and I do not know that it loses any of its solemnity even when the scene is on the banks of the Nile, and the subject a poor and oppressed Arab. Human affection probably glows as warmly here as under a gilded roof, and I am disposed to be charitable to the exhibition that I then beheld; but I could not help noticing that the cries became louder as I approached, and I had hardly seated myself at a little distance from the corpse before the women seemed to be completely carried away by their grief, and with loud cries, tearing their hair and beating their breasts, threw out their arms towards the corpse, and prayed, and wept, and then turned away, with shrieks piteous enough to touch the heart of the dead.

The general territorial division of Egypt, from time immemorial, has been into upper and lower; the latter beginning at the shores of the Mediterranean and extending very nearly to the ancient Memphis, and the former commencing at Memphis and extending to the Cataracts. Passing by, for the present, the ruins of Memphis, on the fourth day, the wind dead ahead, and the men towing at a very slow rate, I went ashore with my gun, and about eleven o'clock in the morning walked into the town of Beni Souef. This town stands on the Libyan side of the river, on the borders of a rich valley, the Nile running close under the foot of the Arabian mountains; and contains as its most prominent objects, a mosque and minaret, and what is here called a palace or seraglio; that is, a large coarse building covered with white cement, and having grated windows for the harem.

Here travellers sometimes leave their boats to make an excursion to Medineh el Fayoun, the ancient Crocodopolis, or Arsinoë, near the great Lake Moëris. This lake was in ancient days one of the wonders of Egypt. It was sixty miles long (about the size of the Lake of Geneva), and Herodotus says that it was an artificial lake, and that in his time the towering summits of two

pyramids were visible above its surface. The great labyrinth, too, was supposed to be somewhere near this; but no pyramids nor any ruins of the labyrinth are now to be seen. The lake is comparatively dry, and very little is left to reward the traveller.

At sundown we hauled up to the bank, alongside a boat loaded with pilgrims; and building a fire on shore, the two crews, with their motley passengers, spent the night quietly around it. It was the first time since we left Cairo that we had come in contact with pilgrims, although we had been seeing them from my first entering Egypt. This was the season for the pilgrimage to Mecca. The great caravan was already gathering at Cairo, while numbers not wishing to wait, were seen on all parts of the Nile on their way to Kenneh, from thence to cross the desert to Cossier, and down the Red Sea to the Holy City. They were coming from all parts of the Mussulman dominions, poor and rich, old and young, women and children, almost piled upon each other by scores, for several months exposing themselves to all manner of hardships, in obedience to one of the principal injunctions of the Koran, once in their lives to perform a pilgrimage to Mecca.

On the 5th the wind was still dead ahead; the men continued to tow, but without making much progress; and the day dragged heavily. On the 6th, I saw another burial. Early in the morning Paul called me to look out. We were lying in company with another boat, fast to a little island of sand nearly in the middle of the river. I got up exceedingly cold, and saw a dead man lying on the sand, his limbs drawn up and stiff. He was a boatman on board the other boat, and had died during the night. A group of Arabs were sitting near making coffee, while two were preparing to wash the body previous to burial. They brought it down to the margin of the river, and laid it carefully upon the sand, then washed it, pressed down the drawn-up legs, and wrapped it in fragments of tattered garments, contributed by his fellow-boatmen, who could ill spare even these scanty rags; and laying it with great decency a little way from the river, joined the other group, and sat down with great gravity to pipes and coffee. In a few moments two of them rose, and going a little apart, with their bare hands scratched a shallow grave; and the poor Arab was left on a little sandbank in the Nile, to be covered in another season by the mighty river. He was an entire stranger, having come on board the evening before his boat set out from Cairo. In all probability, he was one of an immense mass which swarms in the crowded streets of Cairo, without friends, occupation, or settled means of living.

On the 7th the wind was still ahead and blowing strong, and the air was very cold. Having no books, no society, and no occupation except talking with Paul and my boatmen, and the stragglers on shore, I became dispirited, and sat, hour after hour, wrapped in my greatcoat, deliberating whether I should not turn back. One of the most vexatious things was the satisfaction apparently enjoyed by all around me. If we hauled up alongside another boat, we were sure to find the crew sprawling about in a most perfect state of contentment, and seemingly grateful to the adverse wind that prevented their moving. My own men were very obedient, but they could not control the wind. I had a written contract with my rais, drawn up by a Copt in Cairo, in pretty Arabic characters, and signed by both of us, although neither knew a word of its contents. The captain's manner of signing, I remember, was very primitive; he dipped the end of his finger in the ink, and pressed it on the paper, and in so doing seemed to consider that he had sold himself to me almost body and soul. "I know I am obliged to go if Howega says so," was his invariable answer; but though perfectly ready to go whenever there was a chance, it was easy enough to see that they were all quite as contented when there was none. Several times I was on the point of turning back, the wind drew down the river so invitingly; but if I returned, it was too early to go into Syria; and Thebes, "Thebes with her hundred gates," beckoned me on.

On the 8th I had not made much more than fifty miles, and the wind was still ahead, and blowing stronger than ever; indeed, it seemed as if this morning, for the first time, it had really commenced in earnest. I became desperate and went ashore, resolved to wear it out. We were lying along the bank, on the Libyan side, in company with fifteen or twenty boats, wind-bound like ourselves. It was near a little mud village, of which I forget the name, and several Bedouin tents were on the bank, in one of which I was sitting smoking a pipe. The wind was blowing down with a fury I have never seen surpassed in a gale at sea, bringing with it the light sands of the desert, and at times covering the river with a thick cloud which prevented my seeing across it. A clearing up for a moment showed a boat of the largest class, heavily laden, and coming down with astonishing velocity; it was like the flight of an enormous bird. She was under bare poles, but small portions of the sail had got loose, and the Arabs were out on the very ends of the long spars getting them in. One of the boatmen, with a rope under his arm, had plunged into the river, and with strong swimming reached the bank, where a hundred men ran to his assistance. Their united strength turned her bows around, up stream, but nothing could stop her; stern foremost she dragged the whole posse of Arabs to the bank, and broke away from them perfectly ungovernable; whirling around, her bows pitched into our fleet with a loud crash, tore away several of the boats, and carrying one off, fast locked as in a death-grasp, she resumed her headlong course down the river. They had gone but a few rods, when the stranger pitched her bows under and went down in a moment, bearing her helpless companion also to the bottom. It was the most exciting incident I had seen upon the river. The violence of the wind, the swift movement of the boat, the crash, the wild figures of the Arabs on shore and on board, one in a red dress almost on the top of the long spar, his turban loose and streaming in the wind, all formed a strange and most animating scene. I need scarcely say that no lives were lost, for an Arab on the bosom of his beloved river is as safe as in his mud cabin.

On the 9th the wind was as contrary as ever; but between rowing and towing we had managed to crawl up as far as Minyeh. It was the season of the Ramadan, when for thirty days, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the followers of the Prophet are forbidden to eat, drink, or even smoke, or take the bath. My first inquiry was for a bath. It would not be heated or lighted up till eight o'clock; at eight o'clock I went, and was surprised to find it so large and comfortable. I was not long surprised, however, for I found that no sooner was the sacred prohibition removed, than the Turks and Arabs began to pour in in throngs; they came without any respect of persons, the haughty Turk with his pipe-bearing slave and the poor Arab boatman; in short, every one who could raise a few paras.

It was certainly not a very select company, nor over clean, and probably very few Europeans would have stood the thing as I did. My boatmen were all there. They were my servants, said the rais, and were bound to follow me every where. As I was a Frank, and as such expected to pay ten times as much as any one else, I had the best place in the bath, at the head of the great reservoir of hot water. My white skin made me a marked object among the swarthy figures lying around me; and half a dozen of the operatives, lank, bony fellows, and perfectly naked, came up and claimed me. They settled it among themselves, however, and gave the preference to a dried-up old man more than sixty, a perfect living skeleton, who had been more than forty years a scrubber in the bath. He took me through the first process of rubbing with the glove and brush; and having thrown over me a copious ablution of warm water, left me to recover at leisure. I lay on the marble that formed the border of the reservoir, only two or three inches above the surface of the water, into which I put my hand and found it excessively hot; but the

old man, satisfied with his exertion in rubbing me, sat on the edge of the reservoir, with his feet and legs hanging in the water, with every appearance of satisfaction. Presently he slid off into the water, and, sinking up to his chin, remained so a moment, drew a long breath, and seemed to look around him with a feeling of comfort. I had hardly raised myself on my elbow to look at this phenomenon, before a fine brawny fellow, who had been lying for some time torpid by my side, rose slowly, slid off like a turtle, and continued sinking, until he, too, had immersed himself up to his chin. I expressed to him my astonishment at his ability to endure such heat; but he told me that he was a boatman, had been ten days coming up from Cairo, and was almost frozen, and his only regret was that the water was not much hotter. He had hardly answered me before another and another followed, till all the dark naked figures around me had vanished. By the fitful glimmering of the little lamps, all that I could see was a parcel of shaved heads on the surface of the water, at rest or turning slowly and quietly as on pivots. Most of them seemed to be enjoying it with an air of quiet dreamy satisfaction; but the man with whom I had spoken first, seemed to be carried beyond the bounds of Mussulman gravity. It operated upon him like a good dinner; it made him loquacious, and he urged me to come in, nay he even became frolicsome; and, making a heavy surge, threw a large body of the water over the marble on which I was lying. I almost screamed, and started up as if melted lead had been poured upon me; even while standing up, it seemed to blister the soles of my feet, and I was obliged to keep up a dancing movement, changing as fast as I could, to the astonishment of the dozing bathers, and the utter consternation of my would-be friend. Roused too much to relapse into the quiet luxury of perspiration, I went into another apartment, of a cooler temperature, where, after remaining in a bath of moderately warm water, I was wrapped up in hot cloths and towels, and conducted into the great chamber. Here I selected a couch, and, throwing myself upon it, gave myself to the operators, who now took charge of me, and well did they sustain the high reputation of a Turkish bath: my arms were gently laid upon my breast, where the knee of a powerful man pressed upon them; my joints were cracked and pulled; back, arms, the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, all visited in succession. I had been shampooed at Smyrna, Constantinople, and Cairo; but who would have thought of being carried to the seventh heaven at the little town of Minyeh? The men who had me in hand were perfect amateurs, enthusiasts, worthy of rubbing the hide of the sultan himself; and the pipe and coffee that followed were worthy, too, of that same mighty seigneur. The large room was dimly lighted, and, turn which way I would, there was a naked body, apparently without a soul, lying torpid, and tumbled at will by a couple of workmen. I had had some fears of the plague; and Paul, though he felt his fears gradually dispelled by the soothing process which he underwent also, to the last continued to keep particularly clear of touching any of them. But I left the bath a different man; all my moral as well as physical strength was roused; I no longer drooped or looked back; and though the wind was still blowing a hurricane in my teeth, I was bent upon Thebes and the Cataracts.

CHAPTER V.

Sporting on the Nile.—A Recluse.—An Egyptian Hebe.—Siout.—A Wolf-race among the Tombs.—Adventure with a Governor.

January 13.—In the morning, the first thing I did was to shoot at a flock of ducks, the next to shoot at a crocodile. He was the first I had seen, and was lying on a sandbank on an island in the middle of the river. I might as well have thrown a stone at him, for he was out of range twice over, and his hard skin would have laughed at my bird-shot, even if I had hit him; but I did what every traveller on the Nile must do, I shot at a crocodile. I met several travellers, all abundantly

provided with materials, and believe we were about equally successful. I never killed any, nor did they. During the day the wind abated considerably, and towards evening it was almost calm. My boat rowed as easily as a barge, and we were approaching Manfaloot. For some time before reaching it, there is a change in the appearance of the river.

The general character of the scenery of the Nile is that of a rich valley, from six to eight or ten miles wide, divided by the river, and protected on either side from the Libyan and Arabian Deserts by two continuous and parallel ranges of mountains. These are the strongly marked and distinguishing features; and from Cairo to the Cataracts, almost the only variety is that occasioned by the greater or less distance of these two ranges. Before approaching Manfaloot they changed their direction, and on the Arabian side the dark mountains of Mokattam advanced to the very border of the river.

Here we began to approach the eternal monuments of Egyptian industry. For a long distance the high range of rocky mountain was lined with tombs, their open doors inviting us to stop and examine them; but most provokingly, now, for the first time since the day we started, the wind was fair. It had been my peculiarly bad luck to have a continuance of headwinds on a part of the river where there was nothing to see; and almost the very moment I came to an object of interest, the wind became favourable, and was sweeping us along beautifully. One of the few pieces of advice given me at Cairo, of which my own observation taught me the wisdom, was, with a fair wind never to stop going up; and though every tomb seemed to reproach me for my neglect, we went resolutely on.

In one of the tombs lives an old man, who has been there more than fifty years; and an old wife, his companion for more than half a century, is there with him. His children live in Upper Egypt, and once a-year they come to visit their parents. The old man is still hale and strong; at night a light is always burning in his tomb, a basket is constantly let down to receive the offerings of the charitable, and few travellers, even among the poor Arabs, ever pass without leaving their mites for the recluse of the sepulchres.

It was dark when we arrived at Manfaloot, but, being the season of the Ramadan, the Mussulman day had just begun; the bazaars were open, and the cook and coffee shops thronged with Turks and Arabs indemnifying themselves for their long abstinence. My boatmen wanted to stop for the night; but as I would not stop for my own pleasure at the tombs below, I of course would not stop here for theirs; and after an hour or two spent in lounging through the bazaars and making a few necessary purchases, we were again under way.

At about eight o'clock, with a beautiful wind, I sailed into the harbour of Siout. This is the largest town on the Nile, and the capital of Upper Egypt. Brighter prospects now opened upon me. The wind that had brought us into Siout, and was ready to carry us on farther, was not the cold and cheerless one that for more than two weeks had blown in my teeth, but mild, balmy, and refreshing, raising the drooping head of the invalid, and making the man in health feel like walking, running, climbing, or clearing fences on horseback. Among the bourriquières who surrounded me the moment I jumped on the bank, was a beautiful bright-eyed little Arab girl, about eight years old, leading a donkey, and flourishing a long stick with a grace that would have shamed the best pupil of a fashionable dancing-master. By some accident, moreover, her face and hands were clean, and she seemed to be a general favourite among her ragged companions, who fell back with a gallantry and politeness that would have done honour to the ballroom of the dancing-master aforesaid. Leaving her without a competitor, they deprived me of the pleasure of showing my preference; and putting myself under her guidance, I followed her nimble little feet on the road to Siout. I make special mention of this little girl, because it is a rare thing to see an Egypt-

tian child in whom one can take any interest. It was the only time such a thing ever occurred to me; and really she exhibited so much beauty and grace, such a mild, open, and engaging expression, and such propriety of behaviour, as she walked by my side, urging on the donkey, and looking up in my face when I asked her a question, that I felt ashamed of myself for riding while she walked. But, tender and delicate as she looked, she would have walked by the side of her donkey, and tired down the strongest man. She was, of course, the child of poor parents, of whom the donkey was the chief support. The father had been in the habit of going out with it himself, and frequently taking the little girl with him as a companion. As she grew up, she went out occasionally alone, and even among the Turks her interesting little figure made her a favourite; and when all the other donkeys were idle, hers was sure to be engaged. This, and many other things, I learned from her own pretty little lips on my way to Siout.

Siout stands about a mile and a half from the river, in one of the richest valleys of the Nile. At the season of inundation, when the river rolls down in all its majesty, the whole intermediate country is overflowed; and boats of the largest size, steering their course over the waste of waters by the projecting tops of the palm-trees, come to anchor under the walls of the city. A high causeway from the river to the city crosses the plain, a comparatively unknown and unnoticed, but stupendous work, which for more than 3000 years has resisted the headlong current of the Nile at its highest, and now stands, like the pyramids, not so striking, but an equally enduring, and perhaps more really wonderful, monument of Egyptian labour. A short distance before reaching the city, on the right, are the handsome palace and garden of Ibrahim Pacha. A stream winds through the valley, crossed by a stone bridge, and over this is the entrance-gate of the city. The governor's palace, the most imposing and best structure I had seen since the citadel at Cairo, standing first within the walls, seemed like a warder at the door.

The large courtyard before the door of the palace contained a group of idlers, mostly officers of the household, all well armed, and carrying themselves with the usual air of Turkish conceit and insolence. Sitting on one side, with large turbans and long robes, unarmed, and with the large brass inkhorn by their sides, the badge of their peaceful and inferior, if not degrading profession, was a row of Copts, calling themselves, and believed to be, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, having, as they say, preserved their blood intact during all the changes of their country. Boasting the blood of the ancient Egyptians, with the ruins of the mighty temples in which they worshipped, and the mighty tombs in which they were buried, staring them in the face, they were sitting on the bare earth at the door of a petty delegate of a foreign master, a race of degraded beggars, lifeless and soulless, content to receive, as a grace from the hands of a tyrant, the wretched privilege of living as slaves in the land where their fathers reigned as masters.

I do not believe that the contents of all the bazaars in Siout, one of the largest towns in Egypt, were worth as much as the stock of an ordinary dealer in dry goods in Broadway. But these are not the things for which the traveller stops at Siout. On the lofty mountains overlooking this richest valley of the Nile, and protecting it from the Libyan Desert, is a long range of tombs, the burial-place of the ancient Egyptians; and looking for a moment at the little Mahommedan burying-ground, the traveller turns with wonder from the little city he has left, and asks, Where is the great city which had its graves in the sides of yonder mountains? Where are the people who despised the earth as a burial-place, and made for themselves tombs in the eternal granite?

The mountain is about as far from the city as the river, and the approach to it is by another strong causeway over the same beautiful plain. Leaving our donkeys at its foot, and following the nimble footsteps of my little

Arab girl, we climbed by a steep ascent to the first range of tombs. They were the first I had seen, and are but little visited by travellers ; and though I afterwards saw all that were in Egypt, I still consider these well worth a visit. Of the first we entered, the entrance chamber was perhaps forty feet square, and adjoining it, in the same range, were five or six others, of which the entrance-chambers had about the same dimensions. The ceilings were covered with paintings, finished with exquisite taste and delicacy, and in some places fresh as if just executed ; and on the walls were hieroglyphics enough to fill volumes. Behind the principal chamber were five or six others nearly as large, with smaller ones on each side, and running back perhaps 150 feet. The back chambers were so dark, and their atmosphere was so unwholesome, that it was unpleasant, and perhaps unsafe, to explore them ; if we went in far, there was always a loud rushing noise, and, as Paul suggested, their innermost recesses might now be the abode of wild beasts. Wishing to see what caused the noise, and at the same time to keep out of harm's way, we stationed ourselves near the back-door of the entrance chamber, and I fired my gun within ; a stream of fire lighted up the darkness of the sepulchral chamber, and the report went grumbling and roaring into the innermost recesses, rousing their occupants to phrensy. There was a noise like the rushing of a strong wind ; the light was dashed from Paul's hand ; a soft skinny substance struck against my face ; and thousands of bats, wild with fright, came whizzing forth from every part of the tomb to the only avenue of escape. We threw ourselves down, and allowed the ugly frightened birds to pass over us, and then hurried out ourselves. For a moment I felt guilty ; the beastly birds, driven to the light of day, were dazzled by the glorious sun, and, flying and whirling blindly about, were dashing themselves against the rocky side of the mountain, and falling dead at its base. Cured of all wish to explore very deeply, but at the same time relieved from all fears, we continued going from tomb to tomb, looking at the pictures on the walls, endeavouring to make out the details, admiring the beauty and freshness of the colours, and speculating upon the mysterious hieroglyphics which mocked our feeble knowledge. We were in one of the last when we were startled by a noise different from any we had yet heard, and from the door leading to the dark recesses within, foaming, roaring, and gnashing his teeth, out ran an enormous wolf : close upon his heels, in hot pursuit, came another, and almost at the door of the tomb they grappled, fought, growled fearfully, rolled over, and again the first broke loose and fled ; another chase along the side of the mountain, another grapple, a fierce and desperate struggle, and they rolled over the side, and we lost sight of them. The whole affair had been so sudden, the scene so stirring, and the interest so keen, that Paul and I had stood like statues, our whole souls thrown into our eyes, and following the movements of the furious beasts. Paul was the first to recover himself ; and as soon as the wolves were fairly out of sight, with a characteristic movement, suddenly took the gun out of my hand, and started in pursuit. It is needless to say that he did not go far.

But the interest of the day was not yet over. While walking along the edge of the mountain, in spite of bats and beasts, still taking another and another look, my ears were suddenly struck with a loud voice of lamentation coming up from the valley below ; and looking in the direction of the city, I saw approaching over the elevated causeway a long funeral procession, and the voice came from the mourners following the corpse. They were evidently coming to the Mahomedan burying-ground at the foot of the mountain ; and I immediately left the tombs of the ancient Egyptians to see the burial of one who but yesterday was a dweller in the land.

Being far beyond the regular path for descending, and wishing to intercept the procession before its arrival at the burying-ground, I had something like the

wolf-race I had just beheld to get down in time ; unfortunately, I had sent Paul back to the place where we had left our cloaks and donkeys, and the little girl, with directions to ride round the foot of the hill and meet me at the burying-ground. How I got down I do not know ; but I was quietly sitting under a large palm-tree near the cemetery when the procession came up. It approached with funeral banners and devices which I could not make out, but probably containing some precept of the Koran, having reference to death, and the grave, and a paradise of hours ; and the loud wailing which had reached me on the top of the mountain, here was almost deafening. First in the strange procession came the beggars, or santons, men who are supposed to lead peculiarly pure and holy lives, denying themselves all luxuries and pleasures, labouring not, and taking no heed for themselves what they shall eat or what they shall drink, and living upon the willing, though necessarily stinted charity, of their miserable countrymen. I could read all this at the first glance ; I could see that poverty had been their portion through life ; that they had drunk the bitter cup to its very dregs. Their beards were long, white, and grizzled ; over their shoulders and breasts they wore a scanty covering of rags, fastened together with strings, and all with some regard to propriety. This ragged patchwork covered their breasts and shoulders only, the rest of their bodies being entirely naked, and they led the funeral procession among a throng of spectators, with heads erect and proud step, under what, any where else, would be called an indecent and shameless exposure of person, unbecoming their character as saints or holy beggars. Over their shoulders were slung by ropes large jars of water, which for charity's sweet sake, and for the love of the soul of the deceased, they carried to distribute gratis at his grave. After them came a parcel of boys, then the sheiks and two officers of the town, then the corpse, tightly wrapped from head to foot in a red sash, on a bier carried by four men ; then a procession of men, and more than a hundred women in long cotton dresses, covering their heads and drawn over their faces, so as to hide all except their eyes.

These were the last, but by no means the least important part of the procession, as, by general consent, the whole business of mourning devolved upon them ; and the poor Arab who was then being trundled to his grave, had no reason to complain of their neglect. Smiles and tears are a woman's weapons ; and she is the most to be admired, and has profited most by the advantage of education, who knows how to make the best use of them. Education and refinement can no doubt do wonders ; but the most skilful lady in civilised life might have taken lessons from these untutored Egyptians. A group of them were standing near me, chattering and laughing until the procession came up, when all at once big tears started from their eyes, and their cries and lamentations rent the air as if their hearts were breaking. I was curious to see the form of a modern burial in Egypt, but I hesitated in following. Some of the Arabs had looked rudely at me in passing, and I did not know whether the bigoted Mussulmans would tolerate the intrusion of a stranger and a Christian. I followed on, however, looking out for Paul, and fortunately met him at the gate of the burying-ground. The sheik was standing outside, ordering and arranging ; and I went up to him with Paul, and asked if there were any objection to my entering ; he not only permitted it, but, telling me to follow him, with a good deal of noise and an unceremonious use of the scabbard of his sword, he cleared a way through the crowd ; and even roughly breaking through the ranks of the women, so as materially to disturb their business of mourning, and putting back friends and relations, gave me a place at the head of the tomb. It was square, with a round top, built of Nile mud, and whitewashed ; two men were engaged in opening it, which was done simply by pulling away a few stones, and scooping out the sand with their hands. In front, but a few feet from the door, sat the old mother, so old

as to be hardly conscious of what was passing around her, and probably, long before this, buried in the same grave; near her was the widow of the deceased, dressed in silk, and sitting on the bare earth with an air of total abandonment; her hands, her breast, the top of her head and her face, plastered with thick coats of mud, and her eyes fixed upon the door of the tomb. A few stones remained to be rolled away, and the door, or rather the hole, was opened; the two men crawled in, remained a minute or two, came out, and went for the corpse. The poor widow followed them with her eyes, and when they returned with the body, carefully and slowly dragging it within the tomb, and the feet and the body had disappeared, and the beloved head was about to be shut for ever from her eyes, she sprang up, and passionately throwing her arms towards the tomb, broke forth in a perfect phrensy of grief. "Twenty years we have lived together; we have always lived happily; you loved me, you were kind to me, you gave me bread; what shall I do now! I will never marry again. Every day I will come and weep at your tomb, my love, my life, my soul, my heart, my eyes. Remember me to my father, remember me to my brother," &c. &c. I do not remember half she said; but as Paul translated it to me, it seemed the very soul of pathos; and all this time she was walking distractedly before the door of the tomb, wringing her hands, and again and again plastering her face and breast with mud. The mourning women occasionally joined in chorus, the santons ostentatiously crying out, "Water, for the love of God and the Prophet, and the soul of the deceased;" and a little girl about seven or eight years old was standing on the top of the tomb, naked as she was born, eating a piece of sugar cane. Paul looked rather suspiciously upon the whole affair, particularly upon that part where she avowed her determination never to marry again. "The old Beelzebub," said he; "she will marry to-morrow, if any one asks her."

Leaving the burying ground, we returned to Siout. On my way I made acquaintance with the governor, not only of that place, but also of all Upper Egypt, a pacha with two or three tails; a great man by virtue of his office, and much greater in his own conceit. I saw coming towards me a large, fine-looking man, splendidly dressed, mounted on a fine horse, with two runners before him, and several officers and slaves at his side. I was rather struck with his appearance, and looked at him attentively as I passed, without, however, saluting him, which I would have done had I known his rank. I thought he returned my gaze with interest; and, in passing, each continued to keep his eyes fixed upon the other, to such a degree that we must either have twisted our necks off or turned our bodies. The latter was the easier for both; and we kept turning, he on horseback and I on foot, until we found ourselves directly facing each other, and then both stopped. His guards and attendants turned with him, and, silent as statues, stood looking at me. I had nothing to say, and so I stood and said nothing. His mightiness opened his lips, and his myrmidons, with their hands on their sword-hilts, looked as if they expected an order to deal with me for my unparalleled assurance. His mightiness spoke, and I have no doubt but the Turks around him thought it was the *ne plus ultra* of dignity, and wondered such words had not confounded me. But it was not very easy to confound me with words I could not understand, although I could perceive that there was nothing very gracious in his manner. Paul answered, and, after the governor had turned his back, told me that his first address was, "Do I owe you any thing?" which he followed up by slapping his horse on the neck, and saying, in the same tone, "Is this your horse?" Paul says that he answered in a tone of equal dignity, "A cat may look at a king;" though, from his pale cheeks and quivering lips, I am inclined to doubt whether he gave so doughty a reply.

I was exceedingly amused at the particulars of the interview, and immediately resolved to cultivate the acquaintance. During the long days and nights of my

voyage up the Nile, in poring over my books and maps, I had frequently found my attention fixed upon the great Oasis in the Libyan Desert. A caravan road runs through it from Siout, and I resolved, since I had had the pleasure of one interview with his excellency, to learn from him the particulars of time, danger, &c. I therefore hurried down to the boat for my firman, and, strong in this as if I had the pacha at my right hand, I proceeded forthwith to the palace; but my friend observed as much state in giving audience as the pacha himself. Being the season of the Ramadan, he received nobody on business until after the evening meal, and so my purpose was defeated. Several were already assembled at the gate, waiting the appointed hour; but it did not suit my humour to sit down with them and exercise my patience, and perhaps feel the littleness of Turkish tyranny in being kept to the last, so I marched back to my boat.

It was still an hour before sunset; my men had laid in their stock of bread, the wind was fair, a boat of the largest size, belonging to a Turkish officer, with a long red satin flag, was just opening her large sails to go up the river, and bidding good-bye to my little Arab girl, we cast off our fastening to the bank at Siout. It was the first day I had spent on shore in the legitimate business of a tourist, and by far the most pleasant since I left Cairo.

CHAPTER VI.

Small Favours thankfully received.—Slavery in Egypt.—How to catch a Crocodile.—An elaborate Joke.—Imaginary Perils.—Arabs not so bad as they might be.

THE next day, at about four o'clock, we arrived at Djiddch, formerly the capital of Upper Egypt, and the largest town on the Nile. My humour for going to the Oasis had been growing upon me, and, finding that there was a track from this place also, I landed, and working my way through the streets and bazaars, went to the governor's palace. As I before remarked, the place where the governor lives is always, by extraordinary courtesy, called a palace.

The governor was not at home; he had gone to Siout, on a visit to my handsome friend the governor there, but he had left his deputy, who gave us such an account of the journey and its perils as almost put an end to it for ever, at least so far as Paul was concerned. He said that the road was dangerous, and could not be travelled except under the protection of a caravan or guard of soldiers; that the Arabs among the mountains were a fierce and desperate people, and would certainly cut the throats of any unprotected travellers. He added, however, that a caravan was about forming, which would probably be ready in four or five days, and that, perhaps, before that time, the governor would return and give me a guard of soldiers. It did not suit my views to wait the uncertain movements of a caravan, nor did it suit my pocket to incur the expense of a guard. So, thanking the gentleman for his civility (he had given us pipes and coffee, as usual), I bade him good-bye, and started for my boat; but I had not gone far before I found him trotting at my heels. In the palace he had sat with his legs crossed, with as much dignity as the governor himself could have displayed; but as soon as he slid down from the divan, he seemed to have left dignity for his betters, and pounced upon Paul for "bucksheesh." I gave him five piasters (about equal to a quarter of a dollar), for which the deputy of the governor of Djiddch, formerly the capital of Upper Egypt, laid his hand upon his heart, and invoked upon my head the blessing of Allah and the prophet.

At Djiddch, for the first time, I saw carried on one of the great branches of trade on the Nile, a trade which once stained the annals of our own country, and the fatal effects of which we still continue to experience. There were two large boat-loads—perhaps 500 or 600 slaves—collected at Dongola and Senaar, probably bought from their parents for a shawl, a string of beads, or some trifling article of necessity. Born under the

burning sun of the tropics, several of them had died of cold even before reaching the latitude of Lower Egypt; many were sick, and others dying. They were arranged on board the boats and on the banks in separate groups, according to their state of health. Among them was every variety of face and complexion, and it was at once startling and painful to note the gradations of man descending to the brute. I could almost see the very line of separation. Though made in God's image, there seemed no ray of the divinity within them. They did not move upon all-fours, it is true, but they sat, as I had seen them in the slave-market at Cairo, perfectly naked, with their long arms wound round their legs, and their chins resting upon their knees, precisely as we see monkeys, baboons, and apes; and as, while looking at these miserable caricatures of our race, I have sometimes been almost electrified by a transient gleam of resemblance to humanity, so here I was struck with the closeness of man's approach to the inferior grade of animal existence. Nor was there much difference between the sick and well; the sick were more pitiable, for they seemed doomed to die, and death to any thing that lives is terrible; but the strong and lusty, men and women, were bathing in the river; and when they came out they smeared themselves with oil, and laid their shining bodies in the sun, and slept like brutes. To such as these, slavery to the Turk is not a bitter draught; philanthropists may refine and speculate, and liberals declaim, but what is liberty to men dying for bread, and what hardship is there in being separated from the parents who have sold them, or doomed to labour where that labour is light compared with what they must endure at home?

In the East slavery exists now precisely as it did in the days of the patriarchs. The slave is received into the family of a Turk in a relation more confidential and respectable than that of an ordinary domestic; and when liberated, which very often happens, stands upon the same footing with a free man. The curse does not rest upon him for ever; he may sit at the same board, dip his hand in the same dish, and, if there are no other impediments, may marry his master's daughter.

In the evening we left Djiddah, and about ten o'clock hauled up to the bank, and rested quietly till morning. Next day the wind was fair, but light, and I passed it on shore with my gun. This same gun, by the way, proved a better companion to me on my journey than I had expected. There were always plenty of pigeons; indeed, advancing in Upper Egypt, one of the most striking features in the villages on the Nile is the number of pigeon-cots, built of mud in the form of a sugar-loaf, and whitewashed. They are much more lofty than any of the houses, and their winged tenants constitute a great portion of the wealth of the villagers. It is not, however, allowable to shoot at these, the laws regulating the right of property in animals *feræ naturæ* being as well established on the banks of the Nile as at Westminster Hall; but there are hundreds of pigeons in the neighbourhood of every village which no one claims. In some places, too, there is fine sport in hunting hares; and if a man can bring himself to it, he may hunt the gazelle; and almost the whole line of the river, at least above Siout, abounds with ducks and geese. These, however, are very wild, and, moreover, very tough; and, except for the sport, are not worth shooting. No keeping and no cooking could make them tender, and good masticators were thrown away upon them.

But the standing shots on the Nile are crocodiles and pelicans. The former still abound, as in the days when the Egyptian worshipped them; and as you see one basking in the sun, on some little bank of sand, even in the act of firing at him, you cannot help going back to the time when the passing Egyptian would have bowed to him as to a god; and you may imagine the descendant of the ancient river-god, as he feels a ball rattling against his scaly side, invoking the shades of his departed worshippers, telling his little ones of the glory of his ancestors, and cursing the march of improvement,

which has degraded him from the deity of a mighty people into a target for strolling tourists. I always liked to see a crocodile upon the Nile, and always took a shot at him, for the sake of the associations. In one place I counted in sight at one time twenty-one, a degree of fruitfulness in the river probably equal to that of the time when each of them would have been deemed worthy of a temple while living, and embalmment and a mighty tomb when dead.

While walking by the river-side, I met an Arab with a gun in his hand, who pointed to the dozing crocodiles on a bank before us, and, marking out a space on the ground, turned to the village a little back, and made me understand that he had a large crocodile there. As I was some distance in advance of my boat, I accompanied him, and found one fourteen feet long, stuffed with straw, and hanging under a palm-tree. He had been killed two days before, after a desperate resistance, having been disabled with bullets, and pierced with spears in a dozen places. I looked at him with interest and compassion, reflecting on the difference between his treatment and that experienced by his ancestors, but nevertheless opened a negotiation for a purchase; and though our languages were as far apart as our countries, bargain sharpens the intellect to such a degree that the Arab and I soon came to an understanding, and I bought him as he hung, for forty piasters and a charge of gunpowder. I had conceived a joke for my own amusement. A friend had requested me to buy for him some mosaics, cameos, &c., in Italy, which circumstances had prevented me from doing, and I had written to him, regretting my inability, and telling him that I was going to Egypt, and would send him a mummy or a pyramid; and when I saw the scaly monster hanging by the tail, with his large jaws distended by a stick, it struck me that he would make a still better substitute for cameos and mosaics, and that I would box him up, and, without any advice, send him to my friend.

The reader may judge how desperately I was pushed for amusement, when I tell him that I chuckled greatly over this happy conceit; and having sent my Nubian to hail the boat as she was coming by, I followed with my little memorial. The whole village turned out to escort us, more than a hundred Arabs, men, women, and children, and we dragged him down with a pomp and circumstance worthy of his better days. Paul looked a little astonished when he saw me with a rope over my shoulder, leading the van of this ragged escort, and rather turned up his nose when I told him my joke. I had great difficulty in getting my prize on board, and, when I got him there, he deranged every thing else; but the first day I was so tickled that I could have thrown all my other cargo overboard rather than him. The second day the joke was not so good, and the third I grew tired of it, and tumbled my crocodile into the river. I followed him with my eye as his body floated down the stream; it was moonlight, and the creaking of the water-wheel on the banks sounded like the moaning spirit of an ancient Egyptian, indignant at the murder and profanation of his god. It was, perhaps, hardly worth while to mention this little circumstance, but it amused me for a day or two, brought me into mental contact with my friends at home, and gave me the credit of having myself shot a crocodile, any one of which was worth all the trouble it cost me. If the reader will excuse a bad pun, in consideration of its being my first and last, it was not a *dry* joke; for in getting the crocodile on board I tumbled over, and, very unintentionally on my part, had a January bath in the Nile.

During nearly the whole of that day, I was walking on the bank of the river; there was no tillable land than usual on the Arabian side, and I continually saw the Arabs, naked or with a wreath of grass around their loins, drawing water to irrigate the ground, in a basket fastened to a pole, like one of our old-fashioned well-poles.

On the 17th we approached Dendera. I usually

dined at one o'clock, because it was then too hot to go on shore, and also, to tell the truth, because it served to break the very long and tedious day. I was now about four hours from Dendera by land, of which two and a half were desert, the Libyan sands here coming down to the river. It was a fine afternoon, there was no wind, and I hoped, by walking, to have a view of the great temple before night. It was warm enough then; but as it regularly became very cold towards evening, I told my Nubian to follow me with my cloak. To my surprise, he objected. It was the first time he had done so. He was always glad to go ashore with me, as indeed were they all, and it was considered that I was showing partiality in always selecting him. I asked one of the others, and found that he, and in fact all of them, made objections, on the ground that it was a dangerous road.

This is one of the things that vex a traveller in Egypt, and in the East generally. He will often find the road which he wishes to travel a dangerous one, and, though no misadventure may have happened on it for years, he will find it impossible to get his Arabs to accompany him. My rais took the matter in hand, began kicking them ashore, and swore they should all go. This I would not allow. I knew that the whole course of the Nile was safe as the streets of London; that no accident had happened to a traveller since the pacha had been on the throne; and that women and children might travel with perfect safety from Alexandria to the Cataracts; and, vexed with their idle fears, after whipping Paul over their shoulders, who I saw was quite as much infected as any of them, I went ashore alone. Paul seemed quietly making up his mind for some desperate movement; without a word, he was arranging the things about the boat, shutting up the doors of the cabin, buttoning his coat, and with my cloak under his arm and a sword in his hand, he jumped ashore and followed me. He had not gone far, however, before his courage began to fail. The Arabs, whom we found at their daily labour drawing water, seemed particularly black, naked, and hairy. They gave dubious and suspicious answers, and when we came to the edge of the desert, he began to grumble outright; he did not want to be shot down like a dog; if we were strong enough to make a stout resistance, it would be another thing, &c. &c. In truth, the scene before us was dreary enough, the desert commencing on the very margin of the river, and running back to the eternal sands of Africa. Paul's courage seemed to be going with the green soil we were leaving behind us; and as we advanced where the grass seemed struggling to resist the encroachments of the desert, he was on the point of yielding to the terror of his own imagination, until I suggested to him that we could see before us the whole extent of desert we were to cross; that there was not a shrub or bush to interrupt the view, and not a living thing moving that could do us harm. He then began to revive; it was not for himself, but for me he feared. We walked on for about an hour, when, feeling that it was safe to trust me alone, and being tired, he sat down on the bank, and I proceeded. Fear is infectious. In about half an hour more I met three men, who had to me a peculiarly cut-throat appearance; they spoke, but I, of course, could not understand them. At length, finding night approaching, I turned back to meet the boat, and saw that the three Arabs had turned too, and were again advancing to meet me, which I thought a very suspicious movement. Paul's ridiculous fears had completely infected me, and I would have dodged them if I could; but there was no bush to hide behind. I almost blushed at myself for thinking of dodging three Arabs, when I had a double-barrelled gun in my hand and a pair of pistols in my sash; but I must say I was not at all sorry, before I met them again, to hear Paul shouting to me, and a moment after to see my boat coming up under full sail.

One who has never met an Arab in the desert, can have no conception of his terrible appearance. The worst pictures of the Italian bandits or Greek moun-

tain robbers I ever saw are tame in comparison. I have seen the celebrated Gasparini, who ten years ago kept in terror the whole country between Rome and Naples, and who was so strong as to negotiate and make a treaty with the pope. I saw him surrounded by nearly twenty of his comrades; and when he told me he could not remember how many murders he had committed, he looked civil and harmless compared with a Bedouin of the desert. The swarthy complexion of the latter, his long beard, his piercing coal-black eyes, half-naked figure, an enormous sword slung over his back, and a rusty matchlock in his hand, make the best figure for a painter I ever saw; but, happily, he is not so bad as he looks to be.

CHAPTER VII.

The Temple of Dendera.—Practice against Theory.—Regulating the Sun.—The French at Thebes.—The Curse of Pharaoh.—An Egyptian Tournament.—Preparations for Dinner.—An English travelling Lady.

Sunday, January 18.—At eight o'clock in the morning we arrived at Ghenneh, where, leaving my boat and crew to make a few additions to our stock, Paul and I crossed over in a sort of ferry-boat to Dendera.

The temple of Dendera is one of the finest specimens of the arts in Egypt, and the best preserved of any on the Nile. It stands about a mile from the river, on the edge of the desert, and coming up, may be seen at a great distance. The temples of the Egyptians, like the chapels in Catholic countries, in many instances stand in such positions as to arrest the attention of the passer-by; and the Egyptian boatman, long before he reached it, might see the open doors of the temple of Dendera, reminding him of his duty to the gods of his country. I shall not attempt any description of this beautiful temple; its great dimensions, its magnificent propylon or gateway, portico, and columns; the sculptured figures on the walls; the spirit of the devices, and their admirable execution; the winged globe and the sacred vulture; the hawk and the ibis, Isis, Osiris, and Horus, gods, goddesses, priests, and women; harps, altars, and people clapping their hands; and the whole interior covered with hieroglyphics and paintings, in some places, after a lapse of more than 2000 years, in colours fresh as if but the work of yesterday.

It was the first temple I had seen in Egypt; and although I ought not perhaps to say so, I was disappointed. I found it beautiful, far more beautiful than I expected; but look at it as I would, wander around it as I would, the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens rose before me; the severe and stately form of the Parthenon; the beautiful fragment of the temple of Minerva, and the rich Corinthian columns of the temple of Jupiter, came upon me with a clearness and vividness I could not have conceived. The temple is more than half buried in the sand. For many years it has formed the nucleus of a village. The Arabs have built their huts within and around it, range upon range, until they reached and almost covered the tops of the temple. Last year, for what cause I know not, they left their huts in a body, and the village, which for many years had existed there, is now entirely deserted. The ruined huts still remain around the columns and against the broken walls. On the very top is a chamber, beautifully sculptured, and formed for other uses, now blackened with smoke, and the polished floors strewn with fragments of pottery and culinary vessels.

Nor is this the worst affliction of the traveller at Dendera. He sees there other ruins, more lamentable than the encroachments of the desert and the burial in the sand, worse than the building and ruin of successive Arab villages; he sees wanton destruction by the barbarous hand of man. The beautiful columns, upon which the skilful and industrious Egyptian artist had laboured with his chisel for months, and perhaps for years, which were then looked upon with religious reverence, and ever since with admiration, have been

ashed into a thousand pieces, to build bridges and forts for the great modern reformer.

It is strange how the organ of mischief develops itself when it has something to work upon. I sat down upon the sculptured fragments of a column, which perhaps at this moment forms the abutment of some bridge, and, looking at the wreck around me, even while admiring and almost reverencing the noble ruin, began breaking off the beautifully chiselled figure of a hawk, and perhaps in ten minutes had demolished the work of a year. I felt that I was doing wrong, but excused myself by the plea that I was destroying to preserve, and saving that precious fragment from the ruin to which it was doomed, to show at home as a specimen of the skill of the Old World. So far I did well enough; but I went farther. I was looking intently, though almost unconsciously, at a pigeon on the head of Isis, the capital of one of the front columns of the temple. It was a beautiful shot; it could not have been finer if the temple had been built expressly to shoot pigeons from. I fired: the shot went smack into the beautifully sculptured face of the goddess, and put out one of her eyes; the pigeon fell at the foot of the column, and while the goddess seemed to weep over her fallen state, and to reproach me for this renewed insult to herself and to the arts, I picked up the bird and returned to my boat.

On board I had constantly a fund of amusement in the movements of my Arab crew. During the Ramadan, a period of thirty days, no good Mussulman eats, drinks, or smokes, from the rising to the setting of the sun. My men religiously observed this severe requisition of the Koran, although sometimes they were at work at the oar under a burning sun nearly all day. They could form a pretty shrewd conjecture as to the time of the setting of the sun, but nevertheless they fell into the habit of regulating themselves by my watch, and I did not think the Prophet would be particularly hard upon them if I sometimes brought the day to a close half an hour or so before its time. Sometimes I was rather too liberal; but out of respect for me they considered the sun set when I told them it was; and it was interesting to see them regularly every evening, one after another, mount the upper deck, and, spreading out their cloaks, with their faces towards the tomb of the Prophet, kneel down and pray.

On the 20th, the wind was light but favourable, and part of the time the men were on shore towing with the cords. We were now approaching the most interesting spot on the Nile, perhaps in the world. Thebes, immortal Thebes, was before us, and a few hours more would place us among her ruins. Towards noon the wind died away, and left us again to the slow movement of the tow line. This was too slow for my then excited humour. I could not bear that the sun should again set before I stood among the ruins of the mighty city; and landing on the right side of the river, I set out to walk. About an hour before dark the lofty columns of the great temple at Luxor, and the still greater of Carnac, were visible. The glowing descriptions of travellers had to a certain extent inflamed my imagination. Denon, in his account of the expedition to Egypt, says, that when the French soldiers first came in sight of Thebes, the whole army involuntarily threw down their arms and stood in silent admiration—a sublime idea, whether true or not; but I am inclined to think that the French soldiers would have thrown down their arms, and clapped their hands with much greater satisfaction, if they had seen a living city and prospect of good quarters. For my own part, without at this moment referring to particulars, I was disappointed in the first view of the ruins of Thebes. We walked on the right side of the river, the valley, as usual, running back to the desert.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at the ruined village, which now occupies part of the site of the once magnificent city. The plough has been driven over the ruins of the temples, and grass was growing where palaces had stood. A single boat was lying along the

bank—a single flag, the red cross of England, was drooping lazily against the mast; and though it be death to my reputation as a sentimental traveller, at that moment I hailed the sight of that flag with more interest than the ruined city. Since I left Cairo I had seen nothing but Arabs; for three weeks I had not opened my lips except to Paul; and let me tell the reader, that though a man may take a certain degree of pleasure in travelling in strange and out-of-the-way places, he cannot forget the world he has left behind him. In a land of comparative savages, he hails the citizen of any civilised country as his brother; and when on the bank of the river I was accosted in my native tongue by a strapping fellow in a Turkish dress, though in the broken accents of a Sicilian servant, I thought it the purest English I had ever heard. I went on board the boat, and found two gentlemen, of whom I had heard at Cairo, who had been to Mount Sinai, from thence to Hor, by the Red Sea to Cosseir, and thence across the desert to Thebes, where they had only arrived that day. I sat with them till a late hour. I cannot flatter myself that the evening passed as agreeably to them as to me, for they had been a party of six, and I alone; but I saw them afterwards, and our acquaintance ripened into intimacy; and though our lots are cast in different places, and we shall probably never meet again, if I do not deceive myself, neither will ever forget the acquaintance formed that night on the banks of the Nile.

Our conversation during the evening was desultory and various. We mounted the pyramids, sat down among the ruins of temples, groped among tombs, and, mixed up with these higher matters, touched incidentally upon rats, fleas, and all kinds of vermin. I say we touched incidentally upon these things; but, to tell the truth, we talked so much about them, that when I went to my boat, I fairly crawled. I have omitted to mention that the curse provoked by Pharaoh still rests upon the land, and that rats, fleas, and all those detestable animals into which Aaron converted the sands, are still the portion of the traveller and sojourner in Egypt. I had suffered considerably during the last four days, but, not willing to lose a favourable wind, had put off resorting to the usual means of relief. To-night, however, there was no enduring it any longer; the rats ran, shrieked, and shouted, as if celebrating a jubilee on account of some great mortality among the cats, and the lesser animals came upon me as if the rod of Aaron had been lifted for my special affliction. I got up during the night, and told Paul that we would remain here a day, and early in the morning they must sink the boat. Before I woke, we were half across the river, being obliged to cross in order to find a convenient place for sinking. I was vexed at having left so abruptly my new companions; but it was too late to return. We pitched our tent on the bank, and immediately commenced unloading the boat.

On a point a little above, in front of a large house built by the French, at the south end of the temple of Luxor, and one of the most beautiful positions on the Nile, were two tents. I knew that they belonged to the companions of the two gentlemen on the opposite side, and that there was a lady with them. I rather put myself out of the way for it, and the first time I met the three gentlemen on the bank, I was not particularly pleased with them. I may have deceived myself, but I thought they did not greet me as cordially as I was disposed to greet every traveller I met in that remote country. True, I was not a very inviting-looking object; but, as I said to myself, "Take the beam out of your own eye, and then—" True, too, their beards were longer, and one of them was redder than mine, but I did not think that gave them any right to put on airs. In short, I left them with a sort of go-to-the-devil feeling, and did not expect to have any more to do with them. I therefore strolled away, and spent the day rambling among the ruins of the temples of Luxor and Carnac. I shall not now attempt any de-

scription of these temples, nor of the ruins of Thebes generally (no easy task), but reserve the whole until my return from the Cataracts.

At about three o'clock I returned to my tent. It was the first day of the feast of Bairam, the thirty days of fasting (Ramadan) being just ended. It was a great day at Luxor; the bazaars were supplied with country products, the little cafeterias were filled with smokers, indemnifying themselves for their long abstinence, and the Fellahs were coming in from the country. On my return from Carnac, I for the first time saw dromedaries, richly caparisoned, mounted by well-armed Arabs, and dashing over the ground at full gallop. I had never seen dromedaries before, except in caravans, accommodating themselves to the slow pace of the camel, and I did not think the clumsy, lumbering animal, could carry himself so proudly, and move so rapidly. Their movement, however, was very far from realising the extravagant expression of "swift as the wind," applied to it in the East. I was somewhat fatigued on my return, and Paul met me on the bank with a smiling face, and information that the English party had sent their janizary to ask me to dine with them at six o'clock. Few things tend to give you a better opinion of a man, of his intelligence, his piety, and morals, than receiving from him an invitation to dinner. I am what is called a sure man in such cases, and the reader may suppose that I was not wanting upon this occasion.

It was an excessively hot day. You who were hovering over your coal fires, or moving about wrapped in cloaks or greatcoats, can hardly believe that on the 20th of January the Arabs were refreshing their heated bodies by a bath in the Nile, and that I was lying under my tent actually panting for breath. I had plenty to occupy me, but the heat was too intense; the sun seemed to scorch the brain, while the sands blistered the feet. I think it was the hottest day I experienced on the Nile.

While leaning on my elbow, looking out of the door of my tent towards the temple of Luxor, I saw a large body of Arabs, on foot, on dromedaries, and on horseback, coming down towards the river. They came about half way across the sandy plain between the temple and the river, and stopped nearly opposite to my tent, so as to give me a full view of all their movements. The slaves and pipe-bearers immediately spread mats on the sand, on which the principal persons seated themselves, and, while they were taking coffee and pipes, others were making preparations for equestrian exercises. The forms and ceremonies presented to my mind a lively picture of preparing the lists for a tournament; and the intense heat and scorching sands reminded me of the great passage of arms in Scott's *Crusaders*, near the Diamond of the Desert, on the shores of the Dead Sea.

The parties were on horseback, holding in their right hands long wooden spears, the lower ends resting on the sand, close together, and forming a pivot around which their movements were made. They rode round in a circle, with their spears in the sand, and their eyes keenly fixed on each other, watching an opportunity to strike; chased, turned, and doubled, but never leaving the pivot; occasionally the spears were raised, crossed, and struck together, and a murmuring ran through the crowd like the cry in the fencing-scene in *Hamlet*, "a hit, a fair hit!" and the parties separated, or again dropped their poles in the centre for another round. The play for some time seemed confined to slaves and dependents, and among them, and decidedly the most skilful, was a young Nubian. His master, a Turk, who was sitting on the mat, seemed particularly pleased with his success.

The whole of this seemed merely a preliminary, designed to stir up the dormant spirit of the masters. For a long time they sat quietly puffing their pipes, and probably longing for the stimulus of a battle-cry to rouse them from their torpor. At length one of them, the master of the Nubian, slowly rose from the mat, and challenged an antagonist. Slowly he laid down his pipe, and took and raised the pole in his

hand; but still he was not more than half roused. A fresh horse was brought him, and, without taking off his heavy cloth mantle, he drowsily placed his left foot in the broad shovel stirrup, his right on the rump of the horse, behind the saddle, and swung himself into the seat. The first touch of the saddle seemed to rouse him; he took the pole from the hand of his attendant, gave his horse a severe check, and, driving the heavy corners of the stirrups into his sides, dashed through the sand on a full run. At the other end of the course he stopped, rested a moment or two, then again driving his irons into his horse, dashed back at full speed; and when it seemed as if his next step would carry him headlong among the Turks on the mat, with one jerk he threw his horse back on his haunches, and brought him up from a full run to a dead stop. This seemed to warm him a little; his attendant came up and took off his cloak, under which he had a red silk jacket and white trousers, and again he dashed through the sand and back as before. This time he brought up his horse with furious vehemence; his turban became unrolled, he flew into a violent passion, tore it off and threw it on the sand, and, leaving his play, fiercely struck the spear of his adversary, and the battle at once commenced. The Turk, who had seemed too indolent to move, now showed a fire and energy, and an endurance of fatigue, that would have been terrible in battle. Both horse and rider scorned the blazing sun and burning sands, and round and round they ran, chasing, turning, and doubling within an incredibly small circle, till an approving murmur was heard among the crowd. The trial was now over, and the excited Turk again seated himself upon the mat, and relapsed into a state of calm indifference.

The exercise finished just in time to enable me to make my toilet for dinner. As there was a lady in the case, I had some doubt whether I ought not to shave, not having performed that operation since I left Cairo; but as I had already seen the gentlemen of the party, and had fallen, moreover, into the fashion of the country, of shaving the head and wearing the tarbouch (one of the greatest luxuries in Egypt, by the way), and could not in any event sit with my head uncovered, I determined to stick to the beard; and disguising myself in a clean shirt, and giving directions to my boatmen to be ready to start at ten o'clock, I walked along the bank to the tent of my new friends. I do not know whether my notion in the morning was right, or whether I had misapprehended things; but at any rate, I had no reason to complain of my reception now; I think myself that there was a difference, which I accounted for in my own way, by ascribing to their discovery that I was an American. I have observed that English meeting abroad, though they would probably stand by each other to the death in a quarrel, are ridiculously shy of each other as acquaintances, on account of the great difference of caste at home. As regards Americans, the case is different, and to them the English display none of that feeling. After I had started on my ramble, Paul had planted my flag at the door of the tent, and, among the other advantages which that flag brought me, I included my invitation to dinner, agreeable acquaintances, and one of the most pleasant evenings I spent on the Nile. Indeed, I hope I may be pardoned a burst of national feeling, and be allowed to say, without meaning any disrespect to any other country, that I would rather travel under the name of an American than under any other known in Europe. Every American abroad meets a general prepossession in favour of his country, and it is an agreeable truth that the impression made by our countrymen abroad generally sustains the prepossession. I have met with some, however, who destroyed this good effect, and made themselves disagreeable and gave offence by a habit of intruding their country, and its institutions, and of drawing invidious comparisons, with a pertinacity and self-complacency I never saw in any other people.

But to return to the dinner: a man may make a long

digression before a dinner on paper, who would scorn such a thing before a dinner *de facto*. The party consisted of four—a gentleman and his lady, he an honourable, and heir to an old and respectable title; a brother of the lady, an ex-captain in the guards, who changed his name and resigned his commission on receiving a fortune from an uncle; and another gentleman, I do not know whether of that family, but bearing one of the proudest names in England. They were all young, the oldest not more than thirty-five, and, not excepting the lady, full of thirst for adventure and travel. I say not excepting the lady; I should rather say that the lady was the life and soul of the party. She was young and beautiful, in the most attractive style of English beauty; she was married, and therefore dead in law; and as we may say what we will of the dead, I venture to say that she had shone as a beauty and a belle in the proudest circles of England, and was now enjoying more pleasure than Almack's or drawing-rooms could give, rambling among ruins, and sleeping under a tent on the banks of the Nile. They had travelled in Spain, had just come from Mount Sinai and the Red Sea, and talked of Bagdad. I had often met on the continent with Englishmen who "were out" as they called it, for a certain time, one year or two years, but this party had no fixed time; they "were out" for as long as suited their humour. To them I am indebted for the most interesting part of my journey in the East, for they first suggested to me the route by Petra and Arabia Petraea. We made a calculation by which we hoped, in reference to what each had to do, to meet at Cairo and make the attempt together. It was a great exertion of resolution that I did not abandon my own plans, and keep in company with them, but they had too much time for me; a month or two was no object to them, but to me a very great one.

All this, and much more, including the expression of a determination, when they had finished their travels in the Old World, to visit us in the New, took place while we were dining under the tent of the captain and his friend. The table stood in the middle on canteens, about eight inches from the ground, with a mattress on each side for seats. It was rather awkward sitting, particularly for me, who was next the lady, and in that position felt some of the trammels of conventional life; there was no room to put my legs under the table, and, not anticipating the precise state of things, I had not arranged straps and suspenders, and my feet seemed to be bigger than ever. I doubled them under me; they got asleep, not the quiet and tranquil sleep which makes you forget existence, but the slumber of a troubled conscience, pricking and burning, till human nature could endure it no longer, and I kicked out the offending members with very little regard to elegance of attitude. The ice once broken, I felt at my ease, and the evening wore away too soon. An embargo had been laid upon my tongue so long, that my ears fairly tingled with pleasure at hearing myself talk. It was, in fact, a glorious evening; a bright spot that I love to look back upon, more than indemnifying me for weeks of loneliness. I sat with them till a late hour; and when I parted, I did not feel as if it were the first time I had seen them, or think it would be the last, expecting to meet them a few days afterwards at the Cataracts. But I never saw them again; we passed each other on the river during the night. I received several messages from them; and at Beyroot, after I had finished my tour in Arabia Petraea and the Holy Land, I received a letter from them, still on the Nile. I should be extremely sorry to think that we are never to meet again, and hope that, when wearied with rambling among the ruins of the Old World, they will execute their purpose of visiting America, and that here we may talk over our meeting on the banks of the Nile. I went back to my boat to greater loneliness than before, but there was a fine wind, and in a few minutes we were again under way. I sat on deck till a late hour, smoked two or three pipes, and retired to my little cabin.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Rock of the Chain.—Ravages of the Plague.—Deserted Quarries.—A youthful Navigator.—A recollection of Sam Patch.—Ancient Inscriptions.—A perplexed Major-domo.—A Dinner without Parallel.—An awkward Discovery.

THE next day and the next still brought us favourable winds and strong, and we were obliged to take down one of our tall lattes, but made great progress with the other, even against the rapid current of the river. The Nile was very wide, the water turbulent, and the waves rolling with such violence that Paul became seasick; and if it had not been for the distant banks, we could hardly have believed ourselves on the bosom of a river 1000 miles from the ocean.

In the evening we were approaching Hadjar Silsily, the Rock of the Chain, the narrowest part of the river, where the mountains of Africa and Arabia seem marching to meet each other, and stopping merely to leave a narrow passage for the river. Tradition says that in ancient days an iron chain was drawn across the narrow strait, which checked the current; and the Arab boatman believes he can still see, in the sides of the mountains, the marks of the rings and bolts to which the miraculous chain was fastened.

We hauled up alongside of the bank for part of the night, and the next morning, with a strong and favourable wind, were approaching Assouan, the last town in Egypt, standing on the borders of Ethiopia, and at the foot of the Cataracts of the Nile. For some time before reaching Assouan, the river becomes broader and the mountains again retire, leaving space for the islands, and a broad surface for the body of the river. About three miles this side, on the Arabian bank, is the new palace of Ibrahim, where he retired and shut himself up during the terrible plague of last year. On the right, the top of the Libyan mountain is crowned with the tomb of a Marabout Sheikh, and about half way down are the ruins of a convent, picturesque and interesting, as telling that before the Crescent came and trampled it under foot, the Cross, the symbol of the Christian faith, once reared its sacred form in the interior of Africa. In front is the beautiful Island of Elephantina, with a green bank sloping down to the river. On the left are rugged mountains; and projecting in rude and giant masses into the river are the rocks of dark grey granite, from which came the mighty obelisks and monuments that adorned the ancient temples of Egypt. The little town of Assouan stands on the bank of the river, almost hid among palm-trees; and back at a distance on the height are the ruins of the old city.

From the deck of my boat, the approach to the Cataracts presented by far the finest scene on the Nile, possessing a variety and wildness equally striking and beautiful, after the monotonous scenery along the whole ascent of the river. With streamers gallantly flying, I entered the little harbour, and with a feeling of satisfaction that amply repaid me for all its vexations, I looked upon the end of my journey. I would have gone to the second cataract if time had been no object to me, or if I had had at that time any idea of writing a book, as the second cataract is the usual terminus for travellers on the Nile; and a man who returns to Cairo without having been there, is not considered entitled to talk much about his voyage up the river.

I am, perhaps, publishing my own want of taste when I say that the notion of going to the great Oasis had taken such a hold of me, that it was mainly for this object that I sacrificed the voyage to the second cataract. With the feeling, therefore, that here was the end of my journey in this direction, I jumped upon the bank; and, having been pent up on board for two days, I put myself in rapid action, and, in one of the cant phrases of continental tourists, began to "knock down the lions."

My first move was to the little town of Assouan; but here I found little to detain me. It was better built than most of the towns on the Nile, and has its street of bazaars; the slave-bazaars being by far the best

supplied of any. In one of the little cafeterias opposite the slave-market, a Turk meanly dressed, though with arms, and a mouthpiece to his pipe that marked him as a man of rank, attracted my particular attention. He was almost the last of the Mamelukes, but yesterday the lords of Egypt; one of the few who escaped the general massacre of his race, and one of the very few permitted to drag out the remnant of their days in the pacha's dominions.

The ruins of the old town are in a singularly high, bold, and commanding situation, overlooking the river, the Cataracts, the island of Elephantina, and the Arabian desert. More than 1000 years ago this city contained a large and flourishing population; and some idea may be formed of its former greatness, from the fact that more than 20,000 of its inhabitants died in one year of the plague. In consequence of the terrible ravages of this scourge, the inhabitants abandoned it; but, still clinging to their ancient homes, commenced building a new town, beginning at the northern wall of the old. The valley here is very narrow; and the desert of Arabia, with its front of dark granite mountains, advances to its bank.

The southern gate of the modern town opens to the sands of the desert, and immediately outside the walls is a large Mahommedan burying-ground, by its extent and the number of its tombstones exciting the wonder of the stranger how so small a town could pay such a tribute to the king of terrors. In many places the bodies were not more than half buried, the loose sand which had been sprinkled over them having been blown away. Skulls, legs, and arms, were scattered about in every direction; and in one place we saw a pile of skulls and bones, which seemed to have been collected by some pious hand, to save them from the foot of the passing traveller. In another, the rest of the body still buried, the feet were sticking out, and the naked skull, staring at us from its sightless sockets, seemed struggling to free itself from the bondage of the grave, and claiming the promise of a resurrection from the dead. We buried again these relics of mortality, and hoping it might not be our lot to lay our bones where the grave was so little revered, continued our way to the ancient granite quarries of Syene.

These quarries stand about half an hour's walk from the river, in the bosom of a long range of granite mountains, stretching off into the desert of Arabia. Time and exposure have not touched the freshness of the stone, and the whole of the immense quarry looks as if it were but yesterday that the Egyptian left it. You could imagine that the workman had just gone to his noonday meal; and as you look at the mighty obelisk lying rude and unfinished at your feet, you feel disposed to linger till the Egyptian shall come to resume his work, to carve his mysterious characters upon it, and make it a fit portal for some mighty temple. But the hammer and chisel will never be heard there more. The Egyptian workmen have passed away, and these immense quarries are now and for ever silent and deserted.

Aside from the great interest of these ancient quarries, it is curious to notice how, long before the force of gunpowder and the art of blasting rocks were known, immense stones were separated from the sides of the mountains, and divided as the artist wished, by the slow process of boring small holes, and splitting them apart with wedges.

I returned by the old city, crossing its burying-ground, which, like that of the new town, told, in language that could not be misunderstood, that before the city was destroyed, it, too, had paid a large tribute to the grave. This burying-ground has an interest not possessed by any other in Egypt, as it contains, scattered over its extended surface, many tombstones with Coptic inscriptions, the only existing remains of the language of a people who style themselves, and are styled, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians.

It was late in the afternoon as I stood on the height crowned by the ruins of the ancient city, with a mo-

mentary feeling of returning loneliness, and gazed upon the sun retiring with glorious splendour towards my far-distant home. I turned my eyes to my boat, and beyond it at a distance down the river, I saw a boat coming up under full sail, bearing what my now practised eye told me was the English flag. I hurried down, and arrived in time to welcome to the Cataracts of the Nile the two gentlemen I had first met at Thebes.

We spent the evening together, and I abandoned my original intention of taking my own boat up the Cataracts, and agreed to go up with them.

In the morning, after an early breakfast, we started for the Island of Philæ, about eight miles from Assouan, and above all the Cataracts; an island singularly beautiful in situation, and containing the ruins of a magnificent temple. The road lay nearly all the way along the river, commanding a full view of the Cataracts, or rather, if a citizen of a new world may lay his innovating hand upon things consecrated by the universal consent of ages, what we who have heard the roar of Niagara, would call simply the "rapids." We set off on slaggy donkeys, without saddle, bridle, or halter. A short distance from Assouan, unmarked by any monument, amid arid sands, we crossed the line which, since the days of Pharaoh, has existed as the boundary between Egypt and Ethiopia. We passed through several villages, standing alone at the foot of the granite mountains, without green or verdure around them, even to the extent of a blade of grass, and irresistibly suggesting the question, "How do the miserable inhabitants live?" It was not the first time I had had occasion to remark the effect of blood on physical character, and the strong and marked difference of races among people living under the same sun, and almost on a common soil. In the first village in Nubia, though not half an hour from Assouan, there is a difference obvious to the most superficial observer, and here, on the very confines of Egypt, it would be impossible to mistake a border Nubian for an Arab of Assouan.

Before arriving at Philæ, the river is filled with rocks and islands, and the view becomes singularly bold and striking. At the foot of one of the islands is a sort of ferry, with a very big boat and a very little boy to manage it; we got on board, and were astonished to see with what courage and address the little fellow conducted us among the islands washed by the Cataracts. And it was not a straight ahead navigation either; he was obliged to take advantage of an eddy to get to one point, jump ashore, tow the boat to another, again drop to another, tow her again, and so on; and all this time

In this way we worked to an island inhabited by a few miserable Nubians, and, crossing it, came to the point of the principal cataract (I continue to call it cataract by courtesy), being a fall of about two feet.

And these were the great Cataracts of the Nile, whose roar in ancient days affrighted the Egyptian boatmen, and which history and poetry have invested with extraordinary and ideal terrors! The traveller who has come from a country as far distant as mine, bringing all that freshness of feeling with which a citizen of the New World turns to the storied wonders of the Old, and has roamed over the mountains and drunk of the rivers of Greece, will have found himself so often cheated by the exaggerated accounts of the ancients, the vivid descriptions of poets, and his own imagination, that he will hardly feel disappointed when he stands by this apology for a cataract.

Here the Nubian boys had a great feat to show, namely, jump into the cataract and float down to the point of the island. The inhabitants of the countries bordering on the Nile are great swimmers, and the Nubians are perhaps the best of all; but this was no great feat. The great and ever-to-be-lamented Sam Patch would have made the Nubians stare, and shown them, in his own pithy phrase, "that some folks could do things as well as other folks;" and I question if

there is a cataract on the Nile at which that daring diver would not have turned up his nose in scorn.

We returned by the same way we had come, and under the same guidance, augmented, however, by a motley collection of men and boys, who had joined us as our escort. In paying for the boat we showed a preference for our little boy, which brought down upon him all the rest, and he had to run to us for protection. We saved him for the present, but left him exposed to one of the evils attendant upon the acquisition of money all the world over, the difficulty of keeping it, which difficulty, in his case, was so great physically, that I have no doubt he was stripped of more than half before we were out of sight.

Getting rid of them, or as many of them as we could, we again mounted our shaggy donkeys, and rode to the Island of Philæ. This island makes one of the most beautiful pictures I ever saw. Perhaps the general monotony of the scenery on the Nile gives it a peculiar beauty; but I think it would be called beautiful any where, even among the finest scenes in Italy. It brought forcibly to my mind, but seemed to me far more lovely than, the Lake Maggiore, with the beautiful Isola Bella and Isola Madre. It is entirely unique, a beautiful *lusus nature*, a little island about 1000 feet long and 400 broad, rising in the centre of a circular bay, which appears to be cut off from the river, and forms a lake surrounded by dark sandstone rocks, carpeted with green to the water's edge, and covered with columns, propylons, and towers, the ruins of a majestic temple. A sunken wall encircles it on all sides, on which, in a few moments, we landed.

I have avoided description of ruins when I could. The fact is, I know nothing of architecture, and never measured anything in my life; before I came to Egypt I could not tell the difference between a dromos and a propylon, and my whole knowledge of Egyptian antiquities was little more than enough to enable me to distinguish between a mummy and a pyramid. I picked up about enough on the spot to answer my purpose; but I have too much charity for my reader to impose my smattering on him. In fact, I have already forgotten more than half of the little that I then learned, and I should show but a poor return for his kindness if I were to puzzle him with the use or misuse of technical phrases. Still I must do something; the temples of Egypt must have a place here; for I might as well leave out Jerusalem in the story of a tour through the Holy Land.

The temple of Philæ is a magnificent ruin, 435 feet in length, and 105 in width. It stands at the south-west corner of the island, close upon the bank of the river, and the approach to it is by a grand colonnade, extending 240 feet along the edge of the river to the grand propylon. The propylon is nearly 100 feet long, and rises on each side of the gateway in two lofty towers, in the form of a truncated pyramid. The front is decorated with sculpture and hieroglyphics; on each side a figure of Isis, twenty feet high, with the moon over her head, and near the front formerly stood two obelisks and two sphinxes, the pedestals and ruins of which still remain. The body of the temple contains eleven chambers, covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics, the figures tinted in the most lively colours, and the ceiling painted azure, and studded with stars.

But there are other things which touch the beholder more nearly than the majestic ruins of the temple—things which carry him from the works of man to a grander and higher subject, that of man himself. On the lofty towers in front of the temple, among the mysterious and unknown writings of the Egyptians, were inscriptions in Greek and Latin, telling that they whose names were there written had come to worship the great goddess Isis; that men had lived and looked upon the sun, moon, and stars, the mountains and the rolling river, and worshipped a mute idol. And again, on the front wall was the sacred cross, the emblem of the Christian faith, and the figures of the Egyptian deities were defaced and plastered over, showing that

another race had been there to worship, who scorned and trampled on the gods of the heathen. And again there was an inscription of later days, that in the ruins of the temple carried with it a wild and fearful interest; telling that the thunder of modern war had been heard above the roar of the cataract, and that the arm of the soldier which had struck terror in the frozen regions of the north, had swept the burning sands of Africa. In the grand propylon, among the names of tourists and travellers, in a small plain hand, is written—"L'an 6 de la république, le 13 Messidor, une armée Française, commandée par Buonaparte, est descendue à Alexandrie; l'armée ayant mis, vingt jours après, les Mamelukes en fuite aux pyramides, Dessaix, commandant la première division, les a poursuivis, au delà des cataractes, où il est arrivé le 13 Ventose, de l'an 7." Near this was an inscription that to me was far more interesting than all the rest, the name of an early friend, "C— B—, U. S. of America," written with his own hand. I did not know that he had been here, although I knew he had been many years from home, and I had read in a newspaper that he had died in Palestine. A thousand recollections crowded upon me, of joys departed never to return, and made me sad.* I wrote my name under his, and left the temple.

I was glad to get back to my rascally donkey. If a man were oppressed and borne down with mental anxiety, if he were mourning and melancholy, either from the loss of a friend or an undigested dinner, I would engage to cure him. I would put him on a donkey without saddle or halter, and if he did not find himself by degrees drawn from the sense of his misery, and worked up into a towering passion, getting off and belabouring his brute with his stick, and forgetting every thing in this world but the obstinacy of the ass, and his own folly in attempting to ride one, man is a more quiet animal than I take him to be.

As I intended going the next day up the Cataracts with my companions, and expected to spend the day on board their boat, I had asked them to dine with me in the evening. After giving the invitation, I held a council with Paul, who told me that the thing was impossible, and, with a prudence worthy of Caleb Balderstone, expressed his wonder that I had not worked an invitation out of them. I told him, however, that the thing was settled, and dine with me they must. My house-keeping had never been very extravagant, and macaroni, rice, and fowl, had been my standing dishes. Paul was pertinacious in raising objections, but I told him peremptorily there was no escape; that he must buy a cow or a camel, if necessary, and left him scratching his head and pondering over the task before him.

In the hurried business of the day, I had entirely forgotten Paul and his perplexities. Once only, I remember, with a commendable prudence, I tried to get my companions to expend some of their force upon dried dates and Nubian bread, which they as maliciously declined, that they might do justice to me. Returning now, at the end of nine hours' hard work, crossing rivers and rambling among ruins, the sharp exercise, and the grating of my teeth at the stubborn movements of my donkey, gave me an extraordinary voracity, and dinner—the all-important, never-to-be-forgotten business of the day, the delight alike of the ploughman and philosopher—dinner with its uncertain goodness, began to press upon the most tender sensibilities of my nature. My companions felt the vibrations of the same chord, and, with an unnecessary degree of circumstance, talked of the effect of air and exercise in sharpening the appetite, and the glorious satisfaction, after a day's work, of sitting down to a good dinner. I had perfect confidence in Paul's zeal and ability, but I began to have some misgivings. I felt a hungry devil within me, that roared as if he would never be satisfied. I looked at my companions, and heard them talk; and as I followed their humour with an hysterical laugh, I thought the genius of famine was at my heels in the shape of two hungry Englishmen. I trembled for Paul, but the first glimpse

I caught of him reassured me. He sat on the deck of the boat, with his arms folded, coolly, though with an air of conscious importance, looking out for us. Slowly and with dignity he came to assist us from our cursed donkeys; neither a smile nor frown was on his face, but there reigned an expression that you could not mistake. Reader, you have seen the countenance of a good man lighted up with the consciousness of having done a good action; even so was Paul's. I could read in his face a consciousness of having acted well his part. One might almost have dined on it. It said, as plainly as face could speak, one, two, three, four, five courses and a dessert, or, as they say at the two-franc restaurants in Paris, "Quatre plats, une demi bouteille de vin, et pain à discrétion."

In fact, the worthy butler of Ravenswood could not have stood in the hall of his master in the days of its glory, before thunder broke china and soured buttermilk, with more sober and conscious dignity than did Paul stand on the deck of my boat to receive us. A load was removed from my heart. I knew that my credit was saved, and I led the way with a proud step to my little cabin. Still I asked no questions, and made no apologies. I simply told my companions we were in Paul's hands, and he would do with us as seemed to him good. Another board had been added to my table, and my towel had been washed and dried during the day, and now lay, clean and of a rather reddish white, doing the duty of a table-cloth. I noticed, too, tumblers, knives and forks, and plates, which were strangers to me, but I said nothing; we seated ourselves and waited, nor did we wait long; soon we saw Paul coming towards us, staggering under the weight of his burden, the savoury odour of which preceded him. He entered, and laid before us an Irish stew. Reader, did you ever eat an Irish stew? Gracious Heaven! I shall never forget that paragon of dishes; how often in the Desert, among the mountains of Sinai, in the Holy Land, rambling along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the shores of the Dead Sea—how often has that Irish stew risen before me to tease and tantalise me, and haunt me with the memory of departed joys! The potato is a vegetable that does not grow in Egypt. I had not tasted one for more than a month, and was almost startled out of my propriety at seeing them; but I held my peace, and was as solemn and dignified as Paul himself. Without much ceremony, we threw ourselves with one accord upon the stew. I think I only do our party justice, when I say that few of those famished gentlemen, from whose emerald isle it takes its name, could have shown more affection for the national dish. For my own part, as I did not know what was coming next, if any thing, I felt loath to part with it. My companions were knowing ones, and seemed to be of the same way of thinking, and, without any consultation, all appeared to be approaching the same end, to wit, the end of the stew. With the empty dish before him, demonstrative to Paul that so far we were perfectly satisfied with what he had done, that worthy purveyor came forward with an increase of dignity to change our plates. I now saw that something more was coming. I had suspected from the beginning that Paul was in the mutton line, and involuntarily murmured, "This day a sheep has died;" and presently on came another cut of the murdered innocent, in cutlets, accompanied by fried potatoes. Then came boiled mutton and boiled potatoes, and then roast mutton and roast potatoes, and then came a macaroni paté. I thought this was going to spoil the whole; until this I had considered the dinner as something extraordinary and recherché. But the macaroni, the thing of at least six days in the week, utterly disconcerted me. I tried to give Paul a wink to keep it back, but on he came; if he had followed with a chicken, I verily believe I should have thrown it at his head. But my friends were unflinching and uncompromising. They were determined to stand by Paul to the last; and we laid in the macaroni paté with as much vigour as if we had not already eaten a sheep. Paul wound us up and packed us down with pancakes. I never knew a

man that did not like pancakes, or who could not eat them even at the end of a mighty dinner. And now, feeling that happy sensation of fullness which puts a man above kings, princes, or pachas, we lighted our long pipes and smoked. Our stomachs were full, and our hearts were open. Talk of mutual sympathy, of congenial spirits, of similarity of tastes, and all that; 'tis the dinner which unlocks the heart; you feel yourself warming towards the man that has dined with you. It was in this happy spirit that we lay like warriors, resting on our arms, and talked over the particulars of our battles.

And now, all dignity put aside and all restraint removed, and thinking my friends might have recognised acquaintances among the things at the table which were strangers to me, and thinking, too, that I stood on a pinnacle, and, come what might, I could not fall, I led the way in speculating upon the manner in which Paul had served us. The ice once broken, my friends solved many of the mysteries, by claiming this, that, and the other, as part of their furniture and stores. In fact, they were going on most unscrupulously, making it somewhat doubtful whether I had furnished any thing for my own dinner, and I called in Paul. But that functionary had no desire to be questioned; he hemmed, and hawed, and dodged about; but I told him to make a clean heart of it, and then it came out, but it was like drawing teeth, that he had been on a regular foraging expedition among their stores. The potatoes with which he had made such a flourish were part of a very small stock furnished them by a friend, as a luxury not to be had on the Nile; and, instead of the acknowledgments which I expected to receive on account of my dinner, my friends congratulated me rather ironically upon possessing such a treasure of a steward. We sat together till a late hour; were grave, gay, laughing, and lachrymose, by turns; and when we began to doze over our pipes, lettook ourselves to slumber.

CHAPTER IX.

Ascent of the Cataracts.—A Nautical Patriarch.—Political Improvement.—A Nubian Damsel's Wardrobe.—A test of Friendship.—East and West.—Moonlight on the Nile.—Uses of a Temple.

In the morning we were up betimes, expecting another stirring day in mounting the Cataracts. Carrying boats up and down the rapids is the great business of the Nubians who live on the borders of Egypt. It is a business that requires great knowledge and address; and the rais who commands the large squad of men necessary to mount a boat, is an important person among them. He was already there with part of his men, the others being stationed among the islands of the Cataracts, at the places where their services would be needed. This rais was one of the most noble-looking men I ever saw. He was more than eighty, a native of Barbary, who had in early life wandered with a caravan across the Libyan Desert, and been left, he knew not why, on a little island among the Cataracts of the Nile. As the Nubian does now, firmly seated on a log and paddling with his hands, he had floated in every eddy, and marked every stone that the falling river lays bare to the eye; and now, with the experience of years, he stood among the Nubians, confessedly one of their most skilful pilots through a difficult and sometimes dangerous navigation. He was tall and thin, with a beard of uncommon length and whiteness; a face dried, scarred, and wrinkled, and dark as it could be without having the blackness of a negro. His costume was a clean white turban, red jacket, and red sash, with white trousers, red slippers, and a heavy club fastened by a string around his wrist. I am particular in describing the appearance of the hardy old man, for we were exceedingly struck with it. Nothing could be finer than his look, his walk, his every movement; and the picturesque effect was admirably heightened by contrast with his swarthy assistants, most of whom were despe-

ately ragged, and many of them as naked as they were born. The old man came on board with a dignity that savoured more of a youth passed amid the polish of a European court, than on the sands of Barbary, or the rude islands of the Nile. We received him as if he had been the great pacha himself, gave him coffee and pipes, and left him to the greatest luxury of the East, perfect rest, until his services should be required.

In the meantime, with a strong and favourable wind, we started from the little harbour of Assouan, while a throng of idlers, gathered together on the beach, watched our departure with as much interest as though it were not an event of almost daily occurrence. Almost immediately above Assouan the view extends over a broad surface, and the rocks and islands begin to multiply. The strong wind enabled us to ascend some distance with the sails; but our progress gradually diminished, and at length, while our sails were yet filled almost to bursting, we came to a dead stand, struggled vainly for a while against the increasing current, and then fell astern. The old rais, who had sat quietly watching the movements of the boat, now roused himself; and at his command, a naked Nubian, with a rope over his shoulders, plunged into the river and swam for the shore. At first he swam boldly and vigorously; but soon his strength began to fail, and the weight of the slackened rope effectually stopped his progress; when, resting for a little space, he dived like a duck, kicking his heels in the air, came up clear of the rope, and soon gained the bank. A dozen Nubians now threw themselves into the water, caught the sinking rope, carried it ashore, and wound it round a rock. Again the rais spoke, and fifty swarthy bodies were splashing in the water, and in a moment more they were on the rocky bank, hauling upon the rope; others joined them, but where they came from nobody could see; and by the strength of a hundred men, all pulling and shouting together, and both sails full, we passed the first Cataract.

Above this the passage became more difficult, and the old rais seemed to rise in spirit and energy with the emergency. As we approached the second Cataract, half a dozen ropes were thrown out, and the men seemed to multiply as if by magic, springing up among the rocks like a parcel of black river-gods. More than two hundred of them were hauling on the ropes at once, climbing over the rocks, descending into the river, and again mounting, with their naked bodies shining in the sun, all talking, tugging, ordering, and shouting together; and among them, high above the rest, was heard the clear voice of the rais. His noble figure, too, was seen, now scrambling along the base of a rock, now standing on its summit, his long arms thrown above his head, his white beard and ample dress streaming in the wind, until the inert mass had triumphed over the rushing river; when he again took his seat upon the deck, and in the luxury of his pipe forgot the animating scene that for a moment had cheated him back to youth.

At this season there was in no place a fall of more than two feet; though the river, breaking among the almost innumerable rocks and islands, hurried along with great violence and rapidity. In the midst of the most furious rushing of the waters, adding much to the striking wildness of the scene, were two figures, with their clothes tied above their heads, sitting upon the surface of the water apparently, and floating as if by a miracle. They were a man and his wife, crossing from one of the islands; their bark a log, with a bundle of cornstalks on each side; too frail to support their weight, yet strong enough to keep them from sinking.

And now all was over; we had passed the Cataracts, catching our dinner at intervals as we came up. We had wound round the beautiful Island of Philæ, and the boat had hauled up alongside the bank to let me go ashore. The moment of parting and returning to my former loneliness had come, and I felt my courage failing. I verily believe that if my own boat had been above the Cataracts, I should have given up my own project and accompanied my English friends. Paul

was even more reluctant to part than his master. He had never travelled except with a party, where the other servants and dragomen were company for him, and after these chance encounters he was for a while completely prostrated. The moment of parting came and passed; warm adieus were exchanged, and, with Paul and my own rais for company, I set out on foot for Assouan.

Directly opposite the Island of Philæ is a stopping-place for boats, where dates, the great produce of Upper Egypt, are brought in large quantities, and deposited preparatory to being sent down to Cairo. All along the upper part of the Nile the palm-tree had become more plentiful, and here it was the principal and almost only product of the country. Its value is inestimable to the Nubians, as well as to the Arabs of Upper Egypt; and so well is this value known, and so general is the progress of the country in European improvements, that every tree pays an annual tax to the great reformer.

The Nubian is interesting in his appearance and character; his figure is tall, thin, sinewy, and graceful, possessing what would be called in civilised life an uncommon degree of gentility; his face is rather dark, though far removed from African blackness; his features are long and aquiline, decidedly resembling the Roman; the expression of his face mild, amiable, and approaching to melancholy. I remember to have thought, when reading Sir Walter Scott's *Crusaders*, that the metamorphosis of Kenneth into a Nubian was strained and improbable, as I did not then understand the shades of difference in the features and complexion of the inhabitants of Africa; but observation has shown me that it was my own ignorance that deceived me; and in this, as in other descriptions of Eastern scenes, I have been forced to admire the great and intimate knowledge of details possessed by the unequalled novelist, and his truth and liveliness of description.

The inhabitants of Nubia, like all who come under the rod of the pacha, suffer the accumulated ills of poverty. Happily, they live in a country where their wants are few; the sun warms them, and the palm-tree feeds and clothes them. The use of fire-arms is almost unknown, and their weapons are still the spear and shield, as in ages long past. In the upper part of Nubia the men and women go entirely naked, except a piece of leather about six inches wide, cut in strings, and tied about their loins; and even here, on the confines of Egypt, at least one half of the Nubians appear in the same costume.

I do not know what has made me introduce these remarks upon the character and manners of the Nubians here, except it be to pave the way for the incidents of my walk down to Assouan. Wishing to get rid of my unpleasant feelings at parting with my companions, I began to bargain for one of the large heavy clubs, made of the palm-tree, which every Nubian carries, and bought what a Kentuckian would call a screamer, or an Irishman a toothpick; a large round club, about two inches in diameter, which seldom left my hand till I lost it in the Holy Land. Then seeing a Nubian riding backward and forward on a dromedary, showing his paces like a jockey at a horse-market, I began to bargain for him. I mounted him (the first time I had mounted a dromedary); and as I expected to have considerable use for him, and liked his paces, I was on the point of buying him, but was prevented by the sudden reflection that I had no means of getting him down to Cairo.

My next essay was upon more delicate ground. I began to bargain for the costume of a Nubian lady, and to use an expressive phrase, though in this case not literally true, I bought it off her back. One of my friends in Italy had been very particular in making a collection of ladies' costumes, and, to a man curious in those things, it struck me that nothing could be more curious than this. One of the elements of beauty is said to be simplicity; and if this be not a mere poetical fiction, and beauty when unadorned is really adorned

the most, then was the young Nubian girl whose dress I bought adorned in every perfection. In fact, it was impossible to be more simple, without going back to the origin of all dress, the simple fig-leaf. She was not more than sixteen, with a sweet mild face, and a figure that the finest lady might be proud to exhibit in its native beauty; every limb charmingly rounded, and every muscle finely developed. It would have been a burning shame to put such a figure into frock, petticoat, and the other et ceteras of a lady's dress. I now look back upon this, and many other scenes, as strange, of which I thought nothing at the time, when all around was in conformity. I remember, however, though I thought nothing of seeing women all but naked, that at first I did feel somewhat delicate in attempting to buy the few inches that constituted the young girl's wardrobe. Paul had no such scruples, and I found, too, that as in the road to vice, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" In short, I bought it, and have it with me; and to the curious in such matters I have no hesitation in saying, that the costume of a Nubian lady is far more curious than any thing to be found in Italy, and would make a decided sensation at a masquerade or fancy ball.

It was nearly dark, when, from the ruined height of the old city of Assouan, I saw my little boat with the flag of my country, and near it, hardly less welcome to my eyes, the red-cross banner of England. The sight of these objects, assisted by my multifarious bargaining, relieved me from the loneliness I had felt in parting from my friends; and I went on board the English boat, hoping to find a party with which I had partially arranged to set out from Cairo, and which I was every day expecting. I was disappointed, however; but found a gentleman to whom I was then a stranger, the English consul at Alexandria. He had been eighteen years in the country, closely devoted to his public and private duties, without ever having been in Upper Egypt. On the point of returning home, to enjoy in his own country and among his own people the fruits of his honourable labours, he had now for the first time ascended the Nile. He was accompanied by his daughter, who had reigned as a belle and beauty in the ancient city of Cleopatra, and her newly married husband. Coming from home, their boat was furnished and fitted up with all kinds of luxuries. Their tea-table, in particular, made such a strong impression on me, that when I met them again at Thebes, I happened to find myself on board their boat regularly about the time for the evening meal. I was exceedingly pleased with Mr T—; so much so, that at Thebes I gave him the strongest mark of it a man could give—I borrowed money of him; and I have reason to remember his kindness in relieving me from a situation which might have embarrassed me.

Early the next morning the sails were already loosed and the stake pulled up, when Paul, from the bank, cried out, "A sail!" and looking down the river, I saw a boat coming up, and again the English flag. I furlled my sails, fastened the stake, and waited till she came up, and found the party I had expected. I went on board, and breakfasted with them. They had started from Cairo on the same day with me, but with their large boats could not keep up with me against the wind. They had heard of me along the river; and, among other things, had heard of my having shot a crocodile. Waiting to see them off for the Island of Philoe, and bidding them good-bye until we should meet at Thebes, I returned to my boat, and, letting fall the sails, before they were out of sight was descending the Nile.

My face was now turned towards home. Thousands of miles, it is true, were between us; but I was on the bosom of a mighty river, which was carrying me to the mightier ocean, and the waves that were rolling by my side were rapidly hurrying on, and might one day wash the shores of my native land. It was a beautiful prospect I had before me now. I could lie on the deck of my boat, and float hundreds of miles, shooting at crocodiles; or I could go ashore and ramble among modern villages, and the ruins of ancient cities, and

all the time I thought I would be advancing on my journey. Before night, however, the wind was blowing dead ahead, and we were obliged to furl our sails and take to our oars. But it was all of no use; our boat was blown along like a feather; carried round, backward and forward, across the river, zigzag, and at last fairly driven up the stream. With great difficulty we worked down to Ombs; and here, under the ruins of an ancient temple, part of which had already fallen into the river, we hauled up to the bank, and, in company with half a dozen Arab boats, lay by till morning.

Man is a gregarious animal. My boatmen always liked to stop where they saw other boats. I remember it was the same on the Ohio and Mississippi. Several years since, when the water was low, I started from Pittsburgh, in a flat-bottomed boat, to float down to New Orleans. There, too, we were in the habit of stopping along the bank at night, or in windy or foggy weather, and the scenes and circumstances were so different that the contrast was most interesting and impressive. Here we moored under the ruins of an ancient temple, there we made fast to the wild trees of an untrodden forest; here we joined half a dozen boats with eight or ten men in each, and they all gathered round a fire, sipped coffee, smoked, and lay down quietly to sleep; there we met the dashing roaring boys of the West, ripe for fun, frolic, or fight. The race of men "half horse, half alligator, and 't'other half steam-boat," had not yet passed away, and whenever two boats met, these restless rovers must "do something;" play cards, pitch pennies, fight cocks, set fire to a house, or have a row of some description. Indeed, it always involved a long train of interesting reflections, to compare the stillness and quiet of a journey on this oldest of rivers with the moving castles and the splashing of paddle-wheels on the great rivers of the New World.

At daylight I had mounted the bank, and was groping among the ruins of the temple. The portico fronting the river is a noble ruin, nearly 100 feet in length, with three rows of columns, five in each row, 30 feet high, and 10 feet in diameter at the base. The principal figure on the walls is Osiris, with a crocodile head, and the sacred tau in his hand. The Ombeites were distinguished for their worship of the crocodile, and this noble temple was dedicated to that bestial god: among the ruins are still to be seen the wall on which the sacred animal was led in religious procession, and the tank in which he was bathed.

Towards noon we were approaching Hadjar Silsily, or the Rock of the Chain, the narrowest part of the river, bounded on each side by ranges of sandstone mountains. On the eastern side are ancient quarries of great extent, with the same appearance of freshness as at Assouan. Nothing is known of the history of these quarries; but they seem to have furnished material enough for all the cities on the Nile, as well as the temples and monuments that adorned them. Whole mountains have been cut away; and while the solitary traveller walks among these deserted workshops, and looks at the smooth sides of the mountains, and the fragments of unfinished work around him, he feels a respect for the people who have passed away, greater than when standing among the ruins of their mighty temples; for here he has only the evidences of their gigantic industry, without being reminded of the gross and disgusting purposes to which that industry was prostituted. The roads worn in the stone by the ancient carriage-wheels are still to be seen, and somewhere among these extensive quarries travellers have found an unfinished sphinx. I remember one place where there was an irregular range of unfinished doors, which might well have been taken for the work of beginners, practising under the eyes of their masters. Paul took a philosophic and familiar view of them, and said, that it seemed as if, while the men were at work, the boys playing around had taken up the tools, and amused themselves by cutting these doors.

On the opposite side, too, are quarries, and several ranges of tombs, looking out on the river, excavated

in the solid rock, with pillars in front, and images of deities in the recesses for the altars. I remember a beautiful chamber overhanging the river like a balcony. It had been part of a temple, or perhaps a tomb. We thought of stopping there to dine, but our boat had gone ahead, and our want of provisions was somewhat of an impediment.

At about four o'clock we saw at a distance the minaret of Edfou. There was no wind, the men were gently pulling at the oars, and I took one myself, much to the uneasiness of the *rais*, who thought I was dissatisfied. Sloth forms so prominent a feature in the composition of the Orientals, and quiet is so material an item in their ideas of enjoyment, that they cannot conceive why a man should walk when he can stand, why he should stand when he can sit, or, in short, why he should do any thing when he can sit still and do nothing.

It was dark before we arrived at Edfou. I mean it was that period of time when, by nature's laws, it should be dark; that is, the day had ended, the sun had set with that rich and burning lustre which attends his departing glories nowhere but in Egypt, and the moon was shedding her pale light over the valley of the Nile. But it was a moon that lighted up all nature with a paler, purer, and more lovely light; a moon that would have told secrets; a moon—a moon—in short, a moon whose light enabled one to walk over fields without stumbling, and this was, at the moment, the principal consideration with me.

Edfou lies about a mile from the bank of the river, and, taking Paul and one of the Arabs with me, I set off to view the temple by moonlight. The town, as usual, contained mud houses, many of them in ruins, a mosque, a bath, bazaars, the usual apology for a palace, and more than the usual quantity of ferocious dogs; and at one corner of this miserable place stands one of the magnificent temples of the Nile. The propylon, its lofty proportions enlarged by the light of the moon, was the most grand and imposing portal I saw in Egypt. From a base of nearly 100 feet in length and 30 in breadth, it rises on each side the gate in the form of a truncated pyramid, to the height of 100 feet, gradually narrowing, till at the top it measures 75 feet in length and 18 in breadth. Judge, then, what was the temple to which this formed merely the entrance; and this was far from being one of the large temples of Egypt. It measured, however, 440 feet in length and 220 in breadth, about equal to the whole space occupied by St Paul's churchyard. Its dromos, pronaos, columns, and capitals, all correspond, and enclosing it is a high wall, still in a state of perfect preservation. I walked round it twice, and, by means of the wall erected to exclude the unhallowed gaze of the stranger, I looked down upon the interior of the temple. Built by the Egyptians for the highest uses to which a building could be dedicated, for the worship of their gods, it is now used by the pacha as a granary and storehouse. The portico and courtyard, and probably the interior chambers, were filled with grain. A guard was stationed to secure it against the pilfering Arabs; and to secure the fidelity of the guard himself, he was locked in at sunset, and the key left with the governor. The lofty entrance was closed by a wooden door; the vigilant guard was already asleep, and we were obliged to knock some time before we could wake him.

It was a novel and extraordinary scene, our parley with the guard at the door of the temple. We were standing under the great propylon, mere insects at the base of the lofty towers; behind us at a little distance sat a group of the miserable villagers, and leaning against a column in the porch of the temple was the indistinct figure of the guard, motionless, and answering in a low deep tone, like an ancient priest delivering the answers of the oracles. By the mellow light of the moon every thing seemed magnified; the majestic proportions of the temple appeared more majestic, and the miserable huts around it still more miserable, and the past glory and the present ruin of this once most favoured land rushed upon me with a force I had not felt even at the

foot of the pyramids. If the temple of that little unknown city now stood in Hyde Park or the garden of the Tuilleries, France, England, all Europe, would gaze upon it with wonder and admiration; and when thousands of years shall have rolled away, and they, too, shall have fallen, there will be no monument in those proudest of modern cities like this in the little town of Edfou, to raise its majestic head and tell the passing traveller the story of their former greatness.

Some of the Arabs proposed to conduct me to the interior through a passage opening from the ruined huts on the top; but after searching a while, the miserable village could not produce a candle, torch, or taper to light the way. But I did not care much about it. I did not care to disturb the strong impressions and general effect of that moonlight scene; and though in this, as in other things, I subject myself to the imputation of having been but a superficial observer, I would not exchange the lively recollection of that night for the most accurate knowledge of every particular stone in the whole temple.

I returned to my boat, and to the surprise of my *rais* ordered him to pull up stake and drop down the river. I intended to drop down about two hours to Elythias, or, in Arabic, Elkob. No one on board knew where it was, and, tempted by the mildness and beauty of the night, I staid on deck till a late hour. Several times we saw fires on the banks, where Arab boatmen were passing the night, and hailed them, but no one knew the place; and though seeking and inquiring of those who had spent all their lives on the banks of the river, we passed, without knowing it, a city which once carried on an extensive commerce with the Red Sea, where the traces of a road to the emerald mines and the fallen city of Berenice are still to be seen, and the ruins of whose temples, with the beautiful paintings in its tombs, excite the admiration of every traveller.

We continued descending with the current all night, and in the morning I betook myself to my old sport of shooting at crocodiles and pelicans. At about eleven o'clock we arrived at Esneh, the ancient Latopolis, so called from the worship of a fish, now containing 1500 or 2000 inhabitants. Here, too, the miserable subjects of the pacha may turn from the contemplation of their degraded state to the greatness of those who have gone before them. In the centre of the village, almost buried by the accumulation of sand from the desert and the ruins of Arab huts, is another magnificent temple. The street is upon a level with the roof, and a hole has been dug between two columns so as to give entrance to the interior. The traveller has by this time lost the wonder and indignation at the barbarity of converting the wonderful remains of Egyptian skill and labour to the meanest uses; and, descending between the excavated columns, finds himself, without any feeling of surprise, in a large cleared space, filled with grain, earthen jars, and Arabs. The gigantic columns, with their lotus-leaved capitals, are familiar things; but among the devices on the ceiling, his wandering eye is fixed by certain mysterious characters, which have been called the signs of the zodiac, and from which speculators in science have calculated that the temple was built more than 6000 years ago, before the time assigned by the Mosaic account as the beginning of the world.

But this little town contains objects of more interest than the ruin of a heathen temple; for here, among the bigoted followers of Mahommed, dwell fifty or sixty Christian families, being the last in Egypt, and standing on the very outposts of the Christian world. They exhibited, however, a melancholy picture of the religion they profess. The priest was a swarthy, scowling Arab, and, as Paul said, looked more like a robber than a pastor. He followed us for bucksheesh, and attended by a crowd of boys, we went to the house of the bishop. — is bishop, as he is styled by courtesy, is a miserable-looking old man; he told us he had charge of the two churches at Esneh, and of all the Christians in the world beyond it to the south. His flock consists of about 200, poor wanderers from the true principles of Christianity, and knowing it only as teaching them to

make the sign of the cross, and to call upon the Son, and Virgin, and a long calendar of saints. Outside the door of the church was a school; a parcel of dirty boys sitting on the ground, under the shade of some palm-trees, with a more dirty blind man for their master, who seemed to be at the work of teaching because he was not fit for any thing else. I turned away with a feeling of melancholy, and almost blushed in the presence of the haughty Mussulmans, to recognise the ignorant and degraded objects around me as my Christian brethren.

CHAPTER X.

Thebes, its Temples and great Ruins.—The Obelisk of Luxor, now of Paris.—An Avenue of Sphinxes.—Carnac.—The Mummy Pits.—The Tombs of the Kings.—The Memnonium.

It was nearly noon, when, with a gentle breeze, we dropped into the harbour of Thebes. The sun was beating upon it with meridian splendour; the inhabitants were seeking shelter in their miserable huts from its scorching rays; and when we made fast near the remains of the ancient port, to which, more than thirty centuries ago, the Egyptian boatman tied his boat, a small group of Arabs, smoking under the shade of some palm-trees on a point above, and two or three stragglers who came down to the bank to gaze at us, were the only living beings we beheld in a city which had numbered its millions. When Greece was just emerging from the shades of barbarism, and before the name of Rome was known, Egypt was far advanced in science and the arts, and Thebes the most magnificent city in the world. But the Assyrian came and overthrew for ever the throne of the Pharaohs. The Persian war-cry rang through the crowded streets of Thebes, Cambyes laid his destroying hands upon the temples of its gods, and a greater than Babylon the Great fell to rise no more.

The ancient city was twenty-three miles in circumference. The valley of the Nile was not large enough to contain it, and its extremities rested upon the bases of the mountains of Arabia and Africa. The whole of this great extent is more or less strewn with ruins, broken columns, and avenues of sphinxes, colossal figures, obelisks, pyramidal gateways, porticoes, blocks of polished granite, and stones of extraordinary magnitude, while above them, "in all the nakedness of desolation," the colossal skeletons of giant temples are standing "in the unwatered sands, in solitude and silence. They are neither grey nor blackened; there is no lichen, no moss, no rank grass or mantling ivy, to robe them and conceal their deformities. Like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the desert." The sand of Africa has been their most fearful enemy; blown upon them for more than 3000 years, it has buried the largest monuments, and, in some instances, almost entire temples.

At this day the temples of Thebes are known almost every where, by the glowing reports of travellers. Artists have taken drawings of all their minute details, and I shall refer to them very briefly. On the Arabian side of the Nile are the great temples of Luxor and Carnac. The temple of Luxor stands near the bank of the river, built there, as is supposed, for the convenience of the Egyptian boatmen. Before the magnificent gateway of this temple, until within a few years, stood two lofty obelisks, each a single block of red granite, more than eighty feet high, covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics fresh as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. One of them has been lately taken down by the French, and at this moment rears its daring summit to the skies in the centre of admiring Paris; the other is yet standing on the spot where it was first erected.

Between these and the grand propylon are two colossal statues with mitred head-dresses, also single blocks of granite, buried to the chest by sand, but still rising more than twenty feet above the ground. The grand propylon is a magnificent gateway, more than 200 feet in length at its present base, and more than 60 feet above the sand. The whole front is covered with sculpture—the battle scenes of an Egyptian warrior, designed and exe-

cuted with extraordinary force and spirit. In one compartment the hero is represented advancing at the head of his forces, and breaking through the ranks of the enemy; then standing, a colossal figure, in a car drawn by two fiery horses, with feathers waving overhead, the reins tied round his body, his bow bent, the arrow drawn to its head, and the dead and wounded lying under the wheels of his car and the hoofs of his horses. In another place several cars are seen in full speed for the walls of a town, fugitives passing a river, horses, chariots, and men, struggling to reach the opposite bank, while the hero, hurried impetuously beyond the rank of his own followers, is standing alone among the slain and wounded who have fallen under his formidable arm. At the farthest extremity he is sitting on a throne as a conqueror, with a sceptre in his hand, a row of the principal captives before him, each with a rope around his neck; one with outstretched hands imploring pity, and another on his knees to receive the blow of the executioner, while above is the vanquished monarch, with his hands tied to a car, about to grace the triumph of the conqueror.

Passing this magnificent entrance, the visitor enters the dromos, or large open court, surrounded by a ruined portico formed by a double row of columns covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics; and working his way over heaps of rubbish and Arab huts, among stately columns twelve feet in diameter, and between thirty and forty feet in height, with spreading capitals resembling the budding lotus, some broken, some prostrate, some half buried, and some lofty and towering as when they were erected, at the distance of 600 feet reaches the sanctuary of the temple.

But great and magnificent as was the temple of Luxor, it served but as a portal to the greater Carnac. Standing nearly two miles from Luxor, the whole road to it was lined with rows of sphinxes, each of a solid block of granite. At this end they are broken, and, for the most part, buried under the sand and heaps of rubbish. But approaching Carnac, they stand entire, still and solemn as when the ancient Egyptian passed between them to worship in the great temple of Ammon. Four grand propylons terminate this avenue of sphinxes, and, passing through the last, the scene which presents itself defies description. Belzoni remarks of the ruins of Thebes generally, that he felt as if he were in a city of giants; and no man can look upon the ruins of Carnac without feeling humbled by the greatness of a people who have passed away for ever. The western entrance, facing the temple of Northern Dair on the opposite side of the river, also approached between two rows of sphinxes, is a magnificent propylon 400 feet long and 40 feet in thickness. In the language of Dr Richardson, "looking forward from the centre of this gateway, the vast scene of havoc and destruction presents itself in all the extent of this immense temple, with its columns, and walls, and immense propylons, all prostrate in one heap of ruins, looking as if the thunders of heaven had smitten it at the command of an insulted God."

The field of ruins is about a mile in diameter; the temple itself 1200 feet long and 420 broad. It has twelve principal entrances, each of which is approached through rows of sphinxes, as across the plain from Luxor, and each is composed of propylons, gateways, and other buildings, in themselves larger than most other temples; the sides of some of them are equal to the bases of most of the pyramids, and on each side of many are colossal statues, some sitting, others erect, from twenty to thirty feet in height. In front of the body of the temple is a large court, with an immense colonnade on each side, of thirty columns in length, and through the middle two rows of columns fifty feet in height; then an immense portico, the roof supported by 134 columns, from twenty-six feet to thirty-four feet in circumference. Next were four beautiful obelisks more than seventy feet high, three of which are still standing; and then the sanctuary, consisting of an apartment twenty feet square, the walls and ceiling of large blocks of highly-polished granite, the ceiling studded with stars on a blue ground, and the

walls covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics representing offerings to Osiris, illustrating the mysterious uses of this sacred chamber, and showing the degrading character of the Egyptian worship. Beyond this is another colonnade, and again porticoes and walls to another propylon, at a distance of 2000 feet from the western extremity of the temple.

But these are not half of the ruins of Thebes. On the western side of the river, besides others prostrate and nearly buried under the sands, but the traces of which are still visible, the temples of Gornou, Northern Dair, Dair-el-Medinet, the Memnonium, and Medinet Abou, with their columns, and sculpture, and colossal figures, still raise their giant skeletons above the sands. Volumes have been written upon them, and volumes may yet be written, and he that reads all will still have but an imperfect idea of the ruins of Thebes. I will only add, that all these temples were connected by long avenues of sphinxes, statues, propylons, and colossal figures, and the reader's imagination will work out the imposing scene that was presented in the crowded streets of the now desolate city, when with all the gorgeous ceremonies of pagan idolatry, the priests, bearing the sacred image of their god, and followed by thousands of the citizens, made their annual procession from temple to temple, and, "with harps, and cymbals, and songs of rejoicing," brought back their idol, and replaced him in his shrine in the grand temple at Carnac.

The ramblers among the ruins of Thebes will often ask himself, "Where are the palaces of the kings, and princes, and people, who worshipped in these mighty temples?" With the devout though degraded spirit of religion that possessed the Egyptians, they seem to have paid but little regard to their earthly habitations; their temples and their tombs were the principal objects that engrossed the thoughts of this extraordinary people. It has been well said of them that they regarded the habitations of the living merely as temporary resting-places, while the tombs were regarded as permanent and eternal mansions; and while not a vestige of a habitation is to be seen, the tombs remain monuments of splendour and magnificence, perhaps even more wonderful than the ruins of their temples. Clinging to the cherished doctrine of the metempsychosis, the immortal part, on leaving its earthly tenement, was supposed to become a wandering, migratory spirit, giving life and vitality to some bird of the air, some beast of the field, or some fish of the sea, waiting for a regeneration in the natural body. And it was of the very essence of this faith to inculcate a pious regard for the security and preservation of the dead. The whole mountain-side on the western bank of the river is one vast necropolis. The open doors of tombs are seen in long ranges, and at different elevations, and on the plain large pits have been opened, in which have been found 1000 mummies at a time. For many years, and until a late order of preventing it, the Arabs have been in the habit of rifling the tombs to sell the mummies to travellers. Thousands have been torn from the places where pious hands had laid them, and the bones meet the traveller at every step. The Arabs use the mummy-cases for firewood, the bituminous matters used in the embalment being well adapted to ignition; and the epicurean traveller may cook his breakfast with the coffin of a king. Notwithstanding the depredations that have been committed, the mummies that have been taken away and scattered all over the world, those that have been burnt, and others that now remain in fragments around the tombs, the numbers yet undisturbed are no doubt infinitely greater; for the practice of embalming is known to have existed from the earliest periods recorded in the history of Egypt; and by a rough computation, founded upon the age, the population of the city, and the average duration of human life, it is supposed that there are from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 of mummied bodies in the vast necropolis of Thebes.

Leaving these resting-places of the dead, I turn for one moment to those of more than royal magnificence, called the tombs of the kings. The world can show

nothing like them; and he who has not seen them can hardly believe in their existence. They lie in the valley of Biban-el-Melook, a dark and gloomy opening in the sandstone mountains, about three quarters of an hour from Gornou. The road to them is over a dreary waste of sands, and their doors open from the most desolate spot that the imagination can conceive.

Diodorus Siculus says that forty-seven of these tombs were entered on the sacred registers of the Egyptian priests, only seventeen of which remained at the time of his visit to Egypt, about sixty years B.C. In our own days, the industry and enterprise of a single individual, the indefatigable Belzoni, have brought to light one that was probably entirely unknown in the time of the Grecian traveller. The entrance is by a narrow door; a simple excavation in the side of the mountain, without device or ornament. The entrance-hall, which is extremely beautiful, is twenty-seven feet long and twenty-five broad, having at the end a large door opening into another chamber, twenty-eight feet by twenty-five, the walls covered with figures drawn in outline, but perfect as if recently done. Descending a large staircase, and passing through a beautiful corridor, Belzoni came to another staircase, at the foot of which he entered another apartment, twenty-four feet by thirteen, and so ornamented with sculpture and paintings that he called it the Hall of Beauty. The sides of all the chambers and corridors are covered with sculpture and paintings; the colours appearing fresher as the visitor advances towards the interior of the tomb; and the walls of this chamber are covered with the figures of Egyptian gods and goddesses, seeming to hover round and guard the remains of the honoured dead.

Farther on is a large hall, twenty-eight feet long and twenty-seven broad, supported by two rows of square pillars, which Belzoni called the Hall of Pillars; and beyond this is the entry to a large saloon with a vaulted roof, thirty-two feet in length and twenty-seven in breadth. Opening from this were several other chambers of different dimensions, one of them unfinished, and one forty-three feet long by seventeen feet six inches wide, in which he found the mummy of a bull; but in the centre of the grand saloon was a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, only two inches thick, minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, and perfectly transparent when a light was placed within it.

All over the corridors and chambers the walls are adorned with sculptures and paintings in intaglio and relief, representing gods, goddesses, and the hero of the tomb in the most prominent events of his life, priests, religious processions and sacrifices, boats and agricultural scenes, and the most familiar pictures of everyday life, in colours as fresh as if they were painted not more than a month ago; and the large saloon, lighted up with the blaze of our torches, seemed more fitting for a banqueting-hall, for song and dance, than a burial-place of the dead. All travellers concur in pronouncing the sudden transition from the dreary desert without to these magnificent tombs as operating like a scene of enchantment; and we may imagine what must have been the sensations of Belzoni, when, wandering with the excitement of a first discoverer through these beautiful corridors and chambers, he found himself in the great saloon leaning over the alabaster sarcophagus. An old Arab who accompanied us remembered Belzoni, and pointed out a chamber where the fortunate explorer entertained a party of European travellers who happened to arrive there at that time, making the tomb of Pharaoh* ring with shouts and songs of merriment.

At different times I wandered among all these tombs. All were of the same general character; all possessed the same beauty and magnificence of design and finish, and in all, at the extreme end, was a large saloon, adorned with sculpture and paintings of extraordinary beauty, and containing a single sarcophagus. "The kings of the nations did lie in glory, every one in his own house, but thou art cast out of thy grave like an

* Supposed to be the tomb of Pharaoh Necho.

abominable branch." Every sarcophagus is broken, and the bones of the kings of Egypt are scattered. In one I picked up a skull. I mused over it a moment, and handed it to Paul, who moralised at large. "That man," said he, "once talked, and laughed, and sang, and danced, and ate macaroni." Among the paintings on the walls was represented a heap of hands severed from the arms, showing that the hero of the tomb had played the tyrant in his brief hour on earth. I dashed the skull against a stone, broke it in fragments, and pocketed a piece as a memorial of a king. Paul cut off one of the ears, and we left the tomb.

Travellers and commentators concur in supposing that these magnificent excavations must have been intended for other uses than the burial, each of a single king. Perhaps, it is said, like the chambers of imagery seen by the Jewish prophet, they were the scene of idolatrous rites performed "in the dark;" and as the Israelites are known to have been mere copyists of the Egyptians, these tombs are supposed to illustrate the words of Ezekiel: "Then said he to me, Son of man, dig now in the wall; and when I had digged in the wall, behold a door. And he said unto me, Go in and see the abominable things that they do there. So I went in, and saw, and behold, every form of creeping thing and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about."—Ezek. viii. 8-10.

Amid the wrecks of former greatness which tower above the plain of Thebes, the inhabitants who now hover around the site of the ancient city are perhaps the most miserable in Egypt. On one side of the river they build their mud huts around the ruins of the temples, and on the other their best habitations are in the tombs; wherever a small space has been cleared out, the inhabitants crawl in, with their dogs, goats, sheep, women, and children; and the Arab is passing rich who has for his sleeping-place the sarcophagus of an ancient Egyptian.

I have several times spoken of my intended journey to the great Oasis. Something was yet wanting in my voyage on the Nile. It was calm, tame, and wanting in that high excitement which I had expected from travelling in a barbarous country. A woman and child might go safely from Cairo to the Cataracts; and my blood began to run sluggishly in my veins. Besides, I had a great curiosity to see an oasis; a small spot of green fertile land in the great desert, rising in solitary beauty before the eyes of the traveller, after days of journeying through arid wastes, and divided by vast sandy ramparts from the rest of the world. The very name of the great Oasis in the Libyan Desert carried with it a wild and almost fearful interest, too powerful for me to resist. It was beyond the beaten track; and the sheik with whom I made my arrangements insisted on my taking a guard, telling me that he understood the character of his race, and an Arab in the desert could not resist the temptation to rob an unprotected traveller. For my own part, I had more fear of being followed by a party of the very unprepossessing fellows who were stealthily digging among the tombs, and all of whom knew of the preparations for our journey, than from any we might encounter in the desert. I must confess, however, that I was rather amused when I reviewed my body-guard, and, with the gravest air in the world, knocked out the primings from their guns, and primed them anew with the best of English powder. When I got through, I was on the point of discharging them altogether; but it would have broken the poor fellows' hearts to disappoint them of their three piastres (about fifteen cents) per diem, dearly earned by a walk all day in the desert, and a chance of being shot at.

In the afternoon before the day fixed for my departure, I rode by the celebrated Memnons, the Damy and Shamy of the Arabs. Perhaps it was because it was the last time, but I had never before looked upon them with so much interest. Among the mightier monuments of Thebes, her temples and her tombs, I had passed these ancient statues with a comparatively careless eye, scarcely even bestowing a thought upon the vocal Mem-

non. Now I was in a different mood, and looked upon its still towering form with a feeling of melancholy interest. I stood before it and gazed up at its worn face, its scars and bruises, and my heart warmed to it. It told of exposure, for unknown ages, to the rude assaults of the elements and the ruder assaults of man. I climbed upon the pedestal, upon the still hardy legs of the Memnon. I pored over a thousand inscriptions in Greek and Latin. A thousand names of strangers from distant lands, who had come like me to do homage to the mighty monuments of Thebes; Greeks and Romans who had been in their graves more than 2000 years, and who had written with their own hands that they had heard the voice of the vocal Memnon. But, alas! the voice has departed from Memnon; the soul has fled, and it stands a gigantic skeleton in a grave of ruins. I returned to my boat, and in ten minutes thereafter, if the vocal Memnon had bellowed in my ears, he could not have awaked me.

CHAPTER XI.

The Arabs and the Pacha.—March into the Desert.—Arab Christians.—A cold Reception.—Arab Punctuality.—A Night in a Convent.—An Arab Christian Priest.—Speculative Theology.—A Journey ended before commenced.

EARLY in the morning I was on the bank, waiting for my caravan and guides. I had every thing ready, rice, macaroni, bread, biscuit, a hare, and a few shirts. I had given instructions to my rais to take my boat down to Siout, and wait for me there, as my intention was to go from the great Oasis to the Oasis of Siwah, containing the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, to destroy which Cambyases had sent from this very spot an army of 50,000 men, who, by the way, left their bones on the sands of Africa; and I need not remind the reader that Alexander the Great had visited it in person, and been acknowledged by the priest as the son of Jupiter. I waited a little longer, and then, becoming impatient, mounted a donkey to ride to the sheik's. My rais and crew accompanied me a little way; they were the only persons to bid us farewell; and, as Paul remarked, if we never got back, they were the only persons to make any report of us to our friends.

The sheik's house was situated near the mountains, in the midst of the tombs forming the great necropolis of Thebes, and we found him surrounded by fifty or sixty men, and women and children without number, all helping to fit out the expedition. There did not appear to be much choice among them, but I picked out my body-guard; and when I looked at their swarthy visages by broad daylight, I could not help asking the sheik what security I had against them. The sheik seemed a little touched, but, pointing to the open doors of the tombs, and the miserable beings around us, he said he had their wives and children in his hands as pledges for my safety. Of the sheik himself I knew nothing, except that he was sheik. I knew, too, that though by virtue of the pacha's firman he was bound to do every thing he could for me, he was no friend to the pacha or his government; for one evening, in speaking of the general poverty of the Arabs, he said that if one fourth of them owned a musket, one charge of powder, and one ball, before morning there would not be a Turk in Egypt. However, I knew all this before.

At 12 o'clock the last sack of biscuit was packed upon the camels, and I mounted a fine dromedary, while my companions bade farewell to their wives, children, and friends; a farewell so calm and quiet, particularly for a people whose blood was warmed by the burning sun of Africa, that it seemed cold and heartless.

My caravan consisted of six camels, or rather four camels and two dromedaries, four camel-drivers armed with swords, eight men with pistols and muskets, Paul, and myself. It was the first time I had undertaken a journey in the desert. My first endeavour was to learn something of the character of my companions, and even Paul became perfectly satisfied and pleased with the journey, when, upon acquaintance, he found that their ugly outsides gave no true indication of the inward man.

Our guide, he who was to conduct us through the pathless desert, was not yet with us; he lived at a village about four miles distant, and a messenger had been sent forward to advise him of our coming. Riding for the last time among the ruined temples of Thebes, beyond the limits of the ancient city, our road lay behind the valley bordering the river, and along the edge of the desert. On one side was one of the richest and most extensive valleys of the Nile, well cultivated, and at this season of the year covered with the richest greens; on the other were barren mountains and a sandy desert.

In about four hours we saw, crossing the valley and stopping on the edge of the desert, a single Arab. It was our messenger, come to tell us that our guide would meet us at a Christian church about four hours' march in the desert. We now left the borders of the valley, and struck directly into the desert. Before us, at some distance over a sandy plain, was a high range of sandstone mountains, and beyond these was the mighty waste of sand and barrenness. Towards evening we saw from afar the church at which we were to meet our guide. It was the only object that rose above the level of the sands; and as the setting sun was fast reminding us that the day was closing, it looked like a resting-place for a weary traveller.

Congratulating myself upon my unexpected good fortune in meeting with those who bore the name of Christians, I was still more happy in the prospect, for this night at least, of sleeping under a roof. As we approached, we saw the figure of a man stealing along the wall, and were near enough to hear the hasty closing of the door and the heavy drawing of bolts inside. It was nine o'clock when we dismounted and knocked at the door of the convent, but received no answer; we knocked again and again without success. We then commenced a regular battery. I rattled against the door with my Nubian club in a small way, like Richard at the gate of the castle of Front de Bouef; but my blows did not tell like the battle-axe of the Lion-hearted, and the churlish inmates, secure behind their strong walls, paid no regard to us. Tired of knocking, and irritated at this inhospitable treatment from men calling themselves Christians, I walked round the building to see if by accident there was not some back-door left open. The convent was enclosed by a square wall of unburnt brick, twelve or fourteen feet high, and not a door, window, or loop-hole, was to be seen. It was built for defence against the roving Arabs, and if we had intended to storm it, we could not have found an assailable point. I returned, vexed and disappointed; and calling away my men, and almost cursing the unchristian spirit of its inmates, I pitched my tent under its walls, and prepared to pass the night in the desert.

I had hardly stretched myself upon my mat before I heard the smart trot of a dromedary, and presently my guide, whom I had almost forgotten, dismounted at the door of the tent. He was a tall, hard-faced, weather-beaten man of about fifty, the white hairs just beginning to make their appearance in his black beard. I wanted to have a good view of him, and, calling him inside, gave him a seat on the mat, a pipe, and coffee. He told me that for many years he had been in the habit of going once a-year to the Oasis, on a trading voyage, and that he knew the road perfectly. Almost the first thing he said was, that he supposed I intended to remain there the next day. The Arabs, like most other Orientals, have no respect for the value of time; and among the petty vexations of travelling among them, few annoyed me more than the eternal "*bokhara, bokhara*"—"to-morrow, to-morrow." When they first sent to this guide to know whether he could engage with me, he said he was ready at any moment, by which he probably meant a week's notice; and when they sent word that I had named a particular day, he probably thought that I would be along in the course of two or three thereafter, and was no doubt taken by surprise when the messenger came to tell him that I was already on the march. I, of course, had no idea of remaining there. He told me that I had better stay;

that one day could not make any difference, and finally said he had no bread baked, and must have a day or two to prepare himself. I answered that he had told the sheik at Thebes that he would be ready at any moment; that it was absurd to think I would wait there in the desert; that I would not be trifled with, and if he were not ready the next morning, I would ride over to his village and make a complaint to the sheik. After a long parley, which those only can imagine who have had to deal with Arabs, he promised to be there at sunrise the next morning, and took his leave.

After supper, when, if ever, a man should feel good-natured, I began again to feel indignant at the churlish inmates of the convent, and resolved upon another effort to see what stuff these Christians were made of. I knew that the monks in these isolated places, among fanatic Mussulmans, were sometimes obliged to have recourse to carnal weapons; and telling Paul to keep a look-out, and give me notice if he saw the barrel of a musket presenting itself over the wall, I again commenced thundering at the door; almost at the first blow it was thrown wide open, with a suddenness that startled me, and a dark, surly, and half-naked Arab stood facing me in the doorway. He had been reconnoitring, and though not sufficiently assured to come out and welcome us, he was ready to open when again summoned. With no small degree of asperity, and certainly without the meekness of the character upon which I was then presuming, I asked him if that was his Christian spirit, to let a stranger and a Christian sleep outside his walls when he had a roof to shelter him; and before he could interpose a word, I had read him a homily upon the Christian virtues that would have done credit to some pulpits. He might have retorted upon me, that with the Christian duties coming so glibly from my tongue, I was amazingly deficient in the cardinal virtue of forbearance; but I had the satisfaction of learning that I had not been excluded by the hands of Christians. The priests and monks had gone to a neighbouring village, and he was left alone. I followed him through a sort of courtyard into a vestibule, where was a noble fire, with a large caldron boiling over it. He neither asked me to stay, nor told me to go, and seated himself by the fire, perfectly indifferent to my movements. As soon as I had satisfied myself that he was alone, and saw that my Arabs had followed me, I thought I ran no risk in considering the building as a castle which I had stormed, and him as the captive of my bow and spear. I therefore required him to show me the interior of the convent, and he immediately took up a blazing stick from the fire, and conducted me within; and when I told him that I meant to sleep there, he said it would be for him a night "*white as milk*."

From the vestibule the door opened into the chapel, which consisted of a long apartment running transversely, the door in the centre; the floor was covered with mats, ostrich-eggs were suspended from the ceilings, and three or four recesses contained altars to favourite saints. Directly opposite the door was a larger recess, in which stood the great altar, separated by a railing, ornamented with bone and mother-of-pearl, and over the top were four pictures of St George slaying the dragon. I walked up and down the chapel two or three times, followed in silence by my swarthy friends, not altogether with the reverential spirit of a pious Christian, but with the prudence of a man of the world, looking out for the best place to sleep, and finally deposited my mat at the foot of the great altar.

I might better have slept on the sand after all, for the walls of the church were damp, and a strong current of air from the large window above had been pouring in upon me the whole night. When I first woke, I felt as if pinned to the floor, and I was startled and alarmed at the recurrence of a malady, on account of which I was then an exile from home. I went outside, and found, although it was late, that the guide had not come. If he had been there, I should no doubt have gone on; but, most fortunately for me, I had time to reflect. I was a changed man since the day before; my buoyancy

of spirits was gone, and I was depressed and dejected. I sent a messenger, however, for the guide; and while I was sitting under the walls, hesitating whether I should expose myself to the long and dreary journey before me, I saw four men coming across the desert towards the convent. They were the priest and three of his Christian flock; and their greeting was such as to make me reproach myself for the injustice I had done the Arab Christians, and feel that there was something in that religion, even in the corrupt state in which it existed there, that had power to open and warm the heart. The priest was a tall thin man, his dark face almost covered with a black beard and mustaches, and wore the common blue gown of the better class of Arabs, with a square black cap on his head, and his feet bare. I could not understand him, but I could read in his face that he saluted me as a brother Christian, and welcomed me to all that a brother Christian could give.

Living as we do, in a land where the only religious difference is that of sect, and all sects have the bond of a common faith, it is difficult to realise the feeling which draws together believers in the same God and the same Redeemer, in lands where power is wielded by the worshippers of a false religion. One must visit a country in which religion is the dividing line, where haughty and deluded fanatics are the masters, and hear his faith reviled, and see its professors persecuted and despised, to know and feel how strong a tie it is.

After exchanging our greetings outside, the priest led the way to the church. I do not know whether it was a customary thing, or done specially in honour of me (Paul said the latter); but, at any rate, he immediately lighted up the edifice, and, slipping over his frock a dirty white gown, with a large red cross down the back, commenced the service of the mass. His appearance and manner were extremely interesting, and very different from those of the priest I had seen at Esneh. His fine head, his noble expression, his earnestness, his simplicity, his apparent piety, his long black beard and mustaches, his mean apparel and naked feet, all gave him the primitive aspect of an apostle. He was assisted by a dirty, ragged, barefooted boy, who followed him round with a censer of incense, vigorously perfuming the church from time to time, and then climbing up a stand, holding on by his naked feet, and reading a lesson from the thumbed, torn, and tattered leaves of an Arabic Bible. There were but three persons present besides myself; poor, ignorant people, far astray, no doubt, from the path of true Christianity, but worshipping, in all honesty and sincerity, according to the best light they had, the God of their fathers. The priest went through many long and unmeaning forms, which I did not understand, but I had seen things quite as incomprehensible to me in the splendid cathedrals of Europe, and I joined, so far as I could, in the humble worship of these Egyptian Christians. There were no vessels of silver and gold, no imposing array of costly implements, to captivate the senses. A broken tumbler, a bottle of wine, and three small rolls of bread, formed the simple materials for the holy rite of the Lord's Supper. The three Arabs partook of it, and twice it was offered to me; but the feelings with which I had been accustomed to look upon this solemn sacrifice forbade me to partake of the consecrated elements, and never did I regret my unworthiness so bitterly as when it prevented me from joining in the holy feast with these simple-hearted Christians. In the meantime Paul came in, and the service being ended, I fell into conversation with the priest. He was a good man, but very ignorant, weak, and of great simplicity of character. He conducted me around the little church into the several chapels, and pointed out all that he thought curious, and particularly the ornaments of bone and mother-of-pearl; and, finally, with a most imposing air, like a priest in a church in Italy uncovering the works of the first masters, he drew the curtain from the four pictures of St George slaying the dragon, and looked at me with an air of great satisfaction to enjoy the expression of my surprise and astonishment. I did not disappoint him, nor

did I tell him that I had the night before most irreverently drawn aside the curtain, and exposed these sacred specimens of the arts to the eyes of my unbelieving Arabs; nor did I tell him that, in each of the four, St George seemed to be making a different thrust at the dragon. There was no use in disturbing the complacency of the poor priest; he had but little of which life could be proud, and I would not deprive him of that. Leaving him undisturbed in his exalted opinion of St George and his dragons, I inquired of him touching the number and condition of the Christians under his charge, and their state of security under the government of the pacha; and, among other things, asked him if they increased. He told me that they remained about the same, or perhaps rather decreased. I asked him if a Mussulman ever became a Christian. He answered never, but sometimes a Christian would embrace the religion of Mahommed, and assigned a cause for this unhappy difference which I am sorry to mention, being no less than the influence of the tender passion. He told me that, in the free intercourse now existing under the government of the pacha between Christians and Mussulmans, it often happened that a Christian youth became enamoured of a Moslem girl; and as they could not by any possibility marry and retain their separate religions, it was necessary that one of them should change. The Moslem dare not, for death by the hands of her own friends would be the certain consequence, while the Christian, instead of running any temporal risks, gains with his bride the protection and favour of the Mussulmans. Paul seemed rather scandalised at this information, and began to catechise the priest on his own account. I could not understand the conversation, but could judge, from the movements, that Paul was examining him on that cardinal point, the sign of the cross. All appeared to go smoothly enough for a little while, but I soon noticed the flushing of Paul's eyes, and sundry other symptoms of indignation and contempt. I asked him several times what it was all about; but, without answering, he walked backward and forward, slapping his hands under the priest's nose, and talking louder and faster than ever, and I had to take hold of him, and ask him sharply what the plague was the matter, before I could get a word out of him. "A pretty Christian," said Paul; "fast fifty-six days for Lent, when we fast only forty-six; forty that our Saviour was in the mount, and six Sundays." I told him there was not so much difference between them as I thought, as it was only ten days; he looked at me for a moment, and then, as if fearful of trusting himself, shrugged his shoulders, and marched out of the chapel. During all this time, the condition of the poor priest was pitiable and amusing; he had never been so sharply questioned before, and he listened with as much deference to Paul's questions and rebukes as if he had been listening to the Pope of Rome, and, when it was over, looked perfectly crest-fallen.

It was twelve o'clock when the man we had sent after the guide returned, but before this time my malady had increased to such a degree as to leave me no option; and I had resolved to abandon the Oasis, and go back to Thebes. I had great reason to congratulate myself upon my accidental detention, and still greater that the symptoms of my malady had developed themselves before I had advanced another day's journey in the desert. Still, it was with a heavy heart that I mounted my dromedary to return. I had not only the regret of being compelled abruptly to abandon a long-cherished plan, but I had great uneasiness as to what was to become of me on my arrival at Thebes. My boat was probably already gone. I knew that no other could be obtained there, and, if obliged to wait for a casual opportunity, I must live in my tent on the banks of the river, or in one of the tombs. My anxieties, however, were quickly dispelled on my arrival at Thebes, where I found the English gentleman and lady whom I had met at Cairo, and afterwards at the Cataracts. They kindly took me on board their boat; and so ended my expedition to the great Oasis.

CHAPTER XII.

A Travelling Artist and Antiquary.—An Egyptian Sugar-house.
—Grecian Architecture.—A Melancholy Greeting.—Tyranny of
the Pacha.—Amateurs of Physic.—Memphis.—Adventure with
a Wild Boar.—Perils of a Pyramid.—The Catacombs of Birds.
—Amor Patriæ.—Voyaging on the Nile.

I SHALL never forget the kindness of these excellent friends; and, indeed, it was a happy thing for me that my own boat had gone, and that I was thrown upon their hospitality; for, in addition to the greater comforts I found with them, I had the benefit of cheerful society, under circumstances when to be alone would have been horrible. Even when we arrived at Siout, after a voyage of seven days, they would not let me leave them, but assumed the right of physicians, and prescribed that I should be their guest until perfectly restored. I remained, accordingly, three days longer with them, my little boat following like a tender to a man-of-war, and passed my time luxuriously. I had books, conversation, and a medicine-chest. But one thing troubled me. We had a cook who looked upon his profession as a liberal and enlightened science, and had attained its very highest honours. He had served various noblemen of eminent taste, had accumulated 50,000 dollars, and was now cooking at the rate of fifty dollars a-month upon the Nile. Michel was an extraordinary man. He came from the mountains of Dalmatia, near the shores of the Adriatic; one of a small nation who had preserved the name, and form, and spirit of a republic against Italians, Hungarians, and Turks, and fell only before the irresistible arm of Napoleon. He had been a great traveller in his youth, and, besides his attainments in the culinary art, was better acquainted with history, ancient and modern, than almost any man I ever met. He had two great passions, the love of liberty and the love of the fine arts (cookery included), and it was really extraordinary to hear him, with a ladle in his hand, and tasting, from time to time, some piquant sauce, discourse of the republics of Rome and America, of the ruins of Italy, Palmyra, and Egypt. Michel's dinners, making proper allowance for the want of a daily market, would have done honour to the best lord he ever served; and I was obliged to sit down, day after day, to my tea, rice-water, biscuit, &c., and listen to the praises of his dainties while they passed untasted from me.

It was not until within two days of Cairo that we parted, with an agreement to meet at Jerusalem and travel together to Palmyra. We did meet for a few moments at Cairo, but the plague was beginning to rage, the pacha had been putting himself into quarantine, and we had barely time to renew our engagement, which a particularly unfortunate circumstance (the illness of Mrs S.) prevented us from keeping, and we never met again. Few things connected with my compelled departure from the Holy Land gave me more regret than this; and if these pages should ever meet their eyes, they will believe me when I say that I shall remember, to the last day of my life, their kindness on the Nile.

The story of my journeying on this river is almost ended. Kennel was our first stopping-place on our way down; a place of considerable note, there being a route from it across the desert to Cosseir, by which many of the pilgrims, and a great portion of the trade of the Red Sea, are conveyed.

At Ramaïoum, not far below Siout, we went ashore to visit a sugar-factory belonging to the pacha. This manufactory is pointed out as one of the great improvements introduced into Egypt, and, so far as it shows the capabilities of the Arabs, of which, however, no one can doubt, it may be considered useful. Formerly eighty Europeans were employed in the factory, but now the work is carried on entirely by Arabs. The principal was educated in France at the expense of the pacha, and is one of the few who have returned to render any service to their country and master. The enlightened pacha understands thoroughly that liberal principle of political economy which consists in encouraging domestic manufactures, no matter at what expense. The

sugar costs more than that imported, and is bought by none but governors and dependents of the pacha. It is made from cane, contains a great deal of saccharine matter, and has a good taste, but a bad colour. This factory, however, can hardly be considered as influential upon the general interests of the country, for its principal business is the making of rock candy for the ladies of the harem. They gave us a little to taste, but would not sell any except to Mrs S., the whole being wanted for the use of the ladies. There was also a distillery attached to the factory, under the direction of another Arab, who gave satisfactory evidence, in his own person at least, of the strength of the spirit made, being more than two-thirds drunk.

The same evening we came to at Beni Hassan, and the next morning landed to visit the tombs. Like all the tombs in Egypt, except those of the kings at Thebes, they are excavated in the sides of the mountain, commanding an extensive view of the valley of the Nile; but in one respect they are different from all others in Egypt. The doors have regular Doric columns, and they are the only specimens of architecture in Egypt which at all approximate to the Grecian style. This would not be at all extraordinary if they were constructed after the invasion of Alexander and the settlement of the Greeks in the country, but it is ascertained that they were built long before that time; and, indeed, it is alleged by antiquaries that these tombs and the obelisk at Heliopolis are the oldest monuments in Egypt. The interiors are large and handsomely proportioned (one of them being sixty feet square and forty feet high), and adorned with paintings, representing principally scenes of domestic life. Among them Mr S. and myself made out one, which is constantly to be seen at the present day, namely, a half-naked Egyptian, with a skin of water across his back, precisely like the modern Arab in the streets of Cairo.

We returned to our boat, and, being now within two days of Cairo, and having different places to stop at below, after dinner I said farewell to my kind friends, and returned to my own boat. My crew received me with three cheers, I was going to say, but they do not understand or practise that noisy mode of civilised welcome, and gave me the grave and quiet salutation of their country, all rising as soon as I touched the deck, and one after the other taking my hand in his, and touching it to his forehead and lips. My poor rais gave me a melancholy greeting. He had been unwell during the whole voyage, but since we parted had been growing worse. He told me that our stars were the same, and that misfortune had happened to us both as soon as we separated. I could but hope that our stars were not inseparably connected, for I looked upon him as a doomed man. I had saved him at Cairo from being pressed into the pacha's service; and again in descending, when he stopped at Kennel, he and his whole crew had been seized in the bazaars, and, in spite of their protestations that they were in the service of an American, the iron bonds were put around their wrists and the iron collars round their necks. The governor afterwards rode down to the river, and the American flag streaming from the masthead of my little boat procured their speedy release, and saved them from the miserable fate of Arab soldiers.

Under all the oppressions of the pacha's government, here is nothing more grinding than this. The governor of a town, or the sheik of a village, is ordered to furnish so many men as soldiers. He frequently has leaning towards his own subjects or followers, and is disposed to save them if he can; and if any unlucky stranger happens to pass before the complement is made up, he is inevitably pounced upon as one of the required number. It is useless for the poor captive to complain that he is a stranger, and that the rights of hospitality are violated; he appeals to those who are interested in lightening his bonds; and when he is transferred to the higher authorities, they neither know nor care who he is or whence he comes. He has the thews and sinews of a man, and though his heartstrings be cracking, he

can bear a musket, and that is enough. For centuries Egypt has been overrun by strangers, and the foot of a tyrant has been upon the necks of her inhabitants; but I do not believe that, since the days of the Pharaohs, there has been on the throne of Egypt so thorough a despot as the present pacha.

But to return to my rais. His first request was for medicine, which, unfortunately, I could not give him. The Arabs have a perfect passion for medicine. Early in our voyage my crew had discovered that I had some on board, and one or another of them was constantly sick until they had got it all; and then they all got well except the rais; and for him I feared there was no cure.

On the eleventh, early in the morning, Paul burst into the cabin, cursing all manner of Arabs, snatched the gun from over my head, and was out again in a moment. I knew there was no danger when Paul was so valorous; and, opening my broken shutter, I saw one of my men struggling with an Arab on shore, the latter holding him by the throat with a pistol at his head. The rascal had gone on shore just at daylight to steal wood, and while in the act of tearing down a little fence, the watchful owner had sprung upon him, and seemed on the point of correcting for ever all his bad habits. His fellows ran to the rescue, with Paul at their head; and the culprit, relieved from the giant grasp of his adversary, quietly sneaked on board, and we resumed our progress.

In the course of my last day on the Nile, I visited one of the greatest of its ruined cities, and for moral effect, for powerful impression on the imagination and feelings, perhaps the most interesting of them all. So absolute, complete, and total is the ruin of this once powerful city, that antiquaries have disputed whether there is really a single monument to show where the great Memphis stood; but the weight of authority seems to be, that its stately temples and palaces, and its thousands of inhabitants, once covered the ground now occupied by the little Arab village of Metrahenny. This village stands about four miles from the river; and the traveller might pass through it and around it, without ever dreaming that it had once been the site of a mighty city. He might, indeed, as he wandered around the miserable village, find, half buried in the earth, the broken fragments of a colossal statue; and, looking from the shattered relic to the half-savage Arabs around him, he might say to himself, "This is the work of other men and other times, and how comes it here?" But it would never occur to him that this was the last remaining monument of one of the greatest cities in the world. He might stop and gaze upon the huge mounds of ruins piled among the groves of palm, and ask himself, "Whence, too, came these?" But he would receive no answer that could satisfy him. In a curious and unsatisfied mood, he would stroll on through the village, and from the other extremity would see on the mountains towering before him, on the edge of the desert, a long range of pyramids and tombs, some crumbling in ruin, others upright and unbroken as when they were reared, and all stretching away for miles, one vast necropolis; his reason and reflection would tell him that, where are the chambers of the dead, there must also have been the abodes of the living; and with wonder he would ask himself, "Where is the mighty city whose inhabitants now sleep in yonder tombs? Here are the proud graves in which they were buried; where are the palaces in which they revelled, and the temples in which they worshipped?" And he returns to the broken statue and the mounds of ruins, with the assurance that they are the sad remnants of a city once among the proudest in the world.

My movements in Egypt were too hurried, my means of observation and my stock of knowledge too limited, to enable me to speculate advisedly upon the mystery which overhangs the history of her ruined cities; but I always endeavoured to come to some decision of my own, from the labours, the speculations, and the conflicting opinions of others. An expression which I had seen referred to in one of the books, as being the only

one in the Bible in which Memphis was mentioned by name, was uppermost in my mind while I was wandering over its site—"And Memphis shall bury them." There must be, I thought, some special meaning in this expression; some allusion to the manner in which the dead were buried at Memphis, or to a cemetery or tombs different from those which existed in other cities of its day. It seems almost impossible to believe that a city, having for its burying-place the immense tombs and pyramids which even yet for many miles skirt the borders of the desert, can ever have stood upon the site of this miserable village; but the evidence is irresistible.

The plain on which this ancient city stood is one of the richest on the Nile, and herds of cattle are still seen grazing upon it, as in the days of the Pharaohs. The pyramids of Sacchara stand on the edge of the desert, a little south of the site of Memphis. If it was not for their mightier neighbours, these pyramids, which are comparatively seldom honoured with a visit, would alone be deemed worthy of a pilgrimage to Egypt. The first to which we came is about 350 feet high, and 700 feet square at its base. The door is on the north side, 180 feet from the base. The entrance is by a beautifully polished shaft, 200 feet long, and inclining at an angle of about ten degrees. We descended till we found the passage choked up with huge stones. I was very anxious to see the interior, as there is a chamber within said to resemble the tomb of Agamemnon at Mycene; and having once made an interesting visit to that tomb of the king of kings, I wished to compare them; but it was excessively close, the sweat was pouring from us in streams, and we were suffocating with heat and dust. We came out and attempted to clamber up the side from the door to the top, but found it so difficult that we abandoned the effort, although Paul afterwards mounted, with great ease, by one of the corners. While I was walking round the base, I heard a loud scream from that courageous dragoon, and saw him standing about half way up, the picture of terror, staring at a wild boar that was running away, if possible, more frightened than himself. It was a mystery to me what the animal could be doing there, unless he went up on purpose to frighten Paul. After he got over his fright, however, the boar was a great acquisition to him, for I always had great difficulty in getting him into any tomb or other place of the kind without a guide; and whenever I urged him to enter a pyramid or excavation of any kind, he always threw the wild boar in my teeth, whose den, he was sure to say, was somewhere within.

There are several pyramids in this vicinity; among others, one which is called the brick pyramid, and which has crumbled so gradually and uniformly that it now appears only a huge misshapen mass of brick, somewhat resembling a bee-hive. Its ruins speak a moral lesson. Herodotus says that this fallen pyramid was built by King Asychis, and contained on a piece of marble the vain-glorious inscription—"Do not disparage my worth by comparing me to those pyramids composed of stone; I am as much superior to them as Jove is to the rest of the deities."

Retracing my steps, I continued along the edge of the mountain, which every where showed the marks of having been once lined with pyramids and tombs. I was seeking for one of the most curious and interesting objects that exist in Egypt—not so interesting in itself, as illustrating the character of the ancient inhabitants and their superstitions—I mean the burial-place of the sacred birds. Before we reached it, my Arab guide pointed to a pyramid on our left, saying that it contained a remarkable chamber, so high that a stone hurled with a man's utmost strength could not reach the top. As this pyramid was not mentioned in my guide-book, and I had no hope in a country so trodden as Egypt now is, to become a discoverer of new wonders, I at first paid no attention to him; but he continued urging me to visit the lofty chamber; and at last, telling him that if I did not find it as he said, I would not give him a para of bucksheesh, I consented. There was no door to the pyramid; but, about 100 feet from its base, on the north

ing to fulfil it even at the cost of some personal difficulty and hazard.

I have said that this route was entirely new. It was known that two Englishmen, with an Italian, long resident in Egypt, and understanding thoroughly the language and character of the Arabs, had started from Cairo about a year before to make this journey, and, as they had been heard of afterwards in Europe, it was known that they had succeeded; but no account of their journey had ever been published, and all the intelligence I could obtain of the route and its perils was doubtful and confused. The general remark was, that the undertaking was dangerous, and that I had better let it alone. Almost the only person who encouraged me was Mr Gliddon, our vice-consul; and, probably, if it had not been for him, I should have given up the idea. Besides the difficulties of the road, there were others of a more personal nature. I was alone. I could not speak the language, and I had with me a servant, who, instead of leading me on, and sustaining me when I faltered, was constantly torturing himself with idle fears, and was very reluctant to accompany me at all. Nor was this all; my health was far from being restored, and my friend Waghorn was telling me every day, with a warning voice, to turn my steps westward; but objections presented themselves in vain; and perhaps it was precisely because of the objections that I finally determined upon attempting the journey through the land of Idumea.

By singular good fortune, the sheik of Akaba was then at Cairo. The great yearly caravan of pilgrims for Mecca was assembling outside the walls, and he was there, on the summons of the pacha, to escort and protect them through the desert as far as Akaba. He was the chief of a powerful tribe of Bedouins somewhat reduced by long and bloody wars with other tribes, but still maintaining, in all its vigour, the wild independence of the race, and yet strong enough to set at defiance even the powerful arm of the pacha. A system of mutual forbearance seemed to exist between them, the Bedouins knowing that, although the pacha might not subdue them, his long arm could reach and disturb them even in their sandy hills; while the pacha could not overlook the fact that the effort would cost him the lives of his best troops, and that the plunder of their miserable tents would bring him neither glory nor profit. Thus the desert was still the possession of the Bedouins; they still claimed a tribute from the stranger for permission to pass over it; and this induced the pacha annually to invite the sheik of Akaba to Cairo, to conduct the caravan for Mecca, knowing that if not so invited, even the sacred character of the pilgrims would not protect them in passing through his country.

I found him about a mile outside the walls near the tombs of the califs, on the edge of the desert, sitting on a mat under his tent, and surrounded by a dozen of his swarthy tribe, armed with long sabres, pistols, and matchlock guns. The sheik was a short stout man, of the darkest shade of bronze; his eye keen, roving, and unsettled; his teeth white; and his skin so dried up and withered that it seemed cleaving to his very bones. At the first glance, I did not like his face; it wanted frankness, and even boldness; and I thought at the time, that if I had met him alone in the desert, I should not have trusted him. He received me with great civility, while his companions rose, gave me their low salaam, seated me on the mat beside him, and then resumed their own cross-legged attitude, with less noise than would have attended the entrance of a gentleman into a drawing-room on a morning call. All stared at me with silent gravity; and the sheik, though desert born and bred, with an air and manner that showed him familiar with the usages of good society in Cairo, took the pipe from his mouth and handed it to me.

All being seated, the consul's janizary, who had come with me, opened the divan; but he had scarcely begun to declare my object before the whole group, sheik and all, apparently surprised out of their habitual phlegm, cried out together that they were ready to escort me,

and to defend me with their lives against every danger. I said a few words, and they became clamorous in their assurances of the great friendship they had conceived for me; that life was nothing in my service; that they would sleep in my tent, guard and watch me by day and night, and, in short, that they would be my father, mother, sister, and brother, and all my relations, in the desert; and the final assurance was, that it would not be possible to travel that road except under their protection. I then began to inquire the terms, when, as before, all spoke at once; some fixed one price, some another, and for bucksheesh whatever I pleased. I did not like this wild and noisy negotiation. I knew that I must make great allowance for the extravagant language of the Arabs; but there seemed to be an eagerness to get me among them, which, in my eyes, was rather ominous of bad intentions. They were known to be a lawless people, and distinguished, even among their desert brethren, as a wild and savage tribe. And these were the people with whom I was negotiating to meet in the desert, at the little fortress of Akaba, at the eastern extremity of the Red Sea; into whose hands I was to place myself, and from whom I was to expect protection against greater dangers.

My interview with them was not very satisfactory, and, wishing to talk the matter over more quietly with the sheik alone, I asked him to go with me to my hotel; whereupon the whole group started up at once, and, some on foot, and others on dromedaries or on horseback, prepared to follow. This did not suit me, and the sheik contrived to get rid of all except one, his principal and constant attendant, "his black," as he was called. He followed me on horseback; and when he came up into my room, it was, perhaps, the first time in his life that he had ever been under a roof. As an instance of his simplicity and ignorance, it may be worth mentioning here, although I did not know it until we were on the point of separating after our journey was completed, that he mistook the consul's janizary, who wore a dashing red Turkish dress, sword, &c., for an officer of the pacha's household, and, consequently, had always looked upon me as specially recommended to him by the pacha. I could not come to any definite understanding with him. The precise service that I required of him was to conduct me from Akaba to Hebron, through the land of Edom, diverging to visit the excavated city of Petra, a journey of about ten days. I could not get him to name any sum as compensation for this service; he told me that he would conduct me for nothing, that I might give him what I pleased, &c. When I first spoke about the terms at his tent, he had said twelve dollars a camel, and, as it seemed to me, he had named this sum without the least calculation, as the first that happened to occur to him. I now referred him to this price, which he had probably forgotten, hoping to establish it as a sort of basis upon which to negotiate; but when his attention was called to it, he insisted upon the twelve dollars, and something more for bucksheesh. A fair price for this service would have been about two dollars. I told him this did not satisfy me; that I wanted every thing definitely arranged beforehand, and that I would not give the enormous price he asked, and bucksheesh in proportion; but I could do nothing with him: he listened with perfect coolness; and taking his pipe from his mouth, in answer to every thing I said, told me to come to him at Akaba, come to him at his tent; he had plenty of camels, and would conduct me without any reward, or I might give him what I pleased. We parted without coming to an arrangement. He offered to send one of his men to conduct me from Mount Sinai to Akaba; but as something might occur to prevent my going, I would not take him. He gave me, however, his signet, which he told me every Bedouin on that route knew and would respect, and writing his name under it according to the sound, I repeated it over and over, until I could pronounce it intelligibly, and treasured it up as a password for the desert.

The next morning, under pretence that I went to see the starting of the great caravan of pilgrims for Mecca,

I rode out to the sheik; and telling him that, if I came to him, I should come destitute of every thing, and he must have some good tobacco for me, I slipped a couple of gold pieces into his hand, and, without any further remark, left the question of my going undetermined. It was worth my ride to see the departure of the caravan. It consisted of more than 30,000 pilgrims, who had come from the shores of the Caspian, the extremities of Persia, and the confines of Africa; and having assembled, according to usage for hundreds of years, at Cairo as a central point, the whole mass was getting in motion for a pilgrimage of fifty days, through dreary sands, to the tomb of the Prophet.

Accustomed as I was to associate the idea of order and decorum with the observance of all rites and duties of religion, I could not but feel surprised at the noise, tumult, and confusion, the strifes and battles, of these pilgrim-travellers. If I had met them in the desert after their line of march was formed, it would have been an imposing spectacle, and comparatively easy to describe; but here, as far as the eye could reach, they were scattered over the sandy plain; 30,000 people, with probably 20,000 camels and dromedaries, men, women, and children, beasts and baggage, all commingled in a confused mass that seemed hopelessly inextricable. Some had not yet struck their tents, some were making coffee, some smoking, some cooking, some eating, many shouting and cursing, others on their knees praying, and others, again, hurrying on to join the long moving stream that already extended several miles into the desert.

It is a vulgar prejudice the belief that women are not admitted into the heaven of Mahommed. It is true that the cunning Prophet, in order not to disturb the joyful serenity with which his followers look forward to their promised heaven, has not given to women any fixed position there, and the pious Mussulman, although blessed with the lawful complement of four wives, is not bound to see among his seventy-two black-eyed houris the faces of his companions upon earth; but the women are not utterly cast out; they are deemed to have souls, and entitled to a heaven of their own; and it may be, too, that their visions of futurity are not less bright, for that there is a mystery to be unravelled beyond the grave, and they are not doomed to eternal companionship with their earthly lords. In the wildest, rudest scene where woman appears at all, there is a sweet and undefinable charm; and their appearance among the pilgrims, the care with which they shrouded themselves from every eye, their long thick veils, and their tents or four-post beds, with curtains of red silk, fastened down all around and secured on the high backs of camels, were the most striking objects in the caravan. Next to them in interest were the miserable figures of the marabouts, santons, or Arab saints, having only a scanty covering of rags over their shoulders, and the rest of their bodies completely naked, yet strutting about as if clothed in purple and fine linen; and setting off utterly destitute of everything, for a journey of months across the desert, safely trusting to that open-handed charity which forms so conspicuous an item in the list of Mussulman virtues. But the object of universal interest was the great box containing the presents and decorations for the tomb of the Prophet. The camel which bears this sacred burden is adorned with banners and rich housings, is watched and tended with pious care, and when his journey is ended, no meaner load can touch his back; he has filled the measure of a camel's glory, and lives and dies respected by all good Mussulmans.

In the evening, being the last of my stay in Cairo, I heard that Mr Linant, the companion of M. Laborde on his visit to Petra, had arrived at Alexandria, and, with Mr Gliddon, went to see him. Mr L. is one of the many French emigrés driven from their native soil by political convulsions, and who have risen to distinction in foreign lands by military talents, and the force of that restless energy so peculiar to his countrymen. Many years before, he had thrown himself into the Arabian Desert, where he had become so much beloved by the Bedouins, that on the occasion of a dispute between two contend-

ing claimants, the customs of their tribe were waived, the pretensions of the rivals set aside, and he was elected sheik of Mount Sinai, and invested with the flattering name, which he retains to this day, of Abdel Hag, or the slave of truth. Notwithstanding his desert rank and dignity, he received me with a politeness which savoured of the salons of Paris, and encouraged me in my intention of visiting Petra, assuring me that it would abundantly repay me for all the difficulties attending it; in fact, he spoke lightly of these, although I afterwards found that his acquaintance with the language, his high standing among the Bedouins, and his lavish distribution of money and presents, had removed or diminished obstacles which, to a stranger without these advantages, were by no means of a trifling nature. In addition to much general advice, he counselled me particularly to wear the Turkish or Arab dress, and to get a letter from the Habeeb Effendi to the governor of the little fortress of Akaba. Mr Linant has been twenty years in Egypt, and is now a bey in the pacha's service; and that very afternoon, after a long interview, had received orders from the great reformer to make a survey of the pyramids, for the purpose of deciding which of those gigantic monuments, after having been respected by all preceding tyrants for 3000 years, should now be demolished for the illustrious object of yielding material for a petty fortress, or scarcely more useful and important bridge.

Early in the morning I went into the bazaars, and fitted out Paul and myself with the necessary dresses. Paul was soon equipped with the common Arab dress, the blue cotton shirt, tarbouch, and Bedouin shoes. A native of Malta, he was very probably of Arab descent in part, and his dark complexion and long black beard would enable him readily to pass for one born under the sun of Egypt. As for myself, I could not look the swarthy Arab of the desert, and the dress of the Turkish houaja or gentleman, with the necessary arms and equipments, was very expensive; so I provided myself with the unpretending and respectable costume of a Cairo merchant; a long red silk gown, with a black abbas of camel's hair over it; red tarbouch, with a green and yellow striped handkerchief rolled round it as a turban; white trousers, large red shoes over yellow slippers, blue sash, sword, and a pair of large Turkish pistols.

Having finished my purchases in the bazaars, I returned to my hotel ready to set out, and found the dromedaries, camels, and guides, and expected to find the letter for the governor of Akaba, which, at the suggestion of Mr Linant, I had requested Mr Gliddon to procure for me. I now learned, however, from that gentleman, that, to avoid delay, it would be better to go myself, first sending my caravan outside the gate, and representing to the minister that I was actually waiting for the letter, in which case he would probably give it to me immediately. I accordingly sent Paul with my little caravan to wait for me at the tombs of the califs, and, attended by the consul's janizary, rode up to the citadel, and stopped at the door of the governor's palace.

The reader may remember that, on my first visit to his excellency, I saw a man whipped; this time I saw one bastinadoed. I had heard much of this, a punishment existing, I believe, only in the East, but I had never seen it inflicted before, and hope I never shall see it again. As on the former occasion, I found the little governor standing at one end of the large hall of entrance, munching, and trying causes. A crowd was gathered around, and before him was a poor Arab, pleading and beseeching most piteously, while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks; near him was a man whose resolute and somewhat angry expression marked him as the accuser, seeking vengeance rather than justice. Suddenly the governor made a gentle movement with his hand; all noise ceased; all stretched their necks and turned their eager eyes towards him; the accused cut short his crying, and stood with his mouth wide open, and his eyes fixed upon the governor. The latter spoke a few words in a very low voice, to me of course unintelligible, and, indeed, scarcely audible, but they seemed to fall upon the quick ears of the culprit like bolts of

thunder; the agony of suspense was over, and, without a word or look, he laid himself down on his face at the feet of the governor. A space was immediately cleared around; a man on each side took him by the hand, and, stretching out his arms, kneeled upon and held them down, while another seated himself across his neck and shoulders. Thus nailed to the ground, the poor fellow, knowing that there was no chance of escape, threw up his feet from the knee-joint, so as to present the soles in a horizontal position. Two men came forward with a pair of long stout bars of wood, attached together by a cord, between which they placed the feet, drawing them together with the cord so as to fix them in their horizontal position, and leave the whole flat surface exposed to the full force of the blow. In the meantime two strong Turks were standing ready, one at each side, armed with long whips resembling our common cowskin, but longer and thicker, and made of the tough hide of the hippopotamus. While the occupation of the judge was suspended by these preparations, the janizary had presented the consul's letter. My sensibilities are not particularly acute, but they yielded in this instance. I had watched all the preliminary arrangements, nervously myself for what was to come; but when I heard the scourge whizzing through the air, and, when the first blow fell upon the naked feet, saw the convulsive movements of the body, and heard the first loud piercing shriek, I could stand it no longer; I broke through the crowd, forgetting the governor and every thing else, except the agonising sounds from which I was escaping; but the janizary followed close at my heels, and, laying his hand upon my arm, hauled me back to the governor. If I had consulted merely the impulse of feeling, I should have consigned him, and the governor, and the whole nation of Turks, to the lower regions; but it was all-important not to offend this summary dispenser of justice, and I never made a greater sacrifice of feeling to expediency than when I re-entered his presence. The shrieks of the unhappy criminal were ringing through the chamber; but the governor received me with as calm a smile as if he had been sitting on his own divan, listening to the strains of some pleasant music, while I stood with my teeth clenched, and felt the hot breath of the victim, and heard the whizzing of the accursed whip, as it fell again and again upon his bleeding feet. I have heard men cry out in agony when the sea was raging, and the drowning man, rising for the last time upon the mountain waves, turned his imploring arms towards us, and with his dying breath called in vain for help; but I never heard such heart-rending sounds as those from the poor bastinadoed wretch before me. I thought the governor would never make an end of reading the letter, when the scribe handed it to him for his signature, although it contained but half a dozen lines; he fumbled in his pocket for his seal, and dipped it in the ink; the impression did not suit him, and he made another; and, after a delay that seemed to me eternal, employed in folding it, handed it to me with a most gracious smile. I am sure I grinned horribly in return; and almost snatching the letter just as the last blow fell, I turned to hasten from the scene. The poor scourged wretch was silent; he had found relief in insensibility; I cast one look upon the senseless body, and saw the feet laid open in gashes, and the blood streaming down the legs. At that moment the bars were taken away, and the mangled feet fell like lead upon the floor. I had to work my way through the crowd, and before I could escape, I saw the poor fellow revive, and by the first natural impulse rise upon his feet, but fall again as if he had stepped upon red-hot irons. He crawled upon his hands and knees to the door of the hall, and here it was most grateful to see that the poor miserable, mangled, and degraded Arab, yet had friends whose hearts yearned towards him; they took him in their arms, and carried him away.

I was sick of Cairo, and in a right humour to bid farewell to cities, with all their artificial laws, their crimes and punishments, and all the varied shades of inhumanity from man to man, and in a few minutes I

was beyond the gate, and galloping away to join my companions in the desert. At the tombs of the califs I found Paul with my caravan; but I had not yet escaped the stormy passions of men. With the cries of the poor Arab still ringing in my ears, I was greeted with a furious quarrel, arising from the apportionment of the money I had paid my guides. I was in no humour to interfere, and, mounting my dromedary, and leaving Paul to arrange the affair with them as he best could, I rode on alone.

It was a journey of no ordinary interest on which I was now beginning my lonely way. I had travelled in Italy, among the mountains of Greece, the plains of Turkey, the wild steppes of Russia, and the plains of Poland, but neither of these afforded half the material for curious expectation that my journey through the desert promised. After an interval of 4000 years, I was about to pursue the devious path of the children of Israel, when they took up the bones of Joseph and fled before the anger of Pharaoh, among the mountain passes of Sinai, and through that great and terrible desert which shut them from the Land of Promise. I rode on in silence and alone for nearly two hours, and just as the sun was sinking behind the dark mountains of Mokattam, halted to wait for my little caravan; and I pitched my tent for the first night in the desert, with the door opening to the distant land of Goshen.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Caravan.—Arab Political Economy.—A projected Railroad.

—The Sirocco.—Suez.—A travelled Englishman.—The Red Sea.

—Embarkation of Pilgrims.—A Misadventure.—Scriptural Localities.—The bitter Fountain.

THE arrangements for my journey as far as Mount Sinai had been made by Mr Gliddon. It was necessary to have as my guides some of the Bedouins from around the mountains, and he had procured one known to him, a man in whom I could place the most implicit confidence; and possessing another not less powerful recommendation, in the fact that he had been with Messrs Linant and Laborde to Petra. My caravan consisted of eight camels and dromedaries, and, as guide and camel-drivers, three young Bedouins from nineteen to twenty-two years old. My tent was the common tent of the Egyptian soldiers, bought at the government factory, easily carried, and as easily pitched; my bedding was a mattress and coverlet; and I had, moreover, a couple of boxes, about eighteen inches high, and the width of my mattress, filled with eatables, which I carried slung over the back of a camel, one upon each side, and at night, by the addition of two pieces of board, converted into a bedstead. My store of provisions consisted of bread, biscuit, rice, macaroni, tea, coffee, dried apricots, oranges, a roasted leg of mutton, and two of the largest skins containing the filtered water of the Nile.

In the evening, while we were sitting around a fire, I inquired the cause of the quarrel from which I had escaped, and this led Toualeb into an explanation of some of the customs of the Bedouins. There exists among them that community of interest and property for which radicals and visionaries contend in civilised society. The property of the tribe is to a great extent common, and their earnings, or the profits of their labour, are shared among the whole. A Bedouin's wives are his own; and as the chastity of women is guarded by the most sanguinary laws, his children are generally his own; his tent, also, and one or two camels, are his, and the rest belongs to his tribe. The practical operation of this law is not attended with any great difficulty; for, in general, the *rest*, or that which belongs to the tribe, is nothing; there are no hoarded treasures, no coffers of wealth, the bequest of ancestors, or the gains of enterprise and industry, to excite the cupidity of the avaricious. Poor is the Bedouin born, and poor he dies, and his condition is more than usually prosperous when his poverty does not lead him to the shedding of blood.

I did not expect to learn lessons of political economy

among the Bedouin Arabs; but in the commencement of my journey with them, I found the embarrassment and evil of trammelling individual enterprise and industry. The consul had applied to Toualeb. Toualeb was obliged to propose the thing to such of his tribe as were then in Cairo, and all had a right to participate. The consequence was, that when we were ready to move, instead of five there were a dozen camels and dromedaries, and their several owners were the men whom I had left wrangling at the tombs of the califs; and even when it was ascertained that only five were wanted, still three supernumeraries were sent, that all might be engaged in the work. In countries where the labour of man and beast has a per diem value, the loss of the labour of three or four men and three or four camels would be counted; but in the East, time and labour have no value.

I do not mean to go into any dissertations on the character of the Bedouins, and shall merely refer to such traits as fell under my observation, and were developed by circumstances. While I was eating my evening meal, and talking with Toualeb, the three young camel-drivers sat at the door of the tent, leaning on their hands, and looking at me. I at first did not pay much attention to them, but it soon struck me as singular that they did not prepare their own meal; and, noticing them more attentively, I thought they were not looking so much at me as at the smoking pilau before me. I asked them why they did not eat their supper, and they told me that their masters had sent them away without a particle of any thing to eat. I was exceedingly vexed at this, inasmuch as it showed that I had four mouths to feed more than I had prepared for; no trifling matter on a journey in the desert, and one which Paul, as my quartermaster, said it was utterly impossible to accomplish. I at first told one of them to mount my dromedary and go back to Cairo, assuring him that, if he did not return before daylight, I would follow and have both him and his master bastinadoed; but before he had mounted, I changed my mind. I hated all returns and delays, and, smothering my wrath, told Paul to give them some rice and biscuit, at the risk of being obliged to come down to Arab bread myself. And so ended the first day of my journey.

Early in the morning we began our march, with our faces towards the rising sun. Before mid-day we were in as perfect a desert as if we were removed thousands of miles from the habitations of men; behind, before, and around us, was one wide expanse of level and arid sands, although we were as yet not more than eight hours from the crowded city of Cairo; and I might already cry out, in the spirit of Neikomm's famous cavatina, "The sea, the sea, the open sea!" Indeed, in all the travelling in the East nothing strikes one more forcibly than the quick transitions from the noise of cities to the stillness of the unpeopled waste.

It does, indeed, appear remarkable that, within so short a distance from Cairo, a city of so great antiquity and large population, and on a road which we know to have been travelled more than 4000 years, and which at this day is the principal route to the Red Sea, there is so little travelling. During the whole day we did not meet more than a dozen Arabs, with perhaps twenty or thirty camels. But a mighty change will soon be made in this particular. A railroad is about to be constructed across the desert, over the track followed by the children of Israel to the Red Sea. The pacha had already ordered iron from England for the purpose when I was in Egypt, and there is no doubt of its practicability, being only a distance of eighty miles over a dead level; but whether it will ever be finished, or whether, if finished, it will pay the expense, is much more questionable. Indeed, the better opinion is, that the pacha does it merely to bolster up his reputation in Europe as a reformer; that he has begun without calculating the costs; and that he will get tired and abandon it before it is half completed. It may be, however, that the reader will one day be hurried by a steam engine over the route which I was now crossing at the slow pace of a camel

and when that day comes, all the excitement and wonder of a journey in the desert will be over. There will be no more pitching of tents, or sleeping under the starry firmament, surrounded by Arabs and camels; no more carrying provisions, and no danger of dying of thirst; all will be reduced to the systematic tameness of a cotton-factory, and the wild Arab will retire farther into the heart of the desert, shunning, like our native Indians, the faces of strangers, and following for ever the footsteps of his wandering ancestors. Blessed be my fortune, improvement had not yet actually begun its march.

In the course of the night I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise like the flapping of sails. A high wind had risen, and my tent not being well secured, it had turned over, so that the wind got under it and carried it away. In the civilised world, we often hear of reverses of fortune which reduce a man to such a state that he has not a roof to cover him; but few are ever deprived of the protection of their roof in so summary a way as this, and it is but fair to add that few have ever got it back so expeditiously. I opened my eyes upon the stars, and saw my house fleeing from me. Paul and I were on our feet in a moment, and gave chase, and with the assistance of our Arabs, brought it back and planted it again; I thought of the prudent Kentuckian who tied his house to a stump to keep it from being blown away, and would have done the same thing if I could have found a stump; but tree or stump in the desert there is none.

I was not disturbed again during the night; but the wind continued to increase, and towards morning and all the next day blew with great violence. It was the dread sirocco, the wind that has for ever continued to blow over the desert, carrying with it the fine particles of sand which, by the continued action of centuries, have buried the monuments, the temples, and the cities of Egypt; the sirocco, always disagreeable and dangerous, and sometimes, if the reports of travellers be true, suffocating and burying whole caravans of men and camels. Fortunately for me, it was blowing upon my back; but still it was necessary to draw my Arab cloak close over my head; and even then the particles of sand found their way within, so that my eyes were soon filled with them. This was very far from being one of the worst siroccos; but the sun was obscured, the atmosphere was a perfect cloud of sand, and the tracks were so completely obliterated, that a little after mid-day we were obliged to stop and take shelter under the lee of a hillock of sand; occasionally we had met caravans coming upon us through the thick clouds of sand, the Arabs riding with their backs to the heads of their camels, and their faces covered, so that not a single feature could be seen.

By the third morning the wind had somewhat abated, but the sand had become so scattered that not a single track could be seen. I was forcibly reminded of a circumstance related to me by Mr Waghorn. A short time before I met him at Cairo, in making a hurried march from Suez, with an Arab unaccustomed to the desert, he encamped about mid-way, and starting two hours before daylight, continued travelling, half asleep, upon his dromedary, until it happened to strike him that the sun had risen in the wrong place, and was then shining in his face instead of warning his back; he had been more than three hours retracing his steps to Suez. If I had been alone this morning, I might very easily have fallen into the same or a worse error. The prospect before me was precisely the same, turn which way I would; and if I had been left to myself, I might have wandered as long as the children of Israel in search of the Promised Land, before I should have arrived at the gate of Suez.

We soon came in sight of the principal, perhaps the only object, which a stranger would mark in the route from Cairo to Suez. It is a large palm-tree, standing alone about half way across, the only green and living thing on that expanse of barrenness. We saw it two or three hours; and moving with the slow pace of our camels, it seemed as if we should never reach it; and then, again, as if we should never leave it behind

us. A journey in the desert is so barren of incident, that wayfarers note the smallest circumstances, and our relative distance from the palm-tree, or half-way house, furnished occupation for a great part of the day.

At about twelve o'clock the next day we caught the first view of the Red Sea, rolling between the dark mountains of Egypt and Arabia, as in the days of Pharaoh and Moses. In an hour more we came in sight of Suez, a low dark spot on the shore, above the commencement of the chains of mountains on each side. About two hours before arriving, we passed, at a little distance on the left, a large khan, on the direct road to Akaba, built by the pacha as a stopping-place for the pilgrims on their way to Mecca. Three days before, more than 30,000 pilgrims had halted in and around it, but now not a living being was to be seen. About half an hour on the hither side of Suez we came to a well, where, for the first time since we left Cairo, we watered our camels.

Even among the miserable cities of Turkey and Egypt, few present so wretched an appearance as Suez. Standing on the borders of the desert, and on the shore of the sea, with bad and unwholesome water, not a blade of grass growing around it, and dependent upon Cairo for the food that supports its inhabitants, it sustains a poor existence by the trade of the great caravan for Mecca, and the small commerce between the ports of Cosseir, Djiddah, and Mocha. A new project has lately been attempted here, which, it might be supposed, would have a tendency to regenerate the fallen city. The route to India by the Red Sea is in the full tide of successful experiment; the English flag is often seen waving in the harbour, and about once in two months an English steamer arrives from Bombay; but even the clatter of a steam-boat is unable to infuse life into its sluggish population.

The gate was open, a single soldier was lying on a mat basking in the sun, his musket gleaming brightly by his side, and a single cannon projected over the wall, frowning with Tom Thumb greatness upon the stranger entering the city. Passing the gate, we found ourselves within a large open space crowded with pilgrims. Even the small space enclosed by the walls was not more than one quarter occupied by buildings, and these few were at the farthest extremity. The whole intermediate area was occupied by pilgrims, scattered about in every imaginable position and occupation, who stared at me as I passed among them in my European dress, and noticed me according to their various humours, some greeting me with a smile, some with a low and respectful salaam, and others with the black look and ferocious scowl of the bigoted and Frank-detesting Mussulmans.

We stopped in the square in front of the harbour, and inquired for an Englishman, the agent of Mr Waghorn, to whom I had a letter, and from whom I hoped to obtain a bed; but he had arrived only two days before, and I doubt whether he had one for himself. He did all he could for me, but that was very little. I remember one thing about him, which is characteristic of a class of European residents in Egypt; he had lived fourteen years between Alexandria and Cairo, and had never been in the desert before, and talked as if he had made a voyage to Babylon or Bagdad. He had provided himself with almost every thing that his English notions of comfort could suggest, and with these he talked of his three days' journey in the desert as a thing to be done but once in a man's life. I ought not to be harsh on him, however, for he was as kind as he could be to me, and in one thing I felt very sensibly the benefit of his kindness. By bad management, my water-skins, instead of being old and seasoned, were entirely new; the second day out the water was injured, and the third it was not drinkable. I did not suffer so much as Paul and the Arabs did, having fallen into the habit of drinking but little, and assuaging my thirst with an orange; but I suffered from a cause much worse; my eyes were badly inflamed, and the water was so much impregnated with the noxious absorption from the leather, that it destroyed the effect of the powders which I diluted

in it, and aggravated instead of relieving the inflammation. The Englishman had used kegs made for the purpose, and had more than a kegful left, which he insisted on my taking. One can hardly imagine that the giving or receiving a keg of water should be a matter of any moment; but, much as I wanted it, indeed, all-important as it was to me for the rest of my journey, I hesitated to deprive him of it. Before going, however, I filled one of my skins, and counted it at the time one of the most valuable presents I had ever received. He had been in the desert, too, the same day that we suffered from the sirocco, and his eyes were in a worse condition than mine.

The first thing he did was to find me a place to pass the night in. Directly opposite the open space was a large roquel or stone building, containing a ground and upper floor, and open in the centre, forming a hollow square. The whole building was divided by partitions into perhaps a hundred apartments, and every one of these and the open square outside were filled with pilgrims. The apartments consisted merely of a floor, roof, door, and walls, and sometimes one or the other of these requisites was wanting, and its deficiency supplied by the excess of another. My room was in one corner in the second story, and had a most unnecessary and uncomfortable proportion of windows; but I had no choice. I regretted that I had not pitched my tent outside the walls; but, calling to my assistance the ingenuity and contriving spirit of my country, fastened it up as a screen to keep the wind from coming upon me too severely, and walked out to see the little that was to be seen of Suez.

I had soon made a tour of the town; and having performed this duty, I hurried where my thoughts and feelings had long been carrying me, to the shore of the sea. Half a dozen vessels of some eighty or a hundred tons, sharp built, with tall spars for latteen sails, high poops, and strangely painted, resembling the ancient ships of war, or the Turkish corsair or Arab pirate of modern days, were riding at anchor in the harbour, waiting to take on board the thousands of pilgrims who were all around me. I followed the shore till I had turned the walls, and was entirely alone. I sat down under the wall, where I had an extensive view down the sea, and saw the place where the waters divided for the passage of the Israelites. Two hours I strolled along the shore, and when the sun was sinking behind the dark mountains of Mokattam, I was bathing my feet in the waters of the coral sea.

Early in the morning I went out on the balcony, and looking down into the open square, filled with groups of pilgrims, male and female, sleeping on the bare ground, in all manner of attitudes, I saw directly under me a dead Tartar. He had died during the night, his death-bed a single plank, and he was lying in the sheep-skin dress which he wore when living. Two friends from the frozen regions of the north, companions in his long pilgrimage, were sitting on the ground preparing their morning coffee, and my Arabs were sleeping by his side, unconscious that but a few feet from them, during the stillness of the night, an immortal spirit had been called away. I gazed long and steadfastly upon the face of the dead Tartar, and moralised very solemnly—indeed, painfully—upon the imaginary incidents which my fancy summoned up in connection with his fate. Nor was the possibility of my own death, among strangers in a distant land, the least prominent or least saddening portion of my reverie.

I ascribe this uncommon moping-fit to my exposing myself before breakfast. The stomach must be fortified, or force, moral and physical, is gone, and melancholy and blue devils are the inevitable consequence. After breakfast I was another creature. My acute sensibility, my tender sympathies, were gone; and when I went out again, I looked upon the body of the dead Tartar with the utmost indifference.

The pilgrims were now nearly all stirring, and the square was all in motion. The balcony, and, indeed, every part of the old roquel, were filled with the better

class of pilgrims, principally Turks, the lords of the land; and in an apartment opening on the balcony, immediately next to mine, sat a beautiful Circassian, with the regular features and brilliant complexion of her country. By her side were two lovely children, fair and beautiful as their mother. Her face was completely uncovered, for she did not know that a stranger was gazing on her, and, turning from the black visages around him to her fair and lovely face, was revelling in recollections of the beauties of his native land. And lo, the virtue of a breakfast! I, that by looking upon a dead Tartar had buried myself in the deserts of Arabia, written my epitaph, and cried over my own grave, was now ready to break a lance with a Turk to rob him of his wife.

The balcony and staircase were thronged with pilgrims, many still asleep, so that I was obliged to step over their bodies in going down, and out of doors the case was much the same. At home I should have thought it a peculiarly interesting circumstance to join a caravan of Mussulmans on their pilgrimage to Mecca; but long before I had seen them start from the gate of Cairo, my feelings were essentially changed. I had hired my caravan for Mount Sinai; but feeling rather weak, and wishing to save myself six days' journey in the desert, I endeavoured to hire a boat to go down the Red Sea to Tor, supposed to be the Elim, or place of palm-trees, mentioned in the Exodus of the Israelites, and only two days' journey from Mount Sinai. The boats were all taken by the pilgrims, and these holy travellers were packed together as closely as sheep on board one of our North River sloops for the New York market. They were a filthy set, many of them probably not changing their clothes from the time they left their homes until they reached the tomb of the Prophet. I would rather not have travelled with them; but as it was my only way of going down the sea, I applied to an Arab to hire a certain portion of space on the deck of a boat for myself and servant; but he advised me not to think of such a thing. He told me if I hired and paid for such a space, the pilgrims would certainly encroach upon me; that they would beg, and borrow, and at last rob me; and, above all, that they were bigoted fanatics, and, if a storm occurred, would very likely throw me overboard. With this character of his brethren from a true believer, I abandoned the idea of going by sea, and that the more readily, as his account was perfectly consistent with what I had before heard of the pilgrims.

The scene itself did not sustain the high and holy character of a pilgrimage. As I said before, all were abominably filthy; some were sitting around a great dish of pilau, thrusting their hands in it up to the knuckles, squeezing the boiled rice, and throwing back their heads as they crammed the huge morsel down their throats; others packing up their merchandise, or carrying water-skins, or whetting their sabres; others wrangling for a few paras; and in one place was an Arab butcher, bare-legged, and naked from the waist upward, with his hands, breast, and face smeared with blood, leaning over the body of a slaughtered camel, brandishing an axe, and chopping off huge pieces of meat for the surrounding pilgrims. A little off from the shore a large party were embarking on board a small boat to go down to their vessel, which was lying at the mouth of the harbour; they were wading up to their middle, every one with something on his shoulders or above his head. Thirty or forty had already got on board, and as many more were trying to do the same; but the boat was already full. A loud wrangling commenced, succeeded by clenching, throttling, splashing in the water, and running to the shore. I saw bright swords gleaming in the air, heard the ominous click of a pistol, and in one moment more blood would have been shed, but for a Turkish aga, who had been watching the scene from the governor's balcony, and now dashing in among them with a huge silver-headed mace, and laying about him right and left, brought the turbulent pilgrims to a condition more suited to their sacred character.

At about nine o'clock I sent off my camels to go round

the head of the gulf, intending to cross over in a boat and meet them. At the moment they left the roquet, two friends were holding up a quilt before the body of the dead Tartar, while a third was within, washing and preparing it for burial. At twelve o'clock I got on board my boat; she was, like the others, sharp built, with a high poop and tall latteen sails, and, for the first time in all my travelling, I began to think a voyage better than a journey. In addition to the greater ease and pleasantness, there was something new and exciting in the passage of the Red Sea; and we had hardly given our large latteen sails to the wind, before I began to talk with the rais about carrying me down to Tor; but he told me the boat was too small for such a voyage, and money would not induce him to attempt it.

Late in the afternoon we landed on the opposite side, on the most sacred spot connected with the wanderings of the Israelites, where they rose from the dry bed of the sea, and, at the command of Moses, the divided waters rushed together, overwhelming Pharaoh and his chariots, and the whole host of Egypt. With the devotion of a pious pilgrim, I picked up a shell, and put it in my pocket as a memorial of the place; and then Paul and I, mounting the dromedaries which my guide had brought down to the shore in readiness, rode to a grove of palm-trees, shading a fountain of bad water, called Ayoum Mousa, or the Fountain of Moses. I was riding carelessly along, looking behind me towards the sea, and had almost reached the grove of palm-trees, when a large flock of crows flew out, and my dromedary, frightened with their sudden whizzing, started back and threw me twenty feet over his head, completely clear of his long neck, and left me sprawling in the sand. It was a mercy I did not finish my wanderings where the children of Israel began theirs; but I saved my head at the expense of my hands, which sank in the loose soil up to the wrist, and bore the marks for more than two months afterwards. I seated myself where I fell, and, as the sun was just dipping below the horizon, told Paul to pitch the tent, with the door towards the place of the miraculous passage. I shall never forget that sunset scene, and it is the last I shall inflict upon the reader. I was sitting on the very spot where the chosen people of God, after walking over the dry bed of the sea, stopped to behold the divided waters returning to their place and swallowing up the host of the pursuers. The mountains on the other side looked dark and portentous, as if proud and conscious witnesses of the mighty miracle, while the sun, descending slowly behind them, long after it had disappeared, left a reflected brightness which illumined with an almost supernatural light the dark surface of the water.

But to return to the Fountain of Moses. I am aware that there is some dispute as to the precise spot where Moses crossed; but having no time for scepticism on such matters, I began by making up my mind that this was the place, and then looked around to see whether, according to the account given in the Bible, the face of the country and the natural landmarks did not sustain my opinion. I remember I looked up to the head of the gulf, where Suez or Kolsum now stands, and saw that almost to the very head of the gulf there was a high range of mountains which it would be necessary to cross, an undertaking which it would have been physically impossible for 600,000 people, men, women, and children, to accomplish, with a hostile army pursuing them. At Suez, Moses could not have been hemmed in as he was; he could go off into the Syrian Desert, or, unless the sea has greatly changed since that time, round the head of the gulf. But here, directly opposite where I sat, was an opening in the mountains, making a clear passage from the desert to the shore of the sea. It is admitted that, from the earliest history of the country, there was a caravan route from the Rameses of the Pharaohs to this spot, and it was perfectly clear to my mind that, if the account be true at all, Moses had taken that route; that it was directly opposite me, between the two mountains, where he had come down with his multitude to the shore, and that it was there

he had found himself hemmed in, in the manner described in the Bible, with the sea before him, and the army of Pharaoh in his rear; it was there he had stretched out his hand and divided the waters; and probably, on the very spot where I sat, the children of Israel had kneeled upon the sands to offer thanks to God for his miraculous interposition. The distance, too, was in confirmation of this opinion. It was about twenty miles across; the distance which that immense multitude, with their necessary baggage, could have of time (a night) mentioned in the Bible. Besides my own judgment and conclusions, I had authority on the spot, in my Bedouin Toualeb, who talked of it with as much certainty as if he had seen it himself; and, by the waning light of the moon, pointed out the metes and bounds according to the tradition received from his fathers. "And even yet," said he, "on a still evening like this, or sometimes when the sea is raging, the ghosts of the departed Egyptians are seen

upon his head, flying with his chariot and horses over the face of the deep; and even to this day the Arab diving for coral, brings up fragments of swords, broken helmets, or chariot-wheels, swallowed up with the host of Egypt."

Early the next morning we resumed our journey, and travelled several hours along a sandy valley, diverging slowly from the sea, and approaching the mountains on our left. The day's journey was barren of incident, though not void of interest. We met only one small caravan of Bedouins, with their empty sacks, like the children of Jacob of old, journeying from a land of famine to a land of plenty. From time to time we passed the bones of a camel bleaching on the sand, and once the body of one just dead, his eyes already picked out, and their sockets hollow to the brain. A huge vulture was standing over him, with his long talons fastened in the entrails, his beak and his whole head stained with blood. I drove the horrid bird away; but before I had got out of sight, he had again fastened on his prey.

The third day we started at seven o'clock, and, after three hours' journeying, entered among the mountains of Sinai. The scene was now entirely changed in character; the level expanse of the sandy desert for the wild and rugged mountain-pass. At eleven we came to the fountain of Marah, supposed to be that at which the Israelites rested after their three days' journey from the Red Sea. There is some uncertainty as to the particulars of this journey; the print of their footsteps did not long remain in the shifting sands; their descendants have long been strangers in the land; and tradition but imperfectly supplies the want of more accurate and enduring records. Of the general fact there is no doubt; no other road from the Red Sea to Mount Sinai has existed since the days of Moses, and there is no part of the world where the face of nature and the natural land-marks have remained so totally unchanged. Then, as now, it was a barren mountainous region, bare of verdure, and destitute of streams of living water; so that the Almighty was obliged to sustain his people with manna from heaven, and water from the rocks.

But travellers have questioned whether this is the fountain of Marah. The Bible account is simple and brief—"They went three days into the wilderness, and found no water; and when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter." Burckhardt objects that the distance is too short for three days' journey, but this cavil is sufficiently answered by others; that the movements of such an immense multitude, of all ages and both sexes, with flocks and cattle, which they must have had for the sacrifices, if for no other purpose, must necessarily have been slow. Besides, supposing the habits of the people to have been the same as we find them now among Orientals, the presumption is rather that they would march slowly than push on with speed, after the danger of pursuit was over. Time is thought of

little consequence by the Arabs; and as the Jews were Arabs, it is probable that the same was a feature of their character also. At all events, I was disposed to consider this the fountain, and would fain have performed the duty of a pious pilgrim by making my noon-day meal at its brink; but, as in the days of Moses, we could not drink of the waters of Marah, "for they were bitter." I do not wonder that the people murmured, for even our camels would not drink of them. The ground around the fountain was white with salt. In about two hours more we came to the valley of Gherondel, a large valley with palm-trees; away at the right, in the mountains, is another spring of water, which Shaw makes the bitter fountain of Moses, the water being also undrinkable.

That night Paul was unwell, and, as it always happened with him when he had a headache, he thought he was going to die. As soon as we pitched our tent, I made him lie down; and not knowing how to deal with his real and fancied ailments, gave him some hot tea, and then piled upon him quilts, blankets, empty sacks, saddle-cloths, and every other covering I could find, until he cried for quarter. I had no difficulty in cooking my own supper, and, I remember, tried the savage taste of my Bedouins with the China weed, which they liked exceedingly, when so abundantly sweetened as utterly to destroy its flavour.

CHAPTER XV.

The Aspect of the Mountains.—Arab Graves.—The Pacha and the Bedouins.—The Value of Water.—Perplexing Inscriptions.—Habits of the Arabs.—Ethics of the Desert.—Breach of the Marriage Vow.—Arrival at the Convent.—An Excess of Welcome.—Greece and America.—Amor Patriæ.

In the morning Paul was well, but I recommended a little starvation to make all sure; this, however, by no means agreed with his opinion, or his appetite; for, as he said, a man who rode a dromedary all day must eat or die. Late in the afternoon we passed a hill of stones, which Burckhardt calls the tomb of a saint; but according to Toualeb's account, and he spoke of it as a thing within his own knowledge, it was the tomb of a very different personage, namely, a woman who was surprised by her kindred with a paramour, and killed and buried on the spot; on a little eminence above, a few stones marked the place where a slave had been stationed to give the guilty pair a timely notice of approaching danger, but had neglected his important trust.

Our road now lay between wild and rugged mountains, and the valley itself was stony, broken, and gullied by the washing of the winter torrents; and a few straggling thorn-bushes were all that grew in that region of desolation. I had remarked for some time, and every moment impressed it more and more forcibly upon my mind, that every thing around me seemed old and in decay: the valley was barren and devastated by torrents; the rocks were rent; the mountains cracked, broken, and crumbling into thousands of pieces; and we encamped at night between rocks which seemed to have been torn asunder by some violent convulsion, where the stones had washed down into the valley, and the drifted sand almost choked the passage. It had been excessively hot during the day, and at night the wind was whistling around my tent as in mid-winter.

Early in the morning we were again in motion, our route lying nearly all day in the same narrow valley, bounded by the same lofty mountains. At every step the scene became more solemn and impressive; all was still around us; and not a sound broke the universal silence, except the soft tread of our camels, and now and then the voice of one of us; but there was little encouragement to garrulity. The mountains became more and more striking, venerable, and interesting. Not a shrub or blade of grass grew on their naked sides, deformed with gaps and fissures; and they looked as if, by a slight jar or shake, they would crumble into millions of pieces. It is impossible to describe correctly the singularly interesting appearance of these mountains.

Age, hoary and venerable, is the predominant character. They looked as if their great Creator had made them higher than they are, and their summits, worn and weakened by the action of the elements for thousands of years, had cracked and fallen. My days in the desert did not pass as quickly as I hurry through them here. They wore away, not slowly alone, but sometimes heavily; and to help them in their progress, I sometimes descended to very commonplace amusements. On one occasion I remember meeting a party of friendly Bedouins, and, sitting down with them to pipes and coffee, I noticed a fine lad of nineteen or twenty, about the size of one of my party, and pitted mine against him for a wrestling-match. The old Bedouins took the precaution to remove their knives and swords, and it was well they did, for the two lads throttled each other like young furies; and when mine received a pretty severe prostration on the sand, he first attempted to regain his sword, and, failing in that, sprang again upon his adversary with such ferocity that I was glad to have the young devils taken apart, and still more glad to know that they were going to travel different roads.

Several times we passed the rude burying-grounds of the Bedouins, standing alone in the waste of sand, a few stones thrown together in a heap marking the spot where an Arab's bones reposed; but the wanderer of the desert looks forward to his final rest in this wild burying-place of his tribe with the same feeling that animates the English peasant towards the churchyard of his native village, or the noble peer towards the honoured tomb of his ancestors.

About noon we came to an irregular stone fence, running across the valley and extending up the sides nearly to the top of the adjacent mountains, built as a wall by the Bedouins of Sinai during the war with the Pacha of Egypt. Among the strong and energetic measures of his government, Mahommed Ali had endeavoured to reduce these children of the desert under his iron rule; to subject them to taxes, like his subjects of the Nile, and, worse, to establish his oppressive system of military conscription. But the free spirit of the untameable could not brook this invasion of their independence. They plundered his caravans, drank his best Mocha coffee, devoured his spices from Arabia and India, and clothed themselves and their wives in the rich silks intended for the harems of the wealthy Turks. Hassan Bey was sent against them with 2500 men; 400 Bedouins defended this pass for several days, when, craftily permitting him to force his way to the convent of Mount Sinai, the tribes gathered in force between him and the Red Sea, and held him there a prisoner until a treaty of perpetual amity had been ratified by the pacha, by which it was agreed that the pacha should not invade their territory, and that they would be his subjects, provided he would not call upon them for duties, or soldiers, or, indeed, for any thing which should abridge their natural freedom; or, in other words, that he might do as he pleased with them, provided he let them have their own way. It was, in fact, the school-boy's bargain, "Let me alone, and I will let you alone," and so it has been faithfully kept by both parties, and I have no doubt will continue to be kept, until one of them shall have a strong probability of profit and success in breaking it. Upon the whole, however, the Bedouins of Mount Sinai are rather afraid of Mahommed Ali, and he has a great rod over them in his power of excluding them from Cairo, where they come to exchange their dates and apricots for grain, clothing, weapons, and ammunition. As they told me themselves, before his time they had been great robbers, and now a robbery is seldom heard of among them.

For two days we had been suffering for want of water. The skins with which I had been provided by the consul's janizary at Cairo were so new that they contaminated the water; and it had at last become so bad, that, fearful of injurious effects from drinking it, and preferring the evil of thirst to that of sickness, I had poured it all out upon the sand. Toualeb had told me that some time during the day we should come to a fountain,

but the evening was drawing nigh, and we had not reached it. Fortunately we had still a few oranges left, which served to moisten our parched mouths; and we were in the momentary expectation of coming to the water, when Toualeb discovered some marks, from which he told us that it was yet three hours distant. We had no apprehension of being reduced to the extremity of thirst; but for men who had already been suffering for some time, the prolongation of such thirst was by no means pleasant. During those three hours I thought of nothing but water. Rivers were floating through my imagination, and, while moving slowly on my dromedary, with the hot sun beating upon my head, I wiped the sweat from my face, and thought upon the frosty Caucasus; and when, after travelling an hour aside from the main track, through an opening in the mountains, we saw a single palm-tree shading a fountain, our progress was gradually accelerated, until, as we approached, we broke into a run, and dashing through the sand, and without much respect of persons, all threw ourselves upon the fountain.

If any of my friends at home could have seen me then, they would have laughed to see me scrambling among a party of Arabs for a place around a fountain, all prostrate on the ground, with our heads together, for a moment raising them to look gravely at each other while we paused for breath, and then burying our noses again in the delicious water; and yet, when my thirst was satisfied, and I had time to look at it, I thought it lucky that I had not seen it before. It was not a fountain, but merely a deposite of water in a hollow sand-stone rock; the surface was green, and the bottom muddy. Such as it was, however, we filled our skins, and returned to the main track.

We continued about an hour in the valley, rising gently until we found ourselves on the top of a little eminence, from which we saw before us another valley, bounded also by high rocky cliffs; and directly in front, still more than a day's journey distant, standing directly across the road, and, as has been forcibly and truly said, "looking like the end of the world," stood the towering mountains of Sinai. At the other end of the plain the mountains contracted, and on one side was an immense block of porphyry, which had fallen, probably, thousands of years ago. I could still see where it had come leaping and crashing down the mountain-side, and trace its destructive course to the very spot where it now lay, itself almost a mountain, though a mere pebble when compared with the giant from which it came. I pitched my tent by its side, with the door open to the holy mountain, as many a weary pilgrim had done before me. The rock was covered with inscriptions, but I could not read them. I walked round and round it with Paul at my elbow, looking eagerly for some small scrap, a single line, in a language we could read; but all were strange, and at length we gave up the search. In several places in the wilderness of Sinai, the rocks are filled with inscriptions, supposed to have been made by the Jews; and finding those before me utterly beyond my comprehension, I resolved to carry them back to a respectable antiquity, and in many of the worn and faded characters, to recognise the work of some wandering Israelite. I meditated, also, a desperate but noble deed. Those who had written before me were long since dead; but in this lonely desert they had left a record of themselves and of their language. I resolved to add one of my country's also. Dwelling fondly in imagination upon the absorbing interest with which some future traveller, perhaps from my own distant land, would stop to read on this lonely rock a greeting in his native tongue, I sought with great care a stone that would serve as a pencil. It made a mark which did not suit me, and I laid it down to break it into a better shape, but unluckily smashed my fingers, and in one moment all my enthusiasm of sentiment was gone; I crammed my fingers into my mouth, and danced about the rock in an agony of heroics; and so my inscription remained unwritten.

At seven o'clock of the tenth day from Cairo I was again on my dromedary, and during the whole day the

lofty top of Sinai was constantly before me. We were now in a country of friendly Arabs. The Bedouins around Mount Sinai were all of the same tribe, and the escort of any child of that tribe was a sufficient protection. About nine o'clock Toualeb left me for his tent among the mountains. He was a little at a loss, having two wives living in separate tents, at some distance from each other, and he hesitated which to visit. I made it my business to pry into particulars, and found the substance of the Arab's nature not much different from other men's. Old ties and a sense of duty called him to his old wife—to her who had been his only wife when he was young and poor; but something stronger than old ties or the obligation of duty impelled him to his younger bride. Like the Prophet whom he worshipped, he honoured and respected his old wife, but his heart yearned to her younger and more lovely rival.

The last was by far the most interesting day of my journey to Mount Sinai. We were moving along a broad valley, bounded by ranges of lofty and crumbling mountains, forming an immense rocky rampart on each side of us; and rocky and barren as these mountains seemed, on their tops were gardens which produced oranges, dates, and figs, in great abundance. Here, on heights almost inaccessible to any but the children of the desert, the Bedouin pitches his tent, pastures his sheep and goats, and gains the slender subsistence necessary for himself and family; and often, looking up the bare side of the mountain, we could see on its summit's edge the wild figure of a half-naked Arab, with his long match-lock gun in his hand, watching the movement of our little caravan. Sometimes, too, the eye rested upon the form of a woman stealing across the valley, not a traveller or passer-by, but a dweller in the land where no smoke curled from the domestic hearth, and no sign of a habitation was perceptible. There was something very interesting to me in the greetings of my companions with the other young men of their tribe. They were just returning from a journey to Cairo, an event in the life of a young Bedouin, and they were bringing a stranger from a land that none of them had ever heard of; yet their greeting had the coldness of frosty age, and the reserve of strangers; twice they would gently touch the palms of each other's hands, mutter a few words, and in a moment the welcomers were again climbing to their tents. One, I remember, greeted us more warmly, and staid longer among us. He was by profession a beggar or robber, as occasion required, and wanted something from us, but it was not much; merely some bread and a charge of powder. Not far from the track, we saw, hanging on a thorn-bush, the black cloth of a Bedouin's tent, with the pole, ropes, pegs, and every thing necessary to convert it into a habitation for a family. It had been there six months; the owner had gone to a new pasture-ground, and there it had hung, and there it would hang, sacred and untouched, until he returned to claim it. "It belongs to one of our tribe, and cursed be the hand that touches it," is the feeling of every Bedouin. Uncounted gold might be exposed in the same way; and the poorest Bedouin, though a robber by birth and profession, would pass by and touch it not.

On the very summit of the mountain, apparently ensconced behind it as a wall, his body not more than half visible, a Bedouin was looking down upon us; and one of my party, who had long kept his face turned that way, told me that there was the tent of his father. I talked with him about his kindred and his mountain home, not expecting, however, to discover any thing of extraordinary interest or novelty. The sons of Ishmael have ever been the same, inhabitants of the desert, despising the dwellers under a roof, wanderers and wild men from their birth, with their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them. "There is blood between us," says the Bedouin when he meets in the desert one of a tribe by some individual of which an ancestor of his own was killed, perhaps a hundred years before. And then they draw their swords, and a new account of blood is opened, to be handed down as a legacy to their children. "Thy aunt wants thy purse,"

says the Bedouin when he meets the stranger travelling through his wild domain. "The desert is ours, and every man who passes over it must pay us tribute." These principal and distinguishing traits of the Bedouin character have long been known; but as I had now been with them ten days, and expected to be with them a month longer, to see them in their tents, and be thrown among different tribes, claiming friendship from those who were enemies to each other, I was curious to know something of the lighter shades, the details of their lives and habits; and I listened with exceeding interest while the young Bedouin, with his eyes constantly fixed upon it, told me that for more than 400 years the tent of his fathers had been in that mountain. Wild and unsettled, robbers and plunderers as they are, they have laws which are as sacred as our own; and the tent, and the garden, and the little pasture-ground, are transmitted from father to son for centuries. I have probably forgotten more than half of our conversation; but I remember he told me that all the sons shared equally; that the daughters took nothing; that the children lived together; that if any of the brothers got married, the property must be divided; that if any difficulty arose on the division, the man who worked the place for a share of the profits must divide it; and, lastly, that the sisters must remain with the brothers, until they (the sisters) are married. I asked him, if the brothers did not choose to keep a sister with them, what became of her; but he did not understand me. I repeated the question, but still he did not comprehend it, and looked to his companions for an explanation. And when, at last, the meaning of my question became apparent to his mind, he answered, with a look of wonder, "It is impossible; she is his own blood." I pressed my question again and again in various forms, suggesting the possibility that the brother's wife might dislike the sister, and other very supposable cases; but it was so strange an idea, that to the last he did not fully comprehend it, and his answer was still the same—"It is impossible; she is his own blood." Paul was in ecstasies at the noble answers of the young savage, and declared him the finest fellow he had ever met since he left Cairo. This was not very high praise, to be sure; but Paul intended it as a compliment, and the young Bedouin was willing to believe him, though he could not exactly comprehend how Paul had found it out.

I asked him who governed them; he stretched himself up, and answered in one word, "God." I asked him if they paid tribute to the pacha; and his answer was, "No, we take tribute from him." I asked him how. "We plunder his caravans." Desirous to understand my exact position with the sheik of Akaba, under his promise of protection, I asked him if they were governed by their sheik; to which he answered, "No, we govern him." The sheik was their representative, their mouthpiece with the pacha and with other tribes, and had a personal influence, but not more than any other member of the tribe. I asked him, if the sheik had promised a stranger to conduct him through his territory, whether the tribe would not consider themselves bound by his promise. He said no; they would take the sheik apart, ask him what he was going to do with the stranger; how much he was going to get; and, if they were satisfied, would let him pass, otherwise they would send him back; but they would respect the promise of the sheik so far as not to do him any personal injury. In case of any quarrel or difference between members of a tribe, they had no law or tribunal to adjust it; but if one of them was wounded—and he spoke as if this was the regular consequence of a quarrel—upon his recovery he made out his account, charging a *per diem* price for the loss of his services, and the other must pay it. But what if he will not? "He must," was the reply, given in the same tone with which he had before pronounced it "impossible" for the brother to withhold protection and shelter from his sister. If he does not, he will be visited with the contempt of his tribe, and very soon he or one of his near relations will be killed. They have a law which is as powerful in its

operations as any that we have; and it is a strange and not uninteresting feature in their social compact, that what we call public opinion should be as powerful among them as among civilised people, and that even the wild and lawless Bedouin, a man who may fight, rob, and kill with impunity, cannot live under the contempt of his tribe.

In regard to their yet more domestic habits, he told me that though the law of Mahommed allowed four wives, the Bedouin seldom took more than one, unless that one was barren or could not make good bread, or unless he fell in love with another girl, or could afford to keep more than one; with these, and some few other extraordinary exceptions, the Bedouin married but one wife; and the chastity of women was protected by sanguinary laws, the guilty woman having her head cut off by her own relations, while her paramour, unless caught in the act, is allowed to escape; the Arabs proceeding on the ground that the chastity of the woman is a pearl above all price; that it is in her own keeping; and that it is but part of the infirmity of man's nature to seek to rob her of it.

The whole day we were moving between parallel ranges of mountains, receding in some places, and then again contracting, and at about mid-day entered a narrow and rugged defile, bounded on each side with precipitous granite rocks more than a thousand feet high. We entered at the very bottom of this defile, moving for a time along the dry bed of a torrent, now obstructed with sand and stones, the rocks on every side shivered and torn, and the whole scene wild to sublimity. Our camels stumbled among the rocky fragments to such a degree that we dismounted, and passed through the wild defile on foot. At the other end we came suddenly upon a plain table of ground, and before us towered in awful grandeur, so huge and dark that it seemed close to us and barring all farther progress, the end of my pilgrimage, the holy mountain of Sinai. On our left was a large insulated stone, rudely resembling a chair, called the chair of Moses, on which tradition says that Moses rested himself when he came up with the people of his charge; farther on, upon a little eminence, are some rude stones, which are pointed out as the ruins of the house of Aaron, where the great high-priest discoursed to the wandering Israelites. On the right is a stone alleged to be the petrified golden calf. But it was not necessary to draw upon false and frivolous legends to give interest to this scene; the majesty of nature was enough. I felt that I was on holy ground; and dismounting from my dromedary, loitered for more than an hour in the valley. It was cold, and I sent my shivering Bedouins forward, supposing myself to be at the foot of the mountain, and lingered there until after the sun had set. It was after dark, as alone, and on foot, I entered the last defile leading to the holy mountain. The moon had risen, but her light could not penetrate the deep defile through which I was toiling slowly on to the foot of Sinai. From about half-way up it shone with a pale and solemn lustre, while below all was in the deepest shade, and a dark spot on the side of the mountain, seeming perfectly black in contrast with the light above it, marked the situation of the convent. I passed a Bedouin tent, under which a group of Arabs were sleeping around a large fire, and in a few moments stood at the foot of the convent wall. My camels were lying down eating their evening meal, and my Bedouins were asleep on the ground close under the walls.

Knowing that they would not be admitted themselves, they had not demanded entrance; and as I had not told them to do so, they had not given notice of my coming. The convent was a very large building, and the high stone walls surrounding it, with turrets at the corners, gave it the appearance of a fortress. Exposed as they are to occasional attacks by the Bedouins, the holy fathers are sometimes obliged to have recourse to carnal weapons. The walls are accordingly mounted with cannon, and there is no entrance except by a subterraneous passage under the garden, or by a small door in one of the walls, about thirty feet from the ground.

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My Bedouins had stopped under this door, and here we commenced shouting for admission, first singly, and then altogether, in French, English, and Arabic; but no one came to admit us. I was strongly reminded of the scene under the walls of the little convent in the desert, on my attempted expedition to the great Oasis. Then, as now, it was a moonlight night, and the scene was a convent, a lonely habitation of Christians, with its door closed against a fellow-Christian. I remember that then I had to force my way in and make my own welcome, and I resolved that no trifle should keep me from an entrance here. The convent belonged to the Greek church. I did not know how many monks were in it, or what was the sanctity of their lives, but I wished that some of them had slept with more troubled consciences, for we made almost noise enough to wake the dead; and it was not until we had discharged two volleys of fire-arms that we succeeded in rousing any of the slumbering inmates. On one side were two or three little slits or portholes, and a monk, with a long white beard and a lighted taper in his hand, cautiously thrust out his head at one of them, and demanded our business. This was soon told; we were strangers and Christians, and wanted admission; and had a letter from the Greek patriarch at Cairo. The head disappeared from the loophole, and soon after I saw its owner slowly open the little door, and let down a rope for the patriarch's letter. He read it by the feeble glimmer of his lamp, and then again appeared at the window, and bade us welcome. The rope was again let down; I tied it around my arms; and after dangling in the air for a brief space, swinging to and fro against the walls, found myself clasped in the arms of a burly, long-bearded monk, who hauled me in, kissed me on both cheeks, our long beards rubbing together in friendly union, and, untwisting the rope, set me upon my feet, and passed me over to his associates.

By this time nearly all the monks had assembled, and all pressed forward to welcome me. They shook my hand, took me in their arms, and kissed my face; and if I had been their dearest friend just escaped from the jaws of death, they could not have received me with a more cordial greeting. Glad as I was, after a ten days' journey, to be received with such warmth by these recluses of the mountains, I could have spared the kissing. The custom is one of the detestable things of the East. It would not be so bad if it were universal, and the traveller might sometimes receive his welcome from rosy lips; but, unhappily, the women hide their faces and run away from a stranger, while the men rub him with their bristly beards. At first I went at it with a stout heart, flattering myself that I could give as well as take; but I soon flinched and gave up. Their beards were the growth of years, while mine had only a few months to boast of, and its downward aspirations must continue many a long day before it would attain the respectable longitude of theirs.

During the kissing scene, a Bedouin servant came from the other end of the terrace with an armful of burning brush, and threw it in a blaze upon the stony floor. The monks were gathered around, talking to me and uttering assurances of welcome, as I knew them to be, although I could not understand them; and, confused and almost stunned with their clamorous greeting, I threw myself on the floor, thrust my feet in the fire, and called out for Paul. Twice the rope descended and brought up my tent, baggage, &c.; and the third time it brought up Paul, hung round with guns, pistols, and swords, like a travelling battery. The rope was wound up by a windlass, half a dozen monks, in long black frocks with white stripes, turning it with all their might. In the general eagerness to help, they kept on turning until they had carried Paul above the window, and brought his neck up short under the beam, his feet struggling to hold on to the sill of the door. He roared out lustily in Greek and Arabic; and while they were helping to disencumber him of his multifarious armour, he was cursing and abusing them for a set of blundering workmen, who had almost broken the neck of as

Probably, since the last incursion of the Bedouins, the peaceful walls of the convent had not been disturbed by such an infernal clatter.

The monks had been roused from sleep, and some of them were hardly yet awake; the superior was the last who came, and his presence quickly restored order. He was a remarkably noble-looking old man, of more than sixty. He asked me my country, and called me his child, and told me that God would reward me for coming from so distant a land to do homage on the holy mountain; and I did not deny the character he ascribed to me, or correct his mistake in supposing that the motive of my journey was purely religious; and looking upon me as a devout pilgrim, he led me through a long range of winding passages, which seemed like the streets of a city, into a small room spread with mats, having a pile of coverlets in one corner, and wearing an appearance of comfort that could be fully appreciated by one who had then spent ten nights in the desert. I threw myself on the mats with a feeling of gratitude, while the superior renewed his welcome, telling me that the convent was the pilgrim's home, and that every thing it contained was mine for a week, a month, or the rest of my days. Nor did he neglect my immediate wants, but, with all the warmth and earnestness of a man who could feel for others' woes in so important a matter as eating, expressed his regret that meat was always a forbidden thing within the walls of the convent, and that now, during their forty days of fasting, even fish and eggs were proscribed. I told him that I was an invalid, and wanted only the plainest and simplest viands, but insinuated that speed was of more importance than richness of fare, having eaten only a biscuit and an orange since morning. The cook of the convent, however, a lay brother in his noviciate, was not used to do things in a hurry, and before he was ready I felt myself goaded by the fiend of famine; and when he came with a platter of beans and a smoking pilau of rice, I made such an attack upon them as made the good superior stare with wonder and admiration; and I have no doubt that, before I had done, he must have thought a few more such invalids would bring him and the whole brotherhood to actual starvation.

The superior was a Greek by birth; and though it was forty years since he had first come to the convent at Sinai, and twenty years since he entered it for the last time, he was still a Greek in heart. His relations with his native land were kept up by the occasional visits of pilgrims. He had heard of their bloody struggle for liberty, and of what America had done for her in her hour of need, and he told me that, next to his own country, he loved mine; and by his kindness to me as an individual, he sought to repay, in part, his country's debt of gratitude. In my wanderings in Greece, I had invariably found the warmest feeling towards my country. I had found it in the offices of government, in my boatmen, my muleteer, and I remember a ploughman on immortal Marathon sang in my greedy ears the praises of America. I had seen the tear stream down the manly cheeks of a mustached Greek when he talked of America. I had seen those who had received directly from the hands of my countrymen the bounty that came from home. One, I remember, pointed me to a family of sons and daughters, who, he told me, were saved from absolute starvation by our timely help; and so dearly was our country loved there, that I verily believe the mountain robber would have spared the unprotected American.

I knew that this feeling existed in Greece, but I did not expect to find it thus glowing in the wilderness of Sinai. For myself, different in this respect from most others travellers, I liked the Greeks. Travellers and strangers condemn the whole people as dishonest because they are cheated by their boatmen or muleteers, without ever thinking of their four centuries of bitter servitude; but when I remembered their long oppression and galling chains, instead of wondering that they were so bad, I wondered that they were not worse. I

liked the Greeks; and when I talked of Greece and what I had seen there, of the Bavarians lording it over the descendants of Cimon and Miltiades, the face of the superior flushed, and his eyes flashed fire; and when I spoke of the deep interest their sufferings and their glorious struggle had created in America, the old man wept. Oh, who can measure the feeling that binds a man to his native land! Though forty years an exile, buried in the wilderness, and neither expecting nor wishing to revisit the world, he loved his country as if his foot now pressed her soil, and under his monkish robe there glowed a heart as patriotic as ever beat beneath a soldier's corselet. The reader will excuse an unusual touch of sensibility in me when he reflects upon my singular position, sitting at the base of Mount Sinai, and hearing from the lips of a white-bearded Greek the praises of my beloved country. He sat with me till the ringing of the midnight bell for prayers, when I threw myself upon the mat, and, before the hollow sounds had died away in the cloisters, I was fast asleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ascent of Sinai.—A Miracle.—The Grotto of Elias.—A Monk's Legend.—The Pinnacle of Sinai.—Anchorites.—Mahammed and his Camel.—An Argument.—Legend of St Catharine.—The Rock of the Tables.—The Stone struck by Moses.—Description of the Convent.—Habits and Character of its Inmates.

THE next day was one of the most interesting of my life. At eight o'clock I was breakfasting; the superior was again at my side; again offering me all the convent could give, and urging me to stay a month, a fortnight, a week, at least to spend that day with him, and repose myself after the fatigues of my journey; but from the door of the little room in which I sat, I saw the holy mountain, and I longed to stand on its lofty summit. Though feeble and far from well, I felt the blood of health again coursing in my veins, and congratulated myself that I was not so hackneyed in feeling as I had once supposed. I found, and I was happy to find, for the prospective enjoyment of my farther journey, that the first tangible monument in the history of the Bible, the first spot that could be called holy ground, raised in me feelings that had not been awakened by the most classic ground of Italy and Greece, or the proudest monuments of the arts in Egypt.

Immediately after breakfast I rose to ascend the mountain. The superior conducted me through the convent, which, even more than at night, seemed like a small city, through long galleries built of stone, with iron doors, and finally through a long subterraneous passage to the outer garden, a beautiful spot in the midst of the surrounding barrenness, now blooming with almonds and oranges, lemons, dates, and apricots, and shaded by arbours of grape-vines to the extreme end of the walls. At this moment I gave but a passing glance at the garden; and hurrying on to the walls, where a trusty Arab was sitting as sentinel, I descended by a rope, the superior, or papa, as he is called, bidding me farewell, and telling me not to fatigue myself or be long away. At the foot of the wall I found Tounleb waiting orders for my final departure. He said that he must consult with his tribe before he could make any bargain; and I told him to come to the convent in two days, prepared to start upon the third.

Immediately behind the wall of the convent we began to ascend. A Bedouin dwarf, the first specimen of deformity I had seen among the Arabs, led the way, with a leather bag of refreshments on his back. An old monk followed, with long white hair and beard, supporting himself by a staff; after him came a young novice from Corfu, who spoke Italian, and then Paul and myself. For some time the ascent was easy. Ever since the establishment of the convent, it had been the business of the monks to improve the path to the top of the mountain; and for about twenty minutes we continued ascending by regular steps. In half an hour we came to a beautiful fountain under an overhanging rock. Besides the hallowed localities in and around the moun-

tain, consecrated by scenes of Bible history, almost every spot has some monkish legend, of which that connected with the fountain is a specimen. Taking a long draught from its stony bed, our younger companion began the story somewhat in the usual Eastern form. "Once there was a poor shoemaker" who, in making his pilgrimage to the holy mountain, on a hot day, sat down under the shade of the impending rock. He was an industrious man, and while resting himself, took out his cobbling materials, and began to cobbler; he was a good man, and while he sat there at his work, he thought of the wickedness of the world and its temptations, and how the devil was always roaming about after poor cobblers, and resolved to leave the world for ever, and live under that rock. There was no water near it then; but as soon as he had made this resolution, the water gushed forth, and a living fountain has remained there ever since. The same year there was a dispute between the Greek and Armenian patriarchs at Cairo, and the pacha gave notice that he would decide in favour of him who should perform a miracle. This was more than either had power to do; but the Greek dreamed one night of the poor cobbler, and the next morning dispatched a messenger to the mountain with a dromedary, and a request that the holy man should come and perform a miracle. The cobbler was a modest man, and said he would be glad to make a pair of shoes for the patriarch, but could not perform a miracle. The messenger, however, insisted upon taking him to Cairo, where, roused into a belief of his own powers, he ordered a mountain to approach the city. The obedient mountain marched till it was told to stop, and there it stands to the present day.

In half an hour more we came to a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, to which, some 200 or 300 years ago, certain holy men, who wished to separate themselves more completely from the world, had withdrawn from the convent, and here lived and died upon the mountain. The chapel had been fitted up several times, but the Bedouins had always entered and destroyed every thing it contained. The situation was well suited for retirement; quiet and isolated, but not dreary, and fitted for a calm and contemplative spirit. Paul was particularly struck with it, and in a moment of enthusiasm said he would like to end his days there; and, with his characteristic prudence, asked if he could get his meals from the convent. The monk did not approve his enthusiasm, and told him that his inspiration was of the devil, and not of God, but suddenly said that there were no hermits now; that all men thought too much of eating and drinking, and indulging in luxuries; sighed, kissed the cross, asked Paul for a cigar, and then walked on again. Passing through a defile of precipitous rocks, we soon reached a gate about three feet wide, where formerly, when pilgrimages to this place were more frequent, a guard was stationed, to whom it was necessary to show a permission from the superior of the convent. A little beyond this was another narrow passage secured by a door, where it was formerly necessary to show a pass from the keeper of the gate, and where a dozen men could make a good defence against a thousand. Soon after we entered a large open space, forming a valley surrounded on all sides by mountains; and on the left, high above the others, rose the lofty peak of Sinai. It is this part of the mountain which bears the sacred name of Horeb. In the centre, enclosed by a stone fence, is a tall cypress, the only tree on the mountain, planted by the monks more than 100 years ago. Near it is a fountain, called the Fountain of Elias, which the prophet dug with his own hands when he lived in the mountain, before he was ordered by the Lord to Jerusalem. According to the monks, the prophet is still living somewhere in the world, wandering about with Enoch, and preparing for the great final battle with Antichrist. A little above is an old church, with strong walls and iron doors, now falling and dilapidated, and containing a grotto, called the Grotto of Elias, which, according to the legend, formed the prophet's sleeping-chamber. I crawled into the rocky cell,

and, thanks to my travelling experience, which had taught me not to be fastidious in such matters, found the bedroom of the prophet by no means an uncomfortable place; often in the desert I would have been thankful for such a shelter.

Here our dwarf left us, and, continuing our ascent, the old monk still leading the way, in about a quarter of an hour we came to a table of rock standing boldly out, and running down almost perpendicularly an immense distance to the valley. I was expecting another monkish legend, and my very heart thrilled when the monk told me that this was the top of the hill on which Moses had sat during the battle of the Israelites and the Amalekites, while Aaron and Hur supported his uplifted hands, until the sun went down upon the victorious arms of his people. From the height I could see, clearly and distinctly, every part of the battle-ground, and the whole vale of Rephedim and the mountains beyond; and Moses, while on this spot, must have been visible to the contending parties from every part of the field on which they were engaged.

Some distance farther on, the old monk stopped, and prostrating himself before a stone, kissed it devoutly, and then told me its history. He said that the last time the monks in the convent were beset by the Arabs, when their communication with Cairo was cut off, and death by the sword or famine staring them in the face, the superior proposed that they should put on their holiest vestments, and, under the sacred banner of the cross, ascend in a body, and for the last time sing their Te Deum on the top of the mountain. On their return, at this stone they met a woman with a child, who told them that all their danger was over: and, in accordance with her words, when they returned to the convent they found the Arabs gone, and forty camels from Cairo laden with provisions standing under the walls. Since that time they had never been molested by the Arabs; "and there is no doubt," continued the old monk, "that the woman was the mother of God, and the child the Saviour of the world."

But away with monkish superstition. I stand upon the very peak of Sinai, where Moses stood when he talked with the Almighty. Can it be, or is it a mere dream? Can this naked rock have been the witness of that great interview between man and his Maker—where, amid thunder and lightning, and a fearful quaking of the mountain, the Almighty gave to his chosen people the precious tables of his law, those rules of infinite wisdom and goodness, which to this day best teach man his duty towards his God, his neighbour, and himself?

The scenes of many of the incidents recorded in the Bible are extremely uncertain. Historians and geographers place the garden of Eden, the paradise of our first parents, in different parts of Asia; and they do not agree upon the site of the Tower of Babel, the mountain of Ararat, and many of the most interesting places in the Holy Land; but of Sinai there is no doubt. This is the holy mountain; and among all the stupendous works of Nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitude and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate, picture that imagination can conceive.

The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle, is about sixty feet square. At one end is a single rock about twenty feet high, on which, as said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath, his fa-

voured servant received the tables of the law. There, on the same spot where they were given, I opened the sacred book in which those laws are recorded, and read them with a deeper feeling of devotion, as if I were standing nearer and receiving them more directly from the Deity himself.

The ruins of a church and convent are still to be seen upon the mountain, to which, before the convent below was built, monks and hermits used to retire, and, secluded from the world, sing the praises of God upon his chosen hill. Near this, also in ruins, stands a Mahomedan mosque; for on this sacred spot the followers of Christ and Mahomed have united in worshipping the true and living God. Under the chapel is a hermit's cell, where in the iron age of fanaticism the anchorite lingered out his days in fasting, meditation, and prayer.

In the East, the fruitful parent of superstition, occurred the first instances of monastic life. A single enthusiast withdrew himself from the society of his fellow-men, and wandered for years among the rocks and sands of the desert, devoting himself to the service of his Maker by the mistaken homage of bodily mortification. The deep humility of the wanderer, his purity and sincerity, and the lashes and stripes he inflicted upon his worn and haggard body, excited the warm imaginations of the Christians of the East. Others, tortured by the same overpowering consciousness of sin, followed his example, emulating each other in self-punishment; and he was accounted the most holy, and the most worthy to be received at the right hand of God, who showed himself most dead to all the natural feelings of humanity. The deserts of the Thebaid were soon covered with hermits; and more than 70,000 anchorites were wasting their lives in the gloomy wilds of Sinai, startling the solitude with the cries of their self-inflicted torture. The ruins of their convents are still to be seen upon the rudest mountain side, in the most savage chasm, or upon the craggiest top; and, strange as the feeling may seem, my very soul cleaved to the scene around me. I, too, felt myself lifted above the world, and its petty cares and troubles, and almost hurried into the wild enthusiasm which had sent the tenants of these ruined convents to live and die among the mountains.

Blame me not, reader, nor think me impious, that, on the top of the holy mountain of Sinai, half unconscious what I did, I fired at a partridge. The sound of my gun, ringing in frequent echoes from the broken and hollow rocks, startled and aroused me; and, chasing the bird down the mountain side, I again reached "the place in Horeb," and threw myself on the ground under the palm-tree, near the Fountain of Elias.

I always endeavoured to make my noonday meal near some rock or ruin, some tree or fountain; and I could not pass by the fountain of the prophet. My Arab dwarf had anticipated my wants; and now prepared some of the genuine Mocha, which every Arabian (and an Arabian only) knows how to prepare, exhaling an aroma that refreshes and invigorates the wearied frame; and, in the desert, a cordial more precious than the finest wines of France or Madeira. Seated under the palm-tree, monks, Bedouins, Paul, and myself, all together, eating our frugal meal of bread and fruit, accompanied with long draughts from the Fountain of Elias, I talked with the Bedouins about the mountain consecrated in the eyes of all true Mussulmans by the legend of Mahomed and his camel.

In one respect I was very unlucky in this journey. I had no guide-books. Having formed no definite plan in my wanderings, I never knew with what books to provide myself, and therefore carried none, trusting to chance for finding what I wanted. As might be supposed, when I needed them most it was utterly impossible to obtain any; and from the borders of Egypt to the confines of the Holy Land, I was in some measure groping in the dark; the Bible was my only guide; and though the best a man could have in his pilgrimage through life, and far better than any other in this particular journey, yet others would have been exceedingly valuable, as illustrating obscure passages in the sacred book; and

particularly as referring, besides, to circumstances and traditions other than scriptural, connected with the holy mountain.

In the book of one of the modern travellers, I believe of the lamented Burckhardt, I remembered to have seen a reference to a tradition among the Mussulmans, that Mahomed had ascended the mountain on the back of his camel, and from its lofty summit had taken his departure to the seventh heaven, and that the prints of the beast's footsteps were still to be seen on the surface of the rock. I questioned the Arab about this story. In the more engrossing interest of the scene, I had forgotten to look for the prints of the camel's feet, and told him, with great truth, that I had examined every thing carefully, but had not seen them. The old monk, who had sat quietly munching his bread and figs, scandalised at my inquiring into such a profane story, and considering the holy mountain in a manner his property, broke out unceremoniously, and denounced it as a wicked invention of the Arabs, averring that every body knew that, before Mahomed got half way up, the camel stumbled, fell, and broke the neck of the Prophet. This was equally new and monstrous to the Arab, who swore that the legend was true, for it was written in the Koran, and that he himself had often seen the print of the foot; and he accounted for my not seeing it by the very sensible and satisfactory explanation that it was visible only to the eyes of true believers. The good father was completely roused by this obstinate resistance in the scandal; and a reckless Bedouin and an old Bulgarian monk, sitting by a fountain among the deserts of Sinai, were soon disputing with as much clamour and bitterness as if they had been brought up in the midst of civilisation, to harangue, from opposing pulpits, the preachers of the promises and the denouncers of the curses of rival churches. One thing the pious father especially insisted on: the strong point in his argument, and particularly ludicrous, as coming from such an old bundle of superstitions, was the impossibility of a camel's foot making an impression on stone; and, judging from this alone, one might have suspected him of having had in his youth some feeble glimmerings of common sense; but a few minutes after he told me the legend of Mount St Catharine.

Mount St Catharine is the great rival of Sinai in the range of mountains in the Arabian peninsula. They rise like giant twin brothers, towering above every other; and the only thing which detracts in the slightest degree from the awful supremacy of Sinai, is the fact that Mount St Catharine is somewhat the highest. The legend is, that in the early days of the Christian church the daughter of a king of Alexandria became converted. While her father remained a pagan, she tried to convert him; but, indignant at the attempt, he cast her into prison, where she was visited by the Saviour, who entered through the key-hole, and married her with a ring, which is now in the hands of the Empress of Russia. Her father cut her head off, and angels carried her body to the top of the mountain, and laid it on the rock. For centuries no one knew where it was deposited, the Christians believing that it had been carried up into heaven, until about two centuries ago, when a monk at the convent dreamed where it had been laid. The next morning he took his staff and climbed to the top of the mountain; and there, on the naked rock, fresh and blooming as in youthful beauty, after a death of more than a thousand years, he found the body of the saint. The monks then went up in solemn procession, and, taking up the body, bore it in pious triumph to the convent below, where it now lies in a coffin with a silver lid, near the great altar in the chapel, and receives the homage of all pious pilgrims.

It was nearly dark when I returned to the convent; and, in no small degree fatigued with the labours of the day, I again threw myself on the mat, and welcomed rest. In the evening the superior came to my room, and again we mingled the names of Greece and America. I was weary, and talked with the old man when I would rather have been asleep; but with his own hands he

drew mats and cushions around me, and made me so comfortable, that I could not refuse to indulge him with the rare luxury of conversation on the subject of his native land, and of the world from which he was shut out for ever. He was single-hearted and simple, or, perhaps I should rather say, simple and ignorant; I remember, for instance, when we had been embarrassed for a time by the absence of the younger monk who served as our interpreter, the old man told me very gravely, and as a new thing, which I could not be expected to know, but which he did not think the less of me for not knowing, that formerly, in the time of Adam, all mankind spoke but one tongue; and that men became wicked, and built a tower to reach to heaven (he had forgotten its name), and that God had destroyed it, and confounded the impious builders with a variety of tongues. I expressed my astonishment, as in duty bound, and denounced, in good set terms, the wickedness of our fathers, which now prevented us from enjoying at our ease the sweets of friendly converse.

Before breakfast the next morning he was with me again, with a striped abbas over his black gown, and a staff in his hand, prepared to accompany me outside the walls. I was surprised. He had told me that he had not left the convent for more than three years, when he had accompanied a great apostolic vicar, holding a distinguished situation in the church of France; and this was the last and only time he had ever bestowed such attention on a stranger. The kind-hearted old man intended it as an act of extraordinary kindness; I received it as such; and, as such, he told me I could mention it to my friends in America. Humble and unimportant as was that old monk in the great drama of life, I felt proud of his kindness—prouder than I should have been of a reception at a European court, or a greeting from royal lips—and my pride was the greater that I did not ascribe it to any merits of my own. My only claim was that possessed by all my countrymen—I was an American; my country had heard the cry of his in her distress, and from her seat across the broad Atlantic had answered that cry.

We passed, as before, through the subterranean passages into the garden. The miserable Bedouins who were gathered around outside, waiting for the bread which they received daily from the convent, surprised at the unexpected but welcome appearance of the superior, gathered around him, and kissed his hands and the hem of his garment. He had provided himself with an extra sack of bread, which he distributed among them, and which they seemed to receive with peculiar pleasure from his hands. The monks of Mount Sinai are now no longer obliged to have recourse to carnal weapons for protection; peace reigns between them and the Bedouins; and part of the price of peace is the distribution of 2500 rolls of bread among the poor around the mountain. I did not think so much of this price when I saw the bread, hard, black, and mouldy, and such as the meanest beggar in our country would not accept from the hand of charity. But the Bedouins took it, and thanked God and the monks for it.

Hurrying away from these grateful pensioners, we descended by the defile through which we had entered; and again passing the ruins of the house of Aaron, and the spot from which he preached to the assembled people, we came to a long flat stone, with a few holes indented in its surface, which the superior pointed out as that on which Moses threw down and broke the tablets of the law, when he descended from the mountain and found the Israelites worshipping the golden calf. About half an hour farther on was another stone much holier than this; at first I understood the interpreter that it was the petrification of the golden calf; but gathered, with some difficulty, from the superior, that it was the mould in which the head of the golden calf was run. He pointed out to me the prints of the head, ears, and horns, clear even to the eyes of a man of sixty; and told me the story of the golden calf somewhat differently from the Bible account. He said that the people, wanting another god, came up with one accord and threw their

golden ornaments upon that stone, and agreed by acclamation that when it was melted they would worship whatever should come out; three times it came out the head of a calf; and then they fell down and worshipped it.

Some distance farther on we passed on our right a Hebrew burying-ground—"The burial-place," said the superior, "of the Israelites who died in their forty years' wandering among the mountains of Sinai." The old man had heard these things so long, and had told them so often, and believed them so firmly, that it would have broken his heart—besides shaking his confidence in my Christian principles—if I had intimated the slightest doubt. I asked whether the Jews ever came in pilgrimage to the mountain of their fathers; and he told me that, four years ago, two Asiatic Jews had come disguised as Europeans, and attempted to pass themselves as Christians; "but," said the priest, with a vindictive spirit lighting his usually mild eye, "I detected them under their sheeps' clothing, and they did not stay long in the convent." Yet I remember seeing on the wall of the convent, and with no small degree of interest, the name of an American Jew.

Farther on, turning into a valley which opened between the mountains on the left, we came to a garden belonging to the convent, which presented a strange appearance in the midst of the surrounding desolation, producing all kinds of fruits; where one might almost wonder to see a blade of grass put forth, the orange, the date, the fig, and the vine, are growing in rich luxuriance. The soil is formed from the debris of rocks washed from the mountains; and though too light for strong products, for fruit it is better than the rich valley of the Nile. Sitting under the shade of the fig-tree, the superior pointed out to me a rent in the mountain opposite, which, he said, was caused by an earthquake that had swallowed up two friends and servants of Moses, of whom I had never heard before, and who were so swallowed up for disobeying the orders of their earthly master.

The superior, unused to such a task as he had imposed upon himself, here completely gave out, and I left him panting under the shade of his fig-tree, while I went on to the Valley of Rephidim; and, passing another garden, came to the rock of Horeb, the stone which Moses struck with his rod, and caused the waters to gush out. The stone is about twelve feet high, and on one side are eight or ten deep gashes from one to three feet long, and from one to two inches wide, some of which were trickling with water. These gashes are singular in their appearance, though probably showing only the natural effect of time and exposure. They look something like the gashes in the bark of a growing tree, except that, instead of the lips of the gash swelling and growing over, they are worn and reduced to a polished smoothness. They are, no doubt, the work of men's hands, a clumsy artifice of the early monks to touch the hearts of pious pilgrims; but the monks of the convent, and the Greek pilgrims who go there now, believe in it with as much honesty and sincerity as in the crucifixion.

Will the reader forgive me if I say that this rock had in my eyes an interest scarcely less than that which the rod of Moses gave it? Three names were written on it: one of a German, the second of an Englishman, and the third of my early friend, the same which I had seen above the Cataracts of the Nile. When, a few years since, he bade me farewell in my native city, little did I think that I afterwards should trace him beyond the borders of Egypt, and through the wilderness of Sinai, to his grave in Jerusalem!

Again I wrote my name under his, and, returning by the way I came, found the superior still sitting under the fig-tree, and, moving on, we soon reached the convent. He hurried away to his official duties, and I retired to my room. I staid there three or four hours, poring over the scriptural account of the scenes that hallowed the wilderness of Sinai, with an attention that ne sound disturbed. Indeed, the stillness of the convent was at all times most extraordinary; day or night

not a sound was to be heard but the tolling of the bell for prayers, or occasionally the soft step of a monk stealing through the cloisters.

In the afternoon I lounged around the interior of the convent. The walls form an irregular quadrangle, of about 130 paces on each side, and, as I before remarked, it has the appearance of a small city. The building was erected by the Empress Helena, the mother of the first Christian emperor, and I might almost call her the mother of the Holy Land. Her pious heart sent her, with the same spirit which afterwards animated the crusaders, to search out the holy places referred to in the Bible; and when she found one, she erected a monument to mark it for the guidance of future Christians; and the pilgrim may see the fruits of her pious labours, from the mountain where God spake in thunder, down to the place where the cock crew when Peter denied his master. The convent is capable of containing several hundred people. It was originally built as a place of defence; but the necessity of keeping it fortified has passed away: a parcel of rusty guns are lying in a sort of armoury, and a few small cannon are frowning from the walls. The cells of the monks, compared with any thing else I had seen in the East, are exceedingly comfortable; on one side, raised about a foot from the floor, is a stone platform, on which the monk spreads his mat and coverlet, and the furniture includes a table, chairs, sometimes two or three books, and the fragment of a looking-glass. There are twenty-four chapels erected to different saints, in which prayers are said regularly in rotation. I went through them, but saw nothing to interest me until I came to the church of the convent. Here I was surprised to find the handsomest Greek church I had seen, except in Russia; the floor and steps were of marble; and distributed around in various places were pillars and columns, the works of ancient artists, plundered from heathen temples, and sent to this lonely spot in the desert by the active piety of the early Christian emperors. The convent was raised in honour of the transfiguration, and the dome of the altar contains a coarse but antique painting of the holy scene. In front, near the great altar, in a coffin covered with rich palls and a silver lid, are the bones of St Catharine, the patroness of the convent. Among the chapels, one, I remember, is dedicated to Constantine and Helena, and another to Justinian and his wife; but the great object of interest is the holy of holies, the spot where God appeared to Moses in the burning bush. A chapel is now erected over it; and the pilgrim, on entering, hears at this day almost the same words which God addressed to Moses, "Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou treadest is holy ground." I pulled off my shoes, and followed my conductor. The place is now bedizened with Grecian ornaments; the rude simplicity of nature, which beheld the interview between God and his servant, is utterly gone, and the burning bush is the last thing one would think of on the spot where it grew.

There are but few objects of interest besides. In one of the chapels are a copy of the Evangelists, written in letters of gold by the Emperor Theodosius, and portraits of the four evangelists and the twelve apostles, and all the psalms of David, written in an inconceivably small space by a young Virgin who came out and died in the desert.

The condition and character of the monks formed a subject of no little interest for my speculating observation; and I investigated their habits and dispositions as closely as bienséance and my inability for conversing with them, except through an interpreter, would permit. So far as I could judge, they seemed perfectly contented; but they were for the most part mere drones and sluggards, doing little good for themselves or others, and living idly upon the misapplied bounty of Christian pilgrims. I do not mean to say that they were bad men. Most of them were too simple to be bad; and if there was evil in their nature, they had no temptation to do evil; and, after all, the mere negative goodness which does no harm is not to be lightly spoken of, in a world

so full of restlessness and mischief as this of ours. Many of them had been a long time in the convent, some as much as twenty or thirty years, and one, who was now 105 years old, had been seventy-five years worshipping the Lord, after his fashion, at the foot of Sinai. Among them were a baker, shoemaker, and tailor; they baked, cooked, made and mended for themselves, and had but one other duty to perform, and that was four times daily to kneel down and pray. Nothing could be more dull and monotonous than their lives, and none but the mustaluggish or the most philosophic spirit could endure it. They were philosophers without knowing it, and dozed away their existence in one unvarying round of prayer, and meals, and sleep. Their discipline was not rigid, save in one particular, and that a matter in regard to which there has been much discussion with us; they never ate meat; no animal food of any kind is permitted to enter the walls of the convent. During all the various periods of their abode in the convent, some thirty, some forty, and one more than seventy-five years, not one of them had eaten a particle of animal food; and yet I never saw more healthy-looking men. Hardier men I have seen, for they are indolent in their habits, take but little exercise, and in most cases show a strong disposition to corpulency; but I had some little opportunity of testing their ability to endure fatigue; and though the superior soon walked himself out of breath, the monk who guided us up the mountain, and who was more than sixty years old, when he descended, after a hard day's labour, seemed less tired than either Paul or myself. I am aware that climate may make a difference; but, from my own observation and experience, I am perfectly satisfied that, even in our climate, invalids and persons of sedentary habits, and, indeed, all except labouring men, would be much benefited by a total abstinence from animal food. I have travelled for a week at a time, night and day, not under the mild sky of the East, but in the rough climate of Russia, and found myself perfectly able to endure the fatigue upon bread and milk diet; and I have been told that the Tartars who ride post from Constantinople to Bagdad in an incredibly short time, never sleeping, except on horseback, during the whole of their immense journey rigidly abstain from any thing more solid and nutritious than eggs.

The night of my return from the top of Sinai I was awake when the bell tolled for midnight prayers; and, wrapping myself in my Arab cloak, took a small lamp in my hand, and, groping my way along the passage, descended to the chapel, where the monks were all assembled. I leaned behind a protecting pillar, and watched their proceedings; and it was an event of no common interest, thus, at the dead hour of night, to be an unobserved witness of their sincerity, and earnest though erroneous devotion. There was not one among them who did not believe he was doing God good service, and that his works would find acceptance at the throne of grace, and obtain for him that blessed immortality which we are all seeking.

CHAPTER XVII.

Diet of the Monks.—Advantages of Abstinence.—Scruples Overcome.—A mysterious Brother.—The Convent Burial-place.—Strange Charnel-houses.—Death in a Mask.—Familiarity breeds Contempt.—A Man of two Centuries.—Doubts and Fears.—Parting Gifts.—The Farewell.

The next day was Sunday, and early in the morning the superior sent for me to come down and take my meal with the holy brotherhood. The monks were all at the table, and it was the first time I had had so good an opportunity of seeing them together. They were about thirty in number, mostly old men with long white beards, all Greeks, and some with faces as noble as Grecian chisel ever traced. There was not a beard at table less than eight inches long; and my own, though it would have been rather distinguished at home, blushed more than its natural red at its comparative insignificance. The table was a long naked board; the vessels were all of

metal, and before each man were a wooden spoon, and a drinking-cup in the form of a porringer. It was Lent, the season of forty or fifty days' fasting, during which even fish, eggs, and oil, are prohibited. A large basin of boiled beans was set before each of the monks; and, besides this, there were black olives, beans in water, salad, vinegar, salt, dates, and bread. My companions had never been pampered with luxuries, and ate their bread and beans with as keen a relish as if they were feasting on turtle and venison, and drank their water as freely as though it were Tokay or Burgundy. The meal was eaten in silence, all appearing of opinion that they came simply to eat; and the only unusual circumstance I remarked was the civility of my immediate neighbours in pushing the tempting viands before me. It was curious to see how they found the way to their mouths through such a wilderness of beard, and the spoon disappearing in a huge red opening, leaving the handle projecting from a bush of hair. The room in which we ate was perhaps sixty feet long, having at one end a chapel and altar, and a reading-desk close by, in which, during the whole of the meal, a monk was reading aloud from the lives of the saints. After dinner the monks all rose, and wiping their mouths, walked in a body to the foot of the altar, and two of them commenced burning incense. One of my neighbours took me by the hand, and led me up with them. There they knelt, prayed, and chanted, and went through a long routine of ceremonies, in which, so far as it was practicable, they carried me with them. They could not get me up and down as fast as they moved themselves, but they hung the incense at me as hard as at the worthiest of them all. I supposed this to be a sort of grace after meat, and that there it would end; but to my surprise and great regret, I found that this was merely preparatory to the administration of the sacrament. It was the second time I had been placed in the same situation; and the second time, and even more earnestly than before, I wished for that state of heart which, according to the notions of its solemnity in which I had been brought up, would have permitted me to join in the sacred rite. I refused the consecrated bread, and the monk, after pausing some moments, apparently in astonishment, passed on to the next. After he had completed the circle, the superior crossed and brought him back again to me; I could not wound the feelings of the good old man, and ate the consecrated bread and drank the wine. May God forgive me if I did wrong but, though rigid censors may condemn, I cannot believe that I incurred the sin of "the unworthy partaker" by yielding to the benevolent importunity of the kind old priest. After this we walked out on the terrace, under the shade of some venerable grape-vines, and sitting down along the wall, took coffee. The reading-desk was brought out, and the same monk continued reading for more than two hours.

I had noticed that monk before; for he was the same who had conducted me through the church, had visited me in my room, and I had seen him in his cell. He was not more than thirty-five, and his face was as perfect as art could make it; and the sunbeams occasionally glancing through the thick foliage of the vines, and lighting up his pale and chiselled features and long black beard, made him one of those perfect figures for a sketch which I had often dreamed of, but had never seen. His face was thin, pale, and emaciated; the excitement of reading gave it a hectic flush, and he looked like a man who, almost before the springtime of life was over, had drained the cup of bitterness to its dregs. If I am not deceived, he had not always led so peaceful and innocent a life, and could unfold a tale of stirring incident, of wild and high excitement, and perhaps of crime. He was from the island of Tenos, but spoke Italian, and I had talked with him of the islands of Greece, and the ports in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, with many of which he seemed familiar; and then he spoke of the snares and temptations of the world, and his freedom from them in the convent; and, above all, of the perils to which men are exposed by the wiles and witcheries of

the sex; and I could not but imagine that some beautiful Grecian girl, not less false than fair, had driven him to the wilderness. One of the other monks told me that it was about the time when the last of the pirates were swept from the Mediterranean that the young islander had buried himself in the walls of the convent. They told me, too, that he was rich, and would give all he had to the fraternity. Poor fellow! they will soon come into possession.

In the garden of the convent is the cemetery of the monks. Though not of a particularly melancholy humour, I am in a small way given to meditation among the tombs; and in many of the countries I have visited, the burial-places of the dead have been the most interesting objects of examination. The superior had promised to show me his graves; and something in the look of the reader reminding me of death and burial, I now told the old man of his promise, and he hobbled off to get the key; for it appeared that the cemetery was not to be visited without his special permission. At the end of a long arbour of grape-vines, a narrow staircase cut in the rock, which I had not seen before, led down to an excavated square of about twenty feet; on the left of which was a small door opening into a vault, where formerly the bodies of the dead monks were laid on an iron bedstead, and there suffered to remain until all the corruptible part was gone, and only the dry bones remained. Now they are buried for about three years, or as long as may be necessary to effect the same object; and when the flesh and muscles have disappeared, the bones are deposited in the great cemetery, the door of which is directly opposite. Within the door is a small antechamber, containing a divan and a portrait of some saint who wandered eighteen years in the desert without meat or drink. From this the door opens into the cemetery, which was so different from any I had ever seen, that I started back on the threshold with surprise. Along the wall was an excavation about thirty feet in length, but of what depth I could not tell. It was enclosed by a fence, which was three or four feet above the ground, and filled with human skulls; and in front, extending along the whole width of the chamber, was a pile of bones about twenty feet high, and running back I could not tell how far. They were very regularly disposed in layers, the feet and shoulders being placed outward alternately, and by the side of the last skeleton was a vacant place for the next that should be ready.

I had seen thousands of Egyptian mummies, and the catacombs of Chioff, the holy city of Russia, where the bodies of the saints are laid in rows, in open coffins, clothed in their best apparel, and adorned with gold and jewels; and in that extraordinary burial-place I had seen, too, a range of small glasses in a dead stone wall, where wild and desperate fanatics had made their own tombs, with their own hands building themselves in an upright position against the walls, leaving a small hole open in front by which to receive their bread and water; and when they died, the small opening was closed with a piece of glass, and the body of the saint was left thus buried. I had seen the catacombs of the Capuchin convent at Syracuse, where the bodies of the monks are dried and laid in open coffins, or fixed in niches in the walls, with their names labelled on their breasts; and in the vault of the convent of Palermo I had seen the bodies of nobles and ladies, the men arranged upright along the walls, dressed as in life, with canes in their hands and swords by their sides; and the noble ladies of Palermo lying in state, their withered bodies clothed in silks and satins, and adorned with gold and jewels; and I remember one among them, who, if then living, would have been but twenty, who two years before had shone in the bright constellation of Sicilian beauty, and, lovely as a light from heaven, had led the dance in the royal palace; I saw her in the same white dress which she had worn at the ball, complete even to the white slippers, the belt around her waist, and the jewelled mockery of a watch hanging at her side, as if she had not done with time for ever; her face was bare, the skin

dry, black, and shrivelled, like burnt paper; the cheeks sunken; the rosy lips a piece of discoloured parchment; the teeth horribly projecting; the nose gone; a wreath of roses around her head, and a long tress of hair curling in each hollow eye. I had seen these things, and even these did not strike me so powerfully as the charnel-house at the convent of Mount Sinai. There was something peculiarly and terribly revolting in this promiscuous heaping together of mortal relics; bones upon bones; the old and young; wise men and fools; good men and bad; martyrs and murderers; masters and servants; bold, daring, and ambitious men—men who would have plucked bright honour from the moon—lying pell-mell with cowards and knaves. The superior told me that there were more than 30,000 skeletons in the cemetery—literally an army of dead men's bones. Besides the pile of skulls and bones, in a chamber adjoining were the bones of the archbishops, in open boxes, with their names and ages labelled on them, and those of two sons of a king of Persia, who came hither on a pilgrimage and died in the convent; their iron shirts, the only dress they wore on their long journey from their father's court, are in the same box. Other skeletons were lying about, some in baskets, and some arranged on shelves, and others tied together and hanging from the roof. In one corner were the bones of St Stephen—not the martyr who was stoned to death at Jerusalem, but some pious anchorite of later and less authentic canonization.

As to the effect upon the mind of such burial-places as this, or the catacombs to which I have referred, I can say from my own experience that they destroy altogether the feeling of solemnity with which we look upon the grave. I remember once, in walking through long rows of dead, arranged like statues in niches of the wall, I remarked to the friar who accompanied me that he promenaded every day among his old acquaintances; and he stopped and opened a box, and took out piece-meal the bones of one who, he said, had been his closest friend, and laughed as he pulled them about, and told me of the fun and jokes they two had had together.

Returning to the convent, and passing through the great chapel on the way to my room, I met one who, in the natural course of things, must soon be borne to the charnel-house I had just left. It was the aged monk of whom I have before spoken; he whose years exceeded by thirty-five the seventy allotted to man. I had desired an opportunity of speaking with him, and was curious to know the workings of his mind. The superior had told me that he had outlived every feeling and affection; that he spent all his time in prayer, and had happily arrived at a new and perfect state of innocence; and I remember, that after comparing him to the lamb, and every other emblem of purity, the good superior ended, with a simplicity that showed his own wonderful ignorance of human nature, by declaring that the old monk was as innocent as a young girl. It occurred to me that this might be a dubious comparison; but as I knew that the monastic life of the old eulogist, and his long seclusion from the world, had prevented him from acquiring any very accurate knowledge of young girls, I understood him to mean the perfection of innocence.

I looked upon the old monk with exceeding interest, as a venerable relic of the past. For more than seventy-five years he had wandered around the holy mountain, prostrating himself daily at the foot of the altar, and, with three generations of men, had sung the praises of God under the hallowed peak of Sinai. I approached him, and told him my pleasure in knowing so old and holy a man, and the wonder with which his story would be heard in my own far-distant country. But the old man listened with impatience. The other monks were rather pleased when I stopped to talk with them, but he seemed anxious to get away, and stood, as I supposed, with his hand on his heart, as if pleading some religious duty as an excuse for his haste; but it turned out that he was merely complaining of the emptiness of his stomach, and was hugging for his evening meal. I was sorry to have the interesting picture I had conceived of

this monkish Methuselah marred and effaced by so matter-of-fact an incident; but I describe him as I found him, not as I would have wished him to be.

Ever since I had left Cairo, I had been troubled with misgivings touching my ability to undertake the journey by Petra. I had hoped to recruit during my few days' residence at the convent, but I was obliged to acknowledge to myself that I was, to say the least, no better. The route through Idumea was difficult and dangerous, requiring all the energy of mind and body that perfect health could give; and a wrong movement from the point where I now was might place me in a position in which the loudest cry of distress could never be heard. "It was not necessary to inflict upon the reader all my hesitations; it is enough to say, that with one of the strongest efforts of resolution I was ever called upon to make, I abandoned my cherished project of visiting Petra and the land of Idumea; and, with a heavy heart, wrote to Mr Gliddon that I was a broken reed, and was bound on the safe and direct road to Gaza. My kind friend the superior would not hear of me leaving the convent; but I resisted his importunities, and laughingly told him I did not like that unchristian way of burial, cutting up and piling away a man's bones like sticks of firewood to dry. Finding me resolved, he took me to his room, and gave me from his little store of treasures some shells and petrifications (which I threw away when out of his sight), engravings of Mount Sinai, and incidents of which it has been the scene, the rudest and most uncouth conceptions that ever were imagined, and a small box of manna, the same, as he religiously believed, which fed the Israelites during their sojourn in the wilderness. He gave me, too, a long letter, written in modern Greek, and directed to the governor of Gaza, certifying that I was a pilgrim from America; that I had performed all the duties of the pilgrimage, and was now travelling to the holy city of Jerusalem. The letter contained, also, a warm and earnest recommendation to all the Greek convents in the Holy Land to receive and comfort, feed and clothe, and help and succour me, in case of need. Last of all, he put on my finger a ring of the simplest form and substance, and worthy to accompany the palmer's staff of an older age. Every pilgrim to Mount Sinai receives one of these rings; and like the green turban of the Mussulman, which distinguishes the devout hadji who has been to Mecca, among the Christians of the East it is the honoured token of a complete and perfect pilgrimage.

At eight o'clock in the morning the whole convent was in commotion, preparing for my departure. My old Bedouin guide had been out among his tribe, and arrived the night before with three times as many men and camels as I wanted, ready to conduct me to Akaba or Gaza. I took my leave of the holy brotherhood, who now sped me on my way as kindly and warmly as they had welcomed me on my arrival; and, after a long and most affectionate parting with the good old superior, who told me that in all probability he should never see me again, but should always remember me, and begged me not to forget him—assuring me that there in the desert I always had a home, and telling me that if, when I returned to my own country, misfortune should press upon me, and I should find my kindred gone and friends standing aloof, I must shake the dust from off my feet, and come back and live with him in the wilderness—I fastened the rope around me, and was let down for the last time to the foot of the convent-wall. A group of Bedouins, beggars, and dependents upon the charity of the convent, gathered around, and invoked blessings upon me as I started. Twice since my arrival there had been rain. In that dry and thirsty desert, every drop of water falls upon the earth like precious ointment, and "welcome," says the Arab, "is the stranger who brings us rain."

I turned my back upon the rising sun, and felt by comparison on my homeward way; but a long journey was still before me; I had still to cross "the great and terrible desert" of the Bible, which spread before the wandering Israelites its dreary and eternal sands, from the base of Sinai to the Promised Land.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Caravan.—A sudden Change of Purpose.—Perils of a Storm.
—Comfortless Repentance.—Solitude.—A Woman and a Chase.
—A Patriarchal Feast.—Condition of the Arab Women.—Fidelity.—No refusing a good Offer.—A Dilemma.

My caravan consisted of five camels, four Arabs, Paul, and myself. We moved silently down the valley, and I tried hard to fasten my thoughts on Gaza, the strong city of the Philistines, the city of Delilah and Samson, and to amuse my discontented spirit with imagining the gates which he carried away, and the temple which he pulled down; but it would not do—Petra, the rock of Edom, the excavated city, was uppermost in my mind. We had been marching in perfect silence about four hours, and I was sitting carelessly on my dromedary, thinking of every thing but what I saw, when Toualeb pointed to a narrow opening in the mountain as the road to Akaba. I raised my head unconsciously, and it struck me, all of a sudden, that I was perfectly recovered, and fit for any journey. It was a day such as can only be seen in the mountainous desert of Arabia, presenting a clearness and purity in the atmosphere, and a gentle freshness in the air, which might almost bring to life a dying man. I stretched myself and brandished my Nubian club; my arm seemed nerved with uncommon vigour; I rose in my saddle strong as the slayer of the Philistines, and, turning the head of my dromedary towards the opening in the mountains, called out briefly and decidedly, to "Akaba and Petra." Paul was astonished; he took the pipe from his mouth, and for a moment paused; then knocking out the ashes, he slipped from his dromedary and ran up to the side of mine, looking up in my face with an expression of countenance that seemed to intimate strong suspicions of my sanity. After gazing at me as steadfastly as he could without being impertinent, he went away, still apparently in doubt, and I soon saw him following with Toualeb, in earnest conversation. Toualeb was even more astonished than Paul. The Arabs are not used to any of these mercurial changes of humour; and, according to their notion, if a man sets out for Gaza, he must go to Gaza: they cannot conceive how one in his right reason can change his mind; and Toualeb would have been very easily persuaded that an evil spirit was hurrying me on, particularly as, like Paul, from the beginning he had opposed my going by Petra and Idumea. Finding me resolute, however, he soon began to run, and brought back the camels, which were some distance in advance, and for several hours we moved on in perfect silence through the wild and rugged defile.

The mountains on each side were high, broken, and rugged, and ever presenting the same appearance of extreme old age. The road, if road it might be called, was rougher than any I had yet travelled; it was the only opening among the mountains by which we could pass at all, made, by the hand of Nature, and so encumbered with fallen rocks that it was exceedingly difficult for our camels to advance. I did not intend to push far that day; and a little before dark I proposed to encamp in a narrow pass between the mountains, where there was barely room to pitch our tents; but appearances threatened rain, and Toualeb, pointing to the accumulation of stones and rocks which had fallen from the mountain and been washed through the pass, told me it would be a dangerous place to spend the night in. There was no earth to drink the falling rain, and, pouring down the hard and naked mountain sides, it formed a torrent in the pass, which hurried and dashed along, gathering force at every moment, and carrying with it bodies of sand and stones that would have crushed to atoms any obstruction they might meet in their resistless progress. I felt at once the force of the suggestion; and as I had no idea of being disturbed in the night by such a knock at the door of my tent as one of these gigantic missiles would have made, we kept on our difficult way. At dark we were still in the ravine.

As the rain fell in torrents, the rocks and stones were washing

under our feet, and we heard the loud roar of thunder, and saw the forked lightning play among the mountain-tops. It was two hours after dark before we reached a place where it was prudent to encamp. We pitched our tent in the open valley; the thunder was rumbling, and ever and anon bursting with a terrific crash among the riven mountains, and the red lightning was flashing around the hoary head of Sinai. It was a scene for a poet or painter; but, under the circumstances, I would have given all its sublimity for a pair of dry pantaloons. Thunder and lightning among mountains are exceedingly sublime, and excellent things to talk about in a ball-room or by the fireside; but my word for it, a man travelling in the desert has other things to think of. Every thing is wet and sloppy; the wind catches under his tent before he can get it pinned down; and when it is fastened, and he finds his tight convass turning the water like a cemented roof, and begins to rub his hands and feel himself comfortable, he finds but the beginning of trouble in a wet mat and coverlet.

I was but poorly prepared for a change like this, for I had been so long used to a clear, unclouded sky, that I almost considered myself beyond the reach of the changing elements. It was the beauty of the weather more than any thing else that had tempted me to turn off from the road to Gaza; and, hardly equal to this change of scene, my heart almost sank within me. I reproached myself as if for a wilful and unjustifiable disregard of prudence, and no writer on moral duties could have written a better lecture than I inflicted upon myself that evening. In wet clothes, I was literally sitting on the stool of repentance. Drooping and disheartened, I told Paul that I was already punished for my temerity, and the next morning I would go back and resume the road to Gaza. For the night, however, there was but one thing to be done, and that was to sleep if I could, and sleep I did. A man who rides all day upon a dromedary must sleep, come what may, and even thunder among the mountains of Sinai cannot wake him. Daylight brought back my courage; the storm was over; the sun was shining brightly as I ever saw it even in the East; and again there was the same clear and refreshing atmosphere that had beguiled me from my prudent resolution. I, too, was changed again; and in answer to the suggestion of Paul, that we should retrace our steps, I pointed towards Akaba, and gave the brief and emphatic order—"Forward!"

We continued for several hours along the valley, which was closely bounded on either side by mountains, not high, but bare, cracked, and crumbling into fragments. The tops had apparently once been lofty and pointed, but time, and the action of the elements, had changed their character. The summits had crumbled and fallen, so as to expose on every side a rounded surface, and the idea constantly present to my mind was, that the whole range had been shaken by an Almighty hand—shaken so as to break the rugged surface of the mountains, but not with sufficient force to dash them into pieces; I could not help thinking that, with another shock, the whole mass would fall in ruins. I had often remarked the silence and stillness of the desert; but never had I been so forcibly impressed with this peculiarity as since I left the convent. The idea was constantly present to my mind, "How still, how almost fearfully still!" The mountains were bare of verdure; there were no shrubs or bushes, and no rustling of the wind, and the quiet was like that of the ocean in a perfect calm, when there is not a breath of air to curl a wave or shake the smallest fold in the lazy sail that hangs useless from the yard. Occasionally we disturbed a hare or a partridge, but we had not met a human being since we left the convent. Once we saw the track of a solitary dromedary, the prints of his feet deeply bedded in the sand, as if urged by one hurrying with hot haste; perhaps some Bedouin robber flying to his tent among the mountains with the plunder of some desert victim. We followed it for more than an hour, and when we lost sight of it on the rocky road, I felt as if we were more lonely than before.

I was thinking what an incident it would be in the life of one used to the hurrying bustle of steam-boats and rail-roads, to travel for days through this oldest of countries without meeting a living being; and as far as I could understand, it might well be so; there was no trade even for small caravans, and years passed by without any person, even an Arab, travelling this road. Toualeb had been over it but once, and that was ten years before, when he accompanied M. Laborde on his way to Petra. I knew that there were Bedouin tents among the mountains, but, unless by accident, we might pass through without seeing any of them; and I was speculating on the chances of our not meeting a single creature, when Paul cried out that he saw a woman; and soon after repeating the exclamation, dismounted and gave chase. Toualeb ran after him, and in another moment or two I caught a glimpse and followed.

I have before mentioned that, among these barren and desolate mountains, there was frequently a small space of ground, near some fountain or deposit of water, known only to the Arabs, capable of producing a scanty crop of grass to pasture a few camels and a small flock of sheep or goats. There the Bedouin pitches his tent, and remains till the scanty product is consumed; and then packs up his household goods, and seeks another pasture-ground. The Bedouins are essentially a pastoral people; their only riches are their flocks and herds, their home is in the wide desert, and they have no local attachments; to-day they pitch their tent among the mountains, to-morrow in the plain; and wherever they plant themselves for the time, all that they have on earth, wife, children, and friends, are immediately around them. In fact, the life of the Bedouin, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin, and 4000 years have not made the slightest alteration in the character and habits of this extraordinary people. Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day.

The woman whom we had pursued belonged to the tent of a Bedouin not far from our road, but completely hidden from our view; and when overtaken by Toualeb, she recognised in him a friend of her tribe, and in the same spirit, and almost in the same words which would have been used by her ancestors 4000 years ago, she asked us to her tent, and promised us a lamb or a kid for supper. Her husband was stretched on the ground in front of his tent, and welcomed us with an air and manner that belonged to the desert, but which a king on his throne could not have excelled. He was the embodied personification of all my conceptions of a patriarch. A large loose frock, a striped handkerchief on his head, bare legs, sandals on his feet, and a long white beard, formed the outward man. Almost immediately after we were seated, he took his shepherd's crook, and, assisted by his son, selected a lamb from the flock for the evening meal; and now I would fain prolong the illusion of this pastoral scene. To stop at the door of an Arab's tent, and partake with him of a lamb or kid prepared by his hospitable hands, all sitting together on the ground, and provided with no other implements than those which Nature gave us, is a picture of primitive and captivating simplicity; but the details were such as to destroy for ever all its poetry, and take away all relish for patriarchal feasts. While we were taking coffee, the lamb lay bleating in our ears, as if conscious of its coming fate. The coffee drunk, and the pipe smoked, our host arose and laid his hand upon the victim; the long sword which he wore over his shoulder was quickly drawn; one man held the head, and another the hind legs; and, with a rapidity almost inconceivable, it was killed and dressed, and its smoking entrails, yet curling with life, were broiling on the fire.

I was the guest of the evening, and had no reason to complain of the civility of my entertainer; for, with the air of a well-bred host, and an epicure to boot, he drew from the burning coals one of the daintiest pieces, about a yard and a half in length, and rolling one end between

the palms of his hands to a tapering point, broke off about a foot and handed it to me. Now I was by no means dainty. I could live upon the coarsest fare, and all the little luxuries of tables, knives and forks, were of very little moment in my estimation. I was prepared to go full length in this patriarchal feast. But my indifference was not proof against the convivial elegances of my companions; and as I saw yard after yard disappear, like long strings of maccaroni, down their capacious throats, I was cured of all poetical associations and my appetite together.

In the tent of the Arabian patriarch, woman, the pride, the ornament, and the charm of domestic life, is the mere household drudge. In vain may one listen for her light footstep, or look to find her by the side of her natural lord, giving a richer charm to the hospitality he is extending to a stranger. It would repay one for much of the toil and monotony of a journey in the desert, if, when by chance he found himself at a Bedouin tent, he could be greeted by her sunny smile. Dark and swarthy as she is, and poor and ignorant, it would pay the traveller for many a weary hour to receive his welcome from the lips of an Arabian girl. But this the customs of the tribes forbid. When the stranger approaches, the woman retires; and so completely is she accustomed to this seclusion, that, however closely he may watch, he can never catch her even peeping at him from behind a screen or partition of the tent; curiosity, which in civilised life is so universally imputed to the daughters of Eve, seems entirely unknown to the sex in this wild region. Nor is this the worst of her lot. Even when alone, the wife of the Bedouin is not regarded as his equal; the holy companionship of wedded life has between them no existence. Even when no guest is present, she never eats with him. I have seen the father and sons sit down together, and when they had withdrawn from the tent, the mother and daughters came in to what was left. Away, then, with all dreams of superior happiness in this more primitive condition of society. Captivating as is the wild idea of roving abroad at will, unfettered by the restraints of law or of conventional observances, the meanest tenant of a log-hut in our western prairies has sources of happiness which the wandering Arab can never know. A spirit of perfect weariness and dissatisfaction with the world might drive a man to the desert, and, after having fallen into the indolent and mere animal habits of savage life, he might find it difficult to return to the wholesome restraints and duties of society; but I am satisfied that it is sheer affectation or ignorance in which a member of the civilised family sighs, or pretends to sigh, for the imagined delights of an untried freedom. For my own part, I had long been satisfied of this truth, and did not need the cumulative evidence of my visit to the Bedouin's tent. He would have had me sleep under its shelter; but I knew that in all the Bedouin tents there were multitudes of enemies to rest—creatures that murder sleep; and I preferred the solitude of my own.

One word as to the hospitality of the Arabs. I had read beautiful descriptions of its manifestation, and in some way or other had gathered up the notion that the Bedouin would be offended by an offer to reward his hospitality with a price; but, feeling naturally anxious not to make a blunder on either side of a question so delicate, I applied to my guide Toualeb for information on the subject. His answer was brief and explicit. He said there was no obligation to give or pay, it being the custom of the Bedouins (among friendly tribes) to ask the wayfaring man into his tent, give him food and shelter, and send him on his way in the morning; that I could give or not, as I pleased; but that, if I did not, the hospitable host would wish his lamb alive again; and from the exceeding satisfaction with which that estimable person received my parting gift, I am very sure that in this instance, at least, I did better in taking Toualeb's knowledge of his people for my guide than I should have done by acting upon what I had read in books. It may be that, if I had gone among them poor and friendless, I should have been received in the same

manner, and nothing would have been expected or received from me; but I am inclined to think, from what I saw afterwards, that in such case the lamb would have been spared for a longer term of existence, and the hospitality confined to a dip into the dish and a mat at the door of the tent.

Early in the morning we left the tent of our Bedouin landlord. We were still among mountains; at every moment a new view presented itself, wild, fanciful, and picturesque; and in the distance was still visible the long range of dark mountains bordering the Red Sea. Our course was now directly for this sea, but the mountain range appeared so contiguous and unbroken that there seemed no way of getting to it but by crossing their rugged summits. There was a way, however; an opening which we could not distinguish at so great a distance, and for some time Toualeb was at a loss. He was so purblind that he could scarcely distinguish me from one of his dark companions, yet he could read the firmament like a book, and mark the proportions of the almost shapeless mountains; but he was uncertain how to hit precisely the opening by which we must pass through. There was no danger of our losing ourselves, and the only hazard was that of wasting a day in the search; but, fortunately, at the commencement of our perplexity, we came upon a Bedouin whose tent was at the foot of the mountain; and, under his instructions, we pushed on with confidence and ultimate success.

CHAPTER XIX.

Evening Amusements.—A Trial of the Feelings.—A Disappointment.—A Santon of the Desert.—An Arab Fisherman.—Turkish Costume.—A potent Official.—A Comfortless Sick-room.—A Visit from the Sheikh.—Interested Friendship.—Akaba.—The El Alouina.—Questionable Piety.

It was late in the afternoon when our little caravan entered the narrow opening, presenting itself like a natural door between precipitous rocks several hundred feet in height. Passing this, and continuing onward to a vast amphitheatre, or hollow square of lofty rocks through a larger opening on our left, we again saw the dark waters of the Red Sea. About midway across I dismounted from my dromedary to survey the scene around me; and among the many of high interest presented to the traveller in the wilderness of Sinai, I remember none more striking and impressive. It was neither so dreary and desolate, nor so wild and terrible, as others I had seen, but different from all. The door by which we entered was undistinguishable, the rocks in the background completely closing it to the sight; on all sides except towards the sea, and forming almost a perfect square, were the naked faces of the rock, lofty, smooth, and regular, like the excavated sides of an ancient quarry, and quiet to that extraordinary and indescribable degree of which I have already spoken. Descending towards the opening that led to the sea, directly under us was an extensive and sandy plain, reaching to its very margin; and nearly opposite, rising abruptly from the clear waters, a long unbroken range of steep and rugged mountains, their dark irregular outline finely contrasted with the level surface at their feet, while the sea itself extended on the right and left as far as the eye could reach in that clear atmosphere; but the first stage of my journey, the head of the gulf, and the little fortress of Akaba, were still invisible.

We rode about an hour along the shore, passing at a distance the tents of some Bedouins; and about an hour before dark, encamped in a grove of wild palm-trees, so near the sea that the waves almost reached the door of my tent. When the moon rose, I walked for an hour along the shore, and, musing upon the new scenes which every day was presenting me, picked up some shells and bits of coral as memorials of the place. I am no stargazer, but I had learned to look up at the stars; and though I knew most of them merely by sight, I felt an attraction towards them as faces I had seen at home

while the Great Bear with his pointers, and the North Star, seemed my particular friends.

Returning to my tent, I found my Bedouins, with some strangers from the tents which we had passed, sitting round a fire of the branches of palm-trees, smoking, and telling stories as extravagant as any in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. I sat down with them a few moments, then entered my tent, and lay down on my mat on the very shore of the sea, and was lulled to sleep by the gentle murmur of its waters.

In the morning Paul told me that there was a strange Arab outside, who wanted to see me. When we first came down from the mountain on the preceding day, a Bedouin had come out and requested me to turn aside and visit a sick man in his tent. In their perfect ignorance of the healing art, the Arabs believe every stranger to be a hakim; and so great is their confidence in the virtue of medicine, and so great their indifference to the hands from which they receive it, that the path of the traveller is constantly beset with applications from the sick or their friends. I had been so often besought and entreated to cure blindness, deafness, and other maladies beyond even the reach of medical skill, that now I paid little attention to such applications; and when this last request was made, after inquiring into the symptoms of the case, I told the messenger that I could do the sick man no good, and passed on. This morning Paul told me that the patient himself had come over during the night, and was then at the door, begging me to cure him. Paul had told him of my utter inability, but he would not be satisfied; and when I went out of my tent, he was sitting directly before the door, a thin, ghastly figure; and opening his mouth and attempting an inarticulate jabber, there fell out a tongue so festered to the very throat, that the sight of it made me sick. I told him that it was utterly out of my power to help him; that I knew no more of the healing art than he did himself; and that the only advice I could give him was to endeavour to get to Cairo, and put himself under the hands of a physician. I shall never forget the poor fellow's look, and almost blamed myself for not giving him some simple preparation, which might have cheated him, at least for a few days, with the hope that he might escape the tomb to which he was hurrying. His hands fell lifeless by his side, as if he had heard a sentence of death; he gave me a look which seemed to say that it was all my fault, and fell senseless on the ground. His two companions lifted him up; his faithful dromedary kneeled to receive him; and as he turned away, he cast a reproachful glance towards me, which made me almost imagine myself guilty of his death. I have no doubt that, long before this, the poor Arab is dead, and that in his dying moments, when struggling with the king of terrors, he has seen in his distracted visions the figure of the hard-hearted stranger, who, as he thought, might have saved him, but would not.

Anxious to escape an object so painful to my feelings, I walked on, and was soon busily engaged in picking up shells and coral; of the former I never saw so many as at this place. Some were particularly beautiful, but exceedingly delicate, and difficult to be carried. The first day I could have loaded a camel with them. The coral, too, such as it was, lay scattered about in lavish profusion. I remember, the first piece Paul found, he rubbed his hands like the toiling and untiring alchemist when he thinks he has discovered the philosopher's stone; but when he came to a second, he threw away the first, in the same spirit in which the Irishman, on his arrival in America, the El Dorado of his dreams, threw down a sixpence which he had picked up in the street, assuring himself that there was more where that came from. Some of this coral was exceedingly beautiful; we did not know its value, but I did not think very highly of it merely from the circumstance of its lying there in such abundance. It was not the rock or branch coral, but a light porous substance, resembling very much the honeycomb. Paul gathered a large quantity of it, and contrived to carry it to Jerusalem, though it got very much broken on the way. He had the satisfaction of

knowing, however, that he had not sustained any great loss; for, on our first visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we found in the porch a green-turbaned Mussulman, who, returning from his pilgrimage to Mecca, had thought to indemnify himself for the expense and fatigue of his long and dreary journey with this treasure of the sea. Paul took up a large piece and asked him the price, when the Mussulman, with an air as dejected in telling as was that of Paul in hearing it, told him two paras, a para being about one-eighth of a cent; and the next day I saw before the door of the convent at which we were staying a large heap of the coral which Paul had been so careful in carrying; and after that he talked only of his shells, the value of which was not yet ascertained.

At about twelve o'clock, close by the shore, we came to a stunted wild palm-tree, with a small stone fence around it; and looking down from my dromedary, I saw extended on the ground the figure of an Arab. I at first thought he was dead; but at the noise of our approach, he raised his head from a stone which served him as a pillow, and the first greeting he gave us was to ask for bread. Among all the habitations of hermits I had yet seen, in caves, among rocks or mountains, there was none which could be compared with this by the shore of the sea; a small fence, but little higher than his recumbent body, protected him from the wind; the withered branches of the palm-tree were his only covering; his pillow a stone, and the bare earth his bed; and when he crawled out and stood before us, erect as age and infirmity would allow, I thought I had never seen such a miserable figure. I could not have believed, without seeing it, that any thing so wretched, made in God's image, existed on the earth. He was more than sixty; his face was dried, and seamed with the deep wrinkles of age and exposure; his beard long and white, and his body thin to emaciation. Over his shoulders and breast was a miserable covering of rags, but the rest of his body was perfectly naked: his skin was dry, horny, and covered with blotches resembling large scales, which, on his legs, and particularly over his knees, stood out like the greaves of an ancient coat of mail; and he looked like one who literally crawled on his belly and licked the dust of the earth. He reminded me of the wild hermit of Engaddi, who came out upon the Saracen emir when he journeyed with the Knight of the Leopard on the shore of the Dead Sea. And this man was a saint, and my Arabs looked on him with respect and reverence: and when he died, a public tomb would be erected over him, and they upon whose charity he now lived would resort to it as a shrine of prayer. We gave him some bread, and left him in his solitary den; and before we had got out of sight, he had crawled back under his palm-leaves, and was again resting upon his pillow of stone. In our busy and stirring world, we cannot imagine the possibility of existing in such a dronish state; but in all probability that man would lie there till the bread we gave him was exhausted, and when he had taken his last morsel, again lie down in hope that more would come.

About an hour afterwards we came upon a fisherman stealing along the shore with his net in his hand, looking into the sea, and ready to throw it when he saw any fish. The process, like every thing else that one sees here, is perfectly primitive, and carries the beholder back to the early days of this ancient country. Carrying the net on his left arm crooked, cleared and prepared for a throw, with the one end in his right hand, and taking advantage of ripples made by the wind, and the sun throwing his shadow behind him, he runs along the shore until he sees a shoal of fish, when, with a gentle jerk, and without any noise, he throws his net, which opens and spreads as it falls, so that a little thing, which could be put easily into a hat, expands sufficiently to cover a surface of twenty or thirty feet. While running along with us, he threw several times; and as he managed his craft with skill, never throwing until he saw something, he was always successful. I could not make any thing out of the Arabic name of the fish, but I have

the flavour of them still on my tongue; a flavour at the moment finer than that of the sole or turbot of Paris, or the trout of Long Island.

In the afternoon the weather changed. Since we first struck the sea, our road along its shore had been one of uncommon beauty, and my time passed very pleasantly, sometimes allowing my dromedary to cool his feet in the clear water, sometimes dismounting to pick up a shell, and all the time having a warm sun and a refreshing breeze; but it was my fortune to see this ancient country under every hue of the changing elements. The sun was now obscured; a strong wind came down the sea directly in our teeth; the head of the gulf was cut off from our view; the sea was troubled, and the white caps were dancing on its surface; the dark mountains looked darker and more lonely; while before us a rainbow was forming over the point of Akaba, which threw itself across the gulf to the east, marking in the firmament, with its rich and varied colours, the figure of the crescent. Soon after, we were in the midst of a perfect hurricane. Several times during the day I had wished to float upon the bosom of the tranquil sea, and had looked in vain for some boat or fisherman's skiff to carry me up the gulf; but I now shrank from the angry face of the deep, and, under the shelter of an impending rock, listened to the fierce whistling of the wind, and the crashing of the thunder among the mountains.

In the morning the storm was over, and the atmosphere pure, clear, and refreshing as before; but as a set-off to the pleasure of returning sunshine, Toualeb told me that we had passed the boundaries of the friendly tribes, and that we must look to our weapons, for we were now among strangers, and perhaps enemies. Here, too, for the first time, I put on my Turkish dress, being that of a merchant of Cairo, with the addition of pistols and sabre; but, fearful of taking cold, I cut down an old coat and tied up a pair of pantaloons, so as to have a complete suit under the large white trousers and red silk gown which formed the principal items of my dress. The red tarbouch I had worn ever since I had been in Egypt; but I now rolled round it a green and yellow striped handkerchief, to which Toualeb gave the proper twist; and, with my yellow slippers and red shoes over them, sash, pistols, sword, and long beard, I received the congratulations and compliments of my friends upon my improved appearance.

Indeed, I played the Turk well. Different from my notions of the appearance of the Turks, they have generally light and florid complexions; and if I could have talked their language, dressed as a Turk, they could not have judged from my appearance that I had ever been outside the walls of old Stamboul. There is no exaggeration in the unanimous reports of travellers of the effect which the costumes of the East give to personal appearance; and having seen and known it even in my own person, I am inclined to believe that there is fallacy in the equally prevalent opinion of the personal beauty of the Turks. Their dress completely hides all deformity of person, and the variety of colours, the arms and the long beard, divert the attention of the observer from a close examination of features. The striking effect of costume is strongly perceptible in the soldiers of the sultan, and the mongrel, half-European uniform in which he has put them, and which they are not by any means an uncommonly fine-looking set of men. These soldiers are taken wherever they are caught, and, consequently, are a fair specimen of the Turkish race; and any English regiment will turn out finer men than the best in the sultan's army. Following my example, Paul also slipped into his Bedouin shirt, and could hardly be distinguished from the best Arab of them all.

Again our road lay along the shore, so near that sometimes we had to dismount and pick our way over the rocks, and at others our dromedaries bathed their feet in the water. In one place the side of the mountain rose so directly and abruptly from the water's edge, that we had to turn aside and pass around it, coming again to the shore after about an hour's ride. Here we saw

the gulf narrowing towards its extremity; and on the opposite side a cluster of palm-trees, within which, and completely hidden from view, was the end of our first stage, the fortress of Akaba. Never was the sight of one of the dearest objects on earth, home to the wanderer, land to the sailor, or a mistress to the lover, more welcome than the sight of those palm-trees to me. The malady under which I had been labouring had grown upon me every day; and in spite of all that was rich and interesting, time after time I had regretted my rashness in throwing myself so far into the desert. The repose, therefore, which awaited me at Akaba, seemed the most precious thing on earth.

Towards evening we could see Akaba more distinctly, though still on the opposite side of the gulf, and still at a formidable distance to me. A brisk trot would have carried me there in an hour; but this was more than I could bear, supported as I was by a mattress on each side of me, and barely able to sustain the slow and measured movement of a walk. Night was again coming on, and heavy clouds were gathering in the east. I was extremely anxious to sleep within the fortress that night; and fearful that a stranger would not be admitted after dark, I sent Paul ahead with my compliments to the governor, and the modest request that he would keep the gates open till I came.

A governor is a governor all the world over. Honour and respect attend him wherever he may be; whether the almost regal governor-general of India, the untitled chief magistrate of our own democratic state, or the governor of a little fortress on the shore of the Red Sea. But there are some governors one may take a liberty with, and others not; and of the former class was my friend of Akaba. His name was Suliman, his title aga, and therefore he was called Suliman Aga. He had his appointment by favour of the pacha, and permission to retain it by favour of the Bedouins around; he had under him nominally a garrison of Mogrebbin soldiers, but they were as restive as some of our own unbroken militia; and like many a worthy disciplinarian among us, he could do just as he pleased with them, if he only let them have their own way. He was, in short, an excellent governor, and I gave him two dollars and a recommendation at parting.

But I am going too fast. I arrived before dark, and in such a state that I almost fell from my dromedary in dismounting at the gate of the fortress. The first glance told me that this was not the place of rest I had promised myself. Half a dozen Mogrebbins from the shores of Morocco, the most tried and faithful of the hired troops of the pacha, were sitting on a mat within the gate, smoking their long pipes, with their long guns, swords, and pistols, hanging above their heads. They rose and gave me a seat beside them, and the whole of the little population of the fortress, and the Bedouins living under the palm-trees outside, gathered around to gaze at the stranger. The great caravan of pilgrims from Mecca had left them only three days before; and, except upon the passing and return of the caravan, years pass by without a stranger ever appearing at the fortress. They had heard of my coming, for the sheik had waited two days after the departure of the caravan, and had only gone that morning, leaving directions with the governor to send for him as soon as I arrived. I was somewhat surprised at his confidence in my coming, for when I saw him, I was very far from being decided; but in the miserable condition in which I found myself, I hailed it as a favourable omen. The governor soon came, and was profuse in his offers of service, beginning, of course, with coffee and a pipe, which I was forced to decline, apologising on the ground of my extreme indisposition, and begged to be conducted to a room by myself. The governor rose and conducted me, and every Bedouin present followed after; and when I came to the room by myself, I had at least forty of them around me. Once Paul prevailed on some of them to go out; but they soon came back again, and I was too ill to urge the matter.

The very aspect of the room into which I was shown

prostrated the last remains of my physical strength. It was 80 or 100 feet long, 40 feet wide, and about as many high, having on one side a dead wall, being that of the fortress, and on the other, two large windows without shutters, and the door; the naked floor was of mud, and so were the walls and ceiling. I looked for one spot less cheerless than the rest; and finding at the upper end a place where the floor was elevated about a foot, with a feeling of despondency I have seldom known, I stretched my mattress in the extreme corner, and, too far gone to have any regard to the presence of the governor or his Arab soldiers, threw myself at full length upon it. I was sick in body and soul; for besides the actual and prostrating debility under which I was labouring, I had before me the horrible certainty that I was completely cut off from all medical aid, and from all the comforts which a sick man wants. I was ten days from Cairo; to go there in person was impossible; and if I should send, I could not obtain the aid of a physician in less than twenty-five or thirty days, if at all; and before that I might be past his help. When I left Cairo, Dr Walne had set me up, so that I held out tolerably well until I reached Mount Sinai; and, moreover, had given me sundry medicines, with directions for their use under particular circumstances; but my symptoms had so completely changed, that the directions, if not the medicines themselves, were entirely useless. In a spirit of desperation, however, I took them out, and not knowing where to begin, resolved to go through the whole catalogue in such order as chance might direct. I began with a double dose of cathartic powders, and while lying on my mat, I was diverted from the misery of my own gloomy reflections by the pious conversation of the Mussulman governor. If God willed, he said, I would soon get well; himself and his wife had been ill three months, and had no physician, but God willed that they should recover, and they did; and as I looked in his believing face and those of the Bedouins, I found myself gradually falling into the fatalism of their creed. I shall never forget the manner in which I passed that night, and the sombre fancies that chased each other through my brain. A single lamp threw a dim and feeble light through the large apartment, scarcely revealing the dusky forms of the sleeping Bedouins, with their weapons by their sides, and I was the only one awake. Busy memory called up all the considerations that ought to have prevented my taking such a journey, and the warning voice of my friend at Cairo, "Turn your steps westward," again rang in my ears. I saw the figure of the dead Tartar at Suez, like me a wanderer from home, and buried by strangers in the sandy desert; and so nervous and desponding had I become, that the words of the prophet in regard to the land of Idumea, "None shall pass through it for ever and ever," struck upon my heart like a funeral knell. I was now upon the borders of Edom; and, in the despondency of sickness, I looked upon myself as rash and impious, in undertaking what might be considered a defiance of the prophetic denunciations inspired by God himself.

In the morning I was worse; and following up my almost desperate plan of treatment, commenced the day with a double emetic. The governor came in; and though I tried to keep the door shut, another and another followed, till my room was as public as any part of the fortress. Indeed, it was by far the most public, for all the rest was stripped of its bronzed figures to ornament my room. Annoyed to death by seeing twenty or thirty pairs of fiery black eyes constantly fixed upon me, I remembered, with feelings of envy, my tent in the desert. There I could at least be alone, and I resolved, at all hazards, not to pass another night in the fortress.

In the midst of my exceeding perplexities, the sheik of Akaba, my friend of Cairo, made his appearance. I was in a pitiable condition when he entered, under the immediate operation of my emetic, with the whole of the Mogrebbin guard and every beggarly Bedouin about the fortress staring at me. He looked surprised and

startled when he saw me; but with a glimmering of good sense, though, as I thought, with unnecessary harshness, told me that I would die if I staid there, and that he was ready to set out with me at a moment's notice. By the advice of Mr Gliddon, my plan had been to make this my place of negotiation and arrangement, and not to proceed farther without having all things definitely explained and settled. But I was in no condition to negotiate, and was ready to do anything to get away from the fortress. He was exceedingly anxious to start immediately, and gave me a piece of information that almost lifted me from the ground—namely, that he could provide me with a horse of the best blood of Arabia for the whole of the journey. He could not have given me more grateful intelligence, for the bare idea of again mounting my dromedary deprived me of all energy and strength. I had endeavoured to procure a sort of palanquin, to be swung between two camels; but so destitute was the fortress of all kinds of material, that it was impossible to make it. When he spoke to me, then, of a horse, it made me a new man; and, without a moment's hesitation, I told him that if he would give me till five o'clock in the afternoon, I would be ready to set out with him. One thing I did not like. I wished and designed to take with me my faithful Toualeb; but he had told me that he did not believe that the El Alouins would allow it; and when he spoke to the sheik, the latter had positively refused, pretending that all was arranged between us at Cairo. I was fain, therefore, to abandon the idea, not having energy to insist upon any thing that was disputed, and to trust every thing to fortune and the sheik. I told Paul to do all that was necessary; and begging to be left alone for a few hours, I laid myself down upon my mat, and, worn out with the watching of the last night, and the excitement of thinking and deciding on my future movements, quickly fell asleep.

At five o'clock the sheik returned, punctual to his appointment; I had slept soundly, and awoke somewhat refreshed. The room was again filled with the Bedouins, and I was as ready to go as he was to take me. He had ordered what was necessary upon the journey for man and beast, and provisions for six camels and ten men for ten days. I gave Paul my purse, and told him to pay, and, walking to the gate of the fortress, a dozen Arabs helped me to my saddle; they would have taken me up in their arms and carried me, and, when I had mounted, they would have taken up the horse and carried him too, so great a friendship had they already conceived for me. But the friendship was not for what I was, but for what I had. They had welcomed me as they would have welcomed a bag of gold; and I had scarcely mounted before they all, governor, Mogrebbin soldiers, and Bedouins, began to clamour for buksheesh. Ten years before, M. Laborde had passed along this route, and stopped at the fortress while waiting for the sheik who was to guide and protect him to Petra; and having in view the purpose of preparing the great work which has since given him such merited reputation, he had scattered money and presents with a most liberal hand. M. Laborde himself was not personally known to any of those now at the fortress; but his companion, Mr Linant, of whom I have before spoken, was known to them all; and they all had heard of the gold shower in which M. Laborde appeared among them. They therefore expected the same from me; and when Paul had got through his distribution, I was startled at perceiving the dissatisfied air with which they received a buksheesh that would have overwhelmed any other Arabs with joy and gratitude.

But I must not hurry the reader from Akaba with the same eagerness which I displayed in leaving it. This little fortress is seldom visited by travellers, and it is worth a brief description. It stands at the extremity of the eastern or Elanitic branch of the Red Sea, at the foot of the sandstone mountains, near the shore, and almost buried in a grove of palm-trees, the only living things in that region of barren sands. It is the last stopping-place of the caravan of pilgrims on

its way to Mecca, being yet thirty days' journey from the tomb of the Prophet, and, of course, the first at which they touch on their return. Except at the time ⁱⁿning of the year to its close; the arrival of a traveller is of exceedingly rare occurrence, and seldom does even the wandering Bedouin stop within its walls, no ship rides in its harbour, and not even a solitary fishing-boat breaks the stillness of the water at its feet. But it was not always so desolate, for this was the Ezion-geber of the Bible, where, 3000 years ago, King Solomon made a navy of ships, which brought from Ophir gold and precious stones for the great temple at Jerusalem; and again, at a later day, a great city existed here, through which, at this distant point of the wilderness, the wealth of India was conveyed to imperial Rome. But all these are gone, and there are no relics or monuments to tell of former greatness; like the ships which once floated in the harbour, all have passed away. Still, ruined and desolate as it is, to the eye of feeling the little fortress is not without its interest; for, as the governor told me, it was built by the heroic Saladin.

I had taken leave of my trusty Toualeb, and was again in the hands of strangers; and I do not deceive myself when I say, that on the very borders of Edom I noticed a change for the worse in the appearance of the Bedouins. According to the reports of travellers and writers, those with whom I now set out from Akaba belonged to one of the most lawless tribes of a lawless race, and they were by far the wildest and fiercest-looking of all I had yet seen; with complexions bronzed and burnt to blackness; dark eyes, glowing with a fire approaching to ferocity; figures thin and shrunken, though sinewy; chests standing out, and ribs projecting from the skin, like those of a skeleton. The sheik, like myself, was on horseback, dressed in a red silk gown like my own, and over it a large cloak of scarlet cloth, both the gifts of Messieurs Linant and Laborde; a red tarbouch with a shawl rolled round it, long red boots, and a sash; and carried pistols, a sword, and a spear about twelve feet long, pointed with steel at both ends; his brother, too, wore a silk gown, and carried pistols and sword, and the rest were armed with swords and matchlock guns, and wore the common Bedouin dress; some of them almost no dress at all. We had moved some distance from the fortress without a word being uttered, for they neither spoke to me nor with each other. I was in no humour for talking myself, but it was unpleasant to have more than a dozen men around, all bending their keen eyes upon me, and not one of them uttering a word. With a view to making some approach to acquaintance, and removing their jealousy of me as a stranger, I asked some casual question about the road; but I might better have held my peace, for it seemed that I could not well have hit upon a subject more displeasing. My amiable companions looked as black as midnight, and one of them, a particularly swarthy and truculent-looking fellow, turned short round, and told me that I had too much curiosity, and that he did not understand what right a Christian had to come there and hunt up their villages, take down their names, &c. But the sheik came in as mediator, and told them that I was a good man: that he had been to my house in Cairo, and that I was no spy; and so this cloud passed off. I did not mean to go far that afternoon, for I had left the fortress merely to get rid of the crowd, and return to fresh air and quiet; and in less than an hour I again pitched my tent in the desert. Finding plenty of brush, we kindled a large fire, and all sat down around it. It was a great object with me to establish myself on a good footing with my companions at the outset; and, more fortunate on my second attempt, before one round of coffee and pipes was over, the sheik turned to me, and with all the extravagance of Eastern hyperbole, said he thanked God for having permitted us again to see each other's face, and that I had been recovering since I saw his face; and, turning his eyes to heaven, with an expression of deep and confiding piety, he added, "God grant that you may soon become a strong man!"

and then the others all took their pipes from their mouths, and turning up their eyes to heaven, the whole band of breechless desperadoes added, "Wullah—Wullah!"—"God grant it!"

CHAPTER XX.

Prophecy and Fulfilment.—Unpleasant Suggestions.—The Denounced Land.—Management.—A Rencontre.—An Arab's Cunning.—The Camel's Hump.—Adventure with a Lamb.—Mount Hor.—Delicate Negotiations.—Approach to Petra.

I HAD now crossed the borders of Edom. Standing near the shore of the Elanitic branch of the Red Sea, the doomed and accursed land lay stretched out before me, the theatre of awful visitations and their more awful fulfilment; given to Esau as being of the fatness of the earth, but now a barren waste, a picture of death, an eternal monument of the wrath of an offended God, and a fearful witness to the truth of the words spoken by his prophets—"For my sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment." "From generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be a habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow: the screech-owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow: there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate. Seek ye out the book of the Lord, and read: no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate: for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them. And he hath cast the lot for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line: they shall possess it for ever; from generation to generation shall they dwell therein."—Isaiah xxxiv.

I read in the sacred book prophecy upon prophecy and curse upon curse against the very land on which I stood. I was about to journey through this land, and to see with my own eyes whether the Almighty had stayed his uplifted arm, or whether his sword had indeed come down "upon Idumea, and the people of his curse, to judgment." I have before referred to Keith on the Prophecies, where, in illustrating the fulfilment of the prophecies against Idumea, "none shall pass through it for ever and ever," after referring to the singular fact that the great caravan routes existing in the days of David and Solomon, and under the Roman empire, are now completely broken up, and that the great hadji routes to Mecca from Damascus and Cairo lie along the borders of Idumea, barely touching, and not passing through it, he proves by abundant references that to this day no traveller has ever passed through the land.

The Bedouins who roam over the land of Idumea have been described by travellers as the worst of their race. "The Arabs about Akaba," says Pococke, "are a very bad people and notorious robbers, and are at war with all others." Mr Joliffe alludes to it as one of the wildest and most dangerous divisions of Arabia; and Burckhardt says, "that for the first time he had ever felt fear during his travels in the desert, and his route was the most dangerous he had ever travelled;" that he had "nothing with him that could attract the notice or excite the cupidity of the Bedouins," and was "even stripped of some rags that covered his wounded ankles." Messrs Legh and Banks, and Captains Irby and Mangles, were told that the Arabs of Wady Moussa, the tribe that formed

my escort, "were a most savage and treacherous race, and that they would use their Frank's blood for a medicine;" and they learned on the spot that "upwards of thirty pilgrims from Barbary had been murdered at Petra the preceding year by the men of Wady Moussa;" and they speak of the opposition and obstruction from the Bedouins as resembling the case of the Israelites under Moses, when Edom refused to give them passage through his country. None of these had passed through it; and unless the two Englishmen and Italian before referred to succeeded in their attempt, when I pitched my tent on the borders of Edom no traveller had ever done so. The ignorance and mystery that hung over it added to the interest with which I looked to the land of barrenness and desolation stretched out before me; and I would have regarded all the difficulties and dangers of the road merely as materials for a not unpleasant excitement, if I had only felt a confidence in my physical strength to carry me through. But some idea may be formed of my unhappy condition from the circumstance that, in the evening, my servant, an honest and faithful fellow, who I believe was sincerely attached to me, while I was lying on my mat, with many apologies, and hoping I would not think hard of him, and praying that no accident might happen to me, told me that he was a poor man, and it would be very hard for him to lose his earnings, and that an English traveller had died in Syria the year before, and his consul had taken possession of his effects, and to this day his poor servant had never received his wages. I at first thought it unkind of him to come upon me at that moment with such a suggestion; but I soon changed my mind. I had not paid him a cent since he had been with me, and his earnings were no trifle to him; and, after all, what was I to him except a debtor? In any event I should leave him in a few months, and in all probability should never see him again. I told him that he knew the circumstances under which we had left Cairo; that I had brought with me barely enough to pay my expenses on the road; nor could I give him what he wanted, an order upon my consul at Beyroot; but after he had gone out, with somewhat the same feelings that may be supposed to possess a man in extremis writing his own will, I wrote an order, including a gratuity which he richly deserved, upon a merchant in Beyroot, upon whom I had a letter of credit; but the cheerlessness and helplessness of my situation never struck me so forcibly as when I reflected that, in the uncertain position in which I was placed, it was not prudent to give it into his hands. At that moment I mistrusted every body; and though I had not then, nor at any subsequent time, the slightest reason to doubt his faith, I did not dare to let him know that he could in any event be a gainer by my death. I considered it necessary to make him suppose that his interest was identified with my safety, and therefore folded up the paper, enclosed it in the letter of credit directed to the merchant, and put it back in my trunk; and I need not say that it was a great satisfaction to me that the validity of the draft was never tested.

When I awoke in the morning, the first thing I thought of was my horse. It almost made me well to think of him, and it was not long before I was on his back.

Standing near the shore of this northern extremity of the Red Sea, I saw before me an immense sandy valley, which, without the aid of geological science, to the eye of common observation and reason had once been the bottom of a sea or the bed of a river. This dreary valley, extending far beyond the reach of the eye, had been partly explored by Burckhardt; sufficiently to ascertain and mention it in the latest geography of the country as the great valley of El Ghor, extending from the shores of the Elanitic Gulf to the southern extremity of the Lake Asphaltites or the Dead Sea; and it was manifest, by landmarks of Nature's own providing, that over that sandy plain those seas had once mingled their waters, or, perhaps, more probably, that before the cities of the plain had been consumed by brimstone and fire, and Sodom and Gomorrah covered by a pestilential lake, the Jordan had here rolled its waters. The valley

varied from four to eight miles in breadth, and on each side were high, dark, and barren mountains, bounding it like a wall. On the left were the mountains of Judea, and on the right those of Seir, the portion given to Esau as an inheritance; and among them, buried from the eyes of strangers, the approach to it known only to the wandering Bedouins, was the ancient capital of his kingdom, the excavated city of Petra, the cursed and blighted EDOM of the Edomites. The land of Idumea lay before me, in barrenness and desolation; no trees grew in the valley, and no verdure on the mountain tops. All was bare, dreary, and desolate.

But the beauty of the weather atoned for this barrenness of scene; and, mounted on the back of my Arabian, I felt a lightness of frame and an elasticity of spirits that I could not have believed possible in my actual state of health. Patting the neck of the noble animal, I talked with the sheik about his horse, and, by warm and honest praises, was rapidly gaining upon the affections of my wild companions. The sheik told me that the race of these horses had been in his family more than 400 years, though I am inclined to think, from his not being able to tell his own age, that he did not precisely know the pedigree of his beasts. If any thing connected with my journey in the East could throw me into ecstasies, it would be the recollection of that horse. I felt lifted up when on his back, and snuffed the pure air of the desert with a zest not unworthy of a Bedouin. Like all the Arabian horses, he was broken only to the walk and gallop, the unnatural and ungraceful movement of a trot being deemed unworthy the free limbs of an Arab courser.

The sheik to-day was more communicative. Indeed, he became very fond of talking; suspicious as I was, and on the watch for any thing that might rouse my apprehensions, I observed that he regularly settled down upon the same topics, namely, the dangers of the road, the bad character of the Arabs, his great friendship for me the first moment he saw me, and his determination to protect me with his life against all dangers. This was well enough for once or twice, but he repeated it too often, and overshot the mark, as I did when I first began to recommend myself to them. I suspected him of exaggerating the dangers of the road to enhance the value of his services; and lest I should entertain any doubt upon the subject, he betrayed himself by always winding up with a reference to the generosity of Monsieur Linant. The consequence was, that instead of inspiring me with fear, he gave me confidence; and by the end of my first day's journey, I had lost nearly all apprehensions of the dangers of the road, and acquired some distrust and contempt for my protector. We were all getting along very well, however. Paul had been playing a great game among the men, and, by his superior knowledge of mankind, easily circumvented these ignorant Bedouins; and his Arabic name of "Osman" was constantly in some one's mouth. I forgot to mention that, very early in my journey in the desert, my companions, unable to twist my name to suit their Arabic intonations, had called me Abdel Hasis (literally, the slave of the good God), and Paul, Osman.

In the evening, while making a note in a little memorandum-book, and on the point of lying down to sleep, I heard a deep guttural voice at some distance outside, and approaching nearer, till the harsh sounds grated as if spoken in my very ears. My Bedouins were sitting around a large fire at the door of the tent, and through the flames I saw coming up two wild and ferocious-looking Arabs, their dark visages reddened by the blaze, and their keen eyes flashing; and hardly had they reached my men, before all drew their swords, and began cutting away at each other with all their might. I did not feel much apprehension, and could not but admire the boldness of the fellows, two men walking up deliberately and drawing upon ten. One of the first charges Toualeb gave me on my entrance into the desert was, if the Arabs composing my escort got into any quarrel, to keep out of the way and let them fight it out by themselves; and in pursuance of this advice, without making any attempt to interfere, I stood in the door

watching the progress of the fray. The larger of the two was engaged with the sheik's brother, and their swords were clashing in a way that would soon have put an end to one of them, when the sheik, who had been absent at the moment, sprang in among them, and knocking up their swords with his long spear, while his scarlet cloak fell from his shoulders, his dark face reddened, and his black eyes glowed in the firelight, with a voice that drowned the clatter of the weapons, roared out a volley of Arabic gutturals which made them drop their points, and apparently silenced them with shame. What he said we did not know, but the result was a general cessation of hostilities. The sheik's brother had received a cut in the arm, and his adversary helped to bind up the wound, and they all sat down together round the fire to pipes and coffee, as good friends as a party of Irishmen with their heads broken after a Donnybrook fairing. I had noticed, in this flurry, the exceeding awkwardness with which they used their swords, by their overhand blows constantly laying themselves open, so that any little Frenchman with his toothpick of a rapier would have run them through before they could have cried quarter. After the thing was all over, Paul went out and asked the cause; but the sheik told him that it was an affair of their own, and with this satisfactory answer we were obliged to rest content.

Though all was now quiet, the elements of discord were still existing. The new-comer was a ferocious fellow; his voice was constantly heard, like the hoarse croaking of some bird of evil omen, and sometimes it was raised to the pitch of high and deadly passion. Paul heard him ask if I was a European, to which the sheik answered No; I was a Turk. He then got upon the railroad to Suez, and the poor benighted Bedouin, completely behind the age in the march of improvement, having never read Say's Political Economy or Smith's Wealth of Nations, denounced it as an invasion of the natural rights of the people, and a wicked breaking up of the business of the camel-drivers. He cursed every European that ever set foot in their country; and, speaking of Mr Galloway, the engineer of the proposed railroad, hoped that he might some day meet him, and swore he would strangle him with his own hands.

In the morning we were again under way. Our quarrelsome friend of the night before was by our side, perched on the bare back of a dromedary, and, if possible, looking more grim and savage by daylight. His companion was mounted behind him, and he kept near the sheik, occasionally crossing my path, looking back at me, and croaking in the sheik's ears as he had done the night before. Two or three times he crossed my path, as if with the intention of going into the mountains; and then, as if he found it impossible to tear himself away, returned to the sheik. At length he did go, and with a most discontented and disconsolate air; and after he had gone, the sheik told us, that when they came up to the fire, they demanded tribute or bucksheesh from the stranger passing over the Bedouins' highway; that his brother had refused to pay it, which had been the cause of the quarrel; and that, when he himself came up, he had told the demanders of tribute that he had undertaken to protect me from injury through the desert; that he had given his head to Mahommed Ali for my safety, and would defend me with his life against every danger; but that, finally, he had pacified them by giving them a couple of dollars apiece. I did not believe this. They looked too disconsolate when they went away; for the four dollars would have made the hearts of two beggarly Bedouins leap for joy; and I could not help asking him if we were obliged to buy our peace when only two came upon us, what we should do when 100 should come; to which he answered that they must all be paid, and that it was impossible to pass through the desert without it.

We got through the day remarkably well, the scene being always precisely the same; before us, the long, desolate, sandy valley, and on each side the still more desolate and dreary mountains. Towards evening we encamped; and after sitting some time around a fire

with my companions, I entered my tent. Soon after, the sheik, in pursuance of his pitiful plan of exciting my fears and raising his own value, sent in for my gun and pistols, telling me that there were Arabs near; that he heard the barking of a dog, and intended to keep watch all night. I had already seen so much of him, that I knew this was a mere piece of braggadocio; and I met it with another, by telling him that no man could use my pistols better than myself, and that all he had to do was, upon the first alarm, to give me notice, and I would be among them. About an hour afterwards I went out and found them all asleep; and I could not help making Paul rouse the sheik, and ask him if he did not want the pistols for his vigilante watch.

In the morning we started at half-past six. The day was again beautiful and inspiring; my horse and myself had become the best friends in the world; and though I was disgusted with the sheik's general conduct, I moved quietly along the valley, conversing with him or Paul, or with any of the men, about any thing that happened to suggest itself. I remember I had a long discourse about the difference between the camel and the dromedary. Buffon gives the camel two humps, and the dromedary one; and this I believe is the received opinion, as it had always been mine; but since I had been in the East, I had remarked that it was exceedingly rare to meet a camel with two humps. I had seen together at one time, on the starting of the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca, perhaps 20,000 camels and dromedaries, and had not seen among them more than half a dozen with two humps. Not satisfied with any explanation from European residents or travellers, I had inquired among the Bedouins; and Toualeb, my old guide, brought up among camels, had given such a strange account that I never paid any regard to it. Now, however, the sheik told me the same thing, namely, that they were of different races, the dromedary being to the camel as the blood-horse is to the cart-horse; and that the two humps were peculiar neither to the dromedary nor the camel, or natural to either; but that both are always born with only one hump, which being a mere mass of flesh, and very tender, almost as soon as the young camel is born a piece is sometimes cut out of the middle for the convenience of better arranging the saddle; and, being cut out of the centre, a hump is left on either side of the cavity; and this, according to the account given by Toualeb, is the only way in which two humps ever appear on the back of a camel or dromedary. I should not mention this story if I had heard it only once; but, precisely as I had it from Toualeb, it was confirmed with a great deal of circumstantial detail by another Bedouin, who like himself had lived among camels and dromedaries all his life; and his statement was assented to by all his companions. I do not give this out as a discovery made at this late day in regard to an animal so well known as the camel—indeed, I am told that the Arabs are not ignorant of that elegance of civilised life called “quizzing;” I give it merely to show how I whiled away my time in the desert, and for what it is worth.

Towards mid-day the sheik dashed across the plain, with his long lance poised in his hand, and his scarlet dress streaming in the wind; and about an hour afterwards we came to his spear stuck in the sand, and a little Bedouin boy sitting by it to invite us to his father's tent. We turned aside, and, coming to the tent, found the sheik sitting on the ground refreshing himself with long draughts of goat's milk. He passed the skin to us; but, as master of the ceremonies, he declined the regular Arab invitation to stay and eat a lamb. He could not, however, neglect the goods the gods provided, and told our host that we would take a lamb with us for our evening meal. The lamb was caught, and, with his legs tied, was thrown into a sack, where he made music for us for the rest of the day. To the Bedouin, next to the pleasure of eating, is that of knowing he has one to eat; and so the meeting of the doomed innocent was merely a whetter of appetite. After we had gone some distance from the tent, we set down the lamb on the

ground, and I never saw a creature so perfectly the emblem of helplessness. At first he ran back a little way from us; then stopped; and apparently feeling the loneliness of his condition, returned and followed us, and in a few moments was under the feet of the camels, a part of our caravan unwittingly moving to the slaughter. The tent was hardly pitched before he lay bleeding on the ground; and the fire was no sooner kindled than his entrails, liver, &c., were in the burning brush; and in a few moments the Arabs were greedily devouring the meal into which he had been so speedily converted. The whole scene which I have before described was repeated; and, as before, in the morning the skun was the only part of the lamb to be seen.

One thing in the sheik was particularly disagreeable. He was constantly talking with Paul about the sacrifice he made in accompanying me; his confident expectation that I would pay him well for it, and the generosity of M. Linant; always winding up with asking what *buckshesh* I intended to give him. Paul told me all that passed, and it was evident that the sheik and his men were making extravagant calculations. I had estimated with Mr Gliddon the probable expenses to Jerusalem, founded on the rate of hire for camels which the sheik had named at Cairo; and as it was not beyond the range of possibilities that I should be stripped on the way, I had brought with me barely enough to cover my probable expenses; and, consequently, I saw that my means were very likely to fall short of the sheik's expectations. I did not want any disappointment at the last, and that night I called him to my tent, resolved upon coming to an understanding. I told him that, knowing it was a dangerous road, and that I was subject to the risk of being robbed, I had brought with me a specific sum of money, all of which I intended for him, and that all he scattered along the road would be so much taken from his own pocket in the end. He was evidently startled, and expressed his surprise that a howaga, or gentleman, should have any bottom to his pocket, but promised to economise in future.

The next day the general features of the scene were the same, eternal barrenness and desolation; and moving to the right, at one o'clock we were at the foot of the mountains of Seir; and towering above all the rest, surmounted by a circular dome, like the tombs of the sheiks in Egypt, was the bare and rugged summit of Mount Hor, the burial-place of Aaron, visible in every direction at a great distance from below, and on both sides the great range of mountains, and forming one of the marks by which the Bedouin regulates his wanderings in the desert. Soon after, we turned in among the mountains, occasionally passing small spots of verdure, strangely contrasting with the surrounding and general desolation. Towards evening, in a small mountain on our left, we saw an excavation in the rock, which the sheik said had been a fortress; and, as of every other work of which the history is unknown, its construction was ascribed to the early Christians. It was a beautiful afternoon; gazelles were playing in the valleys, and partridges running wild up the sides of the mountains, and we pitched our tent partly over a carpet of grass, with the door open to the lofty tomb of the great high priest of Israel.

In the evening the sheik came to my tent for money, having been very pertinacious on that tender subject all day with Paul, asking him how much he thought I had with me, and how much I intended to give him. He began by asking me for pay for the camels, at the price agreed upon at Cairo. If he had asked me before starting from Akaba, I should probably have paid him; but after what I had seen, and what had passed between him and Paul, I did not like his asking for it now. He told me, too, that we were now at the door of Petra, and that it would be necessary to pay a *buckshesh* or tribute on entering, but he could not tell how much would be required, as that would depend altogether on circumstances. There was always a guard stationed at the entrance of the defile leading to Petra, and the amount to be paid would depend upon the number

we might happen to find when we entered. These were never less than thirty or forty; and if there should not be more, the tribute exacted would not be more than thirty or forty dollars, but there might be two or three hundred; and, at all events, I had better give him my purse, and he would return me what was left. I suspected that, as he could not find out from Paul either how much I had with me or what I intended to give him, this story of the tribute was merely a pretext to levy an immediate contribution. The precise danger I had to fear was, that he would get my money from me piecemeal, and, when we came among Bedouins where it would be necessary to buy my peace, go off and leave me to their mercy. I did not want to have any rupture with him, particularly at that moment when I was at the very door of Petra, and might lose all that I had been endeavouring with so much personal difficulty to accomplish; and therefore told him, as to the bucksheesh for entering Petra, that I expected; and, when we should arrive there and learn how much it was, would be ready to pay it; but, in the meantime, for any little casual expense that might be incurred, I would give him a purse of 500 piastres, or 25 dollars. Touching the hire of camels, I said that I did not expect to pay it until we should arrive at Hebron; and, hurling back upon him one of his own flourishes, told him that it was distrusting my honour to ask it now. I reminded him of our conversation at Cairo, remarking that I had come into the desert upon the faith of his promise; and he replied very impertinently, if not menacingly, that one word here was worth a hundred at Cairo. I was somewhat roused at this, and, determined not to be dragged into compliance, forgot for a moment my prudential plan, and told him that I would not be driven into that or any thing else; and that sooner than submit to his demand, I would turn back here, at the very door of Petra, and return to Cairo. This had its effect, for he was no more disposed to proceed to extremities than myself; and when I found him giving way a little, I threw in a powerful argument, which I had several times before hinted at, namely, that there were two parties on the Nile, who were exceedingly anxious to make the same journey, and who would be governed altogether by the report I should make. I saw that his avarice and hope of future gain were rapidly getting the better of his eagerness to touch his money before it was earned; and without inflicting upon the reader a full account of our long negotiation, made up principally of blustering and exaggeration, with some diplomatic concessions on both sides, it is enough to say that at last, to my great relief, he withdrew his demand, and took what I offered.

Before daybreak the next morning we had struck our tent, and sending it and the other baggage by another route, the sheik being afraid to take with us any thing that might tempt the Bedouins, and leaving behind us several of our men, the sheik, his brother, three Arabs, Paul, and myself, with nothing but what we had on, and provisions for one day, started for Wady Moussa and the city of Petra. Our course was a continued ascent. I have found it throughout difficult to give any description which can impart to the reader a distinct idea of the wild and desolate scenes presented among these mountainous deserts. I have been, too, in so many of the same general nature, that particular ones do not present themselves to my mind now with the force and distinctness of perfect recollection; and in the few rough and hurried notes which I made on the spot, I marked rather the effect than the causes which produced it. I remember, however, that the mountains were barren, solitary, and desolate, and that as we ascended, their aspect became more and more wild and rugged, and rose to grandeur and sublimity. I remember, too, that among these arid wastes of crumbling rock there were beautiful streams gushing out from the sides of the mountains; and sometimes small valleys, where the green grass, and shrubs, and bushes, were putting forth an early spring; and that, altogether, I saw among the stony mountains of Arabia Petræa more verdure than

I had observed since I left the banks of the Nile. I remember, moreover, that the ascent was difficult; that our camels toiled laboriously; and that even our sure-footed Arabian horses often slipped upon the steep and rugged path. Once the sheik and myself, being in advance of the rest, sat down upon an eminence which overlooked, on one side, a range of wild and barren mountains, and on the other, the dreary valley of El Ghor; above us was the venerable summit of Mount Hor; and near us a stone blackened with smoke, and surrounded by fragments of bones, showing the place where the Arabs had sacrificed sheep to the Prophet Aaron. From this point we wound along the base of Mount Hor, which, from this great height, seemed just beginning to rise into a mountain; and I remember, that, in winding slowly along its base, as our companions had objected to our mounting to the tomb of Aaron, Paul and I were narrowly examining its sides for a path, and making arrangements to slip out as soon as they should all be asleep, and ascend by moonlight. Not far from the base of Mount Hor we came to some tombs cut in the sides of the rocks, and standing at the threshold of the entrance to the excavated city. Before entering this extraordinary place, it would not be amiss, in a few words, to give its history.

CHAPTER XXI.

Petra.—Arrival.—Entrance to the City.—The Temple of Petra.—A Record.—The Theatre.—Tombs of Petra.—Arab Simplicity.—Departure from Petra.—A Night in a Tomb.—Dangers of the Route.

PETRA, the excavated city, the long lost capital of Edom, in the Scriptures and profane writings, in every language in which its name occurs, signifies a rock; and through the shadows of its early history, we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock. Desolate as it now is, we have reason to believe that it goes back to the time of Esau, "the father of Edom;" that princes and dukes, eight successive kings, and again a long line of dukes, dwelt there before any king "reigned over Israel;" and we recognise it from the earliest ages as the central point to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and through which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, even Tyre and Sidon deriving their purple and dyes from Petra. Eight hundred years before Christ, Amaziah, the King of Judea, "slew of Edom in the Valley of Salt 10,000, and took Selah (the Hebrew name of Petra) by war." Three hundred years after the last of the prophets, and nearly a century before the Christian era, the "King of Arabia" issued from his palace at Petra, at the head of 50,000 men, horse and foot, entered Jerusalem, and, uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans; and in the beginning of the second century, though its independence was lost, Petra was still the capital of a Roman province. After that time it rapidly declined; its history became more and more obscure; for more than a thousand years it was completely lost to the civilised world; and until its discovery by Burckhardt in 1812, except to the wandering Bedouins, its very site was unknown.

And this was the city at whose door I now stood. In a few words, this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains 500 or 600 feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins; dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrated together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast

labour out of the solid rock ; and while their summits present Nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns, and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city. Strong, firm, and immovable as Nature itself, it seems to deride the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skilful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that Nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance. Unfortunately, I did not enter by this door, but by clambering over the mountains at the other end ; and when I stood upon the summit of the mountain, though I looked down upon the vast area filled with ruined buildings and heaps of rubbish, and saw the mountain sides cut away so as to form a level surface, and presenting long ranges of doors in successive tiers or stories, the dwelling and burial-places of a people long since passed away ; and though immediately before me was the excavated front of a large and beautiful temple, I was disappointed. I had read the unpublished description of Captains Irby and Mangles. Several times the sheik had told me, in the most positive manner, that there was no other entrance ; and I was moved to indignation at the marvellous and exaggerated, not to say false representations, as I thought, of the only persons who had given any account of this wonderful entrance. I was disappointed, too, in another matter. Burchhardt had been accosted, immediately upon his entry, by a large party of Bedouins, and been suffered to remain but a very short time. Messrs Legh, Banks, Irby, and Mangles, had been opposed by hundreds of Bedouins, who swore " that they should never enter their territory nor drink of their waters," and " that they would shoot them like dogs if they attempted it." And I expected some immediate opposition from at least the thirty or forty, fewer than whom, the sheik had told me, were never to be found in Wady Moussa. I expected a scene of some kind ; but at the entrance of the city there was not a creature to dispute our passage ; its portals were wide open, and we passed along the stream down into the area, and still no man came to oppose us. We moved to the extreme end of the area ; and when in the act of dismounting at the foot of the rock on which stood the temple that had constantly faced us, we saw one solitary Arab, straggling along without any apparent object, a mere wanderer among the ruins ; and it is a not uninteresting fact, that this poor Bedouin was the only living being we saw in the desolate city of Petra. After gazing at us for a few moments from a distance, he came towards us, and in a few moments was sitting down to pipes and coffee with my companions. I again asked the sheik for the other entrance, and he again told me there was none ; but I could not believe him, and set out to look for it myself ; and although in my search I had already seen enough abundantly to repay me for all my difficulties in getting there, I could not be content without finding this desired avenue.

In front of the great temple, the pride and beauty of Petra, of which more hereafter, I saw a narrow opening in the rocks, exactly corresponding with my conception of the object for which I was seeking. A full stream of water was gushing through it, and filling up the whole mouth of the passage. Mounted on the shoulders of one of my Bedouins, I got him to carry me through the swollen stream at the mouth of the opening, and set me down on a dry place a little above, whence I began to pick my way, occasionally taking to the shoulders of my follower, and continued to advance more than a mile. I was beyond all peradventure in the great entrance I

was seeking. There could not be two such, and I should have gone on to the extreme end of the ravine, but my Bedouin suddenly refused me the further use of his shoulders. He had been some time objecting and begging me to return, and now positively refused to go any farther ; and, in fact, turned about himself. I was anxious to proceed, but I did not like wading up to my knees in the water, nor did I feel very resolute to go where I might expose myself to danger, as he seemed to intimate. While I was hesitating, another of my men came running up the ravine, and shortly after him Paul and the sheik, breathless with haste, and crying in low gutturals, " El Arab ! el Arab ! "—" The Arabs ! the Arabs ! " This was enough for me. I had heard so much of El Arab that I had become nervous. It was like the cry of Delilah in the ears of the sleeping Samson, " The Philistines be upon thee." At the other end of the ravine was an encampment of the El Alouins ; and the sheik, having due regard to my communication about money matters, had shunned this entrance to avoid bringing upon me this horde of tribute-gatherers for a participation in the spoils. Without any disposition to explore farther, I turned towards the city ; and it was now that I began to feel the powerful and indelible impression that must be produced on entering, through this mountainous passage, the excavated city of Petra.

For about two miles it lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks, from 500 to 1000 feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion, and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them ; the summits are wild and broken ; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile ; then receding and forming an opening above, through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig-trees, oleanders, and ivy, were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs hundreds of feet above our heads ; the eagle was screaming above us ; all along were the open doors of tombs, forming the great necropolis of the city ; and at the extreme end was a large open space, with a powerful body of light thrown down upon it, and exhibiting in one full view the façade of a beautiful temple, hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments, standing out fresh and clear, as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. Though coming directly from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the temples excites the admiration and astonishment of every traveller, we were roused and excited by the extraordinary beauty and excellent condition of the great temple at Petra. Even in coming upon it, as we did, at disadvantage, I remember that Paul, who was a passionate admirer of the arts, when he first obtained a glimpse of it, involuntarily cried out, and moving on to the front with a vivacity I never saw him exhibit before or afterwards, clapped his hands, and shouted in ecstasy. To the last day of our being together he was in the habit of referring to his extraordinary fit of enthusiasm when he first came upon that temple ; and I can well imagine that, entering by this narrow defile, with the feelings roused by its extraordinary and romantic wildness and beauty, the first view of that superb façade must produce an effect which could never pass away. Even now, that I have returned to the pursuits and thought-engrossing incidents of a life in the busiest city in the world, often in situations as widely different as light from darkness, I see before me the façade of that temple ; neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids, nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory.

The whole temple, its columns, ornaments, porticoes, and porches, are cut out from and form part of the solid rock ; and this rock, at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere print, towers several hundred feet above, its face cut smooth to the very summit, and

the top remaining wild and misshapen as Nature made it. The whole area before the temple is perhaps an acre in extent, enclosed on all sides except at the narrow entrance, and an opening to the left of the temple, which leads into the area of the city by a pass through perpendicular rocks 500 or 600 feet in height.

It is not my design to enter into the details of the many monuments in this extraordinary city; but to give a general idea of the character of all the excavations, I cannot do better than go within the temple. Ascending several broad steps, we entered under a colonnade of four Corinthian columns, about thirty-five feet high, into a large chamber of some fifty feet square and twenty-five feet high. The outside of the temple is richly ornamented, but the interior is perfectly plain, there being no ornament of any kind upon the walls or ceiling; on each of the three sides is a small chamber for the reception of the dead; and on the back wall of the innermost chamber I saw the names of Messrs Legh, Banks, Irby, and Mangles, the four English travellers who with so much difficulty had effected their entrance to the city; of Messieurs Laborde and Linant, and the two Englishmen and Italian of whom I have before spoken; and two or three others, which, from the character of the writing, I supposed to be the names of attendants upon some of these gentlemen. These were the only names recorded in the temple; and, besides Burckhardt, no other traveller had ever reached it. I was the first American who had ever been there. Many of my countrymen, probably, as was the case with me, have never known the existence of such a city; and, independently of all personal considerations, I confess that I felt what I trust was not an inexcusable pride, in writing upon the innermost wall of that temple the name of an American citizen; and under it, and flourishing on its own account in temples, and tombs, and all the most conspicuous places in Petra, is the illustrious name of "Paulo Nuozzo, dragomano."

Leaving the temple and the open area on which it fronts, and following the stream, we entered another defile much broader than the first, on each side of which were ranges of tombs, with sculptured doors and columns; and on the left, in the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, circular in form, the pillars in front fallen, and containing thirty-three rows of seats, capable of containing more than 3000 persons. Above the corridor was a range of doors opening to chambers in the rocks, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of Petra, and not unlike a row of private boxes in a modern theatre.

The whole theatre is at this day in such a state of preservation, that if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life, they might take their old places on its seats, and listen to the declamation of their favourite player. To me the stillness of a ruined city is nowhere so impressive as when sitting on the steps of its theatre; once thronged with the gay and pleasure-seeking, but now given up to solitude and desolation. Day after day these seats had been filled, and the now silent rocks had echoed to the applauding shout of thousands; and little could an ancient Edomite imagine that a solitary stranger, from a then unknown world, would one day be wandering among the ruins of his proud and wonderful city, meditating upon the fate of a race that has for ages passed away. Where are ye, inhabitants of this desolate city!—ye who once sat on the seats of this theatre, the young, the high-born, the beautiful, and brave, who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and lived as if there were no grave! Where are ye now! Even the very tombs, whose open doors are stretching away in long ranges before the eyes of the wondering traveller, cannot reveal the mystery of your doom: your dry bones are gone; the robber has invaded your graves, and your very ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the desert.

But we need not stop at the days when a gay population were crowding to this theatre. In the earliest periods of recorded time, long before this theatre was

built, and long before the tragic muse was known, a great city stood here. When Esau, having sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, came to his portion among the mountains of Seir; and Edom, growing in power and strength, became presumptuous and haughty, until, in her pride, when Israel prayed a passage through her country, Edom said unto Israel, "Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword."

Amid all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea, "her cities and the inhabitants thereof," this proud city among the rocks, doubtless for its extraordinary sins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. "I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that Bozrah (the strong or fortified city) shall become a desolation, a reproach, and a waste, and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord."—Jeremiah xlix., 13, 16. "They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing; and thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons and a court for owls."—Isaiah xxxiv., 14, 15.

I would that the sceptic could stand as I did among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penman, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead; though he would not believe Moses and the prophets, he believes the handwriting of God himself in the desolation and eternal ruin around him. We sat on the steps of the theatre, and made our noonday meal; our drink was from the pure stream that rolled down at our feet. Paul and myself were alone. We scared the partridge before us as we ascended, and I broke for a moment the stillness of the desolate city by the report of my gun.

All around the theatre, in the sides of the mountains, were ranges of tombs; and directly opposite they rose in long tiers one above another. Having looked into those around the theatre, I crossed to those opposite; and, carefully as the brief time I had would allow, examined the whole range. Though I had no small experience in exploring catacombs and tombs, these were so different from any I had seen, that I found it difficult to distinguish the habitations of the living from the chambers of the dead. The façades or architectural decorations of the front were everywhere handsome; and in this they differed materially from the tombs in Egypt. In the latter the doors were simply an opening in the rock, and all the grandeur and beauty of the work within; while here the door was always imposing in its appearance, and the interior was generally a simple chamber, unpainted and unsculptured.

I say that I could not distinguish the dwellings from the tombs, but this was not invariably the case; some were clearly tombs, for there were pits in which the dead had been laid, and others were as clearly dwellings, being without a place for the deposit of the dead. One of these last particularly attracted my attention. It consisted of one large chamber, having on one side, at the foot of the wall, a stone bench about a foot high, and two or three broad, in form like the divans in the East at the present day; at the other end were several small apartments, hewn out of the rock, with partition walls left between them, like stalls in a stable, and these had probably been the sleeping apartments of the different members of the family, the mysteries of bars and bolts, of folding-doors and third stories, being unknown in the days of the ancient Edomites. There were no paintings or decorations of any kind within the chamber; but the

TOMBS OF PETRA.

rock out of which it was hewn, like the whole stony rampart that encircled the city, was of a peculiarity and beauty that I never saw elsewhere, being a dark ground, with veins of white, blue, red, purple, and sometimes scarlet and light orange, running through it in rainbow streaks; and within the chambers, where there had been no exposure to the action of the elements, the freshness and beauty of the colours in which these waving lines were drawn, gave an effect hardly inferior to that of the paintings in the tombs of the kings at Thebes. From its high and commanding position, and the unusual finish of the work, this house, if so it may be called, had no doubt been the residence of one who had struted his hour of brief existence among the wealthy citizens of Petra. In front was a large table of rock, forming a sort of court for the excavated dwelling, where probably, year after year, in this beautiful climate, the Edomite of old sat under the gathering shades of evening, sometimes looking down upon the congregated thousands and the stirring scenes in the theatre beneath, or beyond upon the palaces and dwellings in the area of the then populous city.

Farther on in the same range, though, in consequence of the steps of the streets being broken, we were obliged to go down and ascend again before we could reach it, was another temple, like the first, cut out of the solid rock, and, like the first, too, having for its principal ornament a large urn, shattered and bruised by musket balls; for the ignorant Arab, believing that gold is concealed in it, day after day, as he passes, levels at it his murderous gun, in the vain hope to break the vessel and scatter a golden shower on the ground.

But it would be unprofitable to dwell upon details. In the exceeding interest of the scene around me, I hurried from place to place, utterly insensible to physical fatigue; and being entirely alone, and having a full and undisturbed range of the ruins, I clambered up broken staircases and among the ruins of streets; and, looking into one excavation, passed on to another and another, and made the whole circuit of the desolate city. There, on the spot, every thing had an interest which I cannot give in description; and if the reader has followed me so far, I have too much regard for him to drag him about after me as I did Paul. I am warned of the consequences by what occurred with that excellent and patient follower; for before the day was over, he was completely worn out with fatigue.

The shades of evening were gathering around us as we stood for the last time on the steps of the theatre. Perfect as has been the fulfilment of the prophecy in regard to this desolate city, in no one particular has its truth been more awfully verified than in the complete destruction of its inhabitants; in the extermination of the race of the Edomites. In the same day, and by the voice of the same prophets, came the separate denunciations against the descendants of Israel and Edom, declaring against both a complete change in their temporal condition; and while the Jews have been dispersed in every country under heaven, and are still, in every land, a separate and unmixed people, "the Edomites have been cut off for ever, and there is not any remaining of the house of Esau."

"Wisdom has departed from Teman, and understanding out of the mount of Esau;" and the miserable Arab who now roams over the land cannot appreciate or understand the works of its ancient inhabitants. In the summer he cultivates the few valleys in which seed will grow, and in the winter makes his habitation in the tombs; and, stimulated by vague and exaggerated traditional notions of the greatness and wealth of the people who have gone before him, his barbarous hand is raised against the remaining monuments of their arts; and as he breaks to atoms the sculptured stone, he expects to gather up their long-hidden treasures. I could have lingered for days on the steps of that theatre, for I never was at a place where such a crowd of associations pressed upon the mind. But the sheik was hurrying me away. From the first he had told me that I must not pass a night within the city; and begging me not to

tempt my fortune too rashly, he was perpetually urging me to make my retreat while there was yet time. He said that, if the Arabs at the other end of the great entrance heard of a stranger being there, they would be down upon me to a man, and, not content with extorting money, would certainly prevent my visiting the tomb of Aaron. He had touched the right chord; and considering that weeks or months could not impress the scene more strongly on my mind, and that I was no artist, and could not carry away on paper the plans and models of ancient art, I mounted my horse from the very steps of the theatre, and followed the sheik in his progress up the valley. Turning back from the theatre, the whole area of the city burst upon the sight at once, filled with crumbling masses of rock and stone, the ruined habitations of a people long since perished from the face of the earth, and encompassed on every side by high ranges of mountains; and the sides of these were cut smooth, even to the summit, hundreds of feet above my head as I rode past, and filled with long-continued ranges of open doors, the entrances to dwellings and tombs, of which the small connecting staircases were not visible at a distance, and many of the tenements seemed utterly inaccessible.

Every moment the sheik was becoming more and more impatient; and, spurring my horse, I followed him on a gallop among the ruins. We ascended the valley, and rising to the summit of the rocky rampart, it was almost dark when we found ourselves opposite a range of tombs in the suburbs of the city. Here we dismounted; and selecting from among them one which, from its finish and dimensions, must have been the last abode of some wealthy Edomite, we prepared to pass the night within its walls. I was completely worn out, when I threw myself on the rocky floor of the tomb. I had just completed one of the most interesting days in my life; for the singular character of the city, and the uncommon beauty of its ruins, its great antiquity, the prophetic denunciations of whose truth it was the witness, its loss for more than a thousand years to the civilised world, its very existence being known only to the wandering Arab, the difficulty of reaching it, and the hurried and dangerous manner in which I had reached it, gave a thrilling and almost fearful interest to the time and place, of which I feel it utterly impossible to convey any idea.

In the morning Paul and I had determined, when our companions should be asleep, to ascend Mount Hor by moonlight; but now we thought only of rest; and seldom has the pampered tenant of a palace lain down with greater satisfaction upon his canopied bed, than I did upon the stony floor of this tomb in Petra. In the front part of it was a large chamber, about twenty-five feet square and ten feet high; and behind this was another of smaller dimensions, furnished with receptacles for the dead, not arranged after the manner of shelves extending along the wall, as in the catacombs I had seen in Italy and Egypt, but cut lengthwise in the rock like ovens, so as to admit the insertion of the body with the feet foremost.

We built a fire in the outer chamber, thus lighting up the innermost recesses of the tombs; and after our evening meal, while sipping coffee and smoking pipes, the sheik congratulated me upon my extreme good fortune in having seen Petra without any annoyance from the Bedouins; adding, as usual, that it was a happy day for me when I saw his face at Cairo. He told me that he had never been to Wady Moussa without seeing at least thirty or forty Arabs, and sometimes 300 or 400; that when Abdel Hag (M. Linant) and M. Laborde visited Petra the first time, they were driven out by the Bedouins after remaining only five hours, and were chased down into the valley; M. Linant changing his dromedary every three hours on his way back to Akaba; that there he remained, pretending to be sick, for twenty-four days, every day feasting half the tribe; and during that time sending to Cairo for money, dresses, swords, guns, pistols, ammunition, &c., which he distributed among them so lavishly that the whole

tribe escorted him in triumph to Petra. This is so different from M. Laborde's account of his visit, that it cannot be true. I asked him about the visit of Messrs Legh and Banks, and Captains Irby and Mangles: and drawing close to me, so as not to be overheard by the rest, he told me that he remembered their visit well: that they came from Kerek with three sheiks and 300 or 400 men, and that the Bedouins of Wady Moussa turned out against them more than 2000 strong. His uncle was then the sheik, and he himself a young man: and if his account is true, which cannot however be, as it is entirely different from theirs, he began the life of a knave so young, that though he had no great field for exercise, he ought then to have been something of a proficient; he said, that while they were negotiating and parleying, one of the strange Arabs slipped into his hands a purse with 100 pieces of gold, which he showed to his uncle, and proposed to him that they should use their influence to procure the admission of the strangers, and divide the money between them; and so wrought upon the old man that he procured their entrance, telling the tribe that one of the strangers was sick, and, if they did not admit them into Wady Moussa, he would take them to his tent; and, added the sheik, his eyes sparkling with low cunning, my uncle and I ate the whole of that gold without any one of the tribe knowing any thing about it.

One piece of information he gave me, which I thought very likely to be true; that the road to Petra, and thence through Idumea in any direction, never could be pursued with assurance of safety, or become a frequented route, because the Bedouins would always be lying in wait for travellers, to exact tribute or presents; and although a little might sometimes content them, at others their demands would be exorbitant, and quarrels and bad consequences to the traveller would be almost sure to follow; and he added, in reference to our visit, that as soon as the Arabs should hear of a stranger having been at Petra, they would be down in swarms, and perhaps even now would follow us into the valley. I was satisfied that I had made a fortunate escape, not, perhaps, from personal danger, but from grinding exactions, if not from robbery; and, congratulating myself upon my good fortune so far, I began to feel my way for what I now regarded as important as before I had thought the journey to Petra, namely, a visit to the tomb of Aaron.

My companions opposed my going to it, saying that no Christian had ever done so; and that none but Mussulmans went there, and they only to sacrifice a sheep upon the tomb. I told them that I also designed to sacrifice, and that, like them, we regarded Aaron as a prophet; that my visit to Petra was nothing unless I made the sacrifice; and that my conscience would not be at ease unless I performed it according to my vow. This notice of my pious purpose smoothed some of the difficulties, as the Arabs knew that after the sacrifice the sheep must be eaten. The sheik was much more liberal or more indifferent than the rest, and my desire was finally assented to; although, in winding up a long discussion about the pedigree of Aaron, one of them held out to the last that Aaron was a Mussulman, and would not believe that he lived before Mahommed. He had an indefinite idea that Mahommed was the greatest man that ever lived, and in his mind this was not consistent with the idea of any one having lived before him.

My plans for the morrow being all arranged, the Bedouins stretched themselves out in the outer chamber, while I went within; and seeking out a tomb as far back as I could find, I crawled in, feet first, and found myself very much in the condition of a man buried alive. But never did a man go to his tomb with so much satisfaction as I felt. I was very tired; the night was cold, and here I was completely sheltered. I had just room enough to turn round; and the worthy old Edomite for whom the tomb was made, never slept in it more quietly than I did. Little did he imagine that his bones would one day be scattered to the winds, and a straggling American and a horde of Bedouins, born and living

thousands of miles from each other, would be sleeping quietly in his tomb, alike ignorant and careless of him for whom it was built.

CHAPTER XXII.

A bold Endeavour.—Unexpected Obstacles.—Disadvantage of a Dress.—The Dead Sea.—A New Project.—The Tomb of Aaron.—An Alarm.—Descent of the Mountain.—An awkward Meeting.—Poetic Licence.—All's Well that ends Well.—Unexpected Dignities.—Arab Notions of Travel.

A MAN rising from a tomb with all his clothes on does not require much time for the arrangement of his toilet. In less than half an hour we had breakfasted, and were again on our way. Forgetting all that had engrossed my thoughts and feelings the day before, I now fixed my eyes upon the tomb of Aaron, on the summit of Mount Hor. The mountain was high, towering above all the rest, bare and rugged to its very summit, without a tree or even a bush growing on its sterile side; and our road lay directly along its base. The Bedouins again began to show an unwillingness to allow my visit to the tomb; and the sheik himself told me that it would take half the day, and perhaps be the means of bringing upon me some of the horde I had escaped. I saw that they were disposed to prevent me from accomplishing my object; and I felt sure that, if we met any strange Arabs, my purpose would certainly be defeated. I suspected them of stratagem, and began to think of resorting to stratagem for myself. They remembered the sheep, however, and told me that the sacrifice could as well be performed at the base as on the summit of the mountain; but this, of course, would not satisfy my conscience.

With my eyes constantly fixed on the top of the mountain, I had thought for some time that it would not be impracticable to ascend from the side on which I was. Paul and I examined the localities as carefully as a couple of engineers seeking an assailable place to scale the wall of a fortified city; and afraid to wait till they had matured some plan of opposing me, I determined to take them by surprise; and throwing myself from my horse, and telling Paul to say we would climb the mountain here, and meet them on the other side, I was almost out of hearing before they had recovered from their astonishment. Paul followed me, and the sheik and his men stood for some time without moving, irresolute what to do; and it was not until we had advanced considerably on the mountain, that we saw the caravan again slowly moving along its base. None of them offered to accompany us, though we should have been glad to have one or two with us on our expedition.

For some distance we found the ascent sufficiently smooth and easy—much more so than that of Mount Sinai—and, so far as we could see before us, it was likely to continue the same all the way up. We were railing at the sheik for wanting to carry us round to the other side, and congratulating ourselves upon having attempted it here, when we came to a yawning and precipitous chasm, opening its horrid jaws almost from the very base of the mountain. From the distance at which we had marked out our route, the inequalities of surface could not be distinguished, but here it was quite another thing. We stood on the brink of the chasm, and looked at each other in blank amazement; and at a long distance, as they wound along the base of the mountain, I thought I could see a quiet smile of derision lighting up the grim visages of my Bedouin companions. We stood upon the edge of the chasm, looking down into its deep abyss, like the spirits of the departed lingering on the shores of the Styx, vainly wishing for a ferryman to carry us over, and our case seemed perfectly hopeless without some such aid. But the days when genii and spirits lent their kind assistance to the sons of men are gone; if a man finds himself in a ditch, he must get out of it as well as he can, and so it was with us on the brink of this chasm. Bad, however, as was our prospect in looking forward, we had not yet begun to look back; and as soon as we saw that there

was no possibility of getting over it, we began to descend; and groping, sliding, jumping, and holding on with hands and feet, we reached the bottom of the gully; and, after another hard half hour's toil, were resting our wearied limbs upon the opposite brink, at about the same elevation as that of the place from which we had started.

This success encouraged us; and without caring or thinking how we should come down again, we felt only the spirit of the seaman's cry to the trembling sailor boy, "Look aloft, you lubber;" and looking aloft, we saw through a small opening before us, though still at a great distance, the white dome that covered the tomb of the first high-priest of Israel. Again with stout hearts we resumed our ascent; but, as we might reasonably have supposed, that which we had passed was not the only chasm in the mountains. What had appeared to us slight inequalities of surface, we found great fissures and openings, presenting themselves before us in quick succession; not, indeed, as absolute and insurmountable barriers to farther progress, but affording us only the encouragement of a bare possibility of crossing them. The whole mountain, from its base to its summit, was rocky and naked, affording not a tree or bush to assist us; and all that we had to hold on by were the rough and broken corners of the porous sandstone rocks, which crumbled in our hands and under our feet, and more than once put us in danger of our lives. Several times, after desperate exertion, we sat down perfectly discouraged at seeing another and another chasm before us, and more than once we were on the point of giving up the attempt, thinking it impossible to advance any farther; but we had come so far, and taken so little notice of our road, that it was almost as impossible to return; and a distant and accidental glimpse of the whitened dome would revive our courage, and stimulate us to another effort. Several times I mounted on Paul's shoulders, and with his help reached the top of a precipitous or overhanging rock, where, lying down with my face over the brink, I took up the pistols, swords, &c., and then helped him up in turn; sometimes, again, he was the climber, and my shoulders were the stepping-stone; and in the rough grasps that we gave each other, neither thought of the relation of master and servant. On the sides of that rugged mountain, so desolate, so completely removed from the world, whose difficult ascent had been attempted by few human footsteps since the days when "Moses and Aaron went up in sight of all the congregation," the master and the man lay on the same rock, encountering the same fatigues and dangers, and inspired by the same hopes and fears. My dress was particularly bad for the occasion; for, besides the encumbrance of pistols and a sword, my long silk gown and large sleeves were a great annoyance, as I wanted every moment a long reach of the arm, and full play of the legs; even our light Turkish slippers were impediments in our desperate scramble, and we were obliged to pull them off, for the better hold that could be taken with the naked feet.

It will be remembered that we were ascending on the eastern side of the mountain; and in one of our pauses to breathe, when about half way up, we looked back upon the high rampart of rocks that enclosed the city of Petra; and on the outside of the rock we saw the façade of a beautiful temple, resembling in its prominent features, but seeming larger and more beautiful than, the Khasne of Pharaoh, opposite the principal entrance of the city. I have no doubt that a visit to that temple would have abundantly repaid me for the day I should have lost; for besides its architectural beauty, it would have been curious to examine, and, if possible, discover why it was constructed, standing alone outside of the city, and, as it appeared, apart from every thing connected with the habitations of the Edomites. But as yet we had work enough before us. Disencumbering ourselves of all our useless trappings, shoes, pistols, swords, tobacco-pouch, and water-sack, which we tied together in a sash and the roll of a turban, by dint of climbing, pushing, and lifting each other, after the most arduous upward scramble I ever accomplished,

we attained the bald and hoary summit of the mountain; and before we had time to look around, at the extreme end of the desolate valley of El Ghor, our attention was instantly attracted and engrossed by one of the most interesting objects in the world, and Paul and I exclaimed at the same moment, "The Dead Sea!" Lying between the barren mountains of Arabia and Judea, presenting to us from that height no more than a small, calm, and silvery surface, was that mysterious sea which rolled its dark waters over the guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorrah; over whose surface, according to the superstition of the Arabs, no bird can fly, and in whose waters no fish can swim; constantly receiving in its greedy bosom the whole body of the Jordan, but, unlike all other waters, sending forth no tribute to the ocean. A new idea entered my mind. I would follow the desert valley of El Ghor to the shores of the Dead Sea, along whose savage borders I would coast to the ruined Jericho and the hallowed Jordan, and search in its deadly waters for the ruins of the doomed and blasted cities.

If I had never stood on the top of Mount Sinai, I should say that nothing could exceed the desolation of the view from the summit of Mount Hor, its most striking objects being the dreary and rugged mountains of Seir, bare and naked of trees and verdure, and heaving their lofty summits to the skies, as if in a vain and fruitless effort to excel the mighty pile, on the top of which the high-priest of Israel was buried. Before me was a land of barrenness and ruin, a land accused by God, and against which the prophets had set their faces; the land of which it is thus written in the Book of Life—"Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Mount Seir, and prophesy against it, and say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, oh Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord. Because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children of Israel by the force of the sword in the time of their calamity, in the time that their iniquity had an end: therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee: sith thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee. Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth. And I will fill his mountains with his slain men: in thy hills, and in thy valleys, and in all thy rivers, shall they fall that are slain with the sword. I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return: and ye shall know that I am the Lord."—Ezekiel, xxxv.

The Bible account of the death of Aaron is—"And the children of Israel, even the whole congregation, journeyed from Kadesh, and came unto Mount Hor. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, Aaron shall be gathered unto his people: for he shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the water of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them up unto Mount Hor; and strip Aaron of his garments and put them upon Eleazar his son: and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded: and they went up unto Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount: and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount. And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel."—Numbers, xx.

On the very "top of the mount," revered alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber; in front of the door is a tombstone, in form

TRAVELS IN ARABIA PETRÆA.

like the oblong slabs in our churchyards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare. After going out, and from the very top of the tomb surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining once more the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber. There was no light except what came from the door; and in groping in the extreme corner on one side, my foot descended into an aperture in the floor. I put it down carefully, and found a step, then another, and another, evidently a staircase leading to a chamber below. I went down till my head was on the level of the floor, but could see nothing; all was dark, and I called to Paul to strike a light. Most provokingly, he had no materials with him. He generally carried a flint and steel for lighting his pipe with; but now, when I most wanted it, he had none. I went back to the staircase, and, descending to the bottom of the steps, attempted to make out what the place might be; but it was utterly impossible. I could not see even the steps on which I stood. I again came out, and made Paul search in all his pockets for the steel and flint. My curiosity increased with the difficulty of gratifying it; and in a little while, when the thing seemed to be utterly impossible, with this hole unexplored, Petra, Mount Hor, and the Dead Sea, appeared to lose half their interest. I ran up and down the steps, inside and out, abused Paul, and struck stones together in the hopes of eliciting a spark; but all to no purpose. I was in an agony of despair, when I found myself grasping convulsively the handle of my pistol. A light broke suddenly upon me. A pile of dry brush and cotton rags lay at the foot of the sacrificial altar; I fired my pistol into it, gave one puff, and the whole mass was in a blaze. Each seized a burning brand, and we descended. At the foot of the steps was a narrow chamber, at the other end an iron grating, opening in the middle, and behind the grating a tomb cut in the naked rock, guarded and revered as the tomb of Aaron. I tore aside the rusty grating, and thrusting in my arm up to the shoulders, touched the hallowed spot. The rocks and mountains were echoing the discharge of my pistol, like peals of crashing thunder; and while, with the burning brand in one hand, I was thrusting the other through the grating, the deafening reverberations seemed to rebuke me for an act of sacrilege, and I rushed up the steps like a guilty and fear-stricken criminal. Suddenly I heard from the foot of the mountain a quick and irregular discharge of fire-arms, which again resounded in loud echoes through the mountains. It was far from my desire that the bigoted Mussulmans should come upon me, and find me with my pistol still smoking in my hand, and the brush still burning in the tomb of the prophet; and tearing off a piece of the ragged pall, we hurried from the place and dashed down the mountain on the opposite side, with a speed and recklessness that only fear could give. If there was room for question between a scramble or a jump, we gave the jump; and when we could not jump, our shoes were off in a moment; one leaned over the brow of the precipice, and gave the other his hand, and down we went, allowing nothing to stop us. Once for a moment we were at a loss; but Paul, who, in the excitement of one successful leap after another, had become amazingly confident, saw a stream of water, and made for it with the glorious boast that where water descended we could; and the suggestion proved correct, although the water found

much less difficulty in getting down than we did. In short, after an ascent the most toilsome, and a descent the most hair-brained and perilous it was ever my fortune to accomplish, in about half an hour we were at the base of the mountain, but still hurrying on to join our escort.

We had only to cross a little valley to reach the regular camel-track, when we saw from behind a slightly elevated range of rocks the head and long neck of a dromedary; a Bedouin was on his back, but, riding sidewise, did not see us. Another came, and another, and another; then two or three, and, finally, half a dozen at a time, the blackest, grimmest, and ugliest vagabonds I had ever yet seen. A moment before Paul and I had both complained of fatigue, but it is astonishing how the sight of these honest men revived us; any one seeing the manner in which we scoured along the side of the mountain, would have thought that all our consciousness was in our legs. The course we were pursuing when we first saw them would have brought us on the regular camel-track a little in advance of them, but now our feet seemed to cling to the sides of the mountain. We were in a humour for almost calling on the rocks to fall upon us and cover us; and if there had been a good dodging-place, I am afraid I should here have to say that we had taken advantage of it until the very unwelcome caravan passed by; but the whole surface of the country, whether on mountain side or in valley's depth, was bare and naked as a floor; there was not a bush to obstruct the view; and soon we stood revealed to these unpleasant witnesses of our agility. They all shouted to us at once; and we returned the salute, looking at them over our shoulders, but pushing on as fast as we could walk. In civilised society, our course of proceeding would have been considered a decided cut; but the unmannerly savages did not know when they received a civil cut, and were bent on cultivating our acquaintance. With a loud shout, slipping off their camels and whipping up their dromedaries, they left the track, and dashed across the valley to intercept us. I told Paul that it was all over, and now we must brazen it out; and we had just time to turn around and reconnoitre for a moment, before we were almost trodden under foot by their dromedaries.

With the accounts that we had read and heard of these Bedouins, it was not a pleasant thing to fall into their hands alone; and without the protection of the sheik, we had reason to apprehend bad treatment. We were on a rising ground; and as they came bounding towards us, I had time to remark that there was not a gun or pistol among them; but every one, old and young, big and little, carried an enormous sword slung over his back, the hilt coming up towards the left shoulder, and in his hand a large club, with a knot at the end as large as a doubled fist. Though I had no idea of making any resistance, it was a satisfaction to feel that they might have some respect for our fire-arms; as even a Bedouin's logic can teach him, that though a gun or pistol can kill but one, no man in a crowd can tell but that he may be that one. Our armoury, however, was not in the best condition for immediate use. I had fired one of my pistols in the tomb of Aaron, and lost the flint of the other; and Paul had burst the priming cap on one of his barrels, and the other was charged with bird-shot.

It seemed that there was nothing hostile in their intentions; for though they came upon us with a wild and clamorous shout, their dark eyes appeared to sparkle with delight as they shook us by the hand, and their tumultuous greeting, to compare small things with great, reminded me of the wild welcome which the Arabs of Saladin gave to the litter of the Queen of England, when approaching the Diamond of the Desert on the shores of the Dead Sea. Nevertheless, I looked suspiciously upon all their demonstrations of good will; and though I returned all their greetings, even to the kiss on their black faces, I would rather have been looking at them through the bars of an iron grating. But Paul behaved like a hero, although he was a supreme coward, and

admitted it himself.* I knew that every thing depended upon him; but they had come upon us in such a hurry, and so few words had passed between us, that I had no idea how he stood affected. His first words reassured me; and really, if he had passed all his life in taming Bedouins, he could not have conducted himself more gallantly or sensibly. He shook hands with one, took a pipe from the mouth of another, kicked the dromedary of a third, and patted his owner on the back, smoking, laughing, and talking all the time, ringing the changes upon the Sheik El Alouin, Habeeb Effendi, and Abdel Hasis. I knew that he was lying, from his remarkable amplitude of words, and from his constantly mixing up Abdel Hasis (myself) with the Habeeb Effendi, the prime minister of the pacha; but he was going on so smoothly that I had not the heart to stop him; and, besides, I thought he was playing for himself as well as for me, and I had no right to put him in danger by interfering. At length, all talking together, and Paul's voice rising above the rest, in force as well as frequency, we returned to the track, and proceeded forward in a body to find the sheik.

Not to be too heavy on Paul for the little wanderings of his tongue, I will barely mention such as he remembered himself. Beginning with a solemn assurance that we had not been in Wady Moussa or Petra (for this was his cardinal point), he affirmed that I was a Turk making a pilgrimage to the tomb of Aaron under a vow; and that, when Sheik El Alouin was at Cairo, the Habeeb Effendi had taken me to the sheik's tent, and had told him to conduct me to Djebel Haroun, or Mount Hor, and from thence to Hebron (Khalil), and that, if I arrived in safety, he, the Habeeb Effendi, would pay him well for it. We went on very well for a little while; but by and bye the Bedouins began talking earnestly among themselves, and a fine, wicked-looking boy, leaning down from the hump of his bare-backed dromedary, with sparkling eyes thrust out his hand and whispered bucksheesh; an old dried-up man echoed it in a hoarse voice directly in my ears; and one after another joined in, till the whole party, with their deep-toned gutturals, were croaking the odious and ominous demand that grated harshly on my nerves. Their black eyes were turned upon me with a keen and eager brightness; the harsh cry was growing louder every moment; and I had already congratulated myself upon having very little about my person, and Paul was looking over his shoulders, and flourishing the Habeeb Effendi and the Sheik El Alouin with as loud a voice as ever, but evidently with a fainting heart; bucksheesh, bucksheesh, bucksheesh, was drowning every other noise, when a sudden turn in the road brought us upon the sheik and his attendants. The whole party were in confusion; some were descending the bare sides of the mountains, others were coming down with their dromedaries upon a full run; the sheik's brother, on my horse, was galloping along the base; and the sheik himself, with his long red dress streaming in the wind, and his spear poised in the air, was dashing full speed across the plain. All seemed to catch a glimpse of us at the same moment, and at the same moment all stopped. The sheik stood for a little space, as if astonished and confounded at seeing us attended by such an escort; and then spurring again his fiery horse, moved a few paces towards us, and dismounting, struck his spear in the sand, and waited to receive us. The men came in from all quarters; and almost at the same moment all had gathered around the spear. The sheik seemed more alarmed than any of us, and Paul said he turned perfectly green. He had heard the report of the pistol, which had given him much uneasiness; the men had answered, and scattered themselves abroad in search

of us; and now seeing us come up in the midst of such a horde of Bedouins, he supposed that we had opened an account which could only be settled with blood.

The spirit of lying seemed to have taken possession of us. Thinking it would not be particularly acceptable to my pious friends to hear that I had been shooting in the tomb of Aaron, I told Paul to say that we had shot at a partridge. Even before saluting the strangers, with a hurried voice and quivering lip the sheik asked the cause of our firing; and when Paul told him, according to my instructions, that the cause was merely a simple bird, he was evidently relieved, although, unable to master his emotion, he muttered, "Cursed be the partridge, and cursed the gun, and cursed the hand that fired it." He then saluted our new companions, and all sat down around his long spear to smoke and drink coffee. I withdrew a little apart from them, and threw myself on the ground, and then began to suffer severely from a pain which, in my constant excitement since the cause of it occurred, I had not felt. The pistol which I fired in the tomb had been charged by Paul with two balls, and powder enough for a musket; and in the firing it recoiled with such force as to lay open the back of my hand to the bone. While I was binding it up as well as I could, the sheik was taking care that I should not suffer from my withdrawal. I have mentioned Paul's lying humour, and my own tendency that way; but the sheik cast all our doings in the shade; and particularly, as if it had been concerted beforehand, he averred most solemnly, and with the most determined look of truth imaginable, that we had not been in Wady Moussa; that I was a Turk on a pilgrimage to Mount Hor; that when he was in Cairo waiting for the caravan of pilgrims, the pacha sent the Habeeb Effendi to conduct him to the citadel, whither he went, and found me sitting on the divan by the side of the pacha; that the pacha took me by the hand, told him that I was his (the pacha's) particular friend, and that he, Sheik El Alouin, must conduct me first to Mount Hor, and then to Khalil or Hebron, and that he had given his head to Mahommed Ali for my safety. Paul was constantly moving between me and the group around the spear, and advising me of the progress of affairs; and when I heard who I was, and of my intimacy with the pacha, thinking that it was not exactly the thing for the particular friend of the Viceroy of Egypt to be sprawling on the sand, I got up, and, for the credit of my friend, put myself rather more upon my dignity. We remained here half an hour, when, seeing that matters became no worse, I took it for granted that they were better; and, after moving about a little, I began to arrange the saddle of my horse; and by and bye, as a sort of declaration of independence, I told them that I would ride on slowly, and they could follow at their convenience. The sheik remained to settle with my new friends. They were a caravan belonging to the El Alouin tribe, from the tents at the mouth of the entrance to Petra, now on their way to Gaza; and the sheik got rid of them by paying them something, and assuring them that we had not been in Petra.

Early in the afternoon a favourite camel was taken sick, stumbled, and fell; and we turned aside among the mountains, where we were completely hidden from the view of any passing Bedouins. The camel belonged to a former female slave of the sheik, whom he had manumitted and married to "his black," and to whom he had given a tent, and this camel as a dowry. He had been very anxious to get away as far as possible from Wady Moussa that night; but as soon as the accident happened, with the expression always uppermost in the mouth of the followers of the Prophet, "God wills it," he began to doctor the animal. It was strange to be brought into such immediate contact with the disciples of fatalism. If we did not reach the point we were aiming at, God willed it; if it rained, God willed it; and I suppose that, if they had happened to lay their black hands upon my throat, and stripped me of every thing I possessed, they would have piously raised their eyes to heaven, and cried, "God willed it." I remember

* Paul's explanation of his cowardice was somewhat remarkable, and perhaps veracious. He said that he was by nature brave enough, but that, when travelling in Syria, about three years before, with Mr Wellesley—a natural son of the Duke of Wellington—their party was stopped by Arabs, and their two kervans, without any parley, raised their muskets and shot two of the poor savages dead before his face; which had such an effect upon his nerves as to give him a horror of lead and cold steel ever since.

Mr Wolff,* the converted Jew missionary, told me an anecdote illustrating most strikingly the operation of this fatalist creed. He was in Aleppo during an earthquake, and saw two Turks smoking their pipes at the base of a house then tottering and ready to fall. He cried out to them and warned them of their peril; but they turned their eyes to the impending danger, and crying, "Allah el Allah," "God is merciful," were buried under the ruins.

It was not more than four o'clock when we pitched our tent. The Arabs all came under the shade to talk more at ease about our ascent of Mount Hor, and our adventure with the Bedouins of Wady Moussa; and wishing to show them that we Christians conceived ourselves to have some rights and interests in Aaron, I read to them, and Paul explained, the verses in the Bible recording his death and burial on the mountain. They were astonished and confounded at finding any thing about him in a book; records of travel being entirely unknown to them, and books, therefore, regarded as of unquestionable veracity. The unbeliever of the previous night, however, was now as obstinate as if he had come from the banks of the Zuyder Zee. He still contended that the great high-priest of the Jews was a true follower of the Prophet; and I at last accommodated the matter by allowing that he was not a Christian.

That evening Paul and the sheik had a long and curious conversation. After supper, and over their pipes and coffee, the sheik asked him, as a brother, why we had come to that old city, Wady Moussa, so long a journey through the desert, spending so much money; and when Paul told him it was to see the ruins, he took the pipe from his mouth and said, "That will do very well before the world; but, between ourselves, there is something else;" and when Paul persisted in it, the sheik said to him, "Swear by your God that you do not come here to search for treasure;" and when Paul had sworn by his God, the sheik rose, and, pointing to his brother as the very acme of honesty and truth, said, after a moment's hesitation, "Osman, I would not believe it if that brother had sworn it. No," he continued; "the Europeans are too cunning to spend their money in looking at old stones. I know there is treasure in Wady Moussa; I have dug for it, and I mean to dig for it again;" and then again he asked Paul whether he had discovered any, and where; telling him that he would aid in removing it, without letting any of the rest of the tribe know any thing of the matter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Valley of El Ghor.—Prophecies against Edom.—The Sheik's Treachery.—An Explosion.—Personnel of the Arabs.—Amusing Retrospect.—Money Troubles.—Aspect of the Valley.—Death of a Camel.—The Desert Horrae.—Native Salt.

EARLY in the morning we continued our descent down the mountain. Every turn was presenting us with a new view of wild, barren, and desolate scenery; and yet frequently, in little spots watered by the mountain streams, we saw shrubs, and patches of green grass, and odoriferous bushes. At about nine o'clock we were again at the foot of the mountains of Seir, again moving along the great desert valley of El Ghor; and again I saw, in imagination, at the extreme end of the valley,

that mysterious sea which I had first looked upon from the summit of Mount Hor. I had spoken to the sheik before, and again I tried to prevail upon him to follow the valley directly to its shores; but he told me, as before, that he had never travelled that road, and the Bedouins (whom he had last night declared to be total strangers) were deadly enemies of his tribe; in short, it was impossible to prevail upon him; and, as I found afterwards, it would have been physically impossible to proceed along the mountainous borders of the sea.

We pursued the route which I had originally contemplated, through the land of Idumea. In regard to this part of my journey I wish to be particularly understood. Three different parties, at different times, and under different circumstances, after an interval of twenty years from its discovery by Burekhardt, had entered the city of Petra, but not one of them had passed through the land of Idumea. The route of the two Englishmen and Italian before referred to was not precisely known; and, with the exception of these three, I was the first traveller who had ever attempted to pass through the doomed and blighted Edom. In very truth, the prophecy of Isaiah, "None shall pass through it for ever and ever," seemed in a state of literal fulfilment. And now, without considering that I was perhaps braving the malediction of Heaven, but stimulated by the interest of associations connected with the denounced region, and the excitement of travelling over a new and unbeaten track, I was again moving along the desert valley of El Ghor.

In the present state of the world, it is an unusual thing to travel a road over which hundreds have not passed before. Europe, Asia, and even the sands of Africa, have been overrun and trodden down by the feet of travellers; but in the land of Idumea, the oldest country in the world, the aspect of every thing is new and strange, and the very sands you tread on have never been trodden by the feet of civilised human beings. The Bedouin roams over them like the Indian on our native prairies. The road along which the stranger journeys was far better known in the days of David and Solomon than it is now; and when he tires with the contemplation of barrenness and ruin, he may take the Bible in his hand, and read what Edom was, and how God, by the mouth of his prophets, cursed it; and see with his own eyes whether God's words be true. "Also Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof. As in the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the neighbouring cities thereof, saith the Lord, no man shall abide there, neither shall a son of man dwell in it. Therefore, hear the counsel of the Lord that he hath taken against Edom, and his purposes that he hath purposed against the inhabitants of Teman; surely the least of the flock shall draw them out; surely he shall make their habitations desolate with them. The earth is moved at the noise of their fall, at the cry, the noise thereof was heard in the Red Sea."—Jeremiah, xlix. And again.—"Thus saith the Lord God: Because that Edom hath dealt against the house of Judah by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and revenged himself upon them; therefore, thus saith the Lord God, I will also stretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beast from it; and I will make it desolate from Teman."—Ezekiel, xxv. "Edom shall be a desolate wilderness."—Joel, iii. 19. "For three transgressions of Edom, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof."—Amos, i. 11. "Thus saith the Lord God concerning Edom: Behold, I have made thee small among the heathen: thou art greatly despised. The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord. Shall I not in that day, saith the Lord, even destroy the wise men out of Edom, and understanding out of the Mount of Seir? And thy mighty men, oh Teman, shall be

* The Rev. Joseph Wolff is now in America, and has taken orders in the Episcopal Church. When I left Egypt, he had set out on his long-projected journey to Timbuctoo. He was taken sick in Abyssinia, and, unable to continue his progress, under great personal hardship and suffering, crossed the desert to the Red Sea, and went down to Bombay. It is greatly to be regretted that Mr Wolff's health failed him. From his extensive travels in Asia and Africa, and his intimate knowledge of the languages and customs of the wild tribes that roam over their deserts, he was probably better qualified, and had a better chance of reaching that city, than any other man now living. It will probably be long before the attempt is made by another. Mr Wolff has not, however, abandoned his purpose. As soon as his health will permit, he intends to resume his journey; and if the difficulties and dangers are not greater than man can overcome, we may yet hear from him in the heart of Africa.

dismayed, to the end that every one of the Mount of Esau may be cut off by slaughter."—Obadiah, i.

All that day the sheik was particularly disagreeable. He was constantly talking of the favourable circumstances under which I had seen Petra, the bad character of the Bedouins, his devotion to me, and the generosity of M. Laborde and Abdel Hag. Ever since we started, one of his standing subjects of conversation with Paul had been what he expected from me; and to-day he pressed him particularly, to learn how much money I had brought with me. In the evening he came to my tent. He was in the habit of coming in every evening; and though I did not like him, I was in the habit of talking with him; and, according to the Arab custom, I always asked him to take a share of my meal. In general, appease the stomach, and you gain the heart of the Arab; but the viscera of my sheik were of impenetrable toughness. They produced none of that delicious repose, that "peace on earth, and good-will towards all men" spirit, which comes over an honest man after dinner. "A child might play with me," said the good-hearted son of Erin, as he threw himself back in his chair after dinner; but it was not so with my sheik. While he was eating my bread, he was plotting against me. I had smoked my pipe, and was lying on my mat reading, while a long conversation was going on between him and Paul, and my suspicions were aroused; for, on the part of the sheik, it was carried on in a low whisper. Though he knew I could not understand a word, he had the indefinite fear that indicates a guilty intention; and, as I looked up occasionally from my book, I saw his keen and cunning eyes turned towards me, and withdrawn as soon as they met mine. He remained there more than an hour, conversing in the same low whisper—I, meanwhile, watching his looks from time to time; and when he had gone, I asked what it all meant. At first Paul hesitated, but finally said, that it was the old story about Abdel Hag's generosity, and what he expected from me; for himself, the sheik expected at least 250 dollars; his brother would not expect so much; but that he was on an entirely different footing from the men; and he had concluded, by attempting to bribe Paul, to find out how much money I had with me, and how much I intended to give him; and, in going out, had slipped a couple of pieces into Paul's hand as an earnest. I have not troubled the reader with the many petty difficulties I had with the sheik, nor the many little circumstances that were constantly occurring to irritate me against him. I had been several times worked up to such a pitch that it was difficult to keep within the bounds of prudence; and I now broke through all restraints. From the beginning he had been exaggerating the danger of the road, and making a parade of devotion and the value of his services; and only the last night I had been driven out of my tent by four enormous fires which he had built at the four corners, as he said, for the men to sleep by and keep guard. I could hardly restrain myself then; but merely telling him that I would rather be robbed than roasted, I reserved myself for a better moment. The fact is, from the beginning I had been completely mistaken in my opinion touching the character of the chief of a powerful tribe of Bedouins. I had imagined him like the chief of a tribe of our own Indians, wild, savage, and lawless, but generous and true when he had once offered his protection; one who might rob or even murder, but who would never descend to the meanness of trickery and falsehood.

I had been smothering my feelings of contempt through the whole journey; but now I had seen Petra and Mount Hor, and it was a relief to have something to justify me in my own eyes in breaking through all restraint. I had caught him in the very act of baseness and villany, corrupting the faith of my servant; bribing under my own eyes, and while eating my bread, the only man on whom I could rely at all; and the proof of his treason, the accursed gold, was before me. With a loud voice I called him back to the tent, and charged him with his baseness, reproaching him that I

had come into the desert upon the faith of his promises, and he had endeavoured to corrupt my servant before my eyes; I told him that he was false and faithless; that I had before distrusted him, but that I now despised him, and would not give him a para till we got to Hebron, nor would I tell him how much I would give him then; but that, if he would take himself off and leave me alone in the desert, I would pay him the price of his camels; I assured him that, bad as he represented them, I did not believe there was a worse Arab in all his tribe than himself; and, finally, throwing open my trunk, I told him I did not fear him or all his tribe; that I had there a certain sum of money, which should belong to the man who should conduct me to Hebron, whoever he might be, and clothes which would not suit an Arab's back; that I knew I was in his power; but that, if they killed me, they could not get more than they could without it; and added, turning my pistols in my belt, that they should not get it while I could defend it. All this, passing through an interpreter, had given me time to cool; and before coming to my grand climax, though still highly indignant, I was able to observe the effect of my words. At the first glance I saw I had the vantage ground, and that the consciousness of being detected in his baseness sealed his lips. I am inclined to think that he would have been disgraced in the eyes of his tribe if they had been acquainted with the circumstances; for instead of resenting my passionate language, he earnestly begged me to lower my voice, and frequently looked out of the tent to see if any of his companions were near. Keep cool, is a good maxim, generally, in a man's walk through life, and it is particularly useful with the Bedouins in the desert; but there are times when it is good to be in a passion, and this was one of them. Without attempting to resent what I said, even by word or look, he came up to me, kissed my hand, and swore that he would never mention the subject of bucksheesh again until we got to Hebron, and he did not. I retained my command over him through the whole journey, while he was constantly at my side, taking my horse, holding my stirrup, and in every way trying to make himself useful. I am not sure, however, but that in his new character of a sycophant he was worse than before. A sycophant in civilised life, where the usages of society admit and perhaps demand a certain degree of unmeant civility, is the most contemptible thing that crawls; but in a wild Arab it was intolerable. I really despised him, and made no secret of it; and sometimes, rash and imprudent as was the bare thought, it was with difficulty that I could keep from giving him my foot. After he had gone out, Paul sewed twenty gold pieces in the collar of my jacket, and I left the rest of my money open in my trunk.

I have frequently been astonished at the entire absence of apprehension which accompanied me during the whole of this journey. I fortunately observed, at the very first, an intention of exaggerating its danger; and this and other little things carried me into the other extreme, to such a degree, that perhaps my eyes were closed against the real dangers. Among all the pictures and descriptions of robbers and bandits that I have seen, I have never met with anything so unprepossessing as a party of desert Arabs coming down upon the traveller on their dromedaries; but one soon gets over the effect of their dark and scowling visages; and after becoming acquainted with their weapons and bodily strength, a man of ordinary vigour, well armed, feels no little confidence in himself among them. They are small in stature, under our middle size, and thin almost to emaciation. Indeed, the same degree of spareness in Europeans would be deemed the effect of illness or starvation; but with them it seems to be a mere drying up of the fluids, or, as it were, an attraction between skin and bone, which prevents flesh from insinuating itself between. Their breast-bones stand out very prominently; their ribs are as distinctly perceptible as the bars of a gridiron, and their empty stomachs seem drawn up till they touch the back bone; and their weapons, though ugly enough, are far from being formidable.

The sheik was the only one of our party who carried pistols, and I do not believe they could have been discharged without picking the flints once or twice; the rest had swords and matchlock guns; the latter, of course, not to be fired without first striking a light, which is not the work of a moment; and although these inconvenient implements do well enough for contests with their brother Bedouins, the odds are very much against them when they have to do with a well-armed Frank; two pairs of good pistols and a double-barrelled gun would have been a match for all our matchlock muskets. Besides all this, one naturally feels a confidence in himself after being some time left to his own resources; a development of capacities and energies which he is entirely unconscious of possessing, until he is placed in a situation to call them out. A man must have been in the desert alone, and beyond the reach of help, where his voice can never reach the ears of his distant friends, with a strong and overwhelming sense that every thing depends upon himself, his own coolness and discretion; and such is the elasticity of the human character, that his spirit, instead of sinking and quailing as it would once have done under difficulties and dangers incomparably less, rises with the occasion; and as he draws his sash or tightens his sword-belt, he stretches himself to his full length, and is prepared and ready for any emergency that may befall him. Indeed, now that I have returned to the peaceful occupations of civilised life, I often look back with a species of mirthful feeling upon my journey in the desert as a strange and amusing episode in my life; and when laying my head on my quiet pillow, I can hardly believe that, but a few months ago, I never slept without first placing my pistols carefully by my side, and never woke without putting forth my hand to ascertain that they were near, and ready for instant use.

I had scarcely mounted the next morning before one of the men came up to me, and, telling me that he intended to return home, asked for his bucksheesh. I looked at the sheik, who was still sitting on the ground, enjoying a last sip of coffee, and apparently taking no notice of us, and it immediately occurred to me that this was another scheme of his to find out how much I intended to give. The idea had no sooner occurred to me than I determined to sustain the tone I had assumed the night before; and I therefore told the fellow that I should not pay any one a piastre until I arrived at Hebron. This occasioned a great clamour; the sheik still remained silent, but all the others took up the matter, and I do not know how far it would have gone if I had persisted. I was the only one mounted; and having given my answer, I turned my horse's head, and moved on a few paces, looking over my shoulder, however, to watch the effect; and when I saw them still standing, as if spell-bound, in the unfinished act, of mounting a dromedary, another of arranging the baggage, and all apparently undecided what to do, I reflected that no good could come from the deliberations of such men, and began to repent somewhat of the high tone I had assumed. I only wanted a good excuse to retrace my steps; and after a moment's reflection, I laid hold of something plausible enough for immediate use. The man who wanted to return was rather a favourite with me—the same who had carried me on his shoulders up the stream in the entrance of Petra—and, returning suddenly, as if the thing had just occurred to me, I called him to me, and told him that, although I would not pay him for accompanying me on my journey, as it was not yet ended, still, for his extra services in Petra, I would not let him go destitute; that I loved him—by which I meant that I liked him, an expression that would have been entirely too cold for “the land of the East and the clime of the sun,” or, as I should rather say, for the extravagant and inflated style of the Arabs—that if the same thing had happened with any of the others, I would not have given him a para; and now he must understand that I only paid him for his services in Petra. This seemed natural enough to the other Bedouins, for they all knew that this man and I had returned from the desert the best friends in

the world, calling each other brother, &c.; and in the end, the whole affair turned out rather fortunately; for understanding me literally that I paid only for the day in Petra, although not understanding the rule of three as established in the books of arithmetic, they worked out the problem after their own fashion, “If one day gives so much, what will so many days give?” and were exceedingly satisfied with the result. Indeed, I believe I might at any time have stopped their mouths, and relieved myself from much annoyance, by promising them an extravagant sum on my arrival at Hebron; but this I would not do. I had not, from the first, held out to them any extravagant expectations, nor would I do so then; perhaps, after all, not so much from a stern sense of principle, as from having conceived a feeling of strong though smothered indignation and contempt for the sheik. Indeed, I should not have considered it safe to tell him what I intended to give him; for I soon saw that the amount estimated by Mr Gliddon and myself was very far from being sufficient to satisfy his own and his men's extravagant expectations. My apparent indifference perplexed the sheik, and he was sorely confounded by my valiant declaration, “There is my trunk; all that is in it is yours when we arrive at Hebron; rob me or kill me, and you get no more;” and though he could not conceal his eagerness and rapacity, he felt himself trammelled; and my plan was to prolong his indecision, and postpone our denouement until our arrival at Hebron. Still, it was very unpleasant to be travelling upon these terms with my protectors, and I was exceedingly glad when the journey was over.

We were again journeying along the valley in an oblique direction. In the afternoon we fell in with a caravan for Gaza. It may be that I wronged the sheik; but I had the idea that, whenever we saw strangers, his deep and hurried manner of pronouncing *El Arab*, his fixing himself in his saddle, poising his spear, and getting the caravan in order, frequently accompanying these movements with the cautioning words not to be afraid, that he would fight for me till death, were intended altogether for effect upon me. Whether he had any influence or not with the caravan for Gaza, I cannot say; but I know that I would have been glad to leave the wandering tribes of the land of Idumea, and go with my new companions to the ancient city of the Philistines. While we moved along together, Paul and myself got upon excellent terms with them, and consulted for a good while about asking them to take us under their escort. I have no doubt they would have done it willingly, for they were a fine, manly set of fellows; but we were deterred by the fear of involving them in a quarrel, if not a fight, with our own men.

The valley continued the same as before, presenting sandy hillocks, thorn-bushes, gullies, the dry beds of streams, and furnishing all the way incontestable evidence that it had once been covered with the waters of a river. To one travelling along that dreary road as a geologist, every step opens a new page in the great book of Nature; carrying him back to the time when all was chaos, and darkness covered the face of the earth; the impressions it conveys are of a confused mass of matter settling into “form and substance,” the earth covered with a mighty deluge, the waters retiring, and leaving bare the mountains above him, and a rolling river at his feet; and, by the regular operation of natural causes, the river contracting and disappearing, and for thousands of years leaving its channel-bed dry. And again, he who in the wonders around him seeks the evidences of events recorded in the sacred volume, here finds them in the abundant tokens that the shower of fire and brimstone which descended upon the guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorrah stopped the course of the Jordan, and formed it into a pestilential lake, and left the dry bed of a river in the desolate valley in which he is journeying. This valley is part of the once populous land of Idumea; in the days of Solomon, the great travelled highway by which he received the gold of Ophir for the temple; and by which, in the days of imperial Rome, the wealth of India was brought to her doors.

About the middle of the day, as usual, the sheik rode ahead, and, striking his spear in the sand, he had coffee prepared before we came up. While we were sitting around the spear, two of our camels so far forgot the calm dignity of their nature, and their staid, quiet habits, as to get into a fight; and one of them, finding himself likely to come off second best, took to his heels, and the other after him; they were baggage camels, one being charged with my boxes of provisions and housekeeping apparatus, and his movements indicated death to crockery. I will not go into particulars, for eggs, rice, macaroni, and lamp-oil, make a bad mixture; and although the race and fight between the loaded camels were rather ludicrous, the consequence was by no means a pleasant thing in the desert.

The next morning we had another camel scene, for one of the combatants was stretched upon the sand, his bed of death. The Bedouins had examined him, and, satisfied that the hand of death was upon him, they left him to breathe his last alone. The camel is to the Arab a treasure above all price. He is the only animal by nature and constitution framed for the desert, for he alone can travel several days without eating or drinking. Every part of him is useful; his milk is their drink, his flesh their food, and his hair supplies materials for their rude garments and tents. Besides this, the creature is domesticated with the Bedouin; grows up in his tent, feeds from his hand, kneels down to receive his burden, and rises as if glad to carry his master; and, in short, is so much a part of a Bedouin's family, that often, in speaking of himself, the Bedouin will say that he has so many wives, so many children, and so many camels. All these things considered, when this morning they knew that the camel must die, I expected, in a rough way, something like Sterne's picture of the old man and his ass. But I saw nothing of the kind; they left him in the last stages of his struggle with the great enemy with as much indifference, I was going to say, as if he had been a brute; and he was a brute; but it was almost worth a passing tear to leave even a brute to die alone in the desert—one that we knew, that had travelled with us, and formed part of our little world; but the only lament the sheik made was, that they had lost twenty dollars, and we left him to die in the sand. I could almost have remained myself to close his eyes. The vultures were already hovering over him, and once I went back and drove them away; but I have no doubt that before the poor beast was dead, the horrid birds had picked out his eyes, and thrust their murderous beaks into his brain.

It was, as usual, a fine day. Since we left Akaba we had a continued succession of the most delightful weather I had ever experienced. I was, no doubt, peculiarly susceptible to the influence of weather. With a malady constantly hanging about me, if I drooped, a bright sun and an unclouded sky could at any time revive me; and more than once, when I have risen flushed and feverish, and but little refreshed with sleep, the clear pure air of the morning has given me a new life. From dragging one leg slowly after the other, I have fairly jumped into the saddle, and my noble Arabian, in such cases, always completed what the fresh air of the morning had begun. Indeed, I felt then that I could not be too thankful for those two things, uncommonly fine weather and an uncommonly fine horse; and I considered that it was almost solely those two that sustained me on that journey. It is part of the historical account of the Bedouins' horses, that the mares are never sold. My sheik would have sold his soul for a price; and as soon as he saw that I was pleased with my mare, he wanted to sell her to me; and it was singular and amusing, in chaffering for this animal, to mark how one of the habits of bargain-making peculiar to the horse-jockey with us, existed in full force among the Arabs. He said that he did not want to sell her; that at Cairo he had been offered two hundred and fifty dollars, a new dress, and arms complete, and he would not sell her; but if I wanted her, there being nothing he would not do for me, &c., I might have her.

The sheik's was an extraordinary animal. The saddle had not been off her back for thirty days; and the sheik, himself a most restless creature, would dash off suddenly a dozen times a-day, on a full run across the valley, up the sides of a mountain, round and round our caravan, with his long spear poised in the air, and his dress streaming in the wind; and when he returned and brought her to a walk at my side, the beautiful animal would snort and paw the ground, as if proud of what she had done, and anxious for another course. I could almost imagine I saw the ancient war-horse of Idumoa, so finely described by Job—"his neck clothed with thunder. Canst thou make him afraid as a grass-hopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Nothing showed the hardness of these horses more than their drinking. Several times we came to deposits of rain water left in the hollow of a rock, so foul and dirty that I would not have given it to a dog; and while their sides were white with foam, the sheik would take the bits out of their mouths, and sit down with the bridle in his hands, and let them drink their fill; and I could not help thinking that a regular-bred English groom, accustomed to insinuate a wet sponge in the mouth of a heated horse, would have been amazed and horrified at such a barbarian usage. These two horses were twelve and twenty years old respectively; and the former was more like a colt in playfulness and spirit, and the other like a horse of ten with us; and the sheik told me that he could count upon the services of both until they were thirty-five. Among all the recommendations of the Arabian horse, I know none greater than this: I have known a man, from long habit, conceive a liking for a vicious jade that no one else would mount; and one can imagine how warm must be the feeling, when, year after year, the best of his race is the companion of the wandering Arab, and the same animal may bear him from the time when he can first poise a spear until his aged frame can scarcely sustain itself in the saddle.

Before leaving the valley, we found in one of the gullies a large stone veined in that peculiar manner which I had noticed at Petra; it had been washed down from the mountains of Wady Moussa, and the Arab told me that stone of the same kind was found nowhere else. Towards evening we had crossed the valley, and were at the foot of the mountains of Judea, in the direction of the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. That evening, I remember, I noticed a circumstance which called to my mind the wonderful accounts handed down to us by Strabo and other ancient historians, of large cities built of salt having stood at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea and the valley beyond. In the escapade of our runaway camels, bringing about the catastrophe which one of them had since expiated with his life, they had mingled together in horrible confusion, contrary to all the rules of art, so many discordant ingredients, that a great portion of my larder was spoiled; and, among other things, salt, almost as necessary to man as bread, had completely lost its savour. But the Bedouins, habituated to wanting almost every thing, knew where to find all that their barren country could give; and one of them leaving the tents for a few moments, returned with a small quantity that he had picked up for immediate use, being a cake or encrustation about as large as the head of a barrel; and I afterwards saw regular strata of it, and in large quantities, in the sides of the mountains.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Road to Gaza.—Unknown Ruins.—A Misadventure.—Pastoral Bedouins.—A Flower of the Wilderness.—The Ravages of War.—Testimony of an Eyewitness.

We started at six o'clock the next day, the morning rather cool, though clear and bracing; we were again among the mountains, and at about eleven, a track scarcely distinguishable to my eye, turned off to Gaza. To a traveller from such a country as ours, few of the little every-day wonders he is constantly noticing strike him more forcibly than the character of the great public roads in the East. He makes allowance for the natural wildness of the country, the impossibility of using wheel-carriages on the mountains, or horses in the desert as beasts of burden, but still he is surprised and disappointed. Here, for instance, was a road leading to the ancient city of Gaza, a regular caravan route for 4000 years, and yet so perfect in the wildness of nature, so undistinguishable in its appearance from other portions of the wilderness around, that a stranger would have passed the little opening in the rocks probably without noticing it, and certainly without imagining that the wild track, of which it formed the entrance, would conduct him to the birthplace and ancient capital of David, and the holy city of Jerusalem. The solitary trail of the Indian over our prairies and forests is more perfectly marked as a road than either of the great routes to Gaza or Jerusalem, and yet, near the spot where these two roads diverge, are the ruins of an ancient city.

Little, if any thing, has been known in modern days concerning the existence and distinguishing features of this road; and it is completely a terra incognita to modern travellers. All the knowledge possessed of it is that derived from the records of ancient history; and from these we learn that in the time of David and Solomon, and the later days of the Roman empire, a great public road existed from Jerusalem to Akaba, the ancient Elath or Ezion-geber; that several cities existed upon it between these terminating points, and that their ruins should still be visible. Believing that I am the first traveller who has ever seen those ruins, none can regret more than myself my inability to add to the scanty stock of knowledge already in possession of geographers. If my health had permitted, I might have investigated and explored, noted observations, and treasured up facts and circumstances, to place them in the hands of wiser men for their conclusions; but I was not equal to the task. The ruins which I saw were a confused and shapeless mass, and I rode among them without dismounting; there were no columns, no blocks of marble, or large stones which indicated any architectural greatness, and the appearance of the ruins would answer the historical description of a third or fourth-rate city.

About three hours farther on, and half a mile from our path, on the right, was a quadrangular arch with a dome; and near it was a low stone building, also arched, which might have been a small temple. The Bedouins, as usual, referred it to the times of the Christians. For about a mile, in different places on each side of us, were mounds of crumbling ruins; and directly on the caravan-track we came to a little elevation, where were two remarkable wells, of the very best Roman workmanship, about fifty feet deep, lined with large hard stones, as firm and perfect as on the day in which they were laid. The uppermost layer, round the top of the well, which was on a level with the pavement, was of marble, and had many grooves cut in it, apparently worn by the long-continued use of ropes in drawing water. Around each of the wells were circular ranges of columns, which, when the city existed, and the inhabitants came there to drink, might and probably did support a roof similar to those now seen over the fountains in Constantinople. No remains of such roof, however, are existing; and the columns are broken, several of them standing not more than three or four feet high, and the tops scooped out to serve as troughs

for thirsty camels. On the other side, a little in the rear of the wells, is a hill overlooking the scattered ruins below, which may, some hundred years ago, have been the Acropolis of the city. A strong wall seems to have extended around the whole summit level of the hill. I remember that I rode up to the summit, winding around the hill, and leaped my horse over the broken wall; but there was nothing to reward me for the exertion of the undertaking. The enclosure formed by the wall was filled with ruins, but I could give form or feature to none of them; here, too, I rode among them without dismounting; and from here I could see the whole extent of the ruins below. As in the ruined city I had just passed, there was not a solitary inhabitant, and not a living being was to be seen but my companions watering their camels at the ancient wells. This, no doubt, was another of the Roman cities; and although it was probably never celebrated for architectural or monumental beauty, it must have contained a large population.

We were now coming into another country, and leaving the desert behind us; a scanty verdure was beginning to cover the mountains; but the smiling prospect before me was for a moment overclouded by an unfortunate accident. Paul had lent his dromedary to one of the men; and riding carelessly on a baggage camel, in ascending a rough hill the girths of the saddle gave way, and Paul, boxes, and baggage, all came down together, the unlucky dragoman completely buried under the burden. I was the first at his side; and when I raised him up he was senseless. I untied his sash, and tore open his clothes. The Bedouins gathered around, all talking together, pulling and hauling, and one of them drew his sword, and was bending over my prostrate interpreter, with its point but a few inches from his throat. Poor Paul! with his mortal antipathy to cold steel, if he could have opened his eyes at that moment, and seen the fiery orbs of the Bedouins, and the point of a sharp sword apparently just ready to be plunged into his body, he would have uttered one groan and given up the ghost. It was a startling movement to me; and for a moment I thought they were going to employ in his behalf that mercy which is sometimes shown to a dying brute, that of killing him to put him out of misery. I pressed forward to shield him with my own body; and in the confusion of the moment, and my inability to understand what they meant, the selfish feeling came over me of the entire and absolute helplessness of my own condition if Paul should die. But Paul was too good a Catholic to die out of the pale of the church; he could never have rested quietly in his grave, unless he had been laid there amid the wafting of incense and the chanting of priests. "The safety of the patient often consists in the quarrels of the physicians," says Sancho Panza, or some other equally great authority, and perhaps this saved Paul; the Arabs wanted to cut open his clothes and bleed him; but I, not liking the looks of their lancets, would not suffer it; and, between us both, Paul was let alone and came to himself. But it was a trying moment, while I was kneeling on the sand supporting his senseless head upon my knee. No parent could have waited with more anxiety the return to life of an only child, or lover watched the beautiful face of his adored and swooning mistress with more earnestness than I did the ghastly and grieved face of my faithful follower; and when he first opened his eyes, and stared wildly at me, the brightest emanations from the face of beauty could not at that moment have kindled warmer emotions in my heart. I never thought I should look on his ugly face with so much pleasure. I put him on my horse, and took his dromedary; and in half an hour we came to a Bedouin encampment, in one of the most singular and interesting spots I ever saw.

We should have gone on two hours longer, but Paul's accident made it necessary to stop as soon as we found a proper place; and I should have regretted exceedingly to pass by this without a halt. There was something interesting even in our manner of approaching it. We

were climbing up the side of a mountain, and we saw on a little point on the very summit the figure of an Arab, with his face towards the tomb of the prophet, kneeling and prostrating himself in evening prayer. He had finished his devotions, and was sitting upon the rock when we approached, and found that he had literally been praying on his house top, for his habitation was in the rock beneath. Like almost every old man one meets in the East, he looked exactly the patriarch of the imagination, and precisely as we would paint Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob. He rose as we approached, and gave us the usual Bedouin invitation to stop and pass the night with him; and, leading us a few paces to the brink of the mountain, he showed us in the valley below the village of his tribe.

The valley began at the foot of the elevation on which we stood, and lay between ranges of broken and overhanging rocks, a smooth and beautiful table of green, for perhaps a quarter of a mile, and beyond that distance broke off and expanded into an extensive meadow. The whole of this valley, down to the meadow, was filled with flocks of sheep and goats; and for the first time since I left the banks of the Nile, I saw a herd of cows. I did not think I should ever be guilty of a sentiment at beholding a cow, but so it was; after my long journey in the desert, my feelings were actually excited to tenderness by the sight of these old acquaintances.

But where were the dwellings of the pastors, the tents in which dwelt the shepherds of these flocks and herds? In Egypt I had seen the Arabs living in tombs, and among the ruins of temples; in the desert I have seen them dwelling in tents; but I had never yet seen them making their habitations in the rude crevices of the rocks. Such, however, were their habitations here. The rocks in many places were overhanging; in others there were chasms or fissures; and wherever there was any thing that could afford a partial protection from the weather on one side, a low, rough, circular wall of stone was built in front of it, and formed the abode of a large family. Within the small enclosure in front, the women were sitting winnowing or grinding grain, or rather pounding and rubbing it between two stones, in the same primitive manner practised of old, in the days of the patriarchs. We descended and pitched our tents in the middle of the valley; and my first business was to make some hot tea for Paul, roll him up in blankets and coverlets, and thus repeat the sweating operation that had done him so much good before. He was badly hurt, and very much frightened. The boxes had fallen upon him, and the butt of a heavy gun, which he held in his left hand, had struck with all the momentum of its fall against his breast. He thought his ribs were all broken; and when I persuaded him that they were as good as ever, he was sure there was some inward bruise, that would be followed by mortification; and until we separated, especially when we had any hard work before us, he continued to complain of his hurts by this unlucky misadventure.

Having disposed of Paul, I strode out to examine more particularly the strange and interesting scene in the midst of which we were. The habitations in the crevices of the rocks, bad as they would be considered any where else, I found much more comfortable than most of the huts of the Egyptians on the banks of the Nile, or the rude tents of the Bedouins. It was not sheer poverty that drove these shepherds to take shelter in the rocks, for they were a tribe more than 300 strong, and had flocks and herds such as are seldom seen among the Bedouins; and they were far better clad, and had the appearance of being better fed, than my worthy companions. Indeed, they were a different race from mine; and here, on the borders of the desert, I was again struck with what had so forcibly impressed me in crossing the borders of Ethiopia, the strong and marked difference of races in the East. The Bedouins among whom we were encamped were taller, stouter, and had longer faces than the El Alouins; and sometimes I thought I saw in them strong marks of the Jewish

physiognomy. Above all, they were whiter; and this, with the circumstance of the women being less particular in keeping their faces covered, enabled me to pass an hour before dark with much satisfaction. The change from the swarthy and bearded visages of my travelling companions to the comparatively fair and feminine countenances of these pastoral women, was striking and agreeable, and they looked more like home than any thing I had seen for a long time, except the cows. I cannot help thinking what a delight it would have been to meet, in that distant land, one of those beautiful fairies, lovely in all the bewitching attractions of frocks, shoes, stockings, clean faces, &c., of whom I now meet dozens every day, with the calm indifference of a stoic, since, even in spite of bare feet and dirty faces, my heart warmed towards the women of the desert. I could have taken them all to my arms; but there was one among them who might be accounted beautiful even among the beautiful women of my own distant home. She was tall, and fairer than the most of her tribe; and with the shepherd's crook in her hand, she was driving her flock of goats up the valley to the little enclosure before the door of her rocky dwelling. There was no colour in her cheek, but there was gentleness in her eye, and delicacy in every feature; and, moving among us, she would be cherished and cared for as a tender plant, and served with all respect and love; but here she was a servant; her days were spent in guarding her flock, and at night her tender limbs were stretched upon the rude floor of her rocky dwelling. I thought of her much, and she made a deep impression upon me; but I was prevented from attempting to excite a correspondent feeling in her gentle bosom by the crushed state of Paul's ribs, and my own inability to speak her language.

In the evening the men and women, or, to speak more pastorally, the shepherds and shepherdesses, came up one after another, with their crooks in their hands and their well-trained dogs, driving before them their several flocks. Some entered the little enclosures before their rude habitations; but many, destitute even of this miserable shelter, slept outside in the open valley, with their flocks around them, and their dogs by their side, presenting the same pastoral scenes which I had so often looked upon among the mountains of Greece; but unhappily, here, as there, the shepherds and shepherdesses do not in the least resemble the Chloes and Phillises of poetic dreams. In the evening we seated ourselves round a large bowl of cracked corn and milk, so thick as to be taken with the hands, unaided by a spoon or ladle, followed by a smoking marmite of stewed kid; and after this exercise of hospitality to the strangers, some withdrew to their rocky dwellings, others laid themselves down around the fire, and I retired to my tent. All night I heard from every part of the valley the lowing of cattle, the bleating of lambs and goats, and the loud barking of the watch-dog.

Early in the morning, while the stars were yet in the sky, I was up and out of my tent. The flocks were still quiet, and the shepherds and shepherdesses were still sleeping with the bare earth for their bed, and the canopy of heaven their only covering. One after the other they awoke; and as the day was breaking, they were milking the cows and goats, and at broad daylight they were again moving, with their crooks and dogs, to the pasture-ground at the foot of the valley.

We set off at an early hour, Paul again on my horse, and I on his dromedary; the patriarchal figure who had welcomed being the last to speed me on my way. At every step we were now putting the desert behind us, and advancing into a better country. We had spent our last night in the wilderness, and were now approaching the Holy Land; and no pilgrim ever approached its borders with a more joyous and thankful heart than mine.

At nine o'clock we came to another field of ruins, where the relics of an Arab village were mingled with those of a Roman city. The hands of the different builders and residents were visible among them; two

square buildings of large Roman stone were still standing like towers, while all the rest had fallen to pieces, and the stones which once formed the foundations of palaces were now worked up into fences around holes in the rocks, the burrowing-places of the miserable Arabs.

And here, too, we saw the tokens of man's inhumanity to man; the thunder of war had been levelled against the wretched village, the habitations were in ruins, and the inhabitants whom the sword had spared were driven out and scattered no one knew whither. On the borders of the Holy Land we saw that Ibrahim Pacha, the great Egyptian soldier, whose terrible war-cry had been heard on the plains of Egypt and among the mountains of Greece, in the deserts of Syria and under the walls of Constantinople, was ruling the conquered country with the same rod of iron which his father swayed in Egypt. He had lately been to this frontier village with the brand of war, and burning and desolation had marked his path.

Soon after, we came to an inhabited village, the first since we left Cairo. Like the ruined and deserted village we had left, it was a mingled exhibition of ancient greatness and modern poverty; and probably it was a continuation of the same ruined Roman city. A large fortress, forming part of a battlement, in good preservation, and fragments of a wall, formed the nucleus of a village, around which the inhabitants had built themselves huts. The rude artisans of the present day knew nothing of the works which their predecessors had built; and the only care they had for them was to pull them down, and with the fragments to build for themselves rude hovels and enclosures; and the sculptured stones which once formed the ornaments of Roman palaces, were now worked up into fences around holes in the ground, the poor dwellings of the miserable Arabs.

The stranger from a more favoured land, in looking at the tenants of these wretched habitations, cannot help thanking his God that his lot is not like theirs. When I rode through, the whole population had crawled out of their holes and hiding-places, and were basking in the warmth of a summer's sun; and I could not help seeing the kindly hand of a benefactor in giving to them what he has denied to us, a climate where, for the greater part of the year, they may spend their whole days in the open air, and even at night hardly need the shelter of a roof. This is probably the last of the cities which once stood on the great Roman road from Jerusalem to Akaba. While riding among the ruins, and stopping for a moment to talk with some of the Arabs, I saw on the left, in the side of a mountain, an open door like those of the tombs in Egypt; a simple orifice, without any ornament or sculpture. A woman was coming out with a child in her arms, a palpable indication that here, too, the abodes of the dead were used as habitations by the living. In Paul's disabled state I could ask no questions, and I did not stop to explore.

I cannot leave this interesting region without again expressing my regret at being able to add so little to the stock of useful knowledge. I can only testify to the existence of the ruins of cities which have been known only in the books of historians, and I can bear witness to the desolation that reigns in Edom. I can do more, not with the spirit of scoffing at prophecy, but of one who, in the strong evidence of the fulfilment of predictions uttered by the voice of inspiration, has seen and felt the evidences of the sure foundation of the Christian faith; and having regard to what I have already said in reference to the interpretation of the prophecy, "None shall pass through it for ever and ever," I can say that I have passed *through* the land of Idumea. My route was not open to the objection made to that of Burckhardt, the traveller who came nearest to passing *through* the land; for he entered from Damascus, on the east side of the Dead Sea, and struck the borders of Edom at such a point that literally he cannot be said to have passed through it. My route, therefore, is not open to the critical objections made to his; and beyond all peradventure I did pass directly through the land of Idumea lengthwise, and crossing its northern and

southern border; and unless the two Englishmen and Italian before referred to passed on this same route, I am the only person, except the wandering Arabs, who ever did pass through the doomed and forbidden Edom, beholding with his own eyes the fearful fulfilment of the terrible denunciations of an offended God. And though I did pass through and yet was not cut off, God forbid that I should count the prophecy a lie. No; even though I had been a confirmed sceptic, I had seen enough in wandering with the Bible in my hand in that unpeopled desert to tear up the very foundations of unbelief, and scatter its fragments to the winds. In my judgment, the words of the prophet are abundantly fulfilled in the destruction and desolation of the ancient Edom, and the complete and eternal breaking-up of a great public highway; and it is neither necessary nor useful to extend the denunciation against a passing traveller.*

CHAPTER XXV.

Approach to Hebron.—A Sick Governor.—A Prescription at Randon.—Hospitality of the Jews.—Finale with the Bedouins.—A Storm.—A Calm after the Storm.—Venality of the Arabs.—Hebron.—A Coptic Christian.—Story of the Rabbi.—Professional Employment.

I HAD followed the wandering path of the children of Israel from the land of Egypt and the house of bondage, to the borders of the promised land; had tracked them in their miraculous passage across the Red Sea to the mountains of Sinai, through "the great and terrible wilderness that leadeth to Kadesh Barnea;" and among the stony mountains through which I was now journeying must have been the Kadesh, in the wilderness of Paran, from which Moses sent the ten chosen men to spy out the land of Canaan, who went "unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and bare it between two upon a staff; and though they brought of the pomegranates and figs, and said that surely the land flowed with milk and honey, and these were the fruits thereof, yet brought up such an evil report of the land that it ate up the inhabitants thereof, and of the sons of Anak, the giants that dwelt therein, that the hearts of the Israelites sank within them; they murmured against Moses; and for their murmurings they were sent back into the wilderness; and their carcases, from twenty years old and upward, were doomed to fall in the wilderness, and the children of the murmurers to wander forty years before they should enter the land of promise."—Numbers, xiii. 23. I followed in the track of the spies; and though I saw not the Vale of Eshcol with its grapes and pomegranates, neither did I see the sons of Anak, the giants of the land. Indeed, the men of Anak could not have made

* Keith's celebrated treatise on the Prophecies has passed through fourteen editions, differing in some few particulars. In the sixth edition he says that Sir Frederick Henniker, in his notes dated from Mount Sinai, states that Seetzen, on a vessel of paper pasted against the wall, notifies his having penetrated the country in a direct line between the Dead Sea and Mount Sinai (through Idumea), a route never before accomplished. In a note to the same edition, the learned divine says—"Not even the cases of two individuals, Seetzen and Burckhardt, can be stated as at all opposed to the literal interpretation of the prophecies. Seetzen did indeed pass through Idumea, and Burckhardt traversed a considerable part of it; but the former met his death not long after the completion of his journey through Idumea (he died at Akaba, supposed to have been poisoned); the latter never recovered from the effects of the hardships and privations which he suffered there; and without even commencing the exclusive design which he had in view, namely, to explore the interior of Africa, to which all his journeyings in Asia were merely intended as preparatory, he died at Cairo. Neither of them lived to return to Europe. 'I will cut off from Mount Seir him that passeth out and him that returneth.'" In the edition which I saw on the Nile, and which first turned my attention to the route through Idumea, I have no recollection of having seen any reference to Seetzen. It may have been there, however, without my particularly noticing it; as, when I read it, I had but little expectation of being able myself to undertake the route.

me turn back from the land of promise. I was so heartily tired of the desert and my Bedouin companions, that I would have thrown myself into the arms of the giants themselves for relief. And though the mountains were as yet stony and barren, they were so green and beautiful by comparison with the desert I had left, that the conviction even of much greater dangers than I had yet encountered could hardly have driven me back. The Bedouins and the Fellahs about Hebron are regarded as the worst, most turbulent, and desperate Arabs under the government of the pacha; but as I met little parties of them coming out towards the frontier, they looked, if such a character can be conceived of Arabs, like quiet, respectable, orderly citizens, when compared with my wild protectors; and they greeted us kindly and cordially as we passed them, and seemed to welcome us once more to the abodes of men.

As we approached Hebron, the sheik became more and more civil and obsequious; and before we came in sight of the city, he seemed to have some misgivings about entering it, and asked me to secure protection from the governor for that night for himself and men, which I did not hesitate to promise. I was glad to be approaching again a place under the established government of the pacha, where, capricious and despotic as was the exercise of power, I was sure of protection against the exactions of my Bedouins; and the reader may judge of the different degrees of security existing in these regions, from being told that I looked to the protection of a Turk as a guarantee against the rapacity of an Arab. After clambering over a rocky mountain, we came down into a valley, bounded on all sides, and apparently shut in by stony mountains. We followed the valley for more than an hour, finding the land good and well cultivated, with abundance of grapes, vines, and olives, as in the day when the spies sent by Moses entered it; and I can only wonder that, to a hardy and warlike people like the Israelites, after a long journey in the desert, the rich products of Hebron did not present more powerful considerations than the enmity of the men of Anak. We turned a point of the mountain to the left; and at the extreme end of the valley, on the side of a hill, bounding it, stands the little city of Hebron, the ancient capital of the kingdom of David. But it bears no traces of the glory of its Jewish king. Thunder and lightning, and earthquakes, wars, pestilence, and famine, have passed over it; and a small town of white houses, compactly built on the side of the mountain, a mosque and two minarets, are all that mark the ancient city of Hebron.

As soon as we came in sight of the city, the sheik dismounted; and arranging his saddle, made Paul take back his dromedary and give me my horse; and placing me on his right hand, and drawing up the caravan with the order and precision of a troop of "regulars," we made a dashing entry. It was on Friday, the Mussulman's Sabbath; and several hundred women, in long white dresses, were sitting among the tombs of the Turkish burying-ground, outside the walls. We passed this burying-ground and a large square fountain connected with the ancient city, being regarded at this day as one of the works of Solomon; and leaving the baggage camels at the gate, with our horses and dromedaries on full gallop, we dashed through the narrow streets up to the door of the citadel, and, in no very modest tone, demanded an audience of the governor. The Turks and Arabs are proverbial for the indifference with which they look upon every thing; and though I knew that a stranger coming from the desert was a rare object, and ought to excite some attention, I was amused and somewhat surprised at the extraordinary sensation our appearance created. Men stopped in the midst of their business; the lazy groups in the cafés sprang up, and workmen threw down their tools to run out and stare at us. I was surprised at this; but I afterwards learned that, since the pacha had disarmed all Syria, and his subjects in that part of his dominions wore arms only by stealth, it was a strange and startling occurrence to see a party of lawless Be-

douins coming in from the desert, armed to the teeth, and riding boldly up to the gates of the citadel.

The janizary at the door told us that the governor was sick and asleep, and could not be disturbed. He was, however, a blundering fellow; and after a few moments' parley, without giving his master any notice, he had us all standing over the sleeping invalid. The noise of our entering and the clang of our weapons roused him; and staring round for a moment, leaning on his elbow, he fixed his eyes on the sheik, and with a voice the like of which can only issue from the bottom of a Turk's throat, thundered out, "Who are you?" The sheik was for a moment confounded, and made no answer. "Who are you?" reiterated the governor, in a voice even louder than before. "I am Ibrahim Pacha's man," said the sheik. "I know that," answered the governor; "none but Ibrahim Pacha's men dare come here; but have you no name?" "Sheik El Alouin," said the Arab, with the pride of a chief of Bedouins, and looking for a moment as if he stood in the desert at the head of his lawless tribe. "I conducted the pacha's caravan to Akaba," and pointing to me, "I have conducted safe through all the bad Arabs Abdel Hlasis, the friend of the pacha;" and then the governor, like a wild animal balked in his spring, turned his eyes from the sheik to me, as for the first time sensible of my presence. I showed him my firman, and told him that I did not mean to give him much trouble; that all I wanted was that he would send me on immediately to Bethlehem.

I had no wish to stop at Hebron, though the first city in the Holy Land, and hallowed by high and holy associations. The glory of the house of David had for ever departed. I was anxious to put an outpost between myself and the desert; and I had an indefinable longing to sleep my first night in the Holy Land in the city where our Saviour was born. But the governor positively refused to let me go that afternoon; he said that it was a bad road, and that a Jew had been robbed a few days before on his way to Bethlehem; and again lying down, he silenced all objections with the eternal but hateful word, "Bokhara, bokhara"—"to-morrow, to-morrow." Seeing there was no help for me, I made the best of it, and asked him to furnish me with a place to lodge in that night. He immediately gave orders to the janizary; and as I was rising to leave, asked me if I could not give him some medicine. I had some expectation and some fear of this, and would have avoided it if I could. I had often drugged and physicked a common Arab, but had never been called upon to prescribe for such pure porcelain of the earth as a governor. Nevertheless, I ventured my unskilful hand upon him; and having with all due gravity asked his symptoms, and felt his pulse, and made him stick out his tongue till he could hardly get it back again, I looked down his throat, and into his eyes, and covering him up, told him, with as much solemnity as if I was licensed to kill *secundum artem*, that I would send him some medicine, with the necessary directions for taking it. I was quite equal to the governor's case, for I saw that he had merely half killed himself with eating, and wanted clearing out, and I had with me emetics and cathartics that I well knew were capable of clearing out a whole regiment. In the course of the evening he sent his janizary to me; and, expecting to be off before daylight, I gave him a double emetic, with very precise directions for its use; and I afterwards learned that, during its operation, his wrath had waxed warm against me, but in the morning he was so much better that he was ready to do me any kindness.

This over, I followed the janizary, who conducted me around outside the walls and through the burying-ground, where the women were scattered in groups among the tombs, to a distant and separate quarter of the city. I had no idea where he was taking me; but I had not advanced a horse's length in the narrow streets before their peculiar costume and physiognomies told me that I was among the unhappy remnant of a fallen people, the persecuted and despised Israel-

ites. They were removed from the Turkish quarter, as if the slightest contact with this once-favoured people would contaminate the bigoted follower of the prophet. The governor, in the haughty spirit of a Turk, probably thought that the house of a Jew was a fit place for the repose of a Christian; and following the janizary through a low range of narrow, dark, and filthy lanes, mountings, and turnings, of which it is impossible to give any idea, with the whole Jewish population turning out to review us, and the sheik and all his attendants with their long swords clattering at my heels, I was conducted to the house of the chief Rabbi of Hebron.

If I had had my choice, these were the very persons I would have selected for my first acquaintances in the Holy Land. The descendants of Israel were fit persons to welcome a stranger to the ancient city of their fathers; and if they had been then sitting under the shadow of the throne of David, they could not have given me a warmer reception. It may be that, standing in the same relation to the Turks, alike the victims of persecution and contempt, they forgot the great cause which had torn us apart and made us a separate people, and felt only a sympathy for the object of mutual oppression. But whatever was the cause, I shall never forget the kindness with which, as a stranger and Christian, I was received by the Jews in the capital of their ancient kingdom; and I look to my reception here, and by the monks of Mount Sinai, as among the few bright spots in my long and dreary pilgrimage through the desert.

I had seen enough of the desert, and of the wild spirit of freedom which men talk of without knowing, to make me cling more fondly than ever even to the lowest grade of civilisation; and I could have sat down that night, provided it was under a roof, with the fiercest Mussulman, as in a family circle. Judge, then, of my satisfaction at being welcomed from the desert by the friendly and hospitable Israelites. Returned once more to the occupation of our busy, money-making life, floating again upon the stream of business, and carried away by the cares and anxieties which agitate every portion of our stirring community, it is refreshing to turn to the few brief moments when far other thoughts occupied my mind; and my speculating, scheming friends and fellow-citizens would have smiled to see me that night, with a Syrian dress and long beard, sitting cross-legged on a divan, with the chief rabbi of the Jews at Hebron, and half the synagogue around us, talking of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as of old and mutual friends.

With the few moments of daylight that remained, my Jewish friends conducted me around their miserable quarter. They had few lions to show me, but they took me to their synagogue, in which an old white-bearded Israelite was teaching some prattling children to read the laws of Moses in the language of their fathers; and when the sun was setting in the west, and the Muezzin from the top of the minaret was calling the sons of the faithful to evening prayers, the old rabbi and myself, a Jew and a Christian, were sitting on the roof of the little synagogue, looking out as by stealth upon the sacred mosque containing the hallowed ashes of their patriarch fathers. The Turk guards the door, and the Jew and the Christian are not permitted to enter; and the old rabbi was pointing to the different parts of the mosque, where, as he told me, under tombs adorned with carpets of silk and gold, rested the mortal remains of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

But to return to my Bedouin companions. The sheik and his whole suite had been following close at my heels, through the narrow lanes and streets, up to the very doors of the synagogue; and their swarthy figures, their clattering swords, and grim visages, prevented my seeing the face of many a Hebrew maiden. I expected a scene with them at parting, and I was not disappointed. Returning to the rabbi's, they followed me into the room, and, after a few preliminaries, I counted out the price of the camels, and laid down a bucksheesh for each separately. Not one of them

touched it, but all looked at the money and at me alternately, without speaking a word (it was about ten times as much as I would have had to pay for the same services any where else); and the sheik seemed uncertain what to do. The janizary, however, whose presence I had almost forgotten, put himself forward as an actor in the scene; and half drawing his sword, and rattling it back into its scabbard, swore that it was a vile extortion; that the governor ought to know it; and that the firman of the pacha ought to protect a stranger. This brought the sheik to a decision; and taking up his own portion, and directing the rest to do the same, he expressed himself satisfied, and, without moving from his place, betook himself to smoking. It was evident, however, that he was not altogether content; and the janizary leaving us soon after, hardly had the rattling of his steel scabbard died away along the narrow passage, when they all turned upon me, and gave voice to their dissatisfaction. I told them that I had paid them an enormous price, much more than the sheik had spoken of at Cairo; that I had brought with me more money than he had given me to understand would be necessary, and that it was all gone; that it was impossible to give them any more, for I had it not to give. In fact, I had paid them extravagantly, but far below their extravagant expectations. One would not have come for 200 dollars, another for 100, &c.; and from the noise and clamour which they made here, I am well satisfied that, if the denouement had taken place in the desert, they would have searched for themselves whether there was not something left in the bottom of my trunk; and from what happened afterwards, I am very sure that they would have stripped me of my Turkish plumage; but now I was perfectly safe. I considered a Turkish governor good protection against the rapacity of a Bedouin Arab. I did not even fear their future vengeance, for I knew that they did not dare set their feet outside of any gate in Hebron, except that which opened to their own tents in the desert; they seemed to think that they had let me slip through their fingers; and when they pushed me to desperation, I told them that I did not care whether they were satisfied or not. As I rose, the sheik fell; and when I began working myself into a passion at his exorbitant demand, he fell to begging a dollar or two, in such moving terms that I could not resist. I continued yielding to his petty extortions, until, having ascertained the expense, I found that I had not a dollar more than enough to carry me to Jerusalem; and at this moment he consummated his impudence by begging my dress from off my back. The dress was of no great value; it had not cost much when new, and was travel-worn and frayed with hard usage; but it had a value in my eyes from the mere circumstance of having been worn upon this journey. I had given him nearly all my tent equipage, arms, ammunition, &c., and I had borne with all his twopenny extortions; but he urged and insisted, and begged and entreated, with so much pertinacity, that my patience was exhausted, and I told him that I had borne with him long enough, and that he and his whole tribe might go to the d—l. This was not very courteous or dignified between treaty-making powers; but considering that the immediate subject of negotiation was an old silk dress, and the parties were a single individual and a horde of Bedouins, it may perhaps be allowed to pass. All the nice web of diplomacy was now broken; and all springing at the same moment to our feet, the whole group stood fronting me, glaring upon me like so many wild beasts. Now the long-smothered passion broke out; and wild and clamorous as the Arabs always were, I had never seen them so perfectly furious. They raved like so many bedlamites; and the sheik, with torrents of vociferation and reproach, drew from his bosom the money he had accepted as his portion, dashed it on the floor, and, swearing that no Frank should ever pass through his country again, poured out upon me a volley of bitter curses, and, grinding his teeth with rage and disappointment, rushed out of the room. I did not

then know what he was saying; but I could judge, from the almost diabolical expression of his face, that he was not paying me very handsome compliments; and I felt a convulsive movement about the extreme end of my foot, and had advanced a step to help him down stairs, but his troop followed him close; and I do not know how it is, but when one looks long at the ugly figure of a Bedouin, he is apt to forego a purpose of vengeance. There is something particularly truculent and pacifying in their aspect.

A moment after he had gone, I was exceedingly sorry for what had happened, particularly on account of his oath that no European should ever pass through his country. I felt unhappy in the idea that, when I expected to be the pioneer in opening a new and interesting route, I had become the means of more effectually closing it. With a heavy heart, I told Paul that I must have another interview; that the old dress must go, and any thing else I had; and, in short, that I must have peace upon any terms. To dispose of this business without mixing it with other things: in about an hour the sheik returned with his brother, and, walking up to me and kissing my hand, told me that he had just heard of a robbery on the road to Jerusalem, and came to tell me of it; and looking me in the face, added that, when he had got back to his tent, he felt unhappy at having left me in anger; that he had been so used to sitting with me, that he could not remain away, &c. &c. I was not to be outdone; and looking him back again in the face, I introduced him to my Jewish companions as my dearest friend, the chief of the tribe of El Alouins, who had protected me with his life through the dangers of the desert, and to whose bold arm they were indebted for the privilege they then enjoyed of seeing my face. The sheik looked at me as if he thought me in earnest, and himself entitled to all that I had said; and, satisfied so far, he sat down and smoked his pipe, and at parting disclosed the object of his visit, by asking me for a letter of recommendation to the consul at Cairo, and to the friends of whom I had before spoken as intending to follow me to Petra. Glad to patch up a peace, I told him to come to me early the next morning, and I would settle every thing to his satisfaction. Before I was awake, he was shaking me by the shoulder. I jumped up, and roused Paul; and now wishing to redeem my ungraciousness of the day before, I may say literally that "I parted my raiment among them," and gave away pretty much every thing I had except my European clothes, completing my present with a double-barrelled gun, rather given to bursting, which I gave the sheik's brother. The sheik had changed his tone altogether, and now told me that he loved me as a brother; and, pointing to the brother at his side, that he loved me as well as him; and with great warmth assured me, that if I would turn Mussulman, and come and live with him in his tents in the wilderness, he would give me for wives four of the most beautiful girls of his tribe. He did not confine his offers to me, but told me that he would receive, guard, and protect any of my friends as if they were of his own blood; and warming with his own generosity, or perhaps really feeling a certain degree of kindness, he asked me for some symbol or sign which should be perpetual between us. I had just sealed a letter for Mr Gliddon, and a stick of sealing-wax and a lighted lamp were on the low table before me. I made a huge plaster with the sealing-wax on a sheet of coarse brown paper, and, stamping it with the stock of my pistol, chased and carved in the Turkish fashion, I gave him a seal with such a device as would have puzzled the professors of heraldry, telling him that, when any one came to him with this seal, he might know he was a friend of mine; and I added, that I would never send any one without plenty of money; so that any one who visits the Sheik El Alouin with my recommendation, must expect to make up for my deficiencies. This over, we bade each other farewell, the sheik and the whole of his swarthy companions kissing me on both sides of my face. I looked after them as long as they continued in sight,

listened till I heard the last clattering of their armour, and I never saw nor do I ever wish to see them again. I am sorry to entertain such a feeling towards any who have been the companions of my wanderings, and I hardly know another instance, from the English nobleman down to a muleteer or boatman, at parting with whom I have not felt a certain degree of regret. But when I parted with the Bedouin chief, though he kissed me on both cheeks, though he gave me his signet and has mine in return, and though four Arabian girls are ready for me whenever I choose to put my trust in Mohammed and Sheik El Alouin, it was delightful to think that I should never see his face again.

One by one I had seen the many illusions of my waking dreams fade away; the gorgeous pictures of oriental scenes melt into nothing; but I had still clung to the primitive simplicity and purity of the children of the desert, their temperance and abstinence, their contented poverty and contempt for luxuries, as approaching the true nobility of man's nature, and sustaining the poetry of the "land of the East." But my last dream was broken; and I never saw among the wanderers of the desert any traits of character or any habits of life which did not make me prize and value more the privileges of civilisation. I had been more than a month alone with the Bedouins; and to say nothing of their manners, excluding women from all companionship; dipping their fingers up to the knuckles in the same dish; eating sheeps' insides, and sleeping under tents crawling with vermin engendered by their filthy habits, their temperance and frugality are from necessity, not from choice; for in their nature they are gluttonous, and will eat at any time till they are gorged of whatever they can get, and then lie down and sleep like brutes. I have sometimes amused myself with trying the variety of their appetites, and I never knew them refuse any thing that could be eaten. Their stomach was literally their god, and the only chance of doing any thing with them was by first making to it a grateful offering; instead of scorning luxuries, they would eat sugar as boys do sugar-candy; and I am very sure, if they could have got poundcake, they would never have eaten their own coarse bread.

One might expect to find these children of Nature free from the reproach of civilised life, the love of gold. But, fellow-citizens and fellow-worshippers of Mammon, hold up your heads; this reproach must not be confined to you. It would have been a pleasing thing to me to find among the Arabs of the desert a slight similarity of taste and pursuits with the denizens of my native city; and in the early developments of a thirst for acquisition, I would have hailed the embryo spirit which might one day lead to stock and exchange boards, and laying out city lots around the base of Mount Sinai or the excavated city of Petra. But the savage was already far beyond the civilised man in his appetite for gold; and though brought up in a school of hungry and thirsty disciples, and knowing many in my native city who regard it as the one thing needful, I blush for myself, for my city, and for them, when I say that I never saw one among them who could be compared with the Bedouin; I never saw any thing like the expression of face with which a Bedouin looks upon silver or gold. When he asks for bucksheesh, and receives the glittering metal, his eyes sparkle with wild delight, his fingers clutch it with eager rapacity, and he skulks away like the miser, to count it over alone, and hide it from all other eyes.

Hebron, one of the oldest cities of Canaan, is now a small Arab town, containing seven or eight hundred Arab families. The present inhabitants are the wildest, most lawless, and desperate people in the Holy Land; and it is a singular fact, that they sustain now the same mutinous character with the rebels of ancient days, who armed with David against Saul, and with Absalom against David. In the late desperate revolution against Mohammed Ali, they were foremost in the strife, the first to draw the sword, and the last to return it to its scabbard. A petty Turk now wields the sceptre of the

son of Jesse, and a small remnant of a despised and persecuted people still hover round the graves of their fathers; and though degraded and trampled under foot, from the very dust in which they lie are still looking to the restoration of their temporal kingdom.

Accompanied by my Jewish friends, I visited the few spots which tradition marks as connected with scenes of Bible history. Passing through the bazaars at the extreme end, and descending a few steps, we entered a vault containing a large monument, intended in memory of Abner, the greatest captain of his age, the favoured and for a long time trusted officer of David, who, as the Jews told me, was killed in battle near Hebron, and his body brought here and buried. The great mosque, the walls of which, the Jews say, are built with the ruins of the temple of Solomon, according to the belief of the Mussulmans and the better authority of the Jews, covers the site of the Cave of Machpelah, which Abraham bought from Ephron the Hittite; and within its sacred precincts are the supposed tombs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The doors were guarded with jealous care by the bigoted Mussulmans; and when, with my Jewish companion, I stopped for a moment to look up at the long marble staircase leading to the tomb of Abraham, a Turk came out from the bazaars, and, with furious gesticulations, gathered a crowd around us; and a Jew and a Christian were driven with contempt from the sepulchre of the patriarch whom they both revered. A special firman from the pacha, or perhaps a large bribe to the governor, might have procured me a private admission; but death or the Koran would have been the penalty required by the bigoted people of Hebron.

On a rising ground a little beyond the mosque, is a large fountain or reservoir, supported by marble pillars, where my companions told me that Sarah had washed the clothes of Abraham and Isaac. Leaving this, I went once more to the two pools outside the walls, and after examining them as the so-called works of Solomon, I had seen all a stranger could see in Hebron.

I cannot leave this place, however, without a word or two more. I had spent a long evening with my Jewish friends. The old rabbi talked to me of their prospects and condition, and told me how he had left his country in Europe many years before, and come with his wife and children to lay their bones in the Holy Land. He was now eighty years old; and for thirty years, he said, he had lived with the sword suspended over his head—had been reviled, buffeted, and spit upon; and though sometimes enjoying a respite from persecution, he never knew at what moment the bloodhounds might not be let loose upon him; that, since the country had been wrested from the sultan by the Pacha of Egypt, they had been comparatively safe and tranquil; though some idea may be formed of this comparative security from the fact, that during the revolution two years before, when Ibrahim Pacha, after having been pent up several months in Jerusalem, burst out like a roaring lion, the first place upon which his wrath descended was the unhappy Hebron; and while their guilty brethren were sometimes spared, the unhappy Jews, never offending but always suffering, received the full weight of Arab vengeance. Their houses were ransacked and plundered; their gold and silver, and all things valuable, carried away; and their wives and daughters violated before their eyes by a brutal soldiery.

During the evening a fine portly man, in the flowing Syrian dress, came to pay me a visit. His complexion proclaimed him of Coptic origin, a descendant of the ancient lords of Egypt; his inkhorn in his sash told me that he was a writer, and his cordial salutation that he was a Christian. Living among Turks, Arabs, and Jews, he greeted me as if it were a rare thing to meet a professor of the same faith, and a believer in the same God and Saviour. He regretted that he had been away when I arrived, and said that he ought by right to have had me at his house, as he was the only Christian in Hebron; and he, even where proselytes were wanted,

would perhaps not have passed muster according to the strict canons of a Catholic church. My Christian friend, however, was more of a Jew than any of the descendants of Israel around me; for amid professions of friendship and offers of service, he was not forgetting his own interests. The European and American governments had been appointing consular agents in many of the cities of Syria, and this office, under the government of the present pacha, exempted the holder from certain taxes and impositions, to which the fellahs and rayahs were subject. America is known in the Holy Land by her missionaries, by the great ship (the Delaware) which a year before touched at the seaport towns, and by the respect and character which she confers on her consular agents. My Coptic Christian knew her on the last account, and told me, in confidence, that he thought America had need of a consular agent in Hebron, to protect her citizens travelling in that region. I was the first American traveller who had ever been there, and years may roll by before another follows me; but I fully concurred with him in the necessity of such an officer: and when he suggested that there was no better man than himself to hold it, I concurred with him again. Little did I think when, years before, I was seeking to climb the slippery rungs of the political ladder, that my political influence would ever be sought for the office of consul in the ancient capital of David; but so it was; and without questioning him too closely about his faith in the principles and usages of the democratic party, the virtue of regular nominations, &c., taking his name written in Arabic, and giving him my card that he might know the name of his political benefactor, I promised to speak to the consul at Beyroot in his favour; and he left me with as much confidence as if he had his commission already in his pocket.

A more interesting business followed with the old rabbi, probably induced by what had just passed between the Christian and myself. He told me that he had lately had occasion to regret exceedingly the loss of a paper, which would now be of great use to him; that he was a Jew of Venice (I can vouch for it that he was no Shylock), and thirty years before had left his native city and come to Hebron with a regular passport; that for many years a European passport was no protection, and, indeed, it had been rather an object with him to lay aside the European character, and identify himself with the Asiatics; that, in consequence, he had been careless of his passport, and had lost it; but that now, since the conquest of Mohammed Ali and the government of Ibrahim Pacha, a European passport was respected, and saved its holder and his family from Turkish impositions. He mourned bitterly over his loss, not, as he said, for himself, for his days were almost ended, and the storms of life could not break over his head more heavily than they had already done; but he mourned for his children and grandchildren, whom his carelessness had deprived of the evidence of his birthright and the protection of their country. I was interested in the old man's story, and particularly in his unobtrusive manner of telling it; and drawing upon the reminiscences of my legal knowledge, I told him that the loss of his passport had not deprived him of his right to the protection of his country, and that, if he could establish the fact of his being a native of Venice, he might still sit down under the wings of the double-headed eagle of Austria. I afterwards went more into detail. Learning that there were in Hebron some of his very old acquaintances who could testify to the fact of his nativity, I told him to bring them to me, and I would take their affidavits, and, on my arrival at Beyroot, would represent the matter to the Austrian consul there; and I thought that with such evidence the consul would not refuse him another passport. He thanked me very warmly, and the next morning early, while I was waiting, all ready for my departure, he brought in his witnesses. It would have been difficult for the old man to produce deponents who could swear positively to his nativity; but of those whom he brought any one could

look back farther than it is usually allowed to man. They were all over sixty, and their long white beards gave them a venerable appearance, which made me attach more importance to the proceedings than I intended. These hoary-headed men, I thought, could not speak with lying lips; and taking my place in the middle of the floor, the witnesses seated themselves before me, and I prepared, with business-like formality, to examine them, and reduce their examination to writing. Since I left home I had rarely thought of any thing connected with my professional pursuits, and I could not but smile as I found myself seated in the middle of a floor, surrounded by a crowd of Israelites in the old city of Hebron, for the first time in more than eighteen months resuming the path of my daily walks at home. I placed the scribe before me, and with a little of the keenness of the hunter returning to a track for some time lost, I examined the witnesses severally, and dictated in good set form the several requisite affidavits; and then reading them over distinctly, like a commissioner authorised to take acknowledgments under the act, &c., I swore the white-bearded old men upon the table of their law, a Hebrew copy of the Old Testament. I then dictated an affidavit for the rabbi himself, and was about administering the oath as before, when the old man rose, and taking the paper in his hand, and telling me to follow him, led the way through a range of narrow lanes and streets, and a crowd of people, to the little synagogue, where, opening the holy of holies, and laying his hand upon the sacred scroll, he read over the affidavit and solemnly swore to its truth. It did not need this additional act of solemnity to convince me of his truth; and when he gave me back the paper, and I saw the earnestness and deep interest depicted in the faces of the crowd that had followed us, I again resolved that I would use my best exertions to gladden once more the old man's heart before he died. I added to the several affidavits a brief statement of the circumstances under which they had been taken, and putting the paper in my pocket, returned to the house of the rabbi; and I may as well mention here, that at Beyroot I called upon the Austrian consul, and before I left had the satisfaction of receiving from him the assurance that the passport should be made out forthwith, and delivered to the agent whom the old rabbi had named to me.

I had nothing now to detain me in Hebron; my mules and a kervash provided by the governor were waiting for me, and I bade farewell to my Jewish friends. I could not offer to pay the old rabbi with money for his hospitality, and would have satisfied my conscience by a compliment to the servants; but the son of the good old man, himself more than sixty, told Paul that they would all feel hurt if I urged it. I did not urge it; and the thought passed rapidly through my mind, that while yesterday the children of the desert would have stripped me of my last farthing, to-day a Jew would not take from me a para. I passed through the dark and narrow lanes of the Jewish quarter, the inhabitants being all arranged before their houses; and all along, even from the lips of maidens, a farewell salutation fell upon my ears. They did not know what I had done, or what I proposed to do; but they knew that I intended a kindness to a father of their tribe, and they thanked me as if that kindness were already done. With the last of their kind greetings still lingering on my ears, I emerged from the Jewish quarter; and it was with a warm feeling of thankfulness I felt, that if yesterday I had had an Arab's curse, to-day I had a Jewish blessing.

CHAPTER XXVI.

An Arnaout.—The Pools of Solomon.—Bethlehem.—The Empress Helena.—A Clerical Exquisite.—Miraculous Localities.—A Boon Companion.—The Soldier's Sleep.—The Birthplace of Christ.—Worship in the Grotto.—Moslem Fidelity.

I HAD given away all my superfluous baggage, and commenced my journey in the Holy Land with three mules,

one for myself, another for Paul, and the third for my baggage. The muleteer, who was an uncommonly thriving-looking, well-dressed man, rode upon a donkey, and had an assistant, who accompanied on foot; but by far the most important person of our party was our kervash. He was a wild Arnaout, of a race that had for centuries furnished the bravest, fiercest, and most terrible soldiers in the army of the sultan; and he himself was one of the wildest of that wild tribe. He was now about forty, and had been a warrior from his youth upward, and battles and bloodshed were familiar to him as his food; he had fought under Ibrahim Pacha in his bloody campaign in Greece, and his rebellious war against the sultan; and having been wounded in the great battle in which the Egyptian soldiers defeated the grand vizier with the flower of the sultan's army, he had been removed from the regular service, and placed in an honourable position near the governor of Hebron. He was above the middle height, armed like the bristling porcupine, with pistols, a Damascus sabre, and a Turkish gun slung over his back, all which he carried as lightly and easily as a sportsman does his fowling-piece. His face was red, a burnt or baked red; his mustaches seemed to curl spontaneously, as if in contempt of dangers; and he rode his high-mettled horse as if he were himself a part of the noble animal. Altogether, he was the boldest, most dashing, and martial-looking figure I ever saw: and had a frankness and openness in his countenance which, after the dark and sinister looks of my Bedouins, made me take to him the moment I saw him. I do not think I made as favourable an impression upon him at first; for almost the first words he spoke to Paul after starting were to express his astonishment at my not drinking wine. The janizary must have told him this as he sat by me at supper, though I did not think he was watching me so closely. I soon succeeded, however, in establishing myself on a good footing with my kervash, and learned that his reading of the Koran did not forbid the wine-cup to the followers of the prophet. He admitted that the sultan, as being of the blood of the prophet, and the vicegerent of God upon earth, ought not to taste it; but as to the Pacha of Egypt, he drank good wine whenever he could get it, and this gave his subjects a right to drink as often as they pleased.

We were interrupted by an Arab, who told us that a party of soldiers had just caught two robbers. The kervash pricked up his ears at this, and telling us that he would meet us at a place some distance further on, he drove his heavy stirrups into his horse's sides, and, dashing up the hill at full gallop, was out of sight in an instant. I did not think it exactly the thing to leave us the first moment we heard of robbers; but I saw that his fiery impatience to be present at a scene could not be controlled; and I felt well assured, that if danger should arrive, we would soon find him at our side. Soon after we found him waiting with the party he had sought; the two robbers chained together, and, probably, long before this, they have expiated their crime with their lives. He told us that from Hebron to Jerusalem was the most unsafe road in the Holy Land; and that Ibrahim Pacha, who hated the Arabs in that vicinity, was determined to clear it of rebels and robbers, if he cut off every man in the country.

About half an hour from Hebron we came to a valley, supposed to be the Vale of Eshcol, where the spies sent out by Moses found the grapes so heavy, that to carry one bunch it was necessary to suspend it on a pole. On the right we passed a ruined wall, by some called the Cave of Machpelah, or sepulchre of the patriarchs, but which the Jews at Hebron had called the House of Abraham.

We were on our way to Bethlehem. I had hired my mules for Jerusalem, expecting merely to stop at Bethlehem and push on to Jerusalem that night. The road between these oldest of cities was simply a mule-path over rocky mountains, descending occasionally into rich valleys. We had already, on this our first journey in the Holy Land, found that the character given of it in

the Bible is true at this day; and that the Land of Promise is not like the land of Egypt, watered by the dews of heaven, but by copious and abundant rains. Indeed, the rain was falling in torrents; our clothes were already dripping wet, but we did not mind it, for we were too full of thankfulness that continued sunshine and clear and unclouded skies had been our portion, when we most needed them, in the desert.

The heavy fall of rain made the track slippery and precarious; and it was four hours before we reached the celebrated reservoirs, known to modern travellers under the name of the Pools of Solomon. These large, strong, noble structures, in a land where every work of art has been hurried to destruction, remain now almost as perfect as when they were built. There are three of them, about 480, 600, and 660 feet in length, and 280 in breadth, and of different altitudes, the water from the first running into the second, and from the second into the third. At about a hundred yards' distance is the spring which supplies the reservoirs, as the monks say, the sealed fountain referred to in Canticles, iv. 12. The water from these reservoirs is conveyed to Jerusalem by a small aqueduct, a round earthen pipe about ten inches in diameter, which follows all the sinuosities of the ground, being sometimes above the surface, and sometimes under. It is easily broken; and while I was in Jerusalem, an accident happened which entirely cut off the water from the pools.

There is every reason to believe that these pools have existed from the date assigned to them; and that this was the site of one of King Solomon's houses of pleasure, where he made himself "gardens, and orchards, and pools of water." The rain here ceased for a few moments, and enabled me to view them at my leisure; and as I walked along the bank, or stood on the margin, or descended the steps to the water's edge, it seemed almost the wild suggestion of a dream, to imagine that the wisest of men had looked into the same pool, had strolled along the same bank, and stood on the very same steps. It was like annihilating all the intervals of time and space. Solomon and all his glory are departed, and little could even his wisdom have foreseen, that long after he should be laid in the dust, and his kingdom had passed into the hands of strangers, a traveller from a land he never dreamed of would be looking upon his works, and murmuring to himself the words of the preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

A little to the right of the pools, towards the region of the Dead Sea, is a very large grotto, supported by great pillars of the natural rock, perfectly dry, without petrification or stalactites; it is a perfect labyrinth within, and, as in many of the ancient catacombs, a man might easily lose himself for ever in its windings. It lies in the mountainous wilderness of Engaddi, and is supposed to be the Cave of Adullam, where David received the mutinous and discontented spirits of his days, and where, when Saul was in pursuit of him, he cut off the skirts of his garment, and suffered him to go away unharmed.

In an hour more we came in sight of Bethlehem, seated on an elevation, a confused and irregular pile of white buildings. The star of the east no longer hovers over it to mark the spot where the Saviour was born; and the mosque and the minaret proclaim the birthplace of Christ under the dominion of a people who reject and despise him.

Heaps of ruins and houses blackened with smoke show that the hand of war has been there. Ibrahim Pacha, on his sortie from Jerusalem, and on his way to Hebron, had lingered on his path of destruction long enough to lay in ruins half the little city of Bethlehem. It is a singular fact, and exhibits a liberality elsewhere unknown in the history of the Turks or the Mussulman religion, that the height of his indignation fell upon the Arabs. He spared the Christians for a reason that never before operated with a Turk—because they had not offended. He did, too, another liberal thing; saying that Christians and Mussulmans could not live together in unity, he drove out from Bethlehem the Arabs whom

the sword had spared, and left the place consecrated by the birth of Christ in the exclusive possession of his followers. True, he stained this act of clemency or policy by arbitrarily taking away thirty Christian boys, whom he sent to work at the factories in Cairo; and the simple-hearted parents, hearing that I had come from that city, asked me if I had seen their children.

It is a happy thing for the traveller in the Holy Land, that in almost all the principal places there is a Christian convent, whose doors are always open to him; and one of the largest and finest of these is in Bethlehem. Riding through the whole extent of the little town, greeted by Christians, who, however, with their white turbans and fierce mustaches and beards, had in my eyes a most unchristian appearance, and stopping for a moment on the high plain in front, overlooking the valley, and the sides of the hill all cultivated in terraces, we dismounted at the door of the convent.

Beginning my tour in the Holy Land at the birthplace of our Saviour, and about to follow him in his wanderings through Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, over the ground consecrated by his preaching, his sufferings, and miracles, to his crucifixion on Calvary, I must prepare my readers for a disappointment which I experienced myself. The immediate followers of our Saviour, who personally knew the localities which are now guarded and revered as holy places, engrossed by the more important business of their Master's mission, never marked these places for the knowledge of their descendants. Neglected for several centuries, many of them were probably entirely unknown, when a new spirit arose in the East, and the minds of the Christians were inflamed with a passion for collecting holy relics, and for making pilgrimages to the places consecrated by the acts and sufferings of our Redeemer and his disciples; and the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, the first Christian empress, came as a crusader into the Holy Land, to search for and determine the then unknown localities. And the traveller is often astonished that with so little to guide her, she was so successful; for she not only found all the holy places mentioned in the Bible, but many more; and the piety of Christians will never forget that it was through her indefatigable exertions the true cross was drawn from the bottom of a dark pit, and is now scattered in pieces all over the world, to gladden the hearts of believers. It may be that the earnest piety of the empress sometimes deceived her; but then she always covered a doubtful place with a handsomer monument, upon much the same principle that a jockey praises a bad horse and says nothing of a good one, because the bad one wants praising and the good one can speak for himself. Besides, the worthy empress seemed to think that a little marble could not hurt a holy place, and a good deal might help to make holy what was not so without it; and so think most of the Christian pilgrims, for I have observed that they always kiss with more devotion the polished marble than the rude stone.

But the Christian who goes animated by the fresh, I may almost say virgin feeling, awakened by the perusal of his Bible, expecting to see in Bethlehem the stable in which our Saviour was born, and the manger in which he was cradled, or in Jerusalem the tomb hewn out of the rock wherein his crucified body was buried, will feel another added to the many grievous disappointments of a traveller, when he finds these hallowed objects, or at least what are pointed out as these, covered and enclosed with party-coloured marble, and bedecked with gaudy and inappropriate ornaments, as if intentionally and impiously to destroy all resemblance to the descriptions given in the sacred book.

I had intended going on to Jerusalem that afternoon; but the rain had retarded me so much, that as soon as I saw the interior of the convent, I determined to remain all night. My muleteer insisted upon proceeding, as I had arranged with him when I engaged him; but my kervash silenced him by a rap over the back with the flat of his sword, and he went off on his donkey alone, leaving behind him his companion and his mules.

Entering by the small door of the convent, I heard in the distance the loud pealing of an organ and the solemn chant of the monks; the sound transported me at once to scenes that were familiar and almost home-like, the churches and cathedrals in Italy; and the appearance of one of the brothers, in the long brown habit of the Capuchins, with his shaved head and sandals on his feet, made me feel for the moment as if I were in Europe. The monks were then at prayers; and following him through the great church, down a marble staircase, and along a subterranean corridor, in five minutes after my arrival in Bethlehem I was standing on the spot where the Saviour of mankind was born.

The superior was a young man, not more than thirty, with a face and figure of uncommon beauty; though not unhealthy, his face was thin and pale, and his high, projecting forehead indicated more than talent. Genius flashed from his eyes, though, so far as I could judge from his conversation, he did not sustain the character his features and expression promised. He was not insensible to the advantages of his personal appearance. The rope around his waist, with the cross dangling at the end, was laid as neatly as a soldier's sword-belt; the top of his head was shaved, his beard combed, and the folds of his long coarse dress, his cowl, and the sandals on his feet, all were arranged with a precision that, under other circumstances, would have made him a Brummel. There was something, too, in the display of a small hand and long taper fingers that savoured more of the exquisite than of the recluse; but I ought not to have noted him too critically, for he was young, handsome, and gentlemanly, and fit for better things than the drowsy life of a convent. I am inclined to believe, too, that he sometimes thought of other things than his breviary and his missal; at all events, he was not particularly familiar with Bible history; for in answer to his question as to the route by which I had come, I told him that I had passed through the land of Idumea; and when I expected to see him open his eyes with wonder, I found that he did not know where the land of Idumea was. I remember that he got down a huge volume in Latin, written by saint somebody, and we pored over it together until our attention was drawn off by something else, and we forgot what we were looking for.

The walls of the convent contain all that is most interesting in Bethlehem; but outside the walls also are places consecrated in Bible history, and which the pilgrim to Bethlehem, in spite of doubts and confusion, will look upon with exceeding interest. Standing on the high table of ground in front of the convent, one of the monks pointed out the fountain where, when David was thirsting, his young men procured him water; and in the rear of the convent is a beautiful valley, having in the midst of it a ruined village, marking the place where the shepherds were watching their flocks at night when the angel came down and announced to them the birth of the Saviour. The scene was as pastoral as it had been 1800 years before; the sun was going down, the shepherds were gathering their flocks together, and one could almost imagine that, with the approach of evening, they were preparing to receive another visitor from on high. In the distance beyond the valley is a long range of mountains enclosing the Dead Sea, and among them was the wilderness of Engaddi; and the monk pointed out a small opening as leading to the shores of the sea, at the precise spot where Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt.

Mixed with these references to Bible history were idle legends of later days, connected with places to which the monk conducted me with as much solemnity as he had displayed when indicating the holy places of Scripture. In a grotto cut out of the rock is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin; and he told me that the mother of Christ had here concealed herself from Herod, and nursed the infant Jesus forty days, before she escaped into Egypt. Near this is another grotto, in which the Virgin, going to visit a neighbour with the child in her

arms, took refuge from a shower, and her milk overflowed; and now, said the monk, there is a faith among all people, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, that if a woman to whom Nature has denied the power of nursing her child, comes to this grotto and prays before the altar, the fountain of life will be opened to her. Nor was the virtue of the place confined to those who should resort to it in person; for the monks had prayed for and had obtained a delegation of the Virgin's power, and a small portion of powder from the porous rock, swallowed in a little water, would be equally efficacious to women having faith. A huge chamber had been cut away in the back of the grotto by pilgrims, who had taken with them to their distant homes some of this beautiful provision for a want of nature, and Paul and myself each took a pilgrim's share.

It was dark when I returned to the convent, followed by my wild Arnaut, whom, by the way, I have neglected for some time. I had told him on my arrival that I should not need his escort any farther; but he swore that he had his orders, and would not leave me until he saw me safe within the walls of Jerusalem; and so far he had been as good as his word; for, wherever I went, he was close at my heels, following with invincible gravity, but never intruding, and the continual rattling of his steel scabbard being the only intimation I had of his presence. He was now following me through the stone court of the convent, into the room fitted up for the reception of pilgrims and travellers. I liked him, and I liked to hear the clanking of his sword at my heels; I would have staked my life upon his faith; and such confidence did he inspire by his bold, frank bearing, his manly, muscular figure, and his excellent weapons, that with a dozen such I would not have feared a whole tribe of Bedouins. In another country and a former age he would have been the *beau ideal* of a dashing cavalier, and an unflinching companion at the winecup or in the battle-field. I bore in mind our conversation in the morning about wine, and was determined that my liberal expounder of the Koran should not suffer from my abstinence. The superior, apologising for the want of animal food, had told me to call for any thing in the convent, and I used the privilege for the benefit of my thirsty Mussulman. The first thing I called for was wine; and while supper was preparing, we were tasting its quality. He was no stickler for trifles, and accepted, without any difficulty, my apology for not being able to pledge him in full bumpers; and although most of this time Paul was away, and we could not exchange a word, the more he drank the better I liked him. It was so long since I had had with me a companion I liked, that I "cottoned" to him more and more, and resolved to make the most of him. I had a plate for him at table by the side of me; and when Paul, who did not altogether enter into my feelings, asked him if he would not rather eat alone, on the floor, he half drew his sword, and driving it back into its scabbard, swore that he would eat with me if it was on the top of a minaret. We sat down to table, and I did the honours with an unsparing hand. He attempted for a moment the use of the knife and fork, but threw them down in disgust, and trusted to the means with which nature had provided him. The wine he knew how to manage, and for the rest he trusted to me; and I gave him bread, olives, fish, milk, honey, sugar, figs, grapes, dates, &c. &c., about as fast as I could hand them over, one after the other, all together, pellmell, and with such an utter contempt of all rules of science as would have made a Frenchman go mad. Paul by this time entered into the spirit of the thing; and when my bold guest held up for a moment, he stood by with a raw egg, the shell broken, and turning back his head, poured it down his throat. I followed with a plate of brown sugar, into which he thrust his hand to the knuckles, sent down a huge mouthful to sweeten the egg, and, nearly kicking over the table with an ejaculation about equivalent to our emphatic "enough," threw himself upon the divan. I wound him up with coffee and pipes; and when the superior

came to me in the evening, to the scandal of the holy brotherhood, my wild companion was lying asleep, as drunk as a lord, upon the divan.

Several of the monks came in to see me, and all loved to talk of the world they had left. They were all Italians; and in the dreariness and desolation of Judea, in spite of monastic vows, their hearts turned to the sunny skies of their beautiful native land. They left me at an early hour; and I trust the reader will forgive me, if, in the holy city of Bethlehem, I forgot for a moment the high and holy associations connected with the place, in the sense of enjoyment awakened by the extraordinary luxury of a pair of sheets, a luxury I had not known since my last night in Cairo.

Tempted as I was to yield myself at once to the enjoyment, I paused a while to look at the sleeping figure of my kervash. He lay extended at full length on his back, with his arms folded across his breast, his right hand clutching the hilt of his sword, and his left the handle of a pistol; his broad chest rose and fell with his long and heavy respirations; and he slept like a man who expected to be roused by a cry to battle. His youth and manhood had been spent in scenes of violence; his hands were red with blood; murder and rapine had been familiar to him; and when his blood was up in battle, the shrieks and groans of the dying were music in his ears; yet he slept, and his sleep was calm and sound as that of childhood. I stood over him with the candle in my hand, and flashed the light across his face; his rugged features contracted, and his sword rattled in his convulsive grasp. I blew out the light, and jumped into bed. Once during the night I was awakened by his noise; by the dim light of a small lamp that hung from the ceiling, I saw him stumble to the table, seize a huge jar of water, and apply it to his lips; I saw him throw back his head, and heard his long, regular, and continued swallows; and when he had finished the jar, he drew a long breath, went to the window, came to my bedside, looked at me for a moment, probably thinking what a deal of useless trouble I took in pulling off my clothes; and, throwing himself upon the divan, in a few moments he was again asleep.

In the morning, immediately after breakfast, one of the monks came to conduct me through the convent. The building covered a great extent of ground; and for strength and solidity, as well as size, resembled a fortress. It was built by the Empress Helena, over the spot consecrated as the birthplace of our Saviour, and was intended, so far as human handiwork could do so, to honour and reverence the holy spot. The insufficient means of the pious empress, however, or some other cause, prevented its being finished according to the plan she had designed; and the charity of subsequent Christians has barely sufficed to keep it from falling to ruin. The great church would have been a magnificent building if finished according to her plan; but now, in its incomplete state, it is a melancholy monument of defeated ambition. On each side is a range of noble columns, supporting a frieze of wood, which the monk told me was cedar from Lebanon, and still remaining almost as sound as the solid stone. The whole building is divided among the Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians, the three great bodies who represent, or rather misrepresent, Christianity in the East. Each has its limits, beyond which the others must not pass; and again there are certain parts which are common to all. The Turkish government exercises a control over it; and taking advantage of the dissensions between these different professors, sells the privileges to the highest bidder. In the great church the Greeks, happening to have been the richest, are the largest proprietors, to the great scandal of the Catholics, who hate the Greeks with a most orthodox virulence.

The Grotto of the Nativity is under the floor of the church; the Greeks having an entrance directly by its side, and the Catholics by a longer and more distant passage. I descended by the latter. My Arnaut was close at my heels, grave and sober as if he had never known the taste of wine, and following with a respect that

might have satisfied the most bigoted Christian. Indeed, it was a thing to be noted, with what respect and reverence this wild and lawless Mussulman regarded the holy places, consecrated by a religion he believed false, and the worship of a people he despised. Nevertheless, Paul was scandalised at the eyes of an unbeliever being permitted to see the holy places, and stopped at the top of the staircase, to urge upon me the propriety of making him stay behind. The kervash seemed to understand what he was saying, and to intimate by his looks that it would not be an easy matter to turn him back. I did not think, however, that the feet of a Mussulman would be in themselves a profanation, and the monk making no objection, I silenced Paul's.

Passing through the chapel of the Catholic convent, where the monks were teaching the children of the Arab Christians the principles of the Catholic faith, I was conducted to the room of the superior, where, among other relics which I now forget, he showed me the withered hand of an infant, preserved among the treasures of the convent as having belonged to one of the innocents massacred by the order of Herod. Near the door of the chapel we descended a flight of stone steps, and then a second, until we came to an excavation in the solid rock; and following a passage to the right, came to a little chapel, with an altar, dedicated to Joseph the husband of Mary. At the end of this passage was a large chamber, called the school of St Jerome, where that great Catholic saint wrote his version of the Bible, the celebrated Vulgate. Passing out through the door of this chamber, on the right is the tomb of the saint; and directly opposite are the tombs of Santa Paula, and another whose name I have forgotten—very good ladies, no doubt; but who they were, or why they were buried in that holy place, I did not understand; although they must have died in the odour of sanctity, as their bodies have since been removed to the papal city. Returning into the first passage, and advancing a few steps, on the left is an altar over the pit into which the bodies of the murdered innocents were thrown. Under the altar is a recess with an iron grating, opening into the pit, or rather vault below. By the light of a torch I gazed long and earnestly within, but could see nothing that gave confirmation to the story. Over the altar was a rude painting, representing the massacred infants held up by their heels, with their throats cut, and their bowels gushing out; the anguish of the mothers, and all the necessary and fearful accompaniments of such a scene. A few paces farther is an altar, over the spot where Joseph sat during the birth of the divine infant, meditating upon the great event; and farther on, to the left, is the entrance to the Grotto of the Nativity.

It was the hour assigned for the use of the Armenians, and the monks were all there chanting the praises of the Redeemer. The chamber of the grotto is thirty-seven feet long and eleven wide, with a marble floor and walls, the latter adorned with tapestry and paintings. Directly in front of the door by which we entered, at the other end of the Grotto, is a semicircular recess, lined and floored with small blocks of marble; and in the centre a single star, with the inscription, "Ilic natus est Jesus Christus de Virga"—here Christ was born of the Virgin. The star in the east which went before the wise men, says the tradition, rested over this spot; and fourteen lamps, the gifts of Christian princes, burning night and day, constantly illumine the birth-place of salvation to a ruined world. On the right, descending two steps, is a chamber paved and lined with marble, having at one end a block polished and hollowed out; and this is the manger in which our Saviour was laid. Over the altar is a picture representing a stable with horses and cattle, and behind a little iron wickerwork are five lamps constantly burning. Directly opposite is the altar of the magi, where the three kings sat when they came to offer presents to the Son of God. Over it is a picture representing them in the act of making their offerings; and one of the kings is represented as an Ethiopian.

All this has but little conformity with the rude scene

of the stable and the manger as described in the Bible; and in all probability, most of the holy places pointed out in Bethlehem, and adorned and transformed by the false but well-meaning piety of Christians, have no better claim to authenticity than the credulity of a weak and pious old woman. But amid all the doubts that present themselves when we stop to ponder and reflect, it is sufficient for our enjoyment of these scenes to know that we are in "Bethlehem of Judea," consecrated by the greatest event in the history of the world, the birth of the Son of God. We know that, within the atmosphere we breathe, Christ first appeared on earth; that one of the stars of heaven left its place among the constellations, and hovered over the spot on which we stand; that the kings of the earth came here to offer gifts to the holy child; and beholding multitudes of pilgrims from far-distant lands constantly prostrating themselves before the altar, in the earnestness and sincerity of undoubting faith, we give ourselves up to the illusion, if illusion it be, and are ready to believe that we are indeed standing where Christ was born.

My Arnaout behaved remarkably well, though once he broke the stillness of the grotto by an involuntary exclamation; his loud harsh voice, and the rattling of his armour, startled for a moment the monks and praying pilgrims. On coming out, I told him that the Christians were much more liberal than the Mussulmans; for we had permitted him to see all the holy places in the church, while I had been violently driven from the door of the mosque in Hebron. He railed at the ignorance and prejudices of his countrymen, and swore, if I would go back to Hebron, he would carry me through the mosque on the point of his sword. I did not much relish this method of entering a mosque, but took it, as it was meant, for a warm expression of his willingness to serve me; and we returned to the apartment of the superior to bid him farewell. The superior accompanied us to the door of the convent; and, without meaning to be scandalous, or insinuate that there was any thing wrong in it, although he was a young and handsome man, I left him talking with a woman.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Tomb of Rachel.—First View of Jerusalem.—Falling among Thieves.—Potent Sway of the Pacha.—A Turkish Dignitary.—A Missionary.—Easter in Jerusalem.—A Little Congregation.

GIVING a last look to the Valley of the Shepherds, we were soon on the mountain's side; and very soon all the interest with which I had regarded Bethlehem was lost, in the more absorbing feeling with which I looked forward to Jerusalem. My muleteer had gone on the night before; my Arnaout knew nothing of the holy places on the road, and we took with us a Christian boy to point them out. The first was the tomb of Rachel, a large building, with a whitened dome, and having within it a high oblong monument, built of brick, and stuccoed over. I dismounted and walked round the tomb, inside and out, and again resumed my journey. All that we know in regard to this tomb is, that Rachel died when journeying with Jacob from Sychem to Hebron, and that Jacob buried her near Bethlehem; and whether it be her tomb or not, I could not but remark that, while youth and beauty have faded away, and the queens of the East have died and been forgotten, and Zenobia and Cleopatra sleep in unknown graves, year after year thousands of pilgrims are thronging to the supposed last resting-place of a poor Hebrew woman.

The boy next conducted us to a stony field, by which, as he said, the Virgin once passed and asked for beans the owner of the field told her there were none; and to punish him for his falsehood and lack of charity, the beans were all changed into stones, and the country had remained barren ever since. Paul had been twice to Bethlehem without seeing this field; and he immediately dismounted and joined the boy in searching for the holy petrifications. "It was wonderful," said Paul,

as he picked up some little stones as much like beans as any thing else; "and see too," said he, "how barren the country is!" In about an hour we came to the Greek monastery of St Elias; a large stone building, standing on an eminence, and commanding a fine view of Bethlehem. Stopping to water my horse at a fountain in front of the monastery, I turned to take a last look at Bethlehem; and my horse moving a few paces, when I turned again I saw in full view the holy city of Jerusalem. I did not expect it, and was startled by its proximity. It looked so small, and yet lay spread out before me so distinctly, that it seemed as if I ought to perceive the inhabitants moving through the streets, and hear their voices humming in my ears. I saw that it was walled all around, and that it stood alone in an extensive waste of mountains, without suburbs, or even a solitary habitation beyond its walls. There were no domes, steeples, or minarets, to break the monotony of its aspect, and even the mosques and minarets made no show. It would have been a relief, and afforded something to excite the feelings, to behold it in ruins, or dreary and desolate like Petra, or with the banner of the Prophet, the blood-red Mussulman flag, waving high above its walls. But all was tame and vacant. There was nothing in its appearance that afforded me a sensation; it did not even inspire me with melancholy; and I probably convict myself when I say that the only image it presented to my mind was that of a city larger and in better condition than the usual smaller class of those within the Turkish dominion. I was obliged to rouse myself by recalling to mind the long train of extraordinary incidents of which that little city had been the theatre, and which made it, in the eyes of the Christian at least, the most hallowed spot on earth. One thing only particularly struck me—its exceeding stillness. It was about mid-day; but there was no throng of people entering or departing from its gates, no movement of living creatures to be seen beneath its walls. All was as quiet as if the inhabitants were, like the Spaniards, taking their noonday sleep. We passed the Pools of Hezekiah, and came in sight of the Mount of Olives; and now, for the first signs of life, we saw streaming from the gate a long procession of men, women, and children, on dromedaries, camels, and horses, and on foot; pilgrims who had visited Calvary and the holy sepulchre, and were now bending their steps towards Bethlehem.

At every moment the approach was gaining interest; but in a few minutes, while yet about an hour distant from the walls, my attention was diverted from the city by the sudden appearance of our muleteer, who had left us the day before in a pet, and gone on before us to Jerusalem. He was sitting on the ground alone, so wan and wo-begone, so changed from the spruce and well-dressed muleteer who had accompanied us from Hebron, that I scarcely recognised him. Every article of his former dress was gone, from his gay turban to his long boots; and in their stead he displayed an old yellow-striped shawl, doing duty as a turban, and a ragged Bedouin gown. Late in the afternoon, while hurrying on to get in before the gates should be closed, he was hailed by four Arabs; and when he attempted to escape by pushing his donkey, he was brought to by a musket-ball passing through the folds of his dress and grazing his side. A hole in his coat, however, did not save it; and according to the Arab mode of robbery, they stripped him to his skin, and left him stark naked in the road. From his manner of telling the story, I am inclined to think that the poor fellow had not conducted himself very valiantly; for though he did not regard the scratch on his side or the risk he had run of his life, he mourned bitterly over the loss of his garments. Arrived in the Holy Land, I had thought danger of all kinds at an end; and I could not help recognising the singular good fortune which had accompanied me thus far, and congratulating myself upon the accident which had detained me at Bethlehem.

We were soon approaching the walls of Jerusalem, and seemed to be almost at their foot; but we were on

one of the mountains that encompass the city, and the deep Valley of Jehoshaphat was yet between us and the holy city—the sacred burying-ground of the Jews, the “gathering-place of nations.” Crossing this valley, we descended on the other side, and in a few moments were on one of the seven hills on which the city is built, and entering at the Bethlehem gate. It was guarded by a Turkish soldier, and half a dozen more lay basking in the sun outside, who raised their heads as I approached, their long mustaches curling as they looked at me; and though they gave me no greeting, they let me pass without any molestation. On the right was the citadel; a soldier was on the walls, and a small red flag, the standard of Mohammed, was drooping against its staff. In front was an open place, irregular, and apparently formed by clearing away the ruins of fallen houses. As in all Turkish cities, the stillness was unbroken; there was no rattling of wheels over the pavements, nor even the tramp of horses.

We went around the walls, and dismounted at the only asylum for strangers, the Latin Convent. I presented myself to the superior; and after receiving from him a kind and cordial welcome, with the usual apologies for meagre fare on account of its being Lent, went to the room assigned me; and had just sat down to dinner, when my poor muleteer entered in greater distress than ever.

Afraid of the very thing that happened, he had started immediately on his return to Hebron, and at the gate his mules were seized by a soldier for the use of the government. It was in a spirit of perfect wretchedness that the poor fellow, still smarting under the loss of his clothes, almost threw himself at my feet, and begged me to intercede for him. I was, of course, anxious to help him if I could, and immediately rose to go with him; but Paul told me to remain quiet, and he would settle the matter in five minutes. Paul was a great admirer of the pacha. Wherever his government was established, he had made it safe for the traveller; and Paul's courage always rose and fell according to the subdued or unsubdued state of the population. In the city of Jerusalem the wind could scarcely blow without the leave of Ibrahim Pacha; and Paul had mounted on stilts almost as soon as we crossed the threshold of the gate. He had already been at his old tricks of pushing the unresisting Arabs about, and kicking them out of the way, as in the miserable villages on the Nile; and, strong in the omnipotence of the firman, he now hurried to the gate; but he came back faster than he went. I have no doubt that he was very presuming and impudent, and richly deserved more than he got; but at all events he returned on a full run, and in a towering passion. The soldier had given him the usual Mussulman abuse, showering upon him the accustomed “dog” and “Christian”; and, moreover, had driven him to the verge of madness by calling him a “Jew,” and threatening to whip both him and his master. Paul ran away from what I am inclined to believe would have been his share, as the Arabs had taken part against him; and, burning with the indignity of being called a Jew, begged me to seek redress of the governor. I was roused myself, not so much by the particular insult to Paul, as by the general intention of the thing, and the disconsolate figure of my poor muleteer; and leaving my unfinished meal, with my firman in my hand, and Paul and the muleteer at my heels, I started for the palace of the governor.

Old things and new are strangely blended in Jerusalem; and the residence of the Turkish governor is in the large building which to this day bears the name of Pontius Pilate. Paul told me its history as we were ascending the steps; and it passed through my mind as a strange thing, that almost the first moment after entering the city, I was making a complaint, perhaps in the same hall where the Jews had complained of Christ before Pontius Pilate, having with me a follower of that Christ whom the Jews reviled and buffeted, burning under the indignity of being called a Jew.

The governor, as is the custom of governors in the

East, and probably as Pontius Pilate did in the time of our Saviour, sat in a large room, ready to receive every body who had any complaint to make; his divan was a raised platform, on an iron camp-bedstead, covered with rich Turkey rugs, and over them a splendid lion-skin. His face was noble, and his long black beard the finest I ever saw; a pair of large pistols and a Damascus sabre were lying by his side, and a rich fur cloak, thrown back over his shoulders, displayed a form that might have served as a model for a Hercules. Altogether, he reminded me of Richard in his tent on the plains of Acre. At the moment of my entry, he was breathing on a brilliant diamond, and I noticed on his finger an uncommonly beautiful emerald. He received me with great politeness; and when I handed him the pacha's firman, with a delicacy and courtesy I never saw surpassed, he returned it to me unopened and unread, telling me that my dress and appearance were sufficient recommendation to the best services in his power. If the reader would know what dress and appearance are a sufficient recommendation to the best offices of a Turkish governor, I will merely mention that, having thrown off, or rather having been stripped of, most of my Turkish dress at Hebron, I stood before the governor in a red tarbouch, with a long black silk tassel, a blue roundabout jacket buttoned up to the throat, grey pantaloons, boots splashed with mud, a red sash, a pair of large Turkish pistols, sword, and my Nubian club in my hand; and the only decided mark of aristocracy about me was my beard, which, though not so long as the governor's, far exceeded it in brilliancy of complexion.

The few moments I had had for observation, and the courteous demeanour of the governor, disarmed me of my anger; and coffee and the first pipe over, I stated my grievances very dispassionately. Paul's wrath was still dominant, and I have no doubt he represented the conduct of the soldier as much worse than it was; for the governor, turning to me without any further inquiries, asked if he should have him bastinadoed. This summary justice startled even Paul; and feeling a little ashamed of my own precipitation, I was now more anxious to prevent punishment than I had before been to procure it; and begged him to spare the soldier, and merely order him to release the mules. Without another word he called a janizary, and requesting me to wait, ordered him to accompany Paul to the gate where the scene took place; and when Paul returned, the muleteer, with a thankful heart, was already on his way to Hebron. I had the satisfaction of learning, too, that the officers were on the track of the robbers who had stripped him, and before morning the governor expected to have them in custody.

Several times afterwards I called upon the governor, and was always treated with the same politeness. Once, when I was walking alone outside the walls, I met him sitting on the grass, with his janizaries and slaves standing up around him; and the whole Turkish population being out wandering among the tombs, he procured for me a respect and consideration which I think were useful to me afterwards, by calling me to a seat beside him, and giving me the pipe from his own mouth. Some months afterwards, at Genoa, I saw a brief article in an Italian paper, referring to a previous article, giving an account of a then late revolution there, in which the governor was on the point of falling into the hands of the insurgents. I have never seen any account of the particulars of this revolution, and do not know whether he is now living or dead. In the East, life hangs by so brittle a thread, that when you part from a man in power, in all probability you will never see him again. I can only hope that the Governor of Jerusalem still lives, and that his condition in life is as happy as when I saw him.

It was Saturday afternoon when I arrived at Jerusalem. I had a letter of introduction to Mr Thompson, an American missionary, and the first thing I did was to look for him. One of the monks of the convent gave me the direction to the American priest, not knowing his name; and instead of Mr Thompson, I found Mr

Whiting, who had been there about a year in his place. Like the governor, Mr Whiting did not want any credentials; but here, being among judges, it was not my dress and appearance that recommended me. I was an American, and at that distance from home the name of countryman was enough. In the city of Jerusalem such a meeting was to him a rare and most welcome incident; while to me, who had so long been debarred all conversation except with Paul and the Arabs, it was a pleasure which few can ever know, to sit down with a compatriot, and once more, in my native tongue, hold converse of my native land.

Each of us soon learned to look upon the other as a friend; for we found that an old friend and schoolmate of mine had been also a friend and schoolmate of his own. He would have had me stay at his house; but I returned to the convent, and with my thoughts far away, and full of the home of which we had been talking, I slept for the first night in the city of Jerusalem.

The first and most interesting object within the walls of the holy city, the spot to which every pilgrim first directs his steps, is the Holy Sepulchre. The traveller who has never read the descriptions of those who have preceded him in a pilgrimage through the Holy Land, finds his expectations strangely disappointed, when, approaching this hallowed tomb, he sees around him the tottering houses of a ruined city, and is conducted to the door of a gigantic church.

This edifice is another, and perhaps the principal, monument of the Empress Helena's piety. What authority she had for fixing here the site of the Redeemer's burial-place, I will not stop to inquire. Doubtless she had her reasons; and there is more pleasure in believing, than in raising doubts which cannot be confirmed. In the front of the church is a large courtyard, filled with dealers in beads, crucifixes, and relics; among the most conspicuous of whom are the Christians of Bethlehem, with figures of the Saviour, the Virgin, and a host of saints, carved from mother-of-pearl, in all kinds of fantastic shapes. It was precisely the time at which I had wished and expected to be in Jerusalem—the season of Easter—and thousands of pilgrims, from every part of the Eastern world, had already arrived for the great ceremonies of the holy week. The court was thronged with them, crowded together, so that it was almost impossible to move, and waiting, like myself, till the door of the church should be opened.

The Holy Sepulchre, as in the days when all the chivalry of Europe armed to wrest it from them, is still in the hands of the infidels; and it would have made the sword of an old crusader leap from its scabbard to behold a haughty Turk, with the air of a lord and master, standing sentinel at the door, and with his long mace beating and driving back the crowd of struggling Christians. As soon as the door was opened, a rush was made for entrance; and as I was in the front rank, before the impetus ceased, amid a perfect storm of pushing, yelling, and shouting, I was carried almost headlong into the body of the church. The press continued behind, hurrying me along, and kicking off my shoes; and in a state of desperate excitement both of mind and body, utterly unsuited to the place and time, I found myself standing over the so-called tomb of Christ; where, to enhance the incongruity of the scene, at the head of the sepulchre stood a long-bearded monk, with a plate in his hand, receiving the pence of the pilgrims. My dress marked me as a different person from the miserable, beggarly crowd before me; and expecting a better contribution from me, at the tomb of him who had pronounced that all men are equal in the sight of God, with an expression of contempt like the "canaille" of a Frenchman, and with kicks, cuffs, and blows, he drove back those before me, and gave me a place at the head of the sepulchre. My feelings were painfully disturbed, as well by the manner of my entrance as by the irreverent demeanour of the monk; and disappointed, disgusted, and sick at heart, while hundreds were still struggling for admission, I turned away and left the church. A warmer imagination than

mine could perhaps have seen, in a white marble sarcophagus, "the sepulchre hewn out of a rock," and in the fierce struggling of these barefooted pilgrims the devotion of sincere and earnest piety, burning to do homage in the holiest of places; but I could not.

It was refreshing to turn from this painful exhibition of a deformed and degraded Christianity to a simpler and purer scene. The evening before, Mr Whiting had told me that religious exercises would be performed at his house the next day, and I hastened from the church to join in the grateful service. I found him sitting at a table, with a large family Bible open before him. His wife was present, with two little Armenian girls, whom she was educating to assist her in her school; and I was not a little surprised to find that, when I had taken my seat, the congregation was assembled. In fact, Mr Whiting had only been waiting for me; and as soon as I came in, he commenced the service to which I had been so long a stranger. It was long since I had heard the words of truth from the lips of a preacher; and as I sat with my eyes fixed upon the Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, I could not help thinking of it as a strangely-interesting fact, that here, in the holy city of Jerusalem, where Christ preached and died, though thousands were calling upon his name, the only persons who were praising him in simplicity and truth were a missionary and his wife, and a passing traveller, all from a far-distant land. I had, moreover, another subject of reflection. In Greece I had been struck with the fact that the only schools of instruction were those established by American missionaries, and supported by the liberality of American citizens; that our young republic was thus, in part, discharging the debt which the world owes to the ancient mistress of science and the arts, by sending forth her sons to bestow the elements of knowledge upon the descendants of Homer and Pericles, Plato and Aristotle; and here, on the very spot whence the apostles had gone forth to preach the glad tidings of salvation to a ruined world, a missionary from the same distant land was standing as an apostle over the grave of Christianity, a solitary labourer striving to re-establish the pure faith and worship that were founded on this spot eighteen centuries ago.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—An unexpected Discovery.—Mount Calvary.—The Sepulchre.—The Valley of Jehoshaphat.—The Garden of Gethsemane.—Place of the Temple.—The four Great Tombs.—Silos's Brook.

DURING my stay in Jerusalem, a day seldom passed in which I did not visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but my occupation was chiefly to observe the conduct of the pilgrims; and if the reader will accompany me into the interior, he will see what I was in the habit of seeing every day.

The key of the church is kept by the governor of the city; the door is guarded by a Turk, and opened only at fixed hours, and then only with the consent of the three convents, and in the presence of their several dragomen; an arrangement which often causes great and vexatious delays to such as desire admittance. This formality was probably intended for solemnity and effect, but its consequence is exactly the reverse; for as soon as the door is opened, the pilgrims, who have almost always been kept waiting for some time, and have naturally become impatient, rush in, struggling with each other, overturning the dragomen, and thumped by the Turkish doorkeeper, and are driven like a herd of wild animals into the body of the church. I do not mean to exaggerate a picture, the lightest of whose shades is already too dark. I describe only what I saw, and with this assurance the reader must believe me when I say that I frequently considered it putting life and limb in peril to mingle in that crowd. Probably it is not always so; but there were at that time within the walls of Jerusalem from ten to twenty thousand pilgrims, and all had come to visit the Holy Sepulchre.

Supposing, then, the rush to be over, and the traveller to have recovered from its effects, he will find himself in a large apartment, forming a sort of vestibule; on the left, in a recess of the wall, is a large divan, cushioned and carpeted, where the Turkish doorkeeper is usually sitting, with half a dozen of his friends, smoking the long pipe and drinking coffee, and always conducting himself with great dignity and propriety. Directly in front, surmounted by an iron railing, having at each end three enormous wax candles more than twenty feet high, and suspended above it a number of silver lamps of different sizes and fashions, gifts from the Catholic, Greek, and Armenian convents, is a long flat stone, called the "stone of unction;" and on this, it is said, the body of our Lord was laid when taken down from the cross, and washed and anointed in preparation for sepulture. This is the first object that arrests the pilgrims on their entrance; and here they prostrate themselves in succession, the old and the young, women and children, the rich man and the beggar, and all kiss the sacred stone. It is a slab of polished white marble, and one of the monks, whom I questioned on the subject as he rose from his knees, after kissing it most devoutly, told me that it was not the genuine stone, which he said was under it, the marble having been placed there as an ornamental covering, and to protect the hallowed relic from the abuses of the Greeks.

On the left is an iron circular railing, in the shape of a large parrot's cage, having within it a lamp, and marking the spot where the women sat while the body was anointed for the tomb. In front of this is an open area, surrounded by high square columns, supporting a gallery above. The area is covered by a dome, imposing in appearance and effect; and directly under, in the centre of the area, is an oblong building, about twenty feet long and twelve feet high, circular at the back but square and finished with a platform in front and within this building is the holy sepulchre.

Leaving for a moment the throng that is constantly pressing at the door of the sepulchre, let us make the tour of the church. Around the open space under the dome are small chapels for the Syrians, Copts, Maronites, and other sects of Christians who have not, like the Catholics, the Greeks and Armenians, large chapels in the body of the church. Between two of the pillars is a small door, opening to a dark gallery, which leads, as the monks told me, to the tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus, between which and that of the Saviour there is a subterranean communication. These tombs are excavated in the rock, which here forms the floor of the chamber. Without any expectation of making a discovery, I remember that once, in prying about this part of the building alone, I took the little taper that lighted the chamber, and stepped down into the tomb; and I had just time to see that one of the excavations never could have been intended for a tomb, being not more than three feet long, when I heard the footsteps of pilgrim visitors, and scrambled out with such haste that I let the taper fall, put out the light, and had to grope my way back in the dark.

Farther on, and nearly in range of the front of the sepulchre, is a large opening, forming a sort of court to the entrance of the Latin chapel. On one side is a gallery, containing a fine organ; and the chapel itself is neat enough, and differs but little from those in the churches of Italy. This is called the chapel of apparition, where Christ appeared to the Virgin. Within the door, on the right, in an enclosure, completely hidden from view, is the pillar of flagellation, to which our Saviour was tied when he was scourged, before being taken into the presence of Pontius Pilate. A long stick is passed through a hole in the enclosure, the handle being outside, and the pilgrim thrusts it in till it strikes against the pillar, when he draws it out and kisses the point. Only one half of the pillar is here; the other half is in one of the churches at Rome, where may also be seen the table on which our Saviour ate his last supper with his disciples, and the stone on which the cock crowed when Peter denied his master!

Going back again from the door of the chapel of apparition, and turning to the left, on the right is the outside of the Greek chapel, which occupies the largest space in the body of the church; and on the left is a range of chapels and doors, the first of which leads to the prison where, they say, our Saviour was confined before he was led to crucifixion. In front of the door is an unintelligible machine, described as the stone on which our Saviour was placed when put in the stocks. I had never heard of this incident in the story of man's redemption, nor, in all probability, has the reader; but the Christians in Jerusalem have a great deal more of such knowledge than they gain from the Bible. Even Paul knew much that is not recorded in the sacred volume; for he had a book, written by a priest in Malta, and giving many particulars in the life of our Saviour which all the evangelists never knew, or, knowing, have entirely omitted.

Next is the chapel where the soldier who struck his spear into the side of the Redeemer, as he hung upon the cross, retired and wept over his transgression. Beyond this is the chapel where the Jews divided Christ's raiment, and "cast lots for his vesture." The next is one of the most holy places in the church, the chapel of the cross. Descending twenty-eight broad marble steps, the visitor comes to a large chamber eighteen paces square, dimly lighted by a few distant lamps; the roof is supported by four short columns with enormous capitals. In front of the steps is the altar, and on the right a seat on which the Empress Helena, advised by a dream where the true cross was to be found, sat and watched the workmen who were digging below. Descending again fourteen steps, another chamber is reached, darker and more dimly lighted than the first, and hung with faded red tapestry; a marble slab, having on it a figure of the cross, covers the mouth of the pit in which the true cross was found. The next chapel is over the spot where our Saviour was crowned with thorns; and under the altar, protected by an iron grating, is the very stone on which he sat. Then the visitor arrives at Mount Calvary.

A narrow marble staircase of eighteen steps leads to a chapel about fifteen feet square, paved with marble in mosaic, and hung on all sides with silken tapestry and lamps dimly burning; the chapel is divided by two short pillars, hung also with silk, and supporting quadrangular arches. At the extremity is a large altar, ornamented with paintings and figures; and under the altar a circular silver plate, with a hole in the centre, indicating the spot in which rested the step of the cross. On each side of the hole is another, the two designating the places where the crosses of the two thieves were erected; and near by, on the same marble platform, is a crevice about three feet long and three inches wide, having brass bars over it and a covering of silk. Removing the covering, by the aid of a lamp I saw beneath a fissure in a rock; and this, say the monks, is the rock which was rent asunder when our Saviour, in the agonies of death, cried out from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Descending to the floor of the church, underneath is an iron grating which shows more distinctly the fissure in the rock; and directly opposite is a large monument over the head of —Adam.

The reader will probably think that all these things are enough to be comprised under one roof; and having finished the tour of the church, I returned to the great object of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem—the Holy Sepulchre. Taking off the shoes on the marble platform in front, the visitor is admitted by a low door, on entering which the proudest head must needs do reverence. In the centre of the first chamber is the stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre—a square block of marble, cut and polished; and though the Armenians have lately succeeded in establishing the genuineness of the stone in their chapel on Mount Zion (the admission by the other monks, however, being always accompanied by the assertion that they stole it), yet the infatuated Greek still kisses and

adores this block of marble as the very stone on which the angel sat when he announced to the women, "He is not dead; he is risen; come see the place where the Lord lay." Again bending the head, and lower than before, the visitor enters the inner chamber, the holiest of holy places. The sepulchre "hewn out of the rock" is a marble sarcophagus, somewhat resembling a common marble bathing-tub, with a lid of the same material. Over it hang forty-three lamps, which burn without ceasing night and day. The sarcophagus is six feet one inch long, and occupies about one half of the chamber; and one of the monks being always present to receive the gifts or tribute of the pilgrims, there is only room for three or four at a time to enter. The walls are of a greenish marble, usually called verd-antique, and this is all. And it will be borne in mind that all this is in a building above ground, standing on the floor of the church.

If I can form any judgment from my own feelings, every man other than a blind and determined enthusiast, when he stands by the side of that marble sarcophagus, must be ready to exclaim, "This is not the place where the Lord lay;" and yet I must be wrong, for sensible men have thought otherwise; and Dr Richardson, the most cautious traveller in the Holy Land, speaks of it as the "Mansion of victory, where Christ triumphed over the grave, and disarmed death of all its terrors." The feelings of a man are to be envied who can so believe. I cannot imagine a higher and holier enthusiasm; and it would be far more agreeable to sustain than to dissolve such illusions; but although I might be deceived by my own imagination and the glowing descriptions of travellers, I would at least have the merit of not deceiving others. The sepulchre of Christ is too holy a thing to be made the subject of trickery and deception; and I am persuaded that it would be far better for the interests of Christianity that it had remained for ever locked up in the hands of the Turks, and all access to it been denied to Christian feet.

But I was not disposed to cavil. It was far easier, and suited my humour far better, to take things as I found them; and in this spirit, under the guidance of a monk, and accompanied by a procession of pilgrims, I wandered through the streets of Jerusalem; visited the Pool of Bethesda, where David saw Bethsleba bathing; the five porches where the sick were brought to be healed; the house of Simon the Pharisee, where Mary Magdalene confessed her sins; the prison of St Peter; the house of Mary the mother of Mark; the mansion of Dives and the house of Lazarus (which, by the way, not to be sceptical again, did not look as if its tenant had ever lain at its neighbour's gate, and begged for the "crumbs which fell from the rich man's table"); and entering the Via Dolorosa, the way by which the Saviour passed from the judgment-hall of Pilate to Calvary, saw the spot where the people laid hold of Simon the Cyrene, and compelled him to bear the cross; three different stones on which Christ, fainting, sat down to rest; passed under the arch called Ecce Homo, and looked up at the window from which the Roman judge exclaimed to the persecuting Jews, "Behold the man!"

But if the stranger leaves the walls of the city, his faith is not so severely tested; and for my own part, disposed to indemnify myself for my unwilling scepticism, the third day after my arrival at Jerusalem, on a bright and beautiful morning, with my Nubian club in my hand, which soon became the terror of all the cowardly dogs in Jerusalem, I stood on the threshold of St Stephen's Gate. Paul was with me; and stopping for a moment among the tombs in the Turkish burying-ground, we descended towards the bridge across the brook Kedron, and the mysterious valley of Jehoshaphat. Here I was indeed among the hallowed places of the Bible. Here all was as nature had left it, and spared by the desecrating hand of man; and as I gazed upon the vast sepulchral monuments, the tombs of Absalom, of Zachariah, and Jehoshaphat, and the thousands and tens of thousands of Hebrew tombstones covering the

declivity of the mountain, I had no doubt I was looking upon that great gathering-place, where, three thousand years ago, the Jew buried his dead under the shadow of the Temple of Solomon; and where, even at this day, in every country where his race is known, it is the dearest wish of his heart that his bones may be laid to rest among those of his long-buried ancestors.

Near the bridge is a small table-rock, revered as the spot where Stephen the Martyr was stoned to death; but even here one cannot go far without finding the handiwork of the Lady Helena. A little to the left is the tomb of Joseph and Mary. Descending a few steps to a large marble door, opening to a subterraneous church, excavated from the solid rock, and thence by a flight of fifty marble steps, each twenty feet long, we come to the floor of the chamber. On the right, in a large recess, is the tomb of the Virgin, having over it an altar, and over the altar a painting representing her death-bed, with the Son standing over her, to comfort her and receive her blessing. This is an interesting domestic relation in which to exhibit a mother and her son, but rather inconsistent with the Bible account of the Virgin Mother being present at the crucifixion of our Lord. Indeed, it is a singular fact, that with all the pious homage which they pay to the Son of God, adoring him as equal with the Father in power and goodness, and worshipping the very ground on which he is supposed to have trodden, there is still among the Christians of the East a constant tendency to look upon him as a man of flesh. In a community like ours, governed by an universal sentiment of the spiritual character of our Saviour, it would be regarded as setting at defiance the religious impressions of the people even to repeat what is talked of familiarly by the people of the East; but at the risk of incurring this reproach, it is necessary to illustrate their character, to say that I have heard them talk of the Saviour, and of every incident in his history, as a man with whom they had been familiar in his life; of the Virgin nursing the "little Jesus;" of his stature, strength, age, the colour of his hair, his complexion, and of every incident in his life, real or supposed, from his ascension into heaven down to the "washing of his linen."

At the foot of the hill on the borders of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, beneath the Mount of Olives, we came to the Garden of Gethsemane. Like the great battle-grounds where kingdoms have been lost and won, the stubborn earth bears no traces of the scenes that have passed upon its surface; and a stranger might easily pass the Garden of Gethsemane without knowing it as the place where, on the night on which he was betrayed, the Saviour watched with his disciples. It was enclosed by a low, broken stone fence, and an Arab Fellah was quietly turning up the ground with his spade. According to my measurement, the garden is forty-seven paces long, and forty-four wide. It contains eight olive-trees, which the monks believe to have been standing in the days of our Saviour, and to which a gentleman, in whose knowledge I have confidence, ascribed an age of more than eight hundred years. One of these, the largest, barked and scarified by the knives of pilgrims, is revered as the identical tree under which Christ was betrayed; and its enormous roots, growing high out of the earth, could induce a belief of almost any degree of antiquity. A little outside the fence of the garden is a stone, revered as marking the hallowed place where Christ, in the agony of his spirit, prayed that the cup might pass from him; a little farther, where he "swate great drops of blood;" and a little farther is the spot to which he returned, and found the disciples sleeping; and no good pilgrim ever passes from the Garden of Gethsemane to the Mount of Olives without doing reverence in these holy places.

In company with a long procession of pilgrims, who had been assembling in the garden, we ascended the Mount of Olives. The mount consists of a range of four mountains, with summits of unequal altitudes. The highest rises from the Garden of Gethsemane, and is the one fixed upon as the place of our Saviour's ascen-

sion. About half way up is a ruined monastery, built, according to the monks, over the spot where Jesus sat down and wept over the city, and uttered that prediction which has since been so fearfully verified. The olive still maintains its place on its native mountain, and now grows spontaneously upon its top and sides, as in the days of David and our Saviour. In a few moments we reached the summit, the view from which embraces, perhaps, more interesting objects than any other in the world; the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the city of Jerusalem, the Plains of Jericho, the Valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea.

On the top of the mountain is a miserable Arab village, in the centre of which is a small octagonal building, erected, it is said, over the spot from which our Saviour ascended into heaven; and the print of his foot, say the monks, is still to be seen. This print is in the rock, enclosed by an oblong border of marble; and pilgrims may at any time be seen taking, in wax, impressions of the holy footstep; and for this, too, they are indebted to the research and bounty of the Empress Helena.

Descending again to the ruined monastery, at the place where our Saviour, more than 1800 years ago, wept over the city and predicted its eternal ruin, I sat down on a rough stone to survey and muse over the favoured and fallen Jerusalem. The whole city lay extended before me like a map. I could see and distinguish the streets, and the whole interior to the inner side of the farther wall; and oh! how different from the city of our Saviour's love! Though even then but a mere appendage of imperial Rome, it retained the magnificent wonders of its Jewish kings, and, pre-eminent even among the splendid fanes of heathen worship, rose the proud temple of the great King Solomon. Solomon and all his glory have departed; centuries ago the great temple which he built, "the glory of the whole earth," was a heap of ruins; in the prophetic words of our Saviour, not one stone was left upon another; and, in the wanton spirit of triumph, a conquering general drove his plough over its site. For years its very site lay buried in ruins, till the Saracen came with his terrible war-cry, "The Koran or the sword;" and the great Mosque of Omar, the holy of holies in the eyes of all true believers, now rears its lofty dome upon the foundations of the Temple of Solomon.

From the place where I sat, the Mosque of Omar was the only object that relieved the general dulness of the city, and all the rest was dark, monotonous, and gloomy; no spires reared their tapering points to the skies, nor domes nor minarets, the pride and ornament of other Turkish cities. All was as still as death; and the only apparent sign of life was the straggling figure of a Mussulman, with his slippers in his hand, stealing up the long courtyard to the threshold of the mosque. The Mosque of Omar, like the great mosque at Mecca, the birthplace of the Prophet, is regarded with far more veneration than even that of St Sophia, or any other edifice of the Mohammedan worship; and to this day the Koran or the sword is the doom of any bold intruder within its sacred precincts. At the northern extremity of the mosque is the Golden Gate, for many years closed, and flanked with a tower, in which a Mussulman soldier is constantly on guard; for the Turks believe that, by that gate, the Christians will one day enter and obtain possession of the city—city of mystery and wonder, and still to be the scene of miracles! "It shall be trodden down by the Gentiles until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled;" and the time shall come when the crescent shall no longer glitter over its battlements, nor the banner of the Prophet wave over its walls.

Returning to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and passing along its eastern side, we came to the great burying-ground of the Jews. Among its monuments are four, unique in their appearance and construction, and known from time immemorial as the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St James, and the prophet Zachariah. All are cut out of the solid rock; the tomb of Absalom is a single stone, as large as an ordinary two-story house, and ornamented with twenty-four semi-columns of the

Doric order, supporting a triangular pyramidal top. The top is battered and defaced; and no pilgrim, whether Jew or Christian, ever passes through the Valley of Jehoshaphat without casting a stone at the sepulchre of the rebellious son. No entrance to this sepulchre has ever been discovered; and the only way of getting into the interior is by a hole broken for the purpose in one of the sides.

Behind the tomb of Absalom is that of Jehoshaphat, "the King of Judah, who walked in the ways of the Lord." It is an excavation in the rock, the door being its only ornament. The interior was damp, the water trickling from the walls, and nearly filled with sand and crumbling stones. The next is the tomb of St James, standing out boldly in the side of the mountain, with a handsome portico of four columns in front, an entrance at the side, and many chambers within. After this is the tomb of Zachariah, like that of Absalom hewn out of the solid rock; and like that, too, having no known entrance. Notwithstanding the specific names given to these tombs, it is altogether uncertain to what age they belong; and it is generally considered that the style of architecture precludes the supposition that they are the work of Jewish builders.

Leaving them after a cursory examination, we descended the valley; and following the now dry bed of the Kedron, we came to "Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God," which, coming from the foot of Mount Zion, here presents itself as a beautiful stream, and runs winding and murmuring through the valley. Hundreds of pilgrims were stretched on its bank; and a little above is the sacred pool issuing from the rock, enclosed by stone walls, with a descent by two flights of steps. "Go wash in the pool of Siloam," said Christ to the man who was born blind; and, like myself, a number of pilgrims were now bending over the pool, and washing in its hallowed waters. Passing by the great tree under which the Prophet Isaiah was sawed asunder, I turned up towards the city, and in a few minutes was standing on Mount Zion.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Field of Blood.—A Traveller's Compliment.—Singular Ceremony.—A Ragged Rascal.—Ostentatious Humility.—Pride must have a Fall.—An Ancient Relic.—Summary Legislation.

ALL that is interesting about Jerusalem may be seen in a few days. My health compelled me to remain there more than three weeks, during which I made two excursions, one to the ancient city of Joppa, and the other to the Dead Sea. As soon as I could do so, however, I visited all the places, to see which is the business of a pilgrim to the holy city. The fourth morning after my arrival, I went out at the Bethlehem Gate, and, crossing the valley of the sons of Hinmon, on the side of the opposite mountain I came to the Aeldama, or field of blood, the field bought with "the thirty pieces of silver," which to this day remains a public burying-place or potter's field. A large chamber excavated in the rock is still the charnel-house of the poor and unhonoured dead of Jerusalem. The fabulous account is, that the earth of that field will in forty-eight hours consume the flesh from off the bones committed to it.

Leaving this resting-place of poverty, and perhaps of crime, I wandered among the tombs on the sides of the mountain—tombs ornamented with sculpture, and divided into chambers, the last abodes of the great and rich of Jerusalem; but the beggar, rudely thrown into the common pit in the potter's field, and the rich man laid by pious hands in the sculptured sepulchre of his ancestors, are alike nothing.

Outside the Damascus Gate, and about half a mile distant, is what is called the Sepulchre of the Kings of Judah. This sepulchre is hewn out of the rock, and has in front a large square excavation, the entrance to which is under a small arch. To the left, on entering, is a large portico, nine paces long, and four wide, with an architrave, on which are sculptured fruit and flowers,

much defaced; and at the end, on the left, a hole, filled up with stones and rubbish, barely large enough to enable one to crawl through on hands and knees, leads to a chamber eight paces square; and from this chamber there are three doors, two directly opposite, and one to the right. Entering that to the right, we found ourselves in another chamber, on each of the three sides of which was a large door, with smaller ones on either side, opening to small receptacles, in each of which were places for three bodies. The door of this chamber, now lying on the floor, was a curious work. It had been cut from the solid rock, and made to turn on its hinges or sockets without having ever been removed from its place. On the right, a single door leads down several steps into a dark chamber, where we found the lid of a sarcophagus elegantly carved. The other doors opening from the great chamber lead to others inferior in size and workmanship. On coming out of one of them, at the very moment when I extinguished my light, the hole of entrance was suddenly darkened and stopped up. I had left a strange Arab at the door; and remembering the fearful thought that had often come over me while creeping among the tombs in Egypt, of being shut up and entombed alive, my first impulse was to curse my folly in coming into such a place, and leaving myself so completely in the power of a stranger. But I was taking the alarm too soon. It was only the Arab himself coming in. He, too, had his apprehensions; and, from my remaining so long within, began to fear that I had crawled out some back way, and given his bucklesh the slip.

But enough of the tombs. I leave the abodes of the dead, and turn to the living; and among the living in Jerusalem, there are few who live better than the monks. Chateaubriand, in his poetical description of his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, gives an exceeding interest to the character of these monks. "Here reside," said he, "communities of Christian monks whom nothing can compel to forsake the tomb of Christ; neither plunder, nor personal ill treatment, nor menaces of death itself. Night and day they chant their hymns around the holy sepulchre. Driven by the cudgel and the sabre, women, children, flocks, and herds, seek refuge in the cloisters of these recluses. What prevents the armed oppressor from pursuing his prey, and overthrowing such feeble ramparts? the charity of the monks. They deprive themselves of the last resources of life to ransom their suppliants," &c.

The first glance at the well-fed superior of the convent of Jerusalem dispelled in my mind all such poetic illusions, though the beautiful rhapsody was fully appreciated by those of whom it was uttered. On my first interview with the superior, an old monk entered the room, who was in the convent at the time of the visit of Chateaubriand, and both said that they had read the accounts of several travellers in the Holy Land, and none could be compared with his. I do not mean to speak harshly of them personally, for they were my hosts, and every Eastern traveller knows the comfort of a cell in a convent compared with any other shelter he can find in the Holy Land. Particularly I would not speak harshly of the superior of the convent at Jerusalem, towards whom I have an exceedingly kind feeling, and with whom I was on terms of rather jocose intimacy. The second time I saw him he railed at me with much good-natured indignation for having taken off two or three inches of my beard, and, during the whole time I was in Jerusalem, I was in the habit of calling upon him almost every day. I owe him something, too, on Paul's account, for he did that worthy man-of-all-work a most especial honour.

Since our arrival at the convent, Paul had returned to the essence of his Catholic faith, to wit, the strict observance of its forms. In the desert he had often grumbled at being obliged to go without animal food; but no sooner did he come within the odour of burning incense, than he felt the enormity of ever having entertained so impious a thought, and set himself down like a martyr to the table of the convent. He was, in his

way, an epicure; and it used to amuse me, while placing before him the breast of a chicken, to see him turn his eyes wistfully towards me, and choke himself upon pulse and beans. He went through it all, however, though with a bad grace; and his piety was not lost upon the superior, who sent for him a few mornings after our arrival, and told him that a grand ceremony of washing the feet of the disciples was to take place in the chapel, and desired him to officiate as one of them. It was amusing to see Paul's altered manner on his return. With a dignity, and at the same time a respect, which he seemed all at once to have acquired from his clear understanding of his relative duties, he asked me whether I could spare him the next afternoon, stating the reason, and the honour the superior had done him. I told him, of course, that I would not interfere with his playing such an important part; and as it would be a new character for him to appear in, I should like to be present at the representation. The next day he came to me with his coat buttoned tight across his breast, his boots polished, and hat smoothed to a hair, and told me, with great gravity, that the superior had sent me his particular compliments, and an invitation to be present at the ceremony; and turning away, he remarked, with an air of nonchalance, that a Sicilian priest, who had just left me, and who was arranging to accompany me to the Dead Sea, was to be one of his associates in the ceremony.

Paul was evidently very much lifted up; he was constantly telling Elias, the cook of the convent, that he wanted such and such a thing for to-morrow afternoon; begging me not to make any engagement for to-morrow afternoon; and, in due season, to-morrow afternoon came. I entered my room a little before the time, and found him at rehearsal, with a large tub of water before him, prudently washing his feet beforehand. I was a good deal disposed to bring down his dignity, and told him that it was well enough to rehearse his part, but that he ought to leave at least one foot unwashed, as a sort of bonus for his friend the superior. Paul was a good deal scandalised at my levity of manner, and got out of my reach as soon as he could. Afterwards, however, I saw him in one of the corridors, talking with the Sicilian with a greater accession of dignity than ever. I saw him again in the chapel of the convent, standing in line with his associates; and excepting him, the Sicilian priest, and one monk, who was put in to fill up, I never saw a set of harder-looking scoundrels.

This ceremony of washing the feet of the disciples, intended by our Saviour as a beautiful lesson of humility, is performed from year to year, ostensibly to teach the same lesson; and in this case the humility of the superior was exalted shamefully at the expense of the disciples. Most of the twelve would have come under the meaning, though inexplicable, term of "loafer;" but one, a vagrant Pole, was, beyond all peradventure, the greatest blackguard I ever saw. A black muslin frock coat, dirty and glossy from long use, buttoned tight across the breast, and reaching down to his ankles, and an old foxy, low-crowned hat, too big for him, and almost covering his eyes and ears, formed his entire dress, for he had no trousers, shoes, or shirt; he was snub-nosed, pock-marked, and sore-eyed; wore a long beard, and probably could not remember the last time he had washed his face; think, then, of his feet. If Paul had been dignified, he was puffed up almost to bursting; and the self-complacency with which he looked upon himself and all around him was admirable beyond description. By great good fortune for my designs against Paul, the Pole stood next, and before him in the line of the *quasi* disciples; and it was refreshing to turn from the consequential and complacent air of the one to the crestfallen look of the other; and to see him, the moment he caught my eye, with a suddenness that made me laugh, turn his head to the other side; but he had hardly got it there before he found me on that side too; and so I kept him watching and dodging, and in a perpetual fidget. To add to his mor-

tification, the Pole seemed to take particularly to him; and as he was before him in the line, was constantly turning round and speaking to him with a patronising air; and I capped the climax of his agony by going up in a quiet way, and asking him who was the gentleman before him. I could see him wince, and for a moment I thought of letting him alone; but he was often on stilts, and I seldom had such an opportunity of pulling him down. Besides, it was so ludicrous, I could not help it. If I had had any one with me to share the joke, it would have been exquisite. As it was, when I saw his determination to dodge me, I neglected every thing else, and devoted myself entirely to him; and, let the poor fellow turn where he would, he was sure to find me leaning against a pillar, with a smile on my face and my eyes intently fixed upon him; occasionally I would go up and ask him some question about his friend before him; and finally, as if I could not joke about it any more, and felt on my own account the indignity offered to him, I told him that, if I were he, I would not stand it any longer; that I was ashamed to see him with such a pack of rascals; that they had made a cat's-paw of him, and advised him to run for it, saying that I would stand by him against a bull from the pope. He now spoke for the first time, and told me that he had been thinking of the same thing; and, by degrees, actually worked himself up to the desperate pitch of incurring the hazard of excommunication, if it must needs be so, and had his shoes and stockings in his hands ready for a start, when I brought him down again by telling him it would soon be over; and, although he had been most shamefully treated, that he might cut the gentleman next to him whenever he pleased.

After goading him as long as he could possibly bear, I left him to observe the ceremony. At the upper end of the chapel, placed there for the occasion, was a large chair, with a gilded frame and velvet back and cushion, intended as the seat of the nominal disciple. Before it was a large copper vase, filled with water, and a plentiful sprinkling of rose-leaves; and before that, a large red velvet cushion, on which the superior kneeled to perform the office of lavation. I need not suggest how inconsistent was this display of gold, rose-water, and velvet, with the humble scene it was intended to represent; but the tinsel and show imposed upon the eyes for which they were intended.

One after the other the disciples came up, seated themselves in the chair, and put their feet in the copper vase. The superior kneeled upon the cushion, with both his hands washed the right foot, wiped it with a clean towel, kissed it, and then held it in his hands to receive the kisses of the monks, and of all volunteers that offered. All went on well enough until it came to the turn of Paul's friend and forerunner, the doughty Pole. There was a general titter as he took his place in the chair; and I saw the superior and the monk who assisted him hold down their heads and laugh almost convulsively. The Pole seemed to be conscious that he was creating a sensation, and that all eyes were upon him, and sat with his arms folded, with an ease and self-complacency altogether indescribable, looking down in the vase, and turning his foot in the superior's hands, heel up, toe up, so as to facilitate the process; and when the superior had washed and kissed it, and was holding it up for others to kiss, he looked about him with all the grandeur of a monarch in the act of coronation. Keeping his arms folded, he fairly threw himself back into the huge chair, looking from his foot to the monks, and from the monks to his foot again, as one to whom the world had nothing more to offer. It was more than a minute before any one would venture upon the perilous task of kissing those very suspicious toes, and the monk who was assisting the superior had to go round and drum them up; though he had already kissed it once in the way of his particular duty, to set an example he kissed it a second time; and now, as if ashamed of their backwardness, two or three rushed forward at once; and, the ice once broken, the effect seemed electric, and

there was a greater rush to kiss his foot than there had been to any of the others.

It was almost too hard to follow Paul after this display. I ought to have spared him, but I could not. His mortification was in proportion to his predecessor's pride. He was sneaking up to the chair, when, startled by some noise, he raised his head, and caught the eye which, above all others, he would have avoided. A broad laugh was on my face; and poor Paul was so discomfited that he stumbled, and came near pitching headlong into the vase. I could not catch his eye again; he seemed to have resigned himself to the worst. I followed him round in the procession, as he thrice made the tour of the chapel and corridors, with a long lighted candle in his hand; and then we went down to the superior's room, where the monks, the superior, the twelve, and myself, were entertained with coffee. As the Pole, who had lagged behind, entered after we were all seated, the superior, with the humour of a good fellow, cried out, "Viva Polacca;" all broke out into a loud laugh, and Paul escaped in the midst of it. About an hour afterwards I met him outside the Damascus Gate. Even then he would have shunned me; but I called him, and, to his great relief, neither then nor at any other time referred to the washing of the feet of the disciples.

The reader may remember the kindness with which I had been received by the chief rabbi at Hebron. His kindness did not end there; a few days after my arrival, the chief rabbi of Jerusalem, the high-priest of the Jews in the city of their ancient kings, called upon me, accompanied by a Gibraltar Jew who spoke English, and who told me that they had come at the request of my friend in Hebron, to receive and welcome me in the city of their fathers. I had already seen a great deal of the Jews. I had seen them in the cities of Italy, every where more or less oppressed; at Rome, shut up every night in their miserable quarters as if they were noxious beasts; in Turkey, persecuted and oppressed; along the shores of the Black Sea and in the heart of Russia, looked down upon by the serfs of that great empire of vassalage; and, for the climax of misery, I had seen them contemned and spit upon even by the ignorant and enslaved boors of Poland. I had seen them scattered abroad among all nations, as it had been foretold they would be, every where a separate and peculiar people; and every where, under all poverty, wretchedness, and oppression, waiting for, and anxiously expecting, the coming of a Messiah, to call together their scattered tribes, and restore them to the kingdom of their fathers; and all this the better fitted me for the more interesting spectacle of the Jews in the holy city. In all changes and revolutions, from the day when the kingdom of Solomon passed into the hands of strangers, under the Assyrian, the Roman, the Arab, and the Turk, a remnant of that once-favoured people has always hovered around the holy city; and now, as in the days of David, old men may be seen at the foot of Mount Zion, teaching their children to read from that mysterious book on which they have ever fondly built their hopes of a temporal and eternal kingdom.

The friends made for me by the rabbi at Hebron were the very friends above all others whom I would have selected for myself. While the Christians were preparing for the religious ceremonies of Easter, the Jews were making ready for the great feast of the Passover; and one of the first offers of kindness they made me, was an invitation to wait and partake of it with them. The rabbi was an old man, nearly seventy, with a long white beard, and Aaron himself need not have been ashamed of such a representative. I would have preferred to attach myself particularly to him; but as I could speak neither Arabic nor Hebrew, and the English Jew was not willing to play second, and serve merely as interpreter, I had but little benefit of the old man's society.

The Jews are the best topographers in Jerusalem, although their authority ends where the great interest

of the city begins; for, as their fathers did before them, they deny the name of Christ, and know nothing of the holy places so anxiously sought for by the Christians. That same morning they took me to what they call a part of the wall of Solomon's temple. It forms part of the southern wall of the Mosque of Omar, and is evidently older than the rest, the stones being much larger, measuring nine or ten feet long; and I saw that day, as other travellers may still see every Friday in the year, all the Jews in Jerusalem clothed in their best raiment, winding through the narrow streets of their quarter; and under this hollowed wall, with the sacred volume in their hands, singing, in the language in which they were written, the Songs of Solomon and the Psalms of David. White-bearded old men and smooth-checked boys were leaning over the same book; and Jewish maidens, in their long white robes, were standing with their faces against the wall, and praying through cracks and crevices. The tradition which leads them to pray *through* this wall is, that during the building of the temple a cloud rested over it so as to prevent any entrance; and Solomon stood at the door, and prayed that the cloud might be removed, and promised that the temple should be always open to men of every nation desiring to offer up prayers; whereupon the Lord removed the cloud, and promised that the prayers of all people offered up in that place should find acceptance in his sight; and now, as the Mussulman lords it over the place where the temple stood, and the Jews are not permitted to enter, they endeavour to insinuate their prayers through the crevices in the wall, that thus they may rise from the interior to the Throne of Grace. The tradition is characteristic, and serves to illustrate the devoted constancy with which the Israelites adhere to the externals of their faith.

Returning to the convent, and passing through one of the bazaars, we saw an Arab mounted on a bench, and making a proclamation to the crowd around him; and my friend, the Gibraltar Jew, was immediately among them, listening earnestly. The subject was one that touched his tenderest sensibilities as a dealer in money; for the edict proclaimed was one changing the value of the current coin, reducing the tallahree or dollar from twenty-one to twenty piasters, commanding all the subjects of Mohammed Ali to take it at that value, and concluding with the usual finale of a Turkish proclamation, "Death to the offender." My Jew, as he had already told me several times, was the richest Israelite in Jerusalem, and consequently took a great interest in every thing that related to money. He told me that he always cultivated an intimacy with the officer of the mint; and by giving him an occasional present, he always got intimation of any intended change in time to save himself. We parted at the door of the convent, having arranged that I should go with him the next day to the synagogue, and afterwards dine at his house.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Synagogue.—Ideal Speculation.—A Ride in the Rain.—An Ex-official.—Joppa.—A Moral Phenomenon.—Reverence for the Grave.

ABOUT nine o'clock the next morning I was with him, and in a few moments we were sitting in the highest seats in the synagogue, at the foot of Mount Zion. My old friend the rabbi was in the desk, reading to a small remnant of the Israelites the same law which had been read to their fathers on the same spot ever since they came up out of the land of Egypt. And there they sat, where their fathers had sat before them, with high, black, square-topped caps, with shawls wound around, crossed in front, and laid very neatly; long gowns fastened with a sash, and long beards, the feeble remnant of a mighty people; there was sternness in their faces, but in their hearts a spirit of patient endurance, and a firm and settled resolution to die and be buried under the shadow of their fallen temple.

By the Jewish law the men and women sit apart in the synagogues; and as I could not understand the words of exhortation which fell from the lips of the preacher, it was not altogether unnatural that I should turn from the rough-bearded sons of Abraham to the smooth faces of their wives and daughters. Since I left Europe, I had not been in an apartment where the women sat with their faces uncovered; and, under these circumstances, it is not surprising that I saw many a dark-eyed Jewess who appeared well worthy of my gaze; and it is not a vain boast to say, that while singing the songs of Solomon, many a Hebrew maiden turned her bright black orbs upon me; for, in the first place, on entering we had disturbed more than a hundred sitting on the steps; secondly, my original dress, half Turk, half Frank, attracted the eyes even of the men; and, thirdly, the alleged universal failing of the sex is not wanting among the daughters of Judah.

The service over, we stopped a moment to look at the synagogue, which was a new building, with nothing about it that was peculiar or interesting. It had no gold or silver ornaments; and the sacred scroll, the table of the Law, contained in the holy of holies, was all that the pride of the Jew could show. My friend, however, did not put his own light under a bushel; for, telling me the amount he had himself contributed to the building, he conducted me to a room built at his own expense for a schoolroom, with a stone in the front wall recording his name and generosity.

We then returned to his house; and being about to sit down to dinner with him, I ought to introduce him more particularly to the reader. He was a man about fifty-five, born in Gibraltar to the same abject poverty which is the lot of most of his nation. In his youth he had been fortunate in his little dealings, and had been what we call an enterprising man; for he had twice made a voyage to England, and was so successful, and liked the country so much, that he always called himself an Englishman. Having accumulated a little property, or, as he expressed it, having become very rich, he gratified the darling wish of his heart by coming to Jerusalem, to die and be buried with his fathers in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. But this holy purpose in regard to his death and burial did not make him undervalue the importance of life, and the advantages of being a great man now. He told me that he was rich, very rich; that he was the richest, and in fact, the only rich, Jew in Jerusalem. He took me through his house, and showed me his gold and silver ornaments, and talked of his money and the uses he made of it; that he lent to the Latin Convent on *interest*, without any security, whenever they wanted; but as for the Greeks—he laughed, laid his finger on his nose, and said he had in pledge jewels belonging to them of the value of more than 20,000 dollars. He had had his losses, too; and while we were enjoying the luxuries of his table, the heaven of his nature broke out, and he endeavoured to sell me a note for £1500, of the Lady Esther Stanhope, which he offered at a discount of fifty per cent.—a bargain which I declined, as being out of the line of my business.

I remember once the American fever came upon me in Athens; when, sitting among the ruins of the Acropolis, upon a broken column of the Parthenon, I speculated upon the growth of the city. I bought, in imagination, a piece of ground, and laid it out in lots, lithographed, and handsomely painted red, blue, and white, like the maps of Chicago, Dunkirk, and Hinesdale; built up the ancient harbour of the Piræus, and ran a railroad to the foot of the Acropolis; and I leaned my head upon my hand, and calculated the immense increase in value that must attend the building of the king's new palace, and the erection of a royal residence on the site of Plato's academy. I have since regretted that I did not "go in" for some up-town lots in Athens; but I have never regretted not having shaved the nose of the Queen of the East, in the hands of the richest Jew in Jerusalem.

It was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. The command

to do no work on the Sabbath day is observed by every Jew, as strictly as when the commandment was given to his fathers; and to such an extent was it obeyed in the house of my friend, that it was not considered allowable to extinguish a lamp which had been lighted the night before, and was now burning in broad daylight over our table. This extremely strict observance of the law at first gave me some uneasiness about my dinner; but my host, with great self-complacency, relieved me from all apprehensions, by describing the admirable contrivance he had invented for reconciling appetite and duty—an oven, heated the night before to such a degree that the process of cooking was continued during the night, and the dishes were ready when wanted the next day. I must not forget the Jew's family, which consisted of a second wife, about sixteen, already the mother of two children, and his son and son's wife, the husband twelve, and the wife ten years old. The little gentleman was at the table, and behaved very well, except that his father had to check him in eating sweetmeats. The lady was playing on the floor with other children, and I did with her what I could not have done with a bigger's man's wife—I took her on my knee and kissed her. Among the Jews, matches are made by the parents; and immediately upon the marriage, the wife is brought into the household of the husband. A young gentleman was tumbling about the floor who was engaged to the daughter of the chief rabbi. I did not ask the age of the lady, of course; but the gentleman bore the heavy burden of three years. He had not yet learned to whisper the story of his love to his blushing mistress, for, in fact, he could not talk at all; he was a great bawling boy, and cared much more for his bread and butter than a wife; but his prudent father had already provided him.

On the morning of the 21st I departed for Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. It was a bright and beautiful morning when I left the Bethlehem Gate; but before I had been an hour on my way, it began to rain, and continued nearly the whole day. About three hours from Jerusalem we came to the village of Abougos, the chief of the most powerful families of Fellahs in the Holy Land. Nearly all his life he had been more or less in arms against the government; and his name was known among all the Christians in the East as the robber of the pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. I had met and spoken with him outside of the walls of Jerusalem, and during the rain, as I approached his village, I determined to stop and throw myself upon his hospitality for the night; but the returning sunshine deceived me, and I passed on, admiring the appearance of his village, which had much the best of any I had seen in the Holy Land. About an hour afterwards I was repenting, under a merciless rain, that I had not fulfilled my purpose. Riding three hours longer, stopping from time to time under a rock or tree, I was ascending the last range of mountains; before me were the fertile plains of Sharon; and across the plain, still at a great distance, was Ramla, the ancient Arimathea, the city of "Joseph the counsellor, the good man, and just." To the right, bordering the sea, was the range of Mount Carmel; but the rain was pelting in my eyes so that I could see nothing of it. I had been eight hours on the back of one of the most stubborn mules that ever persisted in having their own way; toiling with all my might, with blows and kicks, but finding it impossible to make him move one step faster than he pleased; and when the tower, the mosque, and the minaret of Ramla, were before me, at the other side of a level plain, and an hour's smart riding would have carried me there, I was completely worn out with urging the obstinate brute; and with muttered threats of future vengeance, wound my cloak around me, and hauling my umbrella close down, and grinding my teeth, I tried to think myself resigned to my fate. A strong wind was driving the rain directly in my face, and my mule, my cursed mule, stopped moving when I stopped beating; and in the very hardest of the storm, when I would have rushed like a bird on the wing, turned off from the path, and fell quietly to brows-

ing on the grass. Afraid to disarrange my umbrella and cloak, I sat for a moment irresolute; but the brute turned his face round, and looked at me with such perfect nonchalance, that I could not stand it. I raised my club for a blow; the wind opened my cloak in front, puffing it out like a sail; caught under my umbrella, and turned it inside out; and the mule suddenly starting, under a deluge of rain, I found myself planted in the mud on the plains of Sharon. An hour afterwards I was drying my clothes in the house of our consular agent at Ramla. There was no fire-place in the room; but I was hovering over a brazier of burning charcoal. I spent that night and all the next day in Ramla, although a quarter of an hour would have been sufficient to see all that it contained, which was simply nothing more than is to be found in any other village. The consul gave me a dry coverlet; and while some of his friends came in to look at and welcome the stranger, I laid myself down upon the divan and went to sleep.

The next morning I was unable to move; the fatigue, and particularly the rain of the preceding day, had been too much for me, and I remained all the morning in an up-stairs room, with a high ceiling and a stone floor, lying on a rug in one corner, cold, desponding, and miserable. In the afternoon I went down into the large room, to talk with the consular agent. But a year before he had flourished in all the pomp and pride of office. The arms of our country were blazoned over his door, and the stars and stripes had protected his dwelling; but a change had come over him. The Viceroy of Syria had ordered the flags of the consuls to be taken down at Ramla, and forbidden any of his subjects to hold the office except in the seaport towns. I could not help thinking that he was perfectly right, as it was merely allowing them the benefit of a foreign protection, to save them and their families, with two or three janizaries, from their duties to himself; but I listened attentively to the complaints of the poor agent. His dignity had been touched, and his pride humbled in the eyes of his townsmen; for the governor had demanded the usual duty from his sons, and had sent his executive officers with the summary order, the duty or the bastinado. The agent owed his appointment to Commodore Patterson, and talked of him and Captain Nicholson as friends who would see justice done him if he could communicate with them. I was afterwards struck with a display of delicacy and a sense of propriety that I had not expected from him; for although he charged me with many messages to Commodore Patterson, he requested me not to mention his difficulties in the matter of the agency, as he had already made representations to the consul at Beyroot, who had laid them before Commodore Porter at Constantinople; and an application in another quarter would look like distrusting their ability, or their willingness to resent what he called an indignity offered to the American flag. Annoyed at seeing the women dodging by, with their faces covered, and always avoiding me, I told him, that being a Christian and holding an appointment under our government, he ought to conform to our customs, and treat his women more as companions; or, at least, to let them come into the same room, and sit at the same table with him. He listened, but could not see any reason in my proposition. He said it might do for us; for with us the wives always brought their husbands money (the ignorant, uninformed barbarian), but in Syria (he sighed as he said it) they never added a para to the riches of their lords.

The next morning I set out again for Jaffa. The road lies through a rich plain; and in three hours, passing a large detachment of Turkish soldiers encamped outside, and waiting a transport to carry them to Alexandria, I was entering the gate of the ancient city of Joppa. Believed to have existed before the deluge, the city where Noah dwelt and built his ark; whence Jonah embarked for Tarshish, when he was thrown overboard and swallowed by a whale; the port used by Solomon to receive timber from Tyre for the building of the temple, and by all the kings of Judah to

connect the city of Jerusalem with foreign people, Jaffa is now a small Turkish town on the shores of the Mediterranean, but on a little eminence projecting into the sea, and containing a population of from 10,000 to 15,000 Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Christians. It has a fine climate, and a fine country around it; and the orange gardens are the finest on the shores of the Mediterranean. Although the seaport of Jerusalem, its harbour has always been bad; and when I was there, the wreck of a Turkish man-of-war was lying on the beach; and that same night, there being a severe storm, the little Greek pilgrim vessels were considered in great danger.

There is nothing of interest in the modern city of Jaffa. Its history is connected with the past. The traveller must stand on the shore, and fill the little harbour with the ships of Tarshish, or imagine Noah entering the ark with his family, by whom the earth was to be re-peopled; or wander through the narrow streets and ask himself, Where is the house of Tabitha, whom Peter "raised from the dead?" or that of Simon the tanner, where Peter "tarried many days?" and he may feel a less holy, but hardly less powerful interest, in standing by the gate where, for many years, a large pyramid of skulls attested the desperate struggle of Napoleon; or, in walking through the chambers of the Greek convent, then used as an hospital for the French, and the monks will show him an apartment where, when all hearts were sinking within them for fear, he visited and touched the sick of the plague, restored the drooping courage of his soldiers, and almost raised the dying from their bed of death.

Besides the interest attached to this place by reason of its great antiquity, and the many important events of which it has been the scene, I remember it with much kindness on account of the American consular agent, and the cordial manner in which he received me. He was not at home when I arrived; but in a few moments he came in, and, taking both my hands in his, pointed to the American arms on the wall, ordered the stars and stripes to be hoisted on the top of his house, and, with all the extravagance of the East, told me that all he had was mine. I had a great mind to take him at his word, and begin by appropriating a beautiful emerald that I saw on his finger; but, for the present, I contented myself with asking merely for a dinner, which was soon prepared; and I sat down to dine in the ancient city of Joppa, with my country's arms before me, and my country's banner waving above.

The agent was an Armenian, and a strict observer of all the requisitions of his exacting creed; he was rich, and had no children; and, what I never before heard from the lips of man, he said that he was perfectly happy. I was the first American who had visited him since he had received his appointment, and it seemed as if he could not do enough for me. He had repaired and reconstructed the whole road from Jaffa to Jerusalem; and when I asked him what reward he promised himself for this, he answered that he had done it for God, the pilgrims, and his own honour. I remained with him that night, and would have gone early the next morning, but he would not part with me so soon. I dined with him again; and in the afternoon, escorted to the gate by two janizaries, each with a large silver-headed mace in his hand, I left, probably for ever, my Armenian friend and the ancient city of Joppa. I do not know when I parted from a man with more regret.*

I slept that night at Ramla; and the next day, about four o'clock, in company with several hundred pilgrims, I was again entering the Bethlehem Gate. Notwithstanding the munificence of my Armenian friend, the road from Jerusalem to Jaffa, a road travelled from the time when Jonas went thither to embark for Tarshish, is now a mere mule-path, on which I was several times obliged to stop and turn aside to let a loaded mule pass by.

I had seen every thing in Jerusalem that it was the duty of a traveller to see. My time was now my own, for idling, lounging, or strolling, in the luxurious consciousness of having nothing to do. In this humour I used to set forth from the convent, never knowing where I should go, or what I should do; and whenever I went out with the deliberate intention of doing nothing, I was always sure of finding enough to occupy me. My favourite amusement in the morning was to go out by St Stephen's Gate, and watch the pilgrims as they began their daily round of visits to the holy places. Frequently, if I saw a group that interested me, I followed them to the Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives; sometimes I stopped in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and, sitting down on the grave of an Israelite, watched the Jewish pilgrims. One morning, I remember, Paul and I were together; and we saw a young girl kissing the tomb of Zachariah, and weeping as if her heart would break. Paul asked her rather roughly what she was crying about; and the poor girl, looking at him for a moment, burst into a flood of tears, and told him that she was weeping over the tomb of the blessed prophet.

But there are few things connected with my journeying in the Holy Land which I look back upon with a more quiet satisfaction than my often repeated and almost daily walk around the walls of Jerusalem. It was a walk of between three and four miles; and I always contrived, about half an hour before the gates were closed, to be sitting on a favourite tombstone near St Stephen's Gate. The great Turkish burying-ground is outside the wall, near this gate; and regularly, on a fine afternoon, towards sunset, the whole Turkish population, in all their gay and striking costumes, might be seen wandering among the tombs. Few things strike a traveller in the East more than this, and few are to us more inexplicable. We seldom go into a graveyard except to pay the last offices to a departed friend, and for years afterwards we never find ourselves in the same place again without a shade of melancholy coming over us. Not so in the East; to-day they bury a friend, to-morrow they plant flowers over his grave, and the next day, and the next, they tend and water them, and once a-week, regularly, they sit by the grave. On every holiday it is a religious duty to go there; and as often as they walk out for health or pleasure, they habitually turn their footsteps to the burial-ground. To them the grave is not clothed with the same terrors. It is not so dark and gloomy as to us. They are firmer believers than we are, though, as we think, in a false and fatal creed; and to them there is a light beyond the grave, which we of a better faith can seldom see. It was a beautiful picture to behold the graveyard thronged with Turkish women, in their long white veils. It would, perhaps, be too poetical to look upon them all as mourners. Perhaps, indeed, it would not be too much to say, that of the immense multitude who, day after day, are seen flitting among the tombs, many a widowed fair one, over the tomb of a dead lord, is dreaming of a living lover.

But there was one whom I noticed every day; she was always sitting by the same stone, and I always noticed her as one of the first to come out, and one of the last to return. She was a young Sciotie girl, mourning over the tomb of her young lord; and well she might, for he had been to her a friend and protector, and she had been his only bride. When her father's house was laid in ruins, and her grey-headed sire and her many brothers were slain before her eyes, he had saved her from the bloody scimeter, or from a fate worse than death; and he had wooed her, not as a Turk and master, but as a lover. He had won her young heart; and she had forgotten her kindred and her country; he had died with his bloody scimeter in his hand, and she thought only of the dead when she stood beside his grave.

* The town of Jaffa has since been destroyed by an earthquake; and of 15,000 inhabitants, 13,000 were buried in the ruins. Has my Armenian friend escaped?

CHAPTER XXXI.

Desert of St John.—A Midnight Procession.—Road to Jericho.
—A Community of Women.—A Navigator of the Dead Sea.—A
Dance by Moonlight.—A rude Lodging.

IN company with Mr Whiting, I started for the Desert of St John the Baptist. Passing the Pool of Gihon, where Saul was anointed king by Zadoc and Nathan, we came to the Convent of the Holy Cross, the great altar of the chapel being erected, as the monks pretend, over the spot where grew the tree from which the cross was made. Moving on among hills and valleys, on our right was a distant view of Ramah, the country of Samuel the seer; and before us, crowning the very top of a high hill, were the ruins of the palace and the burial-place of the warlike Maccabees. The Convent of St John is built on the spot where John the Baptist was born. There is no doubt of this, say the monks; for beneath the great altar of the church is a circular slab of marble, with an inscription almost effaced: "Hic natus est precursor Dei"—here the forerunner of the Lord was born. This convent is in a fine situation; a small Christian village is attached to it; the top commands a beautiful view of the mountains, cultivated in terraces; and directly in front is the great Valley of Turpentine, or Elah, the battle-ground of the Israelites and Philistines, of David and Goliath. Taking a Christian boy with us as guide, we entered the valley; and following the stream to its source, in about two hours we came to the place where, it is said, Saul and the men of Israel pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. It was precisely the spot where the scene so graphically recorded in Scripture might have taken place. "And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them." On each side of me was a mountain, and the brook was still running near from which the shepherd-boy gathered the five smooth stones. The boy who accompanied us told me that the precise stones had never yet been found, though the monks had often searched for them.

At the extreme end of the valley is the Desert of St John, where was heard, for the first time, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." Directly in front, at the top of the mountain bounding the valley, is an open door in the rock leading to the grotto in which the prophet lived. There is no appearance of a desert in this place, except solitude; and if it be merely a locality fixed upon by the monks, they could not have selected one more inappropriate. It is one of the prettiest and best cultivated spots in the Holy Land; and sitting in the door of the grotto, with an Armenian pilgrim by my side, and looking out upon the valley and the mountains, all around terraced and cultivated to the very summits, all still and beautiful, I thought I had never seen a place better qualified to inspire a pious, philosophic, and happy state of mind, than this Desert of St John. We returned by a different road, searching on our way for the pool where Philip baptised the eunuch of Queen Candace; but after losing ourselves once or twice, and fearing a threatening shower, we returned to the city unsuccessful.

At about ten o'clock that evening, the monks, under a guard of soldiers and a crowd of pilgrims, each with a candle in his hand, left St Stephen's Gate in solemn procession. With a loud chant they crossed the Valley of Jehoshaphat, wound around the foot of the Mount of Olives to Bethpage and Bethany, said mass in the tomb of Lazarus, and returning, prayed and chanted on the Mount of Olives and in the Garden of Gethsemane; and at about daylight the next morning returned to the convent.

For several days I had been preparing for a journey to the Dead Sea, but a mysterious influence seemed still to hang about the borders of that water; and now, when all the rest of the Holy Land was perfectly tran-

quil, the Fellahs were in commotion among the barren mountains around it. I had waited two or three days at the request of the governor; but hearing of nothing in particular to prevent me, I determined to set out. The Sicilian priest who had proposed to accompany me could not go; and at about eight o'clock I was sitting on my horse alone, outside St Stephen's Gate, waiting for Paul, who had gone to the governor for a letter which he had promised me to the aga of Jericho. Attracted by the uncommon beauty of the morning, half the population of Jerusalem had already gathered without the walls. Joining a party of pilgrims, I followed once more the path I had so often trodden across the Brook Kedron and the Valley of Jehoshaphat; and, parting with them at the foot of the Mount of Olives, I wound around its base, and fell into the road to Jericho and the Jordan. We must have passed Bethpage, though there is nothing to mark where it stood; and in about an hour we came to Bethany, now a ruined Arab village, though the monks still show the house of Martha and Mary, the tomb of Lazarus, and even the barren fig-tree which was cursed by our Lord. The tomb of Lazarus is a large excavation in the rock; and the sepulchral chamber is at the foot of a staircase of ten or twelve steps.

Not far from Bethany we came to a fountain enclosed with marble, and soon after to a valley, where, the monks say, our Saviour, in coming from beyond the Jordan, at the prayer of the sisters of Lazarus, reposed with the disciples. In about two hours we were among the mountains. The scene every moment became wilder and more rugged; and except in the wilderness of Sinai and among the wastes of Idumea, I never travelled so dreary a road as "in going down to Jericho." It is on this desolate route that our Saviour lays the scene of the parable of the good Samaritan; and nowhere could a more forcible illustration be given of the heartlessness of the priest and the Levite, in "passing by on the other side." Ascending for some distance by the precipitous side of a yawning chasm, where a false movement of my horse might have dashed me to atoms, from the top of the Mountains of Desolation I looked to the left upon a higher and still wilder and more dreary range; and, towering above all the rest in gloomy grandeur, its naked sides pierced with doors for the cells of hermits, was the mountain of our Saviour's fasting and temptation; before me were the plains of Jericho, the Valley of the Jordan, the Mountains of Arabia, and the Dead Sea. A high, square building, like a tower, marked the site of Jericho, and a small stream, running between two banks of sand, was the hallowed Jordan.

Descending the mountain, on our left, directly at the foot, were the remains of an aqueduct and other ruins, which, in all probability, were part of the ancient city of Jericho. The plain commences at the foot of the mountains; the land is fertile, and well watered with streams emptying into the Jordan, but for the most part wild and uncultivated. About half way across we passed the edge of a stagnant pool, nearly covering a Mussulman burying-ground; the tombstones were washed from their places, and here and there the ghastly skeletons were visible above the muddy water. In one place, crossing a stream, we met three Abyssinians, who had come from the remotest point in the interior of Africa where the name of Christian is known, to bathe in the sacred Jordan. Two or three times we were obstructed by brick fences, intended as ramparts to protect the inhabitants and their flocks against the incursions of wolves; and at about four o'clock we arrived at the ruined village of Jericho.

I have observed that travellers generally, when they arrive at any place of extraordinary interest, find the right glow of feeling coming over them precisely at the proper moment. I never had any difficulty in Italy; for there, in the useful guidebook of Madame Starke, beautifully interspersed with valuable information about hotels, post-horses, and the price of washing linen, the reader may find prepared for him an appropriate cata-

logue of sensations for almost every possible situation and object, from a walk in the Coliseum by moonlight to a puppet-show at San Carlino in Naples ; but in a country like this, a man is thrown upon his own resources ; and notwithstanding the interest attached to the name of Jericho, I found it a hard matter to feel duly excited.

Jericho was the first city in Canaan which fell into the hands of the Israelites. It was long the second city of Judea, and, according to the Jewish Talmud, contained twelve thousand priests. It had its hippodrome and amphitheatre, and in its royal palace Herod the Tetrarch died. But the curse of Joshua seems to rest upon it now : "Cursed be the man before the Lord who shall rebuild Jericho." It consists of fifty or sixty miserable Arab houses, the walls of which on three sides are of stones, piled up like the stone fences of our farmers, most of them not so high as a man's head, and the front and top either entirely open or covered with brush.

The old fortress in which I expected to sleep, I found entirely abandoned, and the apartments used as a shelter for sheep and goats. I expected to find there the aga, quietly smoking his pipe, and glad to receive and gossip with a stranger ; but I had mounted to the top, and looked out upon the extensive plains of Jericho and the Valley of the Jordan, without meeting a single person ; and it was not until I had gone out of the gate, and with the bridle in my hand was walking back into the village, that I noticed the remarkable circumstance, so different from the usual course of matters in Arab villages, that no throng of idlers had gathered around me. In fact, I had passed through the village, gone to the fortress, and come back, without seeing a man ; and soon found that there was not a male in the village above ten years old, except the aga, and one passing Arab. It had numbered sixty men, of whom Ibrahim Pacha had ordered a levy of twenty-four for his army. The miserable inhabitants had decided among themselves upon nineteen who could best be spared ; and, unable to supply the rest, in a spirit of desperation had abandoned their village ; and, taking with them all the boys above ten years old, fled to the mountains around the Dead Sea, where they were now in arms, ripe for rebellion, robbery, and murder.

I found myself very much at a loss ; the aga was a stranger there, and knew nothing of the localities ; and I could not find a boy old enough to conduct me to the Well of Elisha. Some of the women knew where it was, but they would not go with me, though I asked them in all courtesy ; and, taking my direction from them, and fixing my eyes on the naked top of the mountain of our Saviour's temptation, in about half an hour I reached the miraculous fountain where, at the request of the men of Jericho, Elisha, "cast salt into the spring and healed the water." It is enclosed in a large marble basin, and several streams, constantly running from it, refresh and fertilise the plains of Jericho. Riding on a short distance farther, I came to an aqueduct and the ruins of a Greek convent, at the base of the "exceeding high mountain" from whose top the devil showed our Saviour all the kingdoms of the world. The naked sides of the mountain are studded with doors, opening to the cells of anchorites and hermits, who there turned their backs upon temptation, and, amid desolation and solitude, passed their days in penance and prayer.

It was dark when I returned to Jericho. Before going away, the aga had taken me to his hut, and wished me to pass the night with him ; but as two horses had already taken their places before me, and the hut was perfectly open, having merely a roof of branches, and nothing at all in front, I had looked round and selected another for my lodging-place, chiefly from the circumstance of its having a small boat set up on its side before it, so as to form a front wall.

That boat told a melancholy tale. It was the only one that had ever floated on the Dead Sea. About eight months before, Mr Costigan, an Irish traveller, who had been some years in the East, had projected a most in-

teresting journey, and, most unhappily for himself and the interests of science, died almost in the moment of its successful accomplishment. He had purchased his boat at Beyroot, and, with a Maltese sailor for his servant, in spite of many difficulties and impediments from the Arabs, had carried it across the country on a dromedary, and launched it on the Sea of Galilee ; he had explored this most interesting water, and entering the Jordan, followed it down until he narrowly escaped with his life among the rocks and rapids of that ancient but unknown river ; and then constantly obstructed by the Arabs, even the governor of Damascus refusing him any facilities, with great difficulty he succeeded in bringing his boat by land to the Dead Sea. In the middle of July he had embarked with his servant to make the tour of the sea, and eight days afterwards the old woman in whose tent I lodged had found him lying on the shore alone, gasping for breath. She had him carried to her hut, where he lay till the Rev. Mr Nicolaissen, the English missionary at Jerusalem, came for him, and the second day after his arrival in Jerusalem he died. With his dying breath he bore the same testimony to the kindness of woman under the burning sun of Syria that our countryman Ledyard did in the wilds of Siberia ; for while lying upon the shores of the Dead Sea, the Arabs gathered round him only to gaze, and would have left him to die there if this old woman had not prevailed upon two of her sons to carry him to her hut.

That boat was interesting to me for another reason. Nothing, not even the thought of visiting Petra and the land of Idumea, affected me so strangely as the idea of making the tour of this sea ; and notwithstanding the miserable state of my health, shattered by my journey in the desert, as soon as I heard, after my arrival at Jerusalem, that there was a boat at Jericho, I began to think of taking advantage of it. If I had succeeded in this, I should consider my tour the most perfect and complete ever made by any oriental traveller. I had hunted up the oars, sail, &c. ; but on my return from Jaffa I was compelled to abandon all thoughts of making the attempt. Still, when I saw the boat, all my ardour revived ; and never, in my lonely journeyings in the East, did I wish so earnestly for the comfort and support of a friend. With a companion, or even with a servant, who would encourage and support me, in spite of my health I should certainly have undertaken it ; but Paul was particularly averse to the attempt ; the boat was barely large enough for two ; and I was compelled to give up the thought.

That evening I saw at Jericho what I never saw before. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and all the women were out of doors singing and dancing. The dance was altogether indescribable ; consisting not of wanton movements, like those of the dancing girls in Egypt, but merely in joining hands and moving round in a circle, keeping time to the music of their own voices. I had never seen so gay and joyous a scene among the women in the East ; and though their fathers, and brothers, and husbands, and lovers, were away among the mountains, I did not feel disposed to judge them harshly. It was so rare, in that unhappy country, to see any thing like gaiety of heart, that if they had been dancing over the graves of their husbands, I should have been inclined to join them. And they did not shun us as the Moslem women generally do ; they talked with us with their faces uncovered ; and I remember a young Arab girl, not more than sixteen, who had a child in her arms, and who told me that its father had fled to the mountains ; and she put the child in my arms while she joined in the dance. In fact, my situation began to be peculiar ; the aga had gone off to look for some one who would accompany me to the Dead Sea ; and among perhaps more than a hundred women, that night Paul, and I, and my muleteers, were the only men in Jericho. In justice to the poor Arab women, however, I would remove from them any imputation of want of feeling or hardness of heart ; for I have no doubt the young girl who left her child in my arms loved its father

as warmly as if they were all clad in purple and fine raiment every day.

I would have been better satisfied, however, if that night they had ceased their merriment at an earlier hour; for long after I had lain down on my stony bed, their song and laugh prevented my sleeping; and when they had retired, other noises followed: the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep and goats, the stamping of horses, the crying of children, and the loud barking of the watch-dog; and, finally, the fierce assault of the voracious insects that always swarm in an Arab's hut, drove me from my bed and out of doors. The cool air refreshed and revived me, and I walked by the light of a splendid moon among the miserable huts of the village, hunted and barked at by the watching wolf-dog, and perhaps exciting the apprehensions of the unprotected women.

I leaned against a high fence of brush enclosing some of the huts, and mused upon the wonderful events of which this miserable place had been the scene, until my eyes began to close; when, opening a place among the bushes, I drew my cloak around me and crawled in, and soon fell fast asleep. Once during the night I was worried and almost dragged out of my burrowing-place by the dogs, but I kicked them away, and slept on. At daylight the aga was pulling me by the shoulder, armed to the teeth, and ready to escort me. I shook myself and my toilet was made; and before the laughers, and singers, and dancers of the previous night, had waked from their slumbers, we were mounted and on our way to the Jordan.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The River Jordan.—The Dead Sea.—Force of Example.—Buoyancy of the Dead Sea.—A Perilous Ascent.—A Navigator of the Dead Sea.—Story of the Voyage.—The Convent of Santa Saba.

Moving directly from the ruined village, we soon left the fertile plains of Jericho, and entered the barren valley of the Jordan. It was washed and torn by the mountain torrents, full of gullies and large sand-hills; and in about an hour and a half we were standing on the banks of the river, at the most hallowed spot on the margin of that sacred stream, where, 1800 years ago, John baptised the Redeemer of the world; and where, year after year, thousands of pilgrims throw themselves into the river, with the blind belief that, by bathing in its waters, they wash away their sins. As a pious pilgrim, it would have been my duty, perhaps, to do the same; but the reader will please remember that it was the last day of March; that I had slept in a bush; that my limbs were stiff; and that it was not yet six o'clock in the morning, and that I had not breakfasted. Sitting down, then, on the bank, I made my morning meal, and drank as devoutly of its water as any pilgrim who ever stood by Jordan.

I afterwards followed the river close along its bank till it emptied into the Dead Sea, and nowhere found any spot that, for beauty of scenery, could be compared with this consecrated bathing-place of the pilgrims. The bank here is about ten or twelve feet high; a clear, level table of land, covered with rich grass, and large bushes on the edge overhanging the river. Judging by the eye, the river is here about thirty paces broad; the current is very rapid, and the pilgrim, in bathing, is obliged to hold on by the bushes, in order to prevent himself being carried away. Here, it is said, the wild beast still has his haunt; and the traveller sometimes, when the river is rising, may realise the expression, "He shall come up like a lion out of the swelling of Jordan." Opposite, the bank is low, and the bushes grow down to the water's edge. Immediately below this, the river narrows to ten paces; and there is not another spot on the line of the Jordan which can attract the eye of the traveller. It is a small, broken, and muddy stream, running between banks of barren sand, without bloom or verdure; and if it were not for the associations connected with it, a man would turn from it as the most uninteresting of rivers. In one

place I saw an Arab wading across; and the river there, so far as I could judge, had not fallen more than two feet. I followed it as closely as the cracks and gullies would allow, cutting off none of the bends. For the last two or three miles it runs between perpendicular banks of sand, from five to ten feet high, and its pure waters are already corrupted by the pestiferous influence of the bituminous lake. On the left it stops even with the shore; but on the right the bank runs out to a low, sandy point, round which a quantity of driftwood is collected; and here, with a gentle ripple of its waters, the Jordan is lost in the Dead Sea.

I followed it almost to the very point, until my horse's feet sank above his fetlocks in the wet sand. It was the old opinion, and was counted among the wonders of the lake Asphaltites, that the river passed through without mingling with the waters of the lake; and Pococke says, "I thought I saw the stream of a different colour;" but Pococke did not follow the river down to the extreme point. I did; and could see most distinctly the very spot where the waters mingled. Instead of the river keeping its way through, its current was rather stopped at once by the denser water of the lake; and, in fact, for two or three miles above its mouth, the Jordan is impregnated with the salt and bituminous matter of the lake.

Almost at the moment of my turning from the Jordan to the Dead Sea, notwithstanding the long-credited accounts that no bird could fly over without dropping dead upon its surface, I saw a flock of gulls floating quietly on its bosom; and when I roused them with a stone, they flew down the lake, skimming its surface until they had carried themselves out of sight. From the point on which I stood, near its eastern shore, the sea was spread out before me, motionless as a lake of molten lead, bounded on either side by ranges of high and barren mountains, and on its southern extremity by the great desert valley of El Ghor; constantly receiving the waters of the Jordan, but, unlike other waters, sending no tribute to the sea. Pliny, Diodorus Siculus, and Josephus, describe it as more than sixty miles long; but Mr Banks and his companions, by observation from elevated heights, make it not more than thirty; and as the ancients were better acquainted with it than modern geographers, it has been supposed that the lake has contracted in its dimensions, and that part of the valley of El Ghor was once covered by its waters. Moving on slowly from the point of the Jordan, the shores low and sandy, strewn with brush and driftwood, and rising in a slope to the sandy plain above, I rode along nearly the whole head of the lake with my horse's feet in the water, and twice picked up a large piece of bitumen, almost like common pitch, supposed to be thrown up from the bottom of the lake. The sand is not bright like that of an Atlantic or Mediterranean beach, but of a dirty, dark brown. The water is exceedingly clear and transparent, but its taste and smell are a compound of all that is bad.

It was now the last day of March, and even before we left the plains of the Jordan the sun had been intensely hot; without a branch or leaf to break its force, it poured upon the dreary waste around the Dead Sea with a scorching and withering heat. It was on this shore that the Knight of the Leopard encountered the Saracen Emir; and in the sandy plain above is the beautiful scene of the Diamond of the Desert, in the opening of Scott's Crusaders. The general features of the scenery along the northern shore of the Dead Sea are admirably described. The Diamond of the Desert is, of course, the creation of the author's fancy; and the only actual error is in placing the wilderness of Engaddi, which Scott has confounded with the mountains of Quarantania, but which is really half way down the borders of the sea.

It was two o'clock when my guards, having conducted me along the head of the sea, proposed returning to Jericho. I had already had some difficulty with them. Twice disappointed in my purposed exploration of this sea; once in my wish, conceived on the top of Mount

Hor, to strike it at its southern extremity, and coast along its borders; and then in the still more attractive project of exploring it in a boat. Instead of returning to Jericho, my desire was to go down the borders of the sea, and turn up among the mountains to the convent of Santa Saba. At Jerusalem I could not hire horses for this convent, because, as they said, it was a dangerous route; and I took them for Jericho, hoping in some way or other still to accomplish my object. By accident, an Arab from Santa Saba had come to Jericho during the night; and in the morning I told the aga and his companion that I would not have them as my escort at all, unless they would go with me to the convent. They at first objected, but afterwards promised to go as far as I wanted them; now they again made objections. I thought it was merely to enhance the value of their services; but in a few moments they told me they would not go any farther; that the order of the governor was to protect me to the Dead Sea, and back to Jericho. The worst of it was, that my muleteers refused to go without the guard; and although we had a guide with us who told us there was no danger, though we had not met a single Arab since we left Jericho, and though we could see many miles down the lake, and plainly distinguish the wild track up the bare side of the mountain to the open country above, they were "afraid of the bad Arabs." I was determined, however, not to go back to Jericho. I had no idea of sleeping in the bushes again; and spurring my horse, I told Paul to follow me, and they might do as they pleased. The aga and his companion bade me farewell; and, dashing over the arid plain, were soon hidden from view by hillocks of sand. I continued along the shore; and after a few moments' consultation, my Arabs quietly followed me.

Since early in the morning, I had had the sea constantly before my eyes. While riding along the northern shore, the general aspect was very much the same; but as soon as I turned the head, and began to move along its side, the mountains every moment assumed a different aspect, although every where wild, rugged, and barren. At three o'clock we were approaching a place where the mountain rises precipitously from the lake, leaving no room for a passage at its foot; my eyes were fixed upon the lake, my thoughts upon its mysterious properties. The ancients believed that living bodies, and even heavy metals, would not sink in it; and Pliny and Strabo have written of its extraordinary buoyancy. Before I left Jerusalem, I had resolved not to bathe in it, on account of my health; and I had sustained my resolution during the whole of my day's ride along its shore; but, on the point of turning up among the mountains, I could resist no longer. My clothes seemed to come off of their own accord; and before Paul had time to ask me what I was going to do, I was floating on its waters. Paul and the Arabs followed; and after splashing about for a while, we lay like a parcel of corks upon its surface.

From my own experience, I can almost corroborate the most extravagant accounts of the ancients. I know, in reference to my own specific gravity, that in the Atlantic or Mediterranean I cannot float without some little movement of the hands; and even then my body is almost totally submerged; but here, when I threw myself upon my back, my body was half out of water. It was an exertion even for my lank Arabs to keep themselves under. When I struck out in swimming, it was exceedingly awkward; for my legs were constantly rising to the surface, and even above the water. I could have lain there and read with perfect ease. In fact, I could have slept, and it would have been a much easier bed than the bushes at Jericho. It was ludicrous to see one of the horses. As soon as his body touched the water, he was afloat, and turned over on his side. He struggled with all his force to preserve his equilibrium; but the moment he stopped moving, he turned over on his side again, and almost on his back, kicking his feet out of water, and snorting with terror. The worst of my bath was, after it was over, my skin was

covered with a thick, glutinous substance, which it required another ablution to get rid of; and after I had wiped myself dry, my body burnt and smarted as if I had been turned round before a roasting fire. My face and ears were encrusted with salt; my hairs stood out, "each particular hair on end;" and my eyes were irritated and inflamed, so that I felt the effects of it for several days. In spite of all this, however, revived and refreshed by my bath, I mounted my horse a new man.

Modern science has solved all the mystery about this water. It has been satisfactorily analysed, and its specific gravity ascertained to be 1.211, a degree of density unknown in any other, the specific gravity of fresh water being 1.000; and it has been found to hold in solution the following proportions of salt to 100 grains of water:—

	Grains.
Muriate of lime, - -	3.920
Muriate of magnesia, - -	10.246
Muriate of soda, - - -	10.360
Sulphate of lime, - - -	0.054
	<hr/> 24.580

Except the ruined city of Petra, I never felt so unwilling to leave any place. I was unsatisfied. I had a longing desire to explore every part of that unknown water; to spend days upon its surface; to coast along its shores; to sound its mysterious depths, and search for the ruins of the guilty cities. And why not? If we believe our Bible, that bituminous lake covers the once fertile vale of Siddim, and the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrhah; and why may we not see them? The ruins of Thebes still cover for miles the banks of the Nile; the pyramids stand towering as when they were built, and no man knows their builders; and the traveller may still trace, by "the great river, the Euphrates," the ruins of the Tower of Babel. Besides, that water does not destroy; it preserves all that it touches; the wood that falls into it becomes petrified by its action; and I can see no good reason why it should hide for ever from man's eyes the monuments of that fearful anger which the crimes of the guilty had so righteously provoked.

Except to the summit of Mount Hor, I never had so desperate a climb as up the barren mountain on the borders of the Dead Sea. We had not found any water fit to drink since we left the Jordan, and turned up a little before we reached the place we had intended, the guide telling us that here we would find a spring. We were soon obliged to dismount; and even our sure-footed horses, trained as they were to climbing mountains, slipped, faltered, and completely failed. Our guide told us that he had never ascended with horses before; and, looking forward, the attempt seemed utterly impossible; but the noble animals climbed with the intelligence of men, holding on with their fore-feet as if they were hands, and the Arabs above pulling them by the mane, or pushing from below. One of them, in climbing an almost perpendicular height, fell over backward. I thought he was killed; and my Arabs, irritated by toil, thirst, and the danger to their horses, sprang upon the guide, and I believe would have killed him if Paul and I had not interfered. Taking off the enormous saddle, we all joined above and below, and hoisted and pushed him up almost bodily.

It was nearly dark when we reached the top of the mountain, and I sat down for a moment to take a last look at the Dead Sea. From this distance, its aspect fully justified its name. It was calm, motionless, and seemingly dead; there was no wave or ripple on its surface, nor was it hurrying on, like other waters, to pay its tribute to the ocean; the mountains around it were also dead; no trees or shrubs, not a blade of grass, grew on their naked sides; and, as in the days of Moses, "Brimstone and salt, it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon."

One thing had especially attracted my attention in

ascending the mountain : on attaining a particular point, we had a clear view of the whole sea, and at the extreme end we saw distinctly what Paul and I both at once called an island. M. Seetzen, one of the earliest modern travellers who visited this sea, imagined that he had discovered a large island in the same direction ; and though no one believed in its reality, I had then seen no satisfactory explanation of the appearance. I could not be deceived in what I saw. There never was any thing that looked more like an island, and I afterwards received an explanation which to me at least was perfectly satisfactory. It comes from one who ought to know, from the only man who ever made the tour of that sea, and lived to tell of it ; and, relying upon the interesting nature of the subject, I make no apology for introducing it here.

When the unhappy Costigan was found by the Arabs on the shore of the Dead Sea, the spirit of the enterprising Irishman was fast fleeing away. He lived two days after he was carried to the convent at Jerusalem, but he never once referred to his unhappy voyage. He had long been a traveller in the East, and long preparing for this voyage ; had read every book that treated of the mysterious water, and was thoroughly prepared with all the knowledge necessary for exploring it to advantage. Unfortunately for the interests of science, he had always been in the habit of trusting greatly to his memory ; and, after his death, the missionaries in Jerusalem found no regular diary or journal, but merely brief notes written on the margins of books, so irregular and confused that they could make nothing of them ; and, either from indifference, or because they had no confidence in him, they allowed Costigan's servant to go without asking him any questions. I took some pains to trace out this man ; and afterwards, while lying at Beyroot, suffering from a malady which abruptly put an end to my travels in the East, Paul hunted him out and brought him to me. He was a little, dried-up Maltese sailor ; had rowed around that sea without knowing why, except that he was paid for it ; and what he told me bore the stamp of truth, for he did not seem to think that he had done any thing extraordinary. He knew as little about it as any man could know who had been over the same water ; and yet, after all, perhaps he knew as much as any one else could learn. He seemed, however, to have observed the coast and the soundings with the eye of a sailor. They were eight days in accomplishing the whole tour of the lake, sleeping every night on shore except once, when, afraid of some suspicious Arabs whom they saw on the mountains, they slept on board, beyond the reach of gunshot from the land. He told me that they had moved in a zigzag direction, crossing and recrossing the lake several times ; that every day they sounded, frequently with a line of 175 brachia (about six feet each) ; that they found the bottom rocky and of very unequal depth, sometimes ranging thirty, forty, eighty, twenty brachia, all within a few boats' length ;* that sometimes the lead brought up sand, like that of the mountains on each side ; that they failed in finding bottom but once, and in that place there were large bubbles all around for thirty paces, rising probably from a spring ; that in one place they found on the bank a hot sulphur spring ; that at the southern extremity Mr Costigan looked for the River of Dogs, but did not find it ; that in four different places they found ruins, and could clearly distinguish large hewn stones, which seemed to have been used for buildings ; and in one place they saw ruins which Mr Costigan said were the ruins of Gomorrah. Now, I have no doubt that Mr Costigan talked with him as they went along,

and told him what he told me ; and that Mr Costigan had persuaded himself that he did see the ruins of the guilty city. He may have been deceived, and probably was ; but it must have been the most intensely interesting illusion that ever any man had. But of the island, or what Paul and I had imagined to be such :—He said that they too had noticed it particularly ; and when they came towards the southern extremity of the lake, found that it was an optical deception, caused by a tongue of high land, that put out for a long distance from the middle of the southern extremity ; and, being much higher than the valley beyond it, intercepted the view in the manner we had both noticed. This tongue of land, he said, was composed of solid salt ; tending to confirm the assertion of Strabo, to which I referred in my journey through Idumea, that in the great valley south of the Dead Sea there were formerly large cities built entirely of salt. The reader will take this for what it is worth ; it is at least new, and it comes from the only man living who has explored the lake.

He told me some other particulars ; that the boat, when empty, floated a palm higher out of the water than on the Mediterranean ; that Costigan lay on the water, and picked a fowl, and tried to induce him to come in ; that it was in the month of July, and from nine to five dreadfully hot, and every night a north wind blew, and the waves were worse than in the Gulf of Lyons ; and in reference to their peculiar exposures, and the circumstances that hurried poor Costigan to his unhappy fate, he said that they had suffered exceedingly from the heat, the first five days Costigan taking his turn at the oars ; that on the sixth day their water was exhausted, and Costigan gave out ; that on the seventh day they were obliged to drink the water of the sea, and on the eighth they were near the head of the lake, and he himself exhausted, and unable any longer to pull an oar. There he made coffee from the water of the sea ; and a favourable wind springing up, for the first time they hoisted their sail, and in a few hours reached the head of the lake ; that, feeble as he was, he set off for Jericho, and, in the meantime, the unhappy Costigan was found by the Arabs on the shore a dying man, and, by the intercession of the old woman, carried to Jericho. I ought to add, that the next time he came to me, like Goose Gibbie, he had tried whether the money I gave him was good, and recollected a great many things he had forgotten before.

The reader cannot feel the same interest in that sea which I did, and therefore I will not detain him longer. In three hours, crossing a rich and fertile country, where flowers were blooming, and Arab shepherds were pasturing their flocks of sheep and goats, we had descended the bed of a ravine, where the Kedron passes from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, at the foot of the mountains of Santa Saba. It was night when we arrived ; and groping our way by the uncertain light of the moon, we arrived at the door of the convent, a lofty and gigantic structure, rising in stories or terraces, one above the other, against the sides of the mountain, to its very top ; and then crowned with turrets, that from the base where I stood, seemed, like the tower at which the wickedness of man was confounded, striving to reach to heaven.

We "knocked and it was opened to us ;" ascended two or three flights of steps, climbed up a ladder, crawled through a small door, only large enough to admit one at a time, and found ourselves in an antechamber, surrounded by more than 100 Greek pilgrims. A monk conducted us up two or three flights of steps to the chamber of the superior, where we took coffee. In a few moments we followed him again up two or three more flights of steps to a neat little room, with a divan and a large pile of coverlets.

I thought of the bush in which I had lodged the night before, spread out a few of the coverlets, crawled in among them, and in a few moments the Dead Sea, and the Holy Land, and every other land and sea, were nothing to me.

*I would suggest whether this irregularity does not tend to show the fallacy of the opinion, that the cities of the plain were destroyed by a volcanic eruption, and that the lake covers the crater of an extinct volcano. I have seen the craters of Vesuvius, Solfatara, Etna, and Monte Rosso, and all present the same form of a mountain excavated in the form of a cone, without any of the irregularities found in the bottom of this sea.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Convent of Santa Saba.—A strange Picture.—Celebration of Good Friday.—Palm Sunday.—A Struggle for Life.—The Grave of a Friend.—A Convert.—Burial of a Missionary.

I SLEPT till nine o'clock the next morning. The first thing I did after breakfast was to mount to the tower at the top of the convent. This is the largest Greek convent in the Holy Land; and I remarked that it was in a good state of repair, and that large and expensive improvements were then in progress. The tower commanded a view of the whole convent, built in terraces, in a sort of amphitheatre, in the side of the mountain. All around, particularly in the mountain opposite, were ranges of grottoes, formerly the residences of anchorites and hermits, admirably situated for cherishing pious thoughts, and leading a holy life. An old white-bearded monk, leaning on his staff, was toiling up its sides, leading a long procession of pilgrims, probably to some very holy place; and below me, apparently growing out of the rock, was a large palm-tree, planted, as they say, by Santa Saba herself in the fourth century. The cemetery is about half way down, in a vault under an open area. The flat stone that covered the entrance was fastened down with cement. The monk told me that the bodies of the dead were laid on stone benches, where lime was thrown over them; and as soon as decomposition had taken place, the bones were removed, and thrown upon a pile in another part of the cemetery.

The chapel, like all the other Greek chapels, was full of gaudy and ridiculous ornaments and paintings; and, among the latter, there was one that attracted the particular admiration and reverence of the pilgrims. At the top of the picture sat the father, surrounded by angels, and patriarchs, and good men; and on his right was a range of two-story houses, St Peter standing before them with the keys in his hand. Below the father was a large, powerful man, with a huge pair of scales in his hand, weighing sinners as they came up, and billeting on each the weight of his sins; below him were a number of naked figures, in a sitting posture, with their arms spread out, and their legs enclosed in long boxes extended horizontally. On the left a stream of fire was coming down from the father, and collecting in the mouth of a huge nondescript sea-monster, while in front stood a great half-naked figure, pitching in the sinners just as the fireman on board a steam-boat pitches in the long sticks of wood, and the damned were kicking about in the flames. On the right was Elias doing battle with Antichrist; and below was a representation of the last day, and the graves giving up their dead, in almost every conceivable variety of form and situation.

In another chapel, dedicated to John of Damascus, who formerly lived there, behind an iron grating in a grotto of the rock was a large pile of skulls and bones, the remains of 14,000 hermits who dwelt among the mountains, and were slain by the Turks.

The superior had been waiting some time to accompany me to Jerusalem. Will the reader believe it? This man had lived twenty years in the convent, and had never been to the Dead Sea! I was so disgusted with him that I rode on and left him; and following the Valley of the Kedron, meeting on the way hundreds of Greek pilgrims, in three hours I was again in Jerusalem.

The next night being Good Friday, the monks of the Latin Convent performed the ceremony of the crucifixion. The doors were open at an early hour for a short time, and then closed for the night, so that we were obliged to be there two or three hours before the ceremony began. Most of the pilgrims had prepared against the tediousness of waiting by bringing with them their beds, mats, and coverlets; and all around the floor of the church, men, women, and children, were taking an intermediate nap. The proceedings commenced in the chapel of the Latin Convent, where

priests, monks, pilgrims, Paul, and myself, all assembled, every one holding in his hand a long lighted candle. The superior, with his gold mitre and black velvet cloak trimmed with gold, my friend the Sicilian priest, and some other dignitaries of the church, were present, very richly dressed. On a large cross was the figure of a man, representing the Saviour, the crown of thorns on his head, nails in his hands and feet, blood trickling from them, and a gaping wound in his side. Before setting out on the procession, the lights were extinguished; and, in total darkness, a monk commenced a sermon in Italian. After this the candles were relighted, banners and crucifixes raised, and the procession moved round the church towards Calvary. Stopping at the Pillar of Flagellation, at the prison where they say Christ was confined, where the crown of thorns was put upon his head, where his raiment was divided, &c., and giving a chant, and an address by one of the monks at each place, they wound round the church until they came to the staircase leading to Calvary, and, leaving their shoes below, mounted barefoot to the place of crucifixion. Here they first went to an altar on the right, where, as they have it, Christ was nailed to the cross; and laying the figure down on the floor, although they had been bearing it aloft for more than two hours, they now went through the ceremony of nailing it; and returning to the adjoining altar, passed the foot of the cross through the marble floor, and with the bleeding figure upon it, set it up in the hole in the natural rock, according to the tradition, in the very spot where, 1800 years ago, Christ was crucified. At the foot of the cross a monk preached a sermon in Italian, warm, earnest, and impassioned; frequently turning round, and with both hands extended, apostrophising the bleeding figure above him. In spite of my scepticism and incredulity, and my contempt for monkish tricks, I could not behold this scene unmoved. Every attendant upon the crucifixion was represented; for the Governor of Jerusalem was present, with a smile of scorn upon his handsome features, and Turkish and Mussulman soldiers breaking the stillness of the scene with loud laughs of derision; and I could almost imagine that I heard the unbelieving Jews, with gibes and sneers, crying out, "If he be the King of Israel, let him come down from the cross!"

After the body had remained some time suspended, two friars, personating Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, approached the foot of the cross; and one of them on the right, with a long pair of pincers, took the crown of thorns from the head, waved it around slowly with a theatrically mournful air, kissed it, and laid it down on a table before him; he then drew long spikes from the hands and feet, and moving them around, one by one, slowly as before, kissed them, and laid them also on the table. I never saw any thing more affecting than this representation, bad as it was, of the bloody drama of the crucifixion; and as the monks drew out the long nails from the hands and feet, even the scoffing Mussulmans stopped their laugh of derision. I stood by the table while they laid the body upon it, and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth; followed them when they carried it down from Calvary to the stone of unction; stood by the head of the stone while they washed and anointed it, and prepared it for burial, and followed it to the door of the sepulchre. It was now near two o'clock; the ceremony was ended, the Mussulman soldiers had retired, and Paul and I returned to the convent. We had no lamp; and as, in all the Turkish cities, every one is obliged to carry a lamp at night, and, in fact, it is necessary for his own security, we walked through the narrow streets of Jerusalem bearing the same long candles with which we had figured in the procession of the crucifixion.

On Sunday morning, being Easter, or Palm Sunday, I visited, for the last time, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It was more crowded than I had ever yet seen it. The courtyard literally swarmed with venders of amulets, crucifixes, and holy ornaments; and within the church were tables of oranges, figs, dates, &c. The

Arab baker was walking about, with a large tray on his head, crying his bread; and in each of the altars was a sort of shop, in which Greeks were making and selling chaplets and wreaths of palm-leaves. It was altogether a lively image of the scene when Christ went into the temple, and "cast out them that bought and sold, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers." The ceremonies of the day were in commemoration of that on which our Saviour entered into Jerusalem, riding upon an ass, when the multitude followed him, strewing their garments and branches of palm-trees in his path, and crying, "Hosannah to the Son of David!" When I entered, the monks of the Latin Convent were celebrating grand mass before the holy sepulchre; and, in the mean time, the Greeks were getting ready for their turn. Their chapel was crowded, and all along the corridors the monks were arranging the people in procession, and distributing banners, for which the young Greeks were scrambling; and in one place a monk, with a standard in his hand, which had just been handed down from above, with his back against the wall, was knocking and kicking away a crowd of young Greeks, struggling to obtain it for the procession.

As soon as the Latins had finished, the Arab soldiers, whom I always found regular attendants at these scenes, as if they knew what was coming when the Greeks began, addressed them with loud shouts of "Yellah, yellah—come on, come on." A large banner was stationed at the door of the sepulchre; and the rush of the pilgrims to prostrate themselves before it, and to touch it with their palm-branches, was tremendous. A tall young Greek, with a large turban on his head, while his left hand supported the banner, was laying about him with his right as if he were really defending the sepulchre itself from the hands of the infidels. The procession advanced under a loud chant, preceded by a body of Turkish officers to clear the way; then came the priests, wearing their richest dresses, their mitres and caps richly ornamented with precious stones, and carrying aloft sacred banners, and one of them sprinkling holy water. Wherever he came, the rush was terrible; the Greeks became excited to a sort of phrensy in their eagerness to catch a drop; and one strapping fellow, bursting through the rear ranks, thrust his face over my shoulder, and bawled out "Papa, papa," in such an agonising voice, that the "papa" aimed at him a copious discharge, of which my face received the principal benefit. When the largest banner came round, the struggle to touch it with the palm-branches was inconceivable. A Turkish officer had, until this time, covered me with his body, and, by dint of shouting, kicking, and striking furiously about him, saved me till the procession passed by; but after this the rush became dreadful. I could feel my ribs yielding under the pressure, and was really alarmed when a sudden and mighty surge of the struggling mass hurried me into the stock in trade of a merchant of dates and oranges. Instead of picking up his goods, the fellow grappled at me; but I got out of his clutches as well as I could; and, setting up for myself, kicked, thumped, and scuffled until I made my way to the door; and that was my last visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

I had regretted that I could not stay for the great Greek jugglery, the drawing down fire from heaven, when every pilgrim considers himself bound to light his taper at the sacred flame; and those who light first are considered the most fortunate and the most favoured in the sight of God. I could imagine the wild and frantic struggling among more than 10,000 bigots and fanatics for the first rays of the heavenly light; but from what I saw that day, I felt that it would be putting life and limb in peril to be among them. Two years before, a horrible catastrophe had happened at the enactment of this ceremony. The air of the church had become so contaminated by the exhalations from the bodies of the thousands crowded within it, that respiration became difficult; terror, confusion, and a rush for the door, ensued; Ibrahim Pacha was carried out senseless, over the heads of the people, by a strong body of his soldiers;

and between 200 and 300 pilgrims were trodden down and trampled to death. Their bodies were laid out next morning in the court of the church; and so degraded is the character of these Christian pilgrims, that, as I was told by Mr Nicolaisen, the English missionary to the Jews, who was looking among them for a servant of his own, the friends and relatives of the slain carried them away in triumph, as martyrs in the cause of Christ.

My last visit in Jerusalem was to Mount Zion. I believe I have not mentioned that on this hill stands the tomb, or the supposed tomb, of David. It is covered by a mosque; the tomb is walled in, and, as the Arab door-keeper told me, even the eyes of the pacha are not permitted to look within the holy place. Here, too, is the *cenaculum*, or chamber where our Saviour ate his last supper with his disciples; in the Armenian chapel is the real stone that was rolled from the door of the sepulchre; and here also is the house of Caiaphas, the high-priest, with a tree marking the spot where the cock crew when Peter denied his master.

But there was one spot on Mount Zion far more interesting to me than all these, or even than anything in Jerusalem. It was the grave of my early friend, whom I had tracked in his wanderings from the Cataracts of the Nile, through the wilderness of Sinai, to his last resting-place in Jerusalem. Years had rolled away since I bade him farewell in the streets of our native city. I had heard of him in the gay circles of Paris as about to wed with one of the proudest names in France; again, as a wanderer in the East, and then as dead in Palestine. But a few short years had passed away, and what changes! My old school-mates, the companions of my youth and opening manhood, where were they? Gone, scattered, dispersed, and dead; one of them was sleeping in the cold earth under my feet. He had left his home, and become a wanderer in strange lands, and had come to the Holy Land to die, and I was now bending over his grave. Where were the friends that should have gathered around him in the awful hour of death? Who closed his dying eyes? Who received his parting words for his friends at home? Who buried him on Mount Zion? Once I had been present there at a scene which almost made me weep; the burial of an Armenian pilgrim. He was brought for burial in the clothes in which he had died; the grave was too small, and had to be enlarged; the priest stood at the head of the grave under a heavy shower of rain, and, as he offered me his snuff-box, grumbled at being obliged to wait; and when the grave was enlarged, and the body thrown in, and the wet dirt cast upon it, he mumbled a short prayer, and then all hurried away. And this was by the grave of my friend; and I could not but ask myself who had buried him, and who had mourned over his grave. The inscription on his tombstone afforded but vague answers to my questions, and they were of a painful character. It ran thus:—

D. O. M.
Hic Jacet
***** B*****, ex Americæ.
Regionibus
Lugduni Galliarum Consul Hyerosolimis tactus intrinsecus sponte
Erroribus Lutheri et Calvinii abjectis,
Catholicam religionem professus svnanche correptus
E vita decessit IV. nonas Augusti, MDCCCXXX., ætatis sue
XXV.
Amici merentes posuere
Orate pro eo.

He had died at the convent, and died alone. His travelling companion had accidentally remained at Jaffa, had not heard of his sickness, and did not arrive in Jerusalem until poor B—— was in his grave. It was necessary to be wary in my inquiries; for the Catholics here are ever on the watch for souls, and with great ostentation had blazoned his conversion upon his tomb. The first time I inquired about him, a young monk told me that he remembered him well as on the day of his arrival, a fine, handsome young man, full of health and spirit, and that he immediately commenced talking about religion, and three days afterwards they said

mass, and took the sacrament together in the chapel of the convent. He told me the story so glibly, that I was confident of its falsity, even without referring to its improbability. I had known B—— well. I knew that, like most young men with us, though entertaining the deepest respect and reverence for holy things, in the pride of youth and health he had lived as if there was no grave; and I could imagine that, stretched upon his bed of death in the dreary cell of the convent, with "no eye to pity and no arm to save," surrounded by Catholic monks, and probably enfeebled in mind by disease, he had, perhaps, laid hold of the only hope of salvation offered him; and when I stood over his grave, and thought of the many thorns in his pillow in that awful hour—the distracting thoughts of home, of the mother whose name had been the last on his lips; the shuddering consciousness that, if he died a Protestant, his bones would be denied the rites of burial, I pitied, I grieved for, but I could not blame him. But when suspicion was aroused by the manner of the monk, I resolved to inquire further; and if his tale should prove untrue, to tear with my own hands the libellous stone from my friend's grave, and hurl it down Mount Zion. I afterwards saw the monk who had shrived him, and was told that the young man with whom I had conversed was a prater and a fool; that he himself had never heard B—— speak of religion until after his return from the Dead Sea with the hand of death upon him; that he had administered the sacrament to him but three days before his death, when all hope of life was past, and that even yet it might be a question whether he did really renounce his faith, for the solemn abjuration was made in a language he but imperfectly understood; and he never spoke afterwards, except, in the wildness of delirium, to murmur the name of "mother."

I have said that in his dying moments his feelings were harrowed by the thought that his body would be denied a Christian burial. Mr Whiting, who accompanied me on my first visit to his grave, told me that the Catholics would not have allowed him a resting place in consecrated ground; and, leading me a short distance to the grave of a friend and fellow missionary who had died since he had been at Jerusalem, described to me what he had seen of the unchristian spirit of the Christians of the holy city. Refused by the Latins, the friends of Dr Dodge had asked permission of the Greeks to lay his body for a little while in their burying-ground; and, negotiating with the dragoman of the convent, they thought that permission had been granted; but while they were in the act of performing the funeral service, a messenger came in to tell them that the grave had been filled up. They protracted the service till the delay excited the attention of his unhappy widow, and they were obliged to tell her that they had no place where they could lay the head of her young husband. A reluctant permission was at length granted, and they buried him by the light of torches; and although there had been no graves in that part of the ground before, the Greeks had buried all around, to prevent any application for permission to lay by his side the body of another heretic.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Pilgrimage to the Jordan.—Pilgrim's Certificate.—The Tomb of Samuel.—Departure from Jerusalem.—Last View of the Dead Sea.—Village of Einbrot.—Departure from Judea.—Mounts Gerizim and Ebal.—An Antique Manuscript.—"Pass" in Samaria.

THE next day I left Jerusalem; but before leaving it, I was witness to another striking scene, which I shall never forget; the departure of the pilgrims, fifteen or twenty thousand in number, for the Jordan. At an early hour I was on horseback, outside St Stephen's Gate. It was such a morning as that on which I started for the Dead Sea, clear, bright, and beautiful; the streets of the city were deserted, and the whole popu-

lation were outside the walls, sitting under the shadow of the temple, among the tombs of the Turkish burying-ground; the women in their long white dresses, with their faces covered, and the men in large flowing robes, of gay and varied colours, and turbans of every fashion, many of them green, the proud token of the pilgrimage to Mecca, with pipes, and swords, and glittering arms; the whole Valley of Jehoshaphat was filled with moving beings, in every variety of gay apparel, as if the great day of resurrection had already come, and the tenants of the dreary tombs had burst the fetters of the grave, and come forth into new life and beauty.

I had received an invitation from the governor to ride in his suite; and while waiting for him at the gate, the terrible Abougos, with his retainers, came out and beckoned me to join him. I followed him over the Brook Kedron and the Valley of Jehoshaphat to the Garden of Gethsemane, where I stopped, and, giving my horse to an Arab boy, I stepped over the low fence, and, seating myself on the jutting root of the tree marked by the knives of pilgrims as that under which our Saviour was betrayed, looking over the heads of the Turkish women seated on the fence below, I saw the whole procession streaming from the gate, crossing the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and filing along the foot of the garden. They were on foot and on horseback, on donkeys, mules, dromedaries, and camels; and here and there were well-equipped caravans, with tents and provisions for the monks of the different convents. It would be impossible to give any idea of this strange and extraordinary procession: here might be seen a woman on horseback, with a child on each arm; there a large pannier on each side of a mule, with a man in one and a woman in the other; or a large frame on the high back of a camel, like a diminutive ark, carrying a whole family, with all their quilts, coverlets, cooking utensils, &c. Among them, riding alone on a raw-boned horse, was a beggarly Italian, in a worn and shabby European dress, with a fowling-piece and a game-bag, and every body made way for him; and there was a general laugh wherever he came. And now a body of Turkish horsemen, with drawn scimeters in their hands, rushed out of the gate, dashed down the valley, and up the sides of the mountains at full gallop, clearing the way for the governor; and then came the governor himself, under a salute from the fortress, on a horse of the best blood of Arabia, riding as if he were part of the noble animal, preceded by the music of the Turkish drum, and bowing with a nobility and dignity of manner known only in the East, and which I marked the more particularly, as he stopped opposite to me and beckoned to me to join him. Then came the pilgrims again, and I sat there till the last had gone by. Galloping back to the gate, I turned to look at them for the last time, a living, moving mass of thousands, thousands of miles from their homes, bound for the sacred Jordan, and strong in the faith that, bathing in its hallowed waters, they should wash away their sins.

In a few moments I was at the convent; and, sending Paul before me to the Damascus Gate, I went to take my leave of the superior. He told me that, though I was an American (the only Americans he had seen were missionaries, and he did not like them), he liked me; and bidding me a kind and affectionate farewell, he put into my hands a pilgrim's certificate, which follows in these words—

FR. FRANCISCUS XAVERIUS A MELITA.

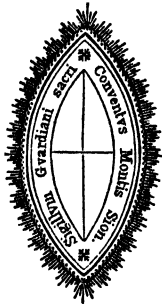
Ordinis minorum regularis observantie S. P. N. Francisci; custodie melitensis lector theologus; ex-definito; sacre congregationis propagande fidei responsalis; missionum Egypti et Cypræ præfectus; in partibus orientis commissarius apostolicus; sacri Montis Sion, et sanctissimi sepulcri D. N. Jesu Christi guardanus; totius Terræ Sanctæ custos, visitator, et humilis in domino servus:

Illustrissimo Domino **** * ***** Americano liberè hoc præsens testimonium damus, et omnibus, ac singulis hoc præsentis nostræ litteræ lecturis, vel inspecturis notum, fideique

facimus, Laudatum Illustrissimum Dominum Jerusalem pervenisse, et omnia principaliora loca, quæ in tota Palestina visitari solent, præsertim Ssm. Sepulchrum Dom. N. Jesu Christi, Calvarie Montem, Præsepium Bethlehemiticum, etc., visitasse. Et quod ita sit, attestationem manu nostra subscribimus, et sigillo majori officii nostri munitam expediri mandamus.

Datis Jerusalem, ex hoc Venerabili Conventu Sancti Salvatoris, die 3 Aprilis, Anno Domini 18 trigesimo-sexto.

Fr. Franciscus Xaverius a Melita, Custos Terræ Sanctæ.



EAL.

De Mandato Rendi in Xpto Patris,
FR. PERPETUUS A SOLERIO,
Secretarius Terræ Sanctæ.

Which, being interpreted, is as follows:—

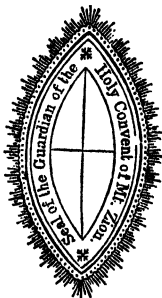
BROTHER FRANCIS XAVIER, OF MALTA,

Brother Francis Xavier, of Malta, of the order of monks of the regular rule of our Father Saint Francis; theological reader of the order of Malta; expounder, missionary of the sacred congregation for propagating the faith; prefect of the missions of Egypt and Cyprus; apostolical commissary in the Eastern world; guardian of the holy Mount Zion, and of the most holy Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ; keeper and visitor of all the Holy Land, and humble servant in the Lord:

*To the most illustrious Lord **** * ***** an American, we give this present testimonial; and to all and every one who shall read or inspect these our present letters, we do make known and certify that this celebrated and most illustrious lord has come through Jerusalem, and has visited all the principal places which are accustomed to be visited in all Palestine, especially the most Holy Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Mount of Calvary, the Convent at Bethlehem, &c.; and that it is so we subscribe this attestation with our hand, and cause it to be put forth fortified by the great seal of our office.

Given at Jerusalem, from this venerable convent of the Holy Saviour, on the 3d day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty six.

Brother Francis Xavier, of Malta, Guardian of the Holy Land.



Given by command, in the private office of the Father,
FRANCIS A. SOLERIO,
Perpetual Secretary of the Holy Land.

Whereby the reader will see, that whatever may be his fate hereafter, a pilgrimage to the holy city gives a man temporal honours, and has transformed a republican citizen of America into an "illustrissimus dominus."

With this evidence of my pilgrim character, I mounted my horse for the last time at the door of the convent. I lost my way in going to the Damascus Gate,

but a friendly Jew conducted me to it; a Jew was the first to welcome me to the Holy Land, and a Jew was the last to speed me on my way from the holy city of Jerusalem. Paul was waiting for me; and for half a mile we passed mounds of ruins, the walls of the old city having extended some distance beyond the Damascus Gate. In about three quarters of an hour, a little to the right, we came to what are called the Tombs of the Judges, excavations in the rock, one of them full of water. I have no satisfaction in the recollection of these tombs, for there I lost my old companion, the terror of evil dogs, my Nubian club; which, since I bought it in Nubia, had seldom been out of my hand. In about three hours we were mounting Djebel Samyeh, the highest mountain about Jerusalem, crowned with the ruins of Mamah, the birthplace and tomb of Samuel the seer. A few Arab huts are around the ruins; and a ruined mosque, the minaret of which has fallen, is the most prominent building on the mountain. We entered the mosque; at the farther end was a door locked, but with a key in it. I turned the key, and entered a dark chamber. By the light from the door I could see at the far end a dark, sombre-looking object, and groped my way to the tomb of Samuel; I kept my hands on it, and walked around it; and hearing some of the villagers at the door, I tore off a piece of the pall, as I had done from the tomb of Aaron, and hurried out. I stopped for a moment on the top of the mountain, and, looking back towards the holy city, saw for the last time the Mosque of Omar rising proudly over the ruins of the Temple of Solomon, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the walls of Jerusalem, and the Dead Sea. My first view of this latter had been from the tomb of Aaron; and I considered it a not uninteresting coincidence that I was now looking upon it for the last time from the tomb of Samuel.

In about an hour, riding over a rough road, we came to the village of Beer, supposed to be the Beer to which Jotham fled "for fear of his brother Abimelech." A ruined khan was at the entrance of the village, and near it a large fountain, at which the women were washing. About an hour beyond this, to the right, on a little elevation, are the ruins of Betcel, the ancient Bethel. It was here that the bears came out and tore in pieces the children that mocked the bald-headed prophet Elisha, and it was here that Jacob took "the stones of the place for his pillow, and dreamed, and beheld a ladder reaching to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending thereon." Though surrounded by stony mountains, it was prettily situated; I rode among the ruins without dismounting. The place was solitary and deserted, and not a human being appeared to dwell in it. At one end were the ruins of a church, and near it was a large fountain in a stone reservoir; a single cow was drinking at the fountain, and at the moment a boy was driving past a flock of goats to his village home in the mountains. He was a Christian, and called me Christian, and hadji or pilgrim, and gave me a wild flower, which he plucked from under my horse's feet. It was a beautiful afternoon, and all was so still and quiet that I felt strongly tempted to lie down and sleep where Jacob did; but I had given away my tent and camp equipage, and I reflected that while I was sure of the patriarch's pillow of stone, I had but little prospect of being blessed with the promise that softened it, "that the land on which he lay should be given to him and his seed, and that in him all the families of the earth should be blessed."

In about an hour we came to the village of Einbroot, prettily situated on an eminence, and commanding on all sides a view of fertile and well-cultivated valleys. We were looking for Einbroot; and as the village to which we had come lay a little off the road, we were not sure it was the place we wanted. A woman told us it was not, a man assured us that the sheik was not at home, and there seemed clearly a disposition to send us on farther; and this determined us to stop. We rode up to the village, and inquired for the sheik; the villagers gave us evasive answers, one saying that he

was away, and another that he was sick; but a little boy, pointing with his finger, told us that he was there, praying; and looking up, we saw him on the top of the house, on his knees, praying with all his might, and occasionally looking over his shoulder at us. By his not coming to welcome me, I saw that he did not wish me to stay; and after my scenes with the Bedouins in the desert, having a comparative contempt for dwellers in houses, I dismounted and sat down, determined to see who would get tired first. In the mean time the villagers gathered around as spectators of our contest, and the sheik, as if ashamed of himself, at length finished his prayers, and came down to receive me. He told me that he had no place for us, and showed me to a large room, fifty or sixty feet square, which seemed to be the common resort and sleeping-place of all who had no particular home. After the comforts of the convent at Jerusalem, I did not like the look of things in the beginning of my journey; but consoling myself with the reflection that it was only for one night, I spread my mat in a corner, and had just time to stroll around the village before dark.

The houses were built of rough stone, a single story in height, with mud roofs, many of them overgrown with grass, and now presenting, towards sundown, the singularly picturesque spectacle, which I had often noticed in Syria, of the inhabitants sitting out upon the terraces and roofs of their houses, or, perhaps, the still more striking picture of a single old white-bearded, patriarchal figure, sitting alone upon his housetop. One of these venerable personages called me up to his side; and I was well rewarded for my trouble, and could fully appreciate the satisfaction with which the old man, day after day, looked out upon the beautiful and well-cultivated valley, the terraces, and the smiling villages on the mountain side.

Several of the villagers were following us, and among them a fine old man, the brother of the sheik, and formerly sheik himself. He told me that, since the stormy times of Mohammed Ali, he had resigned the sheikdom, and comforted himself for the loss of station in the arms of a young wife; and before we parted we were on such good terms that he told me the reason of their unwillingness to receive us; namely, that they thought we were officers of Mohammed Ali, sent to spy out their condition, and ascertain the number of their men able to bear arms; but satisfied that we were merely travellers, and warmed by my honest disclaimer of the imputed character, he invited me to his house, and both he, and the sheik, and all the villagers, seemed striving now to atone for the churlishness of their first reception.

The old man was as kind as a man could be; in fact, his kindness oppressed me; for having but one room in his house, he sent both his wives out of doors to sleep at a neighbour's. In vain I told him not to disarrange himself on my account; to make no stranger of me; to let them stay; and that it was nothing to me if the whole harem of the sultan was there; he was positive and decided. I catechised him about his wives, and he said that he had been a poor man all his life, and could never afford to keep more than one till lately; and now the companion of his youth and the sharer of his poverty was thrust away into a corner, while with all simplicity and honesty he showed me the best place in the house appropriated to his young bride. He talked as if it had been the hardest thing in the world that he had been obliged to content himself so long with his first wife. Thus it seems, that here, as with us, extravagance comes with wealth; and whereas with us, when a man grows rich he adds another pair of horses to his establishment, so the honest Mussulman indulges himself with another helpmate.

Two Turks and an Arab slept in the room with us; and before going to bed, that is, before lying down on the mud floor, and the first thing in the morning, they turned their faces to the tomb of the Prophet, kneeled down and prayed. In the evening one of them had complained of a headache, and another, standing over

him and pressing his temples with the palms of his hands, repeated a verse of the Koran, and the headache went away. I asked him whether that was good for a sore throat; he told me that it was, but, after giving me a verse or two, said that his remedy could only have full effect upon true believers.

Early in the morning I set off, my host and the sheik and half the village gathering around me to bid me farewell, and invoke blessings upon me. I did not know the extent of the sacrifice my host had made for me until at the moment of parting, when I got a glimpse of his young wife.

We were now entering the region of Samaria, and, though the mountains were yet stony, a beautiful country was opening before us. We soon came into a smiling valley full of large olive-trees, and rode for some time in a pleasant shade. Every where we were meeting streams of pure water, tempting us perpetually to dismount after the sandy desert through which we had been so long travelling. We passed, too, several villages, among which I remember was the village of Cowara, beautifully situated on the side of the mountain, overlooking a fertile valley, and all the women of the village were in the field picking the tares from the grain.

I was now about entering one of the most interesting countries in the Holy Land, consecrated by the presence of our Saviour in the body, and by the exercise of his divine and miraculous powers. The Bible was again in my hand, and I read there that Jesus Christ had left "Judea and departed into Galilee; that he must needs pass through Samaria, and that he came to a city of Samaria called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph." And "Jacob's well was there, and Jesus, being weary with his journey, sat down on the well, and it was about the sixth hour. And there cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water; and Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink." It is with no irreverent feeling that I draw the parallel, but I was following in the very footsteps of the Saviour; I too had left "Judea, and had departed into Galilee;" I too "must needs go through Samaria;" and I too was now coming to the city of Samaria called Sychar, and, before entering the city, I would fain sit down on the well of Jacob, where our Saviour talked with the Samaritan woman.

At Cowara I took a guide to conduct me to this well. In about two hours we were winding along the side of Mount Gerizim, whose summit was covered with the white dome of the tomb of an Arab saint; and passing one well on the declivity of the mountain, going down to the valley at its base, we came to Jacob's well, or the Beer Samarea of the Arabs. I knew that there was a difference of opinion as to the precise site of this interesting monument; but when I found myself at the mouth of this well, I had no wish to look farther; I could feel and realise the whole scene; I could see our Saviour coming out from Judea, and travelling along this valley; I could see him, wearied with his journey, sitting down on this well to rest, and the Samaritan woman, as I saw them at every town in the Holy Land, coming out for water. I could imagine his looking up to Mount Gerizim, and predicting the ruin of the temple, and telling her that the hour was coming when neither on that mountain nor yet in Jerusalem would she worship the God of her fathers. A large column lay across the top of the well, and the mouth was filled up with huge stones. I could see the water through the crevices, but, even with the assistance of Paul and the Arabs, found it impossible to remove them. I plucked a wild flower growing in the mouth of the well, and passed on.

The ground which I was now treading is supposed to be the "parcel of ground" which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for a hundred pieces of silver, and gave to his son Joseph. Turning the point of the mountain, we came to a rich valley, lying between the mountains of Gerizim and Ebal. Crossing this valley, on the sides of the mountains of Ebal is a long range of grottoes and tombs, and a little

before coming to them, in a large white building like a sheikh's tomb, is the sepulchre of Joseph, as it is written, "the bones also of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up with them out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem." I dismounted and entered the building and it is not an uninteresting fact that I found there a white-bearded Israelite, kneeling at the tomb of the patriarch, and teaching a rosy-cheeked boy (his descendant of the fourth generation) the beautiful story of Joseph and his brethren.

It was late in the afternoon when I was moving up the valley of Naplous. The mountains of Gerizim and Ebal, the mountains of blessings and curses, were towering like lofty walls on either side of me; Mount Gerizim fertile, and Mount Ebal barren, as when God commanded Joshua to set up the stones in Mount Ebal, and pronounced on Mount Gerizim blessings upon the children of Israel, "if they would hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord, to observe and do all his commandments,"* and on Ebal the withering curses of disobedience. A beautiful stream, in two or three places filling large reservoirs, was running through the valley and a shepherd sat on its bank, playing a reed pipe with his flock feeding quietly around him. The shade of evening was gathering fast as I approached the town of Naplous, the Shechem or Sychem of the Old Testament, and the Sychar of the New. More than a dozen lepers were sitting outside the gate, their faces shining, pimpled, and bloated, covered with sores and pustules, their nostrils open and filled with ulcers, and their red eyes fixed and staring; with swollen feet they dragged their disgusting bodies towards me, and with hoarse voices extended their deformed and hideous hands for charity.

We rode up the principal street; and at the door of the palace I met the governor just mounting his horse, with a large retinue of officers and slaves around him. We exchanged our greetings on horseback. I showed him my firman, and he sent a janizary to conduct me to the house of a Samaritan, a writer to the government, where I was received, fed, and lodged, better than in any other place in the Holy Land, always excepting the abodes of those suffering martyrs, the Terra Santa monks.

I had just time to visit the Samaritan synagogue. Leaving my shoes at the door, with naked feet I entered a small room, about fifteen feet square, with nothing striking or interesting about it except what the Samaritans say is the oldest manuscript in the world, a copy of the Pentateuch, written by Abishua, the grandson of Aaron, three years after the death of Moses, or about 3300 years ago. The priest was a man of forty-five, and gave me but a poor idea of the character of the Samaritans, for he refused to show me the sacred scroll unless I would pay him first. He then brought down an old manuscript, which, very much to his astonishment, I told him was not the genuine record; giving him very plainly to understand that I was not to be bamboozled in the matter. I had been advised of this trick by the English clergyman whom I met in Jerusalem; and the priest, laughing at my detection of the cheat, while some of his hopeful flock who had followed me joined in the laugh, brought down the other, preserved in a tin case. It was written in some character I did not understand, said to be the Samaritan, tattered and worn, and bearing the marks of extreme age; and though I knew nothing about it, I admitted it to be the genuine manuscript; and they all laughed when I told the priest what a rogue he was for trying to deceive me; and this priest they believe to be of the tribe of Levi, of the seed of Aaron. If I had left Naplous then, I should probably have repeated the words that our Saviour applied to them in his day, "No good thing can come out of Samaria;" but I spent a long evening, and had an interesting conversation with my host and his brother, and in their kindness, sincerity, and honesty, forgot the petty duplicity of the Levite.

Much curiosity has existed in Europe among the

* Deuteronomy, xxviii. 1.

learned with regard to this singular people, and several of the most eminent men of their day, in London and Paris, have had correspondence with them, but without any satisfactory result. The descendants of the Israelites who remained and were not carried into captivity, on the rebuilding of the second temple were denied the privilege of sharing the labour and expense of its reconstruction at Jerusalem; and in mortification and revenge, they built a temple on Mount Gerizim, and ever since a deadly hatred has existed between their descendants the Samaritans and the Jews. Gibbon, speaking of them in the time of Justinian, says, "The Samaritans of Palestine were a motley race, an ambiguous sect, rejected as Jews by the pagans, by the Jews as schismatics, and by the Christians as idolaters. The abomination of the cross had already been planted on their holy mount of Gerizim, but the persecution of Justinian offered only the alternative of baptism or rebellion. They chose the latter; under the standard of a desperate leader, they rose in arms and retaliated their wrongs on the lives, the property, and the temples of a defenceless people. The Samaritans were finally subdued by the regular forces of the East; 20,000 were slain, 20,000 were sold by the Arabs to the infidels of Persia and India, and the remains of that unhappy nation atoned for the crime of treason by the sin of hypocrisy." About sixty families are all now remaining, and these few relies of a once powerful people still dwell in their ancient capital, at the base of Mount Gerizim, under the shadow of their fallen temple.

The brother of my host was particularly fond of talking about them. He was very old, and the most deformed man I ever saw who lived to attain a great age. His legs were long, and all his limbs were those of a tall man, but he was so hump-backed that in sitting he rested upon his hump. He asked me many questions about the Samaritans in England (of America he had no knowledge), and seemed determined to believe that there were many in that country, and told me that I might say to them, wherever I found them, that there they believed in one omnipotent and eternal God, the five Books of Moses and a future Messiah, and the day of the Messiah's coming to be near at hand; that they practised circumcision, went three times a-year up to Mount Gerizim, "the everlasting mountain," to worship and offer sacrifice, and once a-year pitched their tents and left their virgins alone on the mount for seven days, expecting that one of them would conceive and bring forth a son, who should be the Messiah; that they allowed two wives, and in case of barrenness four; that the women were not permitted to enter the synagogue, except once a-year during fast, but on no account were they permitted to touch the sacred scroll; and that although the Jews and Samaritans had dealings in the market-places, &c., they hated each other now as much as their fathers did before them.

I asked him about Jacob's well; he said he knew the place, and that he knew our Saviour, or Jesus Christ, as he familiarly called him, very well; he was Joseph the carpenter's son, of Nazareth; but that the story which the Christians had about the woman at the well was all a fiction; that Christ did not convert her; but that, on the contrary, she laughed at him, and even refused to give him water to drink.

The information I received from these old men is more than I have ever seen in print about this reduced and singular people, and I give it for what it may be worth. I cannot help mentioning a little circumstance, which serves to illustrate the proverb that boys will be boys all the world over. While I was exploring the mysteries of the Samaritan creed, it being the season of Easter, a fine chubby little fellow came to me with a couple of eggs dyed yellow, and trying them on his teeth, just as we used to do in my boyish days (did we learn it from them or they from us?) gave me a choice; and, though it may seem a trifling incident to the reader, it was not an uninteresting circumstance to me, this celebration of my "pas" in the ancient Sychem, cracking eggs with a Samaritan boy.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sebaste.—Ruins of the Palace of Herod.—Mount Tabor.—Nazareth.—Scriptural Localities.—Tiberias.—An English Sportsman.—Bethsaida and Chorazin.—Capernaum.—Zaffad.—Arrival at Acre.

AT about eight o'clock in the morning we left Naplous; the lepers were lying at the gate as before; not permitted to enter the walls of the city, but living apart and perpetuating among themselves their loathsome race. The valley of Naplous was, if possible, more beautiful by morning than by evening light, shaded by groves of figs, olives, almonds, and apricots in full bloom, and bounded by lofty mountains, with a clear and beautiful stream winding and murmuring through its centre. Until I came to this place, I had frequently said to myself that I would not give the estate of a wealthy gentleman in Genesio for the whole kingdom of David; but there was a rare and extraordinary beauty here, even in the hands of the Arab Fellahs. Men and women were stealing among the trees, in gaily-coloured apparel, and, instead of the turban or tarbouch, the men wore a long red cap, with the tassel hanging jauntily like that of a Neapolitan. For more than an hour we followed the course of the stream, and nothing could be more beautifully picturesque than the little mills on its banks; low, completely embosomed among trees, and with their roofs covered with grass, and sometimes the agreeable sound of a waterfall was the first intimation we had of their presence. There was something exceedingly rural and poetic in their appearance. I went down to one of them, more than usually beautiful, hoping to be greeted by some lovely "maid of the mill;" but, as if it were determined that every thing like illusion in the East should be destroyed for my especial benefit, the sight of one chamber, filled with sacks of grain, sheep and goats, and all kinds of filth, and a young girl sitting in the door, with the head of an old woman in her lap, occupied as is constantly seen in every miserable town in Italy, drove me away perfectly disgusted.

Leaving the valley, we turned up to the right, and, crossing among the mountains, in two hours came in sight of the ruins of Sebaste, the ancient Samaria, standing upon a singularly bold and insulated mountain, crowned with ruins. The capital of the ten tribes of Israel, where Ahab built his palace of ivory; where, in the days of Jereboam, her citizens sat in the lap of luxury, saying to their masters "come and let us drink," destroyed by the Assyrians, but rebuilt and restored to more than its original splendour by Herod, now lies in the state foretold by the prophet Amos: "Her inhabitants and their posterity are taken away." The ancient Samaritans are all gone, and around the ruins of their palaces and temples are gathered the miserable huts of the Arab Fellahs. Climbing up the precipitous ascent of the hill, we came to the ruins of a church, or tower, or something else, built by our old friend the Lady Helena, and seen to great advantage from the valley below. The Lady Helena, however, did not put together all this stone and mortar for the picturesque alone; it was erected over, and in honour of, the prison where John the Baptist was beheaded, and his grave. I knew that this spot was guarded with jealous care by the Arabs, and that none but Mussulmans were permitted to see it; but this did not prevent my asking admission: and when the lame sheik said that none could enter without a special order from the pacha, Paul rated him soundly for thinking we would be such fools as to come without one; and, handing him our travelling firman, the sheik kissed the seal, and, utterly unable to determine for himself whether the order was to furnish me with horses or admit me to mosques, said he knew he was bound to obey that seal, and do whatever the bearer told him, and hobbled off to get the key.

Leaving our shoes at the door, in one corner of the enclosure, we entered a small mosque with whitewashed walls, hung with ostrich eggs, clean mats for the praying Mussulmans, a sort of pulpit, and the usual recess of the Kebra. In the centre of the stone floor was a hole

opening to the prison below, and, going outside, and descending a flight of steps, we came to the prison chamber, about eight paces square; the door, now broken and leaning against the wall, like the doors in the sepulchres of the kings at Jerusalem, was a slab cut from the solid stone, and turning on a pivot. On the opposite side were three small holes, opening to another chamber, which was the tomb of the Baptist. I looked in, but all was dark; the Mussulman told me that the body only was there; that the prophet was beheaded at the request of the wife of a king, and I forget where he said the head was. This may be the prison where the great forerunner of the Lord was beheaded, at least no man can say that it is not; and leaving it with the best disposition to believe, I ascended to the ruined palace of Herod, his persecutor and murderer. Thirty or forty columns were still standing, the monuments of the departed greatness of its former tenant. On one side, towards the north-east, where are the ruins of a gate, there is a double range of Ionic columns. I counted more than sixty, and, from the fragments I was constantly meeting, it would seem as if a double colonnade had extended all around.

The palace of Herod stands on a table of land, on the very summit of the hill, overlooking every part of the surrounding country; and such were the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wildness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seemed smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered by a rich carpet of grass, sprinkled with wild flowers of every hue, and beyond, stretched like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olive rising in terraces to their very summits. There, day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his royal palace; and looking out upon all these beauties, his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among these still towering columns, the proud monarch had made a supper "to his lords, and high captains, and chief estates of Galilee;" here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, "danced before him, and the proud king promised with an oath to give her whatever she should ask, even to the half of his kingdom." And while the feast and dance went on, the "head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel." And Herod has gone, and Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, has gone, and "the lords, and the high captains, and the chief estates of Galilee," are gone; but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted are still here; the mountains and valleys which beheld their revels are here; and oh! what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness, a Fellah was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital under a fig-tree by its side, and I asked him what were the ruins that we saw; and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me that they were the ruins of the palace of a king—he believed, of the Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turn aside from their path to do homage in the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace, knew not the name of the haughty Herod. Even at this distance of time I look back with a feeling of uncommon interest upon my ramble among those ruins, talking with the Arab ploughman of the king who built it, leaning against a column which perhaps had often supported the haughty Herod, and looking out from this scene of desolation and ruin upon the most beautiful country in the Holy Land.

Descending from the ruined city, we continued our way along the valley. In about an hour we came to the village of Beteen, standing on the side of a mountain, overlooking a fertile valley: the women were in the fields, as I had seen them before, picking the tares from the wheat. Riding along through a succession of beautiful valleys, nearly all the way close to the banks of a running stream, and stopping under a fine shade of olives for our noonday meal, we came to Sanpoor,

standing on an insulated hill, commanding an extensive view of the country, and once a strongly fortified place, with a tower and walls, supposed to have been built during the time of the crusades, but now totally demolished and in ruins. About three years ago it was taken, after a six months' siege, by Abdallah Pacha, the great soldier of the sultan; the insurgent inhabitants were put to the sword, and their houses burnt and razed to the ground. A little beyond this, the continued falls of rain have formed a small lake. In an hour and a half we passed the village of Abattia, and late in the afternoon we fell in with a party of Turkish travellers, one of whom was the "biggest in the round" of all the men I had seen in the East. His noble horse seemed to complain of his extraordinary burden. At about six o'clock we had left the beautiful country of Samaria, and were entering the little town of Jennin, or Janeen, standing on the borders of Galilee, at the commencement of the great plain of Jezreel.

Early in the morning, leaving the village of Janeen, we entered almost immediately the great plain of Jezreel. The holy places were now crowding upon me in rapid succession. I was on my way to Nazareth, the city of Joseph and Mary, where Christ spent nearly all his life; but I turned off the direct road to do homage on Mount Tabor, recognised as the scene of our Saviour's transfiguration. We passed two miserable villages, looking at a distance like little mounds or excrescences on the surface of the great plain; and, turning to the right, around the mountains of Samaria, saw afar off the lofty summit of Hermon, crowned with a sheik's tomb. On the right, towards the Sea of Galilee, was the village of Bisan, the Bethshan of the Bible, where the Philistines fastened the bodies of Saul and his three sons to the walls after they had fallen in Mount Gilboa.*

Before us, and the most striking and imposing object on the whole of the great plain of Esdraelon, was Mount Tabor. It stands perfectly isolated; rising alone from the plain in a rounded tapering form, like a truncated cone, to the height of 3000 feet, covered with trees, grass, and wild flowers, from the base to its summit, and presenting the combination so rarely found in natural scenery of the bold and the beautiful. At twelve o'clock we were at the miserable village of Deborah, at the foot of the mountain, supposed to be the place where Deborah the prophetess, who then judged Israel, and Barak and "10,000 men after him, descended upon Sisera, and discomfited him and all his chariots, even 900 chariots of iron, and all the people that were with him." The men and boys had all gone out to their daily labour, and we tried to persuade a woman to guide us to the top of the mountain, but she turned away with contempt; and having had some practice in climbing, we moved around its sides until we found a regular path, and ascended nearly to the top without dismounting. The path wound around the mountain, and gave us a view from all its different sides, every step presenting something new, and more and more beautiful, until all was completely forgotten and lost in the exceeding loveliness of the view from the summit. Stripped of every association, and considered merely as an elevation commanding a view of unknown valleys and mountains, I never saw a mountain which, for beauty of scene, better repaid the toil of ascending it; and I need not say what an interest was given to every feature when we saw in the valley beneath the large plain of Jezreel, the great battle-ground of nations; on the south the supposed range of Hermon, with whose dews the psalmist compares the "pleasantness of brethren dwelling together in unity;" beyond, the ruined village of Endor, where dwelt the witch who raised up the prophet Samuel; and near it the little city of Nain, where our Saviour raised from the dead the widow's son; on the east, the mountains of Gilboa, "where Saul, and his armour-bearer, and his three sons, fell upon their swords, to save themselves

from falling into the hands of the Philistines; beyond, the Sea of Galilee, or Lake of Genesareth, the theatre of our Saviour's miracles, where in the fourth watch of the night he appeared to his terrified disciples, walking on the face of the waters; and to the north, on a lofty eminence, high above the top of Tabor, the city of Saphet, supposed to be the ancient Bethulia, alluded to in the words "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

But if the tradition be true, we need not go beyond the mountain itself, for it was on this high mountain that "Jesus Christ took Peter, and James, and John his brother, apart," and gave them a glimpse of his glory before his death, when "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light; and a voice out of the cloud was heard, saying, 'This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.'" I stood on the very spot where this holy scene was enacted. Within the walls of an old fortress is a ruined grotto, with three altars built as Peter had proposed, one for Christ, one for Moses, and one for Elias; where, once a year, the monks of the convent, and all the Christians of Nazareth, ascending in solemn procession, offer adoration and praise to the Saviour of the world. The top of the mountain is an oval, about half a mile long, and encompassed by a wall built by Josephus when he was governor of Galilee; within this enclosure is a table of luxuriant grass and wild flowers, sending forth such an odour, and looking so clean and refreshing, that, when my horse lay down and rolled in it, I felt the spirit of boyhood coming over me again, and was strongly tempted to follow his example.

We descended and hurried on towards Nazareth. Winding along the valley, an accidental turn brought the mountain again full before me, alone, and strongly defined against the sky; the figure of a man could have been seen standing on the top as on a pedestal. I know not whether, in the splendid effort of Raphael that now adorns the Vatican, he had any idea of this particular mountain; but I remember that, looking back upon it at this time, it struck me that it was exactly the scene which the daring genius of the painter might have selected for the transfiguration of the Son of God.

In two hours and a half we were in the vale of Nazareth, and approaching the city of Nazareth. The valley is fertile, surrounded by hills, and the city stands at the extreme end on the side of an elevation. The houses are white, and in the place of Christ's residence, as of his birth, the mosque with its minaret is the most conspicuous object, and next to that the convent. A little on this side is a Greek church, built, as the Greeks say, over the spot where the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin Mary, and announced to her the birth of a son, "of whose kingdom there should be no end." A little farther is a fountain, where the Virgin is said to have been in the habit of going for water; a procession of women, with large jars on their heads, was coming out from the city, and one of them, a Christian woman, gave us to drink; a comfortable-looking monk, taking his afternoon's promenade in the suburbs, was the first to greet us, and following him, we dismounted at the door of the convent—one of the largest in the Holy Land.

In the city where Joseph and Mary lived, and where our Saviour passed thirty years of his life, there is of course no lack of holy places; and as in the case of the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as many of these places as possible have, with admirable economy, been brought under one roof. The Church of the Annunciation, within the walls of the convent, next to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is the finest in the Holy Land. There are two organs, and the walls and pillars are hung with red damask. Under the principal altar is the house of Joseph and Mary, consisting of several grottoes, kitchen, parlour, and bedroom. In front of the same altar are two granite columns, designating the spots where the angel and the Virgin stood at the time of the annunciation. One of them is broken off

* Joshua, xvii. 11; 1 Samuel, xxxi. 12; Kings, iv. 12.

below, and the upper part hangs from the roof—the monks say by a miracle, but others by mortar; and all over Galilee the miraculous pillar is celebrated for its virtue in curing diseases. Outside the convent are the workshop where Joseph wrought at his carpenter's trade, and the synagogue, where Christ, by reading the book of Isaiah, and applying to himself the words of the prophet, so exasperated the Jews that they rose up and thrust him out of the city. A lamp was burning dimly at the altar, and an Arab Christian prostrating himself before it; and, lastly, I saw the table on which, say the monks, our Lord dined with his disciples both before and after the resurrection—a large flat stone about three feet high, and fifteen paces in circumference. I was about knocking off a piece as a memorial, when the friar checked me, and turning round a nail in one of the many holes in the surface, he worked off a little powder, laid it carefully in a paper, and gave it me.

In my humour there was no great interest in visiting these so-called holy places; but here was the city in which our Saviour had been brought up. I could walk in the same streets where he had walked, and look out upon the same hills and valleys; and a man of warm and impassioned piety might imagine that, in breathing the same atmosphere, he was drawing nearer to the person of the Saviour. I went back to the convent, joined the monks at vespers, listened to the solemn chant and the majestic tones of the organ, and went to bed.

Early in the morning, changing for the first time the horses with which I had come from Jerusalem, I took a Christian of Nazareth for my guide, and started for Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee. In about an hour we came to Cana of Galilee, where our Saviour performed his first miracle by turning water into wine. At the entrance of the village is a fountain, where the women were drawing water in large jars, and near it a Greek church, built over the house of the young man at whose wedding the miracle was performed. Here, too, are large stone jars, being, as the monks say, the identical vessels in which the water was changed. War, bloody and relentless war, has swept over the little Cana of Galilee; fire and sword have laid waste and destroyed the peaceful village in which Christ met the rejoicing wedding-party.

In about two hours, leaving Mount Hermon and Mount Tabor on our right, we passed through the field where the disciples plucked the corn on the Sabbath day; about half an hour farther on is the mountain of the Beatitude, where Christ preached the sermon on the mount. Whether the tradition be true or no, it was just the place where, in those primitive days, or even in the state of society which exists now in the Holy Land, such an event might have taken place; the preacher standing a little distance up the hill, and the multitude sitting down below him. Indeed, so strikingly similar in all its details is the state of society existing here now to that which existed in the time of our Saviour, that I remember, when standing on the ruins of a small church supposed to cover the precise spot where Christ preached that compendium of goodness and wisdom, it struck me that if I or any other man should preach new and strange things, the people would come out from the cities and villages to listen and dispute, as they did under the preaching of our Lord.

Half an hour farther on we came to a large stone, on which, tradition says, our Saviour sat when he blessed the five loaves and two fishes, and the immense multitude ate and were filled. These localities may be, and probably are, mere monkish conjectures; but one thing we know, that our Saviour and his disciples journeyed on this road; that he looked upon the same scenes, and that, in all probability, somewhere within the range of my eye these deeds and miracles were actually performed. At all events, before me, in full view, was the hallowed Lake of Genesareth. Here we cannot be wrong; Christ walked upon that sea, and stilled the raging of its waters, and preached the tidings of salvation to the cities on its banks. But where are those

cities now! Chorazin and Bethsaida, and thou, too, Capernaum, that wast exalted unto heaven! The whole lake is spread out before me, almost from where the Jordan enters unto where that hallowed stream passes on to discharge its waters in the bituminous lake which covers the guilty cities; but there is no city, no habitation of man—all is still and quiet as the grave. But I am wrong; towards the southern extremity of the lake I see the city of Tabberceah, the miserable relic of the ancient Tiberias, another of the proud cities of Herod, standing on the very shore of the sea, a mere speck in the distance, its walls and turrets, its mosques and minarets, telling that it is possessed by the persecutors and oppressors of the followers of Christ.

We descended the mountains, and passing under the walls of the city, continued on about half an hour to a large bath erected by Ibrahim Paeha over the hot springs of Emmaus, celebrated for their medicinal properties; and finding that we could pass the night there, left our baggage and returned to the city. The walls and circular towers, Moorish in their construction, gave it an imposing appearance; outside the gate was the tent of a harlot, that unhappy class of women not being permitted, by the Mussulman law, to enter the walls; within, all was in a most ruined and desolate condition; a great part being entirely vacant, and, where the space was occupied, the houses or huts were built far apart.

Tiberias was the third of the holy cities of the Jews; and here, as at Jerusalem and Hebron, the unhappy remnant of a fallen people still hover around the graves of their fathers, and, though degraded and trampled under foot, are still looking for the restoration of their temporal kingdom. There were two classes of Jews, Eastern and European, the latter being Muscovites, Poles, and Germans; all had come merely to lay their bones in the Holy Land, and were now supported by the charity of their brethren in Europe. There were two synagogues, and two schools or colleges; and it was an interesting sight to see them, old men tottering on the verge of the grave, and beardless boys studying in the same mysterious book what they believed to be the road to heaven.

I inquired for their rabbi, and they asked me whether I meant the Asiatic or European. I told them the greater of the two, and was conducted by a crowd to his house. I had no diffidence in those days, and invited myself to sit down and talk with him. He was an old man, and told me that they were all poor, living upon precarious charity; and that their brethren in America were so far off that they had forgotten the land of their fathers. Every thing looked so comfortable in his house, that I tried to get an invitation to stay all night; but the old rabbi was too cunning for me. It was a fête day, but my notes are so imperfect that I cannot make out whether it was their Sabbath. All were dressed in their best apparel, the women sitting in the doors or on the terraces, their heads adorned with large gold and silver ornaments, and their eyes sparkling like diamonds.

Returning, I noticed more particularly the ruins beyond the southern wall. They extend for more than a mile, and there is no doubt that this ground was covered by the ancient city. The plain runs back about half a mile to the foot of the mountain, and in the sides of the mountain are long ranges of tombs. It was from one of these tombs, said our guide, that the man possessed of devils rushed forth when our Saviour rebuked the unclean spirits, and made them enter into a herd of swine, which ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and were drowned.

Passing the bath, I walked on to a point where I could see the extreme end of the lake, forming near the other side into the Jordan. It was a beautiful evening, still and quiet as the most troubled spirit could wish. The sides of the mountains were green and verdant, but there were no trees, and no rustling of the wind among the branches; not a boat was upon the lake; and, except the city of Tiberias, which, enclosed within its walls, gave no signs of life, I was

the only living being on its shores; I almost felt myself alone in the world; and surely, if ever there was a spot where a man might be willing to live alone, it would be there. There was no desolation, but rather beauty in the loneliness; and when the sun was setting, I was bathing my feet in the waters of the hallowed lake, and fast falling into the belief that I could sit me down on its banks, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot;" but just then I saw filing under the walls of Tiberias a long procession of men. They were coming to the baths of Emmaus; and, in a few moments, I, that was musing as if I were alone in the world, was struggling with naked Arabs for a place in the bathing apartment.

A large bathing-house has been built over the hot springs by Ibrahim Pacha—a circular building, with a dome like the baths at Constantinople; and under the dome a large marble reservoir, twenty feet in diameter, and nearly six feet deep, into which the Arabs slipped off from the sides like turtles, darkening the white marble and the clear water with their swarthy skins. I could not bear the heat, which seemed to me scalding. A separate room, with a single bath, had been built expressly for the precious body of Ibrahim Pacha, and as he was not at hand to use it, I had it prepared for myself. Here was a theme for moralising! I had stood on the top of the pyramids, on Mount Sinai, and the shores of the Dead Sea; I had been in close contact with greatness in the tombs of Augustus, Agamemnon, and the Scipios; but what were these compared with bathing in the same tub with the great bulldog warrior of the East, the terrible Ibrahim Pacha? I spread my rug in an adjoining chamber; the long window opened directly upon the Sea of Galilee; for more than an hour my eyes were fixed upon its calm and silvery surface; and the last sounds that broke upon my ears were the murmurs of its waters.

Early in the morning we started. Stopping again at Tiberias, the soldier at the gate told us that a European had arrived during the night. I hunted him out, and found him to be an Englishman, as I afterwards learned, a merchant of Damascus, and a sportsman, equipped with shooting-jacket, gun, dog, &c. He was in a miserable hovel, and, having just risen, was sitting apart from the Arab family; his rug and coverlet were lying on the mud floor not yet rolled up; and he seemed in a most rueful mood, obtruding all travel for pleasure, and whistling earnestly "There's no place like home." I knew his humour, for I had often felt it myself, and could hardly keep from laughing. He was not more than half dressed, and reminded me of the caricature of an Englishman standing in his nether garment, with a piece of cloth in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other, as not being resolved after what fashion to have his coat cut.

"I am an English gentleman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear;
For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
And now I will wear—I cannot tell what."

We spent half an hour together, and parted. He was an old stager, and did not travel for scenery, associations, and all that, but he could tell every place where he had bagged a bird, from Damascus to the Sea of Galilee.

Stopping for a moment at the only monument of antiquity, the church of St Peter, a long building, with a vaulted stone roof, built, as the monks say, over the place where the house of St Peter stood, and the corner stone laid by our Saviour; a burly monk was in the confessional, and a young Christian girl pouring into his greedy ears perhaps a story of unhappy love; we left for the last time the gato* of the city, the tent of the harlot standing there still, and commenced our journey along the shore of the sea.

A short distance from Tiberias we crossed the point of a mountain running down into the lake, and in about

*About six months after, this gate was swallowed up by an earthquake; the wall and the whole of that quarter of the city were thrown down and demolished, and a great portion of the inhabitants buried under the ruins.

an hour came to a small Mohammedan village, called Magdol, supposed to be the Magdala into which our Saviour came when he had sent away the multitude, after feeding them with the seven loaves and two fishes. It was along this shore that Jesus Christ began to preach the glad tidings of salvation to a ruined world; 1800 years ago, walking by this sea, he saw two brethren, "Simon Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting their nets into the sea, toiling all day and catching no fish; and he told them to thrust forth from the land; and their nets brake, and their ships sank with the multitude of fish; and he said unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men; and they forsook all and followed him."

We were now crossing a rich valley, through which several streams were running and emptying into the lake; and towards the other end, at some distance from the sea, we came to a small mound of crumbling bricks and stones, almost overgrown with grass; and this is all that remains of the city of Bethsaida, the city of Peter, and Andrew, and Philip. If we had diverged a hundred yards one way or the other, I should have passed without seeing it. A short distance off, among the hills that border the plain, alike in ruins, is her sister city Chorazin. Leaving the valley, and crossing a rude point of the mountain, which runs boldly to the lake, the road being so narrow that we were obliged to unload the baggage-horse, we descended to the plains of Genesareth, the richest and most fertile plain on the shores of the lake, and, perhaps, for a combination of natural advantages, soil, beauty of scenery, climate, and temperature, exceeded by no place in the world. A short distance across the plain we came to a little mill, set in motion by a large, clear, and beautiful stream, conveyed in two stone aqueducts. Four or five Arab families lived there, in huts made with palm leaves; the men lay stretched on the ground, lulled to sleep by the murmur of the falling waters.

From here to Talhoun, the supposed site of Capernaum, the rich plain of Genesareth was lying a wild and luxuriant waste, entirely uncultivated and neglected, except in one place, where an Arab was ploughing a small plot for tobacco. Approaching, the single Arab foot-path becomes lost, and the road which our Saviour had often followed upon his great errand of redemption was so overgrown with long grass, bushes, and weeds, that they rose above the back of my horse, and I found it easier to dismount and pick my way on foot.

The ruins of Capernaum extend more than a mile along the shore and back towards the mountain, but they were so overgrown with grass and bushes that it was difficult to move among them. Climbing upon a high wall, which, though ruined itself, seemed proud of its pre-eminence above the rest, I had a full view of the ruins of the city, of the plains of Genesareth, and the whole extent of the Sea of Galilee, from where the Jordan comes down from the mountains until it passes out and rolls on to the Dead Sea. It is about sixteen miles long, and six wide; at each end is the narrow valley of the Jordan; on the east a range of mountains, rising, not precipitously, but rolling back from the shore, green and verdant, but destitute of trees; on the west are mountains, in two places coming down to the lake; and the rest is a rich and beautiful, but wild and uncultivated, plain. It was by far the most imposing view I had enjoyed, and I am not sure that in all my journeying in the East I had a more interesting moment than when I sat among the ruins of Capernaum, looking out upon the Lake of Genesareth.

Travellers have often compared this lake with the Lake of Geneva. I could see very little resemblance; it is not so large, and wants the variety of scenery of the Lake of Geneva, and, above all, the lofty summit of Mont Blanc. The banks of the Lake of Geneva are crowded from one end to the other with villages and villas, and its surface is covered with boats, and all the hurry and bustle of a travelling population; this is, in the wilderness of nature, all neglected and uncultivated; and, except the little town of Tiberias, not a habitation, not

even an Arab's hut, is seen upon its banks, not a solitary boat upon its waters. A single pelican was floating at my feet, and, like myself, he was alone. He was so near me that I could have hit him with a stone; he was the only thing I saw that had life, and he seemed looking at me with wonder, and asking me why I still lingered in the desolate city. I was looking upon the theatre of mighty miracles; it was here that, when a great tempest arose, and the ship was covered with waves, and his disciples cried out, "Save us, or we perish," Christ rose from his sleep, and rebuked the wind and the sea, "and there was a great calm;" and here too it was that in the fourth watch of the night he appeared to his terrified disciples, walking on the face of the sea, and crying out to them, "It is I, be not afraid;" and again the wind ceased, and there was a calm.

But this scene was not always so desolate. The shores of this lake were once covered with cities, in which Christ preached on the Sabbath day, healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, cleansed the lepers, cast out devils, and raised the dead. Bethsaida and Chorazin I had passed, and I was standing among the ruins of Capernaum, the city that was exalted to heaven in our Saviour's love; where Christ first raised his warning voice, saying, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and I could feel the fulfilment of his prophetic words, "Wo unto thee, Chorazin, wo unto thee, Bethsaida; it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell, and it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee." I am aware that lately there has been some dispute whether this be the site of Capernaum, but I had now passed along the whole western shore of the lake, and, if this be not Capernaum, my horse's hoofs must have trampled upon the city of our Saviour's love without my knowing where that city stood.

I thought to enhance the interest of this day's journey by making my noonday meal from the fish of the Lake of Genesareth; obliged to go back by the mills, and having on my way up seen a net drying on the shore, I had roused the sleeping Arabs, and they had promised to throw it for me; but when I returned, I found that like Simon Peter and the sons of Zebedee, "they had toiled all day, and had caught no fish."

Here we turned away from the consecrated lake, and fixed our eyes on the end of my day's journey, the towering city of Zaffad. But the interest of the day was not yet over. Ascending for about an hour from the shore of the lake, we came to the great caravan road from Jerusalem to Damascus, and a little off from this to a large khan; and within this khan, according to tradition, is the pit into which Joseph was thrown by his brethren before they sold him to the Ishmaelites. The khan, like all other caravanserais, is a large stone building, enclosing a hollow square, with small chambers around it for the accommodation of caravan travellers. The pit is a solid piece of mason-work, like a well; and, when I saw it, was nearly full of water. Both Mussulmans and Christians reverence this as a holy place; near it are a Mussulman mosque and a Christian chapel; and few travellers pass this way, whether Mussulmans or Christians, without prostrating themselves before the altar of Joseph the Just.

In all probability, the legend establishing this locality has no better foundation than most of the others in the Holy Land; but I cannot help remarking that I do not attach the importance assigned by others to the circumstance of its distance from Hebron, at that time Jacob's dwelling-place. We know that Joseph's brethren were feeding their father's flock at Shechem; and when Joseph came thither "wandering in the field, he inquired after his brethren, and a man told him, They are departed hence, for I heard them say, let us go to Dothan; and Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan." If there be any good reason for calling this place Dothan, to me it does not seem at all strange, that, in the pastoral state of society which existed then,

and still exists unchanged, Jacob's sons had driven their flocks to a pasture-ground two days farther on; and affording a striking illustration of the scene supposed to have taken place here, while we were loitering around the khan, a caravan of merchants from Damascus came on, on their way to Egypt; and the buying or selling of slaves, white or black, being still a part of the trade between these places, I have no doubt that, if I had offered Paul for sale, they would have bought him and carried him to Egypt, where, perhaps, he might have risen to be a grand vizier. From hence we continued mounting again, the city of Zaffad seeming to detach itself more and more, and to rise higher and higher above surrounding objects, and the atmosphere growing perceptibly colder; and at four o'clock we had reached the city.

Zaffad is the last of the four holy cities of the Jews. My intercourse with the Jews in the Holy Land had been so interesting, that I determined to prolong it to the last, and having heard a favourable report of a Jew, the English consular agent at Zaffad, I rode directly to his house. He was a very poor and a very amiable man. I went with him to the governor, showed my firman, and demanded permission to see the grotto of Jacob. The governor was sick, and told me that God had sent me there expressly to cure him. Since my successful experiment upon the governor of Hebron, I began to think doctoring governors was my forte, and, after feeling his pulse, and making him stick out his tongue, upon the principle that a governor was a governor, and what was good for one was good for another, I gave him an emetic which almost turned him inside out, and completely cured him. One thing I cannot help observing, not with a view of impeaching any thing that is written, but as illustrating the state of society in the East, that if a skilful physician, by the application of his medical science, should raise an Arab from what, without such application, would be his bed of death, the ignorant people would be very likely to believe it a miracle, and to follow him with that degree of faith which would give credence to the saving virtue of touching the "hem of his garment."

From the palace of the governor we ascended to the ruined fortress crowning the very top of the hill, and from one of the windows of the tower I looked down upon an extensive prospect of hills and valleys; the Lake of Genesareth seemed almost at my feet; the stately and majestic Tabor was far below me, and beyond was the great plain of Jezreel, stretching off to the mountains of Carmel and the shores of the Mediterranean. In all my wanderings in the most remote places, I had been constantly seeing what I may call the handwriting of Napoleon. In Italy, Poland, Germany, and the burnt and rebuilt capital of the czars, at the pyramids and cataracts of the Nile, and now, on this almost inaccessible height, the turrets of the fortress were battered by the French cannon.

We descended again to the Jews' quarter. Their houses were on the side of the hill, overlooking a beautiful valley. It was the last day of eating unleavened bread, and the whole Jewish population, in their best attire, were sitting on the terraces and on the tops of their houses, in gay, striking, and beautiful costumes, the women with their gold and silver ornaments on their heads and around their necks, enjoying the balmy mildness of a Syrian sunset; and when the shades of evening had driven them to their houses, I heard all around me, and for the last time in the Holy Land, rising in loud and solemn chants, the Songs of Solomon and the Psalms of David.

There are about 200 families of Israelites in Zaffad; they come there only to lay their bones in the land of their fathers; have no occupation or means of livelihood; spend all their time in reading the Bible and Talmud, and live upon the charity of their European brethren. The agent told me that during the late revolution they had been stripped of every thing; that, as at Hebron, they had suffered robbery, murder, and rapine; that the governor had allowed them to take

refuge in the fortress, where they remained, 3000 in number, without a mat to lie on or bread to put in their mouths; many of them had died of starvation, and the living remained beside the bodies of the dead till the whirlwind passed by: that, thinking himself save under his foreign protection, he had remained below, but that his hat with the consular cockade had been torn off and trampled under foot; and his wife, a lovely young woman sitting by our side, then not more than nineteen, had been thrown down, whipped, and he did not tell me so, but I inferred that far worse had befallen her; and the brutal Turk who committed the outrage still lived, and he met him in the streets every day.

During the evening a Christian from Nazareth came in, and it struck me as an interesting circumstance that I was introduced to him as a brother Nazarene.

A Jew welcomed me to the first of the holy cities, and a Jew accompanied me on my exit from the last. Both received me into their houses, and gave me the best that they had, and both refused to accept a price for their hospitality. I had a hard day's journey before me. My Jewish friend had told me that it would be necessary to make a very early start to arrive at Acre that night, but it so happened that I set off late. We had a ravine to cross, the worst I had met in Syria. Paul and I were some distance ahead, when we heard the shouting of our muleteer; our baggage mule had fallen, and caught on the brink of a precipice, where he was afraid to move until we came to his help; and this and the exceeding roughness of the road detained us so much, that when we reached the other side of the ravine, my guide told me that it would be utterly impossible to reach Acre that day. I would have returned, but I did not want to throw myself again upon the hospitality of my Jew friend. I was in a bad condition for roughing it; but at the risk of being obliged to sleep in some miserable Arab hut, or perhaps under the walls of Acre, I pushed on.

For two or three hours there was no improvement in the road; we were obliged to dismount several times, and could not do more than pick our way on a walk. We then came to the village of Rinah, situated in a fine olive-grove. The villagers told us it would be impossible to reach Acre before night, but a bribe to my guide induced him to lead off on a brisk trot. Of every man we met we asked the distance; at length we came to one who told us he thought we might do it. I could almost always tell beforehand the answer we should get; when we came to a lazy fellow, sprawling on the ground and basking in the sun, he invariably said no; and when we met an Arab, riding nimbly on his mule, or striding over the ground as if he had something to do and meant to do it, his answer was always yes; and so we were alternately cheered and discouraged. We watered our horses at the stream without dismounting. About mid-day Paul handed me a boiled fowl, holding on by one leg while I pulled at the other; the fowl came apart, and so we dined on horseback without stopping. I am not sure, but I do not think there was any thing particularly interesting on the road; once, riding over a fine, well-cultivated valley, we saw at a distance on the right two handsome villages, and standing alone, something which appeared to be a large white mosque or sheik's tomb.

At about four o'clock we came in sight of the Mediterranean, the great plain of Acre, the low circular shore extending to Caipha and Mount Carmel; and before us, at a great distance, on an extreme point in the sea, the ancient Ptolemais, the St Jean d'Acre of Richard and the crusaders. Still we were not safe. The sun was settling away towards my distant home, when we reached the shore of the sea. I shall never forget my sensations at the moment when I gazed that shore; after the Red Sea and the Dead Sea, and the Sea of Galilee, it seemed an old acquaintance, and I spurred my horse into the waters to greet it. But I had no time to dally, for as yet I was not secure. I joined the last of the loungers outside the walls; the heavy gates were swung to as I entered; and when I

pushed my jaded horse over the threshold of the gate, I felt as happy as the gallant leader of the crusaders when he planted the banner of England upon the walls of Acre. Soon in the peaceful cell of the convent, I forgot my toil and anxiety, as well as Richard and the holy wars. The night before I had slept by the quiet waters of Galilee, and now the last sounds that I heard were the rolling waves of the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Ride on Donkeyback.—Caipha.—Adventure with a Consul.—Mount Carmel.—The Plain of Jezreel.—Convent of Mount Carmel.—Kindness of the Monks.—Curiosity Gratified.

I rose next morning much fatigued. My strength had been greatly impaired by sickness and exposure, and I intended to give myself a day of rest, instead of which I committed an act of folly. The night before I left Jerusalem, I had seen, at the house of my friend Mr Whiting, the poetical pilgrimage of M. de Lamartine; I had not time to read it through, and by chance opened it at the chapter containing the particulars of his visit to Caipha; and the glowing account which he gave of the two sisters of the Sardinian consul had inflamed in some degree my imagination. I had found it one of the most annoying circumstances attendant upon travelling in the East, that, in spite of the poetical accounts of Eastern beauty, though I had seen Georgian and Circassian women, I had never yet met with any thing that to my mind was equal to the beauty of the European and American women. I had passed Caipha, and it was a direct retrograde movement to go there; but early in the morning, as I was walking on the ramparts of Acre, I looked back towards the little city, and the beautiful creations of the poet rose before me in most ravishing colours. I was worn down. There was no physician in Acre; and, perhaps, to bask an hour in the sunshine of beauty might revive and restore me. Paul, too, was under the weather; ever since his fall from the dromedary he had wanted bleeding, and it might do him good. In short, I had been rambling for months among ruins and old cities, working as hard as if I were to be paid for it by the day; I had had enough of these things, and one glimpse of a beautiful girl was worth more to me at that moment than all the ruins of the Holy Land; but I would not admit to myself, much less to Paul, that I was making this retrograde movement merely to see a couple of pretty faces, and I ordered horses for Caipha and Mount Carmel. Horses, however, were not to be had, and we were obliged to take donkeys, which I considered unlucky. For the first time since I left Jerusalem, I brushed my tarbouch, my blue jacket, and grey pantaloons.

I started on donkeyback. Caipha is distant a ride of about three hours and a half from Acre, all the way along the shore of the sea. About half an hour from Acre, we crossed the river Belus in a boat. It was on the banks of this stream that Elijah killed the 400 prophets of Baal, gathered unto Mount Carmel by the orders of Ahab. A dead level plain, fertile but uncultivated, stretched back for many miles into the interior, and in the front to the foot of Mount Carmel. We rode close along the shore, where the sand was every moment washed and hardened by the waves. The sea was calm, but the wrecks on the shore, of which we counted seventeen on our way to Caipha, told us that the elements of storm and tempest might lurk under a fair and beautiful face; all which was apropos to my intended visit. On the way I thought it necessary to let Paul into part of my plans, and told him that I wanted to stop at the house of the Sardinian consul. Paul asked me whether I had any letter to him; I told him no; and by degrees disclosed to him the reason of my wanting to go there; and he surprised me by telling me that he knew the young ladies very well; and when I asked him how and when, he told me that he had assisted them in their cooking when he stopped there three years before with Mr Wellesley.

This was rather a damper; but I reflected that Haidee, on her beautiful little island, prepared with her own hands the food for the shipwrecked, and revived at the thought.

We were now approaching Caïpha. The city was walled all around; without the walls was a Mohammedan burying-ground; and the gate, like the shields of Homer's heroes, was covered with a tough bull's hide. I rode directly to the consul's house; it was a miserable-looking place, and on the platform directly before the door stood a most unpoetical heap of dirt and rubbish; but I didn't mind that; the door was open, and I went in. The table was set for dinner, and I could not help remarking a few rather questionable spots on the tablecloth; but I didn't mind that; knives, forks, and plates were a spectacle to which I had long been unaccustomed, and my heart warmed even to the empty platters. I thought I had come at the witching moment, and I felt as sure of my dinner as if I had it already under my jacket. The consul was sitting on a settee, and I began the acquaintance by asking him if there was an American consul there. He told me no; at which I was very much surprised, as we had one at Jaffa, not so much of a place as Caïpha; and I invited myself to a seat beside the consul, and made myself agreeable. I soon found, however, that I was not so pleasant a fellow as I thought. The consul answered my questions, but his manner might be interpreted, "Don't you see you are keeping the dinner waiting?" I didn't mind that, however, but talked about the necessity of my government having a consul there to entertain American travellers, and suggested that at Jaffa the government had given the appointment to the then acting Sardinian consul; still my friend was impenetrable. I tried him upon several other topics, but with no great success. During this time the mother entered, evidently in dishabille, and occasionally I got a glimpse of a pair of fine black eyes peeping at me through the door. At last, when I found that he was bent on not asking me to dine, I rose suddenly, made a hundred apologies for my haste, shook him cordially by the hand, and, with most consummate impudence, told him that I would call again on my return from Mount Carmel. Paul rather crowed over me, for he had met and spoken to the young ladies, and in the same place where he had seen them before.

In about an hour we had reached the top of Mount Carmel; this celebrated mountain is the only great promontory upon the low coast of Palestine, and it is, beyond all comparison, the finest mountain in the Holy Land. The traveller at this day may realise fully the poetical description by the inspired writers, of the "excellency" of Mount Carmel. The pine, oak, olive, and laurel, grew above a beautiful carpet of grass and wild flowers, and from amid this luxuriance I looked out upon the plains of Acre, the little city stretching out on a low point, like a mere speck in the water, and beyond, the mountains of Lebanon; on the left, along the shore of the Mediterranean to the ruins of Cesarea, the once proud city of Herod and of Cornelius the centurion, where Paul made Felix tremble; in front, the dark blue sea,—on whose bosom two transports, with Egyptian soldiers on board, were at that time stretching under easy sail from Acre to Alexandria; and behind, the great plain of Jezreel.

One word with regard to this great plain. I had travelled around, and about, and across it; had looked at it from hills and mountains, and I was now on the point of leaving it for ever. This plain, computed to be about fifteen miles square, is the "mighty plain," as it is called, of the ancients, and celebrated for more than 3000 years as the "great battle-ground of nations." From here Elijah girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel; it was on this plain that Barak went down, and 10,000 men after him, and discomfited Sisera and all his chariots; it was here that Josiah, king of Judah, disguised himself, that he might fight with Necho, king of Egypt, and fell by the arrows of the Egyptian archers. The Assyrian and the Per-

sian, Jews and Gentiles, crusaders and Saracens, Egyptians and Turks, Arabs and Frenchmen, warriors of every nation, have poured out their blood on the plains of Esdraelon; and here, said a gentleman whom I met in Palestine skilled in the reading and interpretation of the prophecies, will be fought the great final battle with antichrist, when circumstances which are now supposed to be rapidly developing themselves shall bring together a mighty army of the followers of Christ, under the banner of the cross, to do battle in his name, and sweep from the earth his contemners and opposers.

The convent on Mount Carmel is worthy of the place where it stands, and, like the mountain itself, is the best in the Holy Land. The church, which is unfinished, is intended to be a very fine building, and the interior of the convent is really beautiful. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw, in rooms provided for travellers, French bedsteads with curtains, and French dressing-tables. The rules of their order forbid the Carmelite friars to eat meat; but they set me down to such a dinner, to say nothing of the wines of Mount Lebanon, that, so far as regarded the eating and drinking merely, I was glad I had not invited myself to dine with my friend the consul at Caïpha. From my seat at the table I looked out upon the distant sea; the monks were all gathered around me, kind, good men, happy to receive and talk with a stranger; and it is no extravagance to say, that, after having been buffeted about for months, I felt at the moment that I could be almost willing to remain with them for ever. I ought not to tell it, but the fact is, the extraordinary comfort of the convent, and the extraordinary beauty of the scene, drove away all the associations connected with this gathering-place of the prophets. I wanted nothing but what I saw before me. The monks told me that there was fine shooting on the mountain. I could throw myself into the clearest of waters, and bathe, or, with my little boat, could glide over to Caïpha or Acre. For an invalid in search of retirement, with every beauty that climate and natural scenery can offer, I know no place superior to the convent at Mount Carmel. It is one of the few places I ever saw where a man could be cheerful and happy in perfect seclusion. Books, the mountain, the sky, and the sea, would be companions enough. It would be the sweetest spot on earth for a very young couple to test the strength of their poetic dreams; and knocked about and buffeted as I had been, when the superior told me that, in spite of the inscription over the doors of their convents, "*Clausura per le donna*," I might build a house on the spot where I stood, and bring whom I pleased there, it instantly brought to my mind the beautiful birds of paradise of De Lamartine, and my engagements with my friend the consul at Caïpha. The whole of the fraternity accompanied me down the side of the mountain; and I beg to except them all, including the cook, from any thing I may have said bearing harshly upon the monastic character. The recollection of my engagement, however, began to hurry me. The friars were puffy and shortwinded; one by one they bade me good bye; and the cook, a most deserving brother, and unnaturally lean for his profession and position in the convent, was the only one who held out to the foot of the mountain. I crossed his hand with a piece of money; Paul kissed it; and, after we had started, turned his head and cried out to the holy cook, "*Orate pro mihi*!"—"Pray for me."

At Caïpha we found the consul in the street. I do not know whether he was expecting us or not; but, whether or no, I considered it my duty to apologise for having staid so long on the mountain, and accompanied him to his house. Unluckily, it was so late, that Paul said if we stopped we should be shut out from Acre; and when I looked at the sun and the distant city, I had great misgivings, but it was only for a moment. The sisters were now dressed up, and standing in a door as I passed. Their dresses were Asiatic, consisting, from the waist downward, of a variety of wrappers, the outermost of which was silk, hiding the most beautiful figures under a mere bundle of habits. I went into the

room, and took a glass of lemonade with my watch in my hand. I would not speak of her in the morning, but now, in full dress, the interesting mother, so glowingly described by M. de Lamartine, appeared in a costume a great deal beyond what is usually called low in the neck. I do not mention it as a reproach to her, for she was an Arab woman, and it was the custom of her country; and as to the young ladies—M. de Lamartine had never been in America.

I had intended this for a day of rest; but I had, it possible, a harder task than on the preceding day to reach the city before the gates were closed. We pushed our donkeys till they broke down, and then got off and whipped them on before us. It was like the Irishman working his passage by hauling the tow-line of the canal boat; if it was not for the name of the thing, we might as well have walked; and when I lay down that night in my cell in the convent, I prayed that age might temper enthusiasm; that even the imagination of M. de Lamartine might grow cool; and that old men would pay respect to their lawful wives, and not go in ecstasies about young girls.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

St Jean d'Acre.—Extortions of the Pacha.—Tyre.—Questionable Company.—Lady Esther Stanhope.—Departure from the Holy Land.—Conclusion.

I SHALL say but little of Acre. The age of chivalry is gone for ever, but there is a green spot in every man's memory, a feeble but undying spark of romance in every heart; and that man's feelings are not to be envied who could walk on the ramparts of St Jean d'Acre without calling up Richard and Saladin, the crusaders and the Saracens; and when the interval of centuries is forgotten, and the imagination is revelling in the scenes of days long passed away, his illusion rises to the vividness of reality as he sees dashing by him a gallant array of Turkish horsemen, with turbans and glittering sabres, as when they sallied forth to drive back from the walls the chivalry of Europe. Near the city is a mount which is still called Richard Cœur de Lion, and from which Napoleon, pointing to the city, said to Murat, "The fate of the East depends upon yonder petty town." Constantinople and the Indies, a new empire in the East, and a change in the face of the whole world! Eight times he led his veteran soldiers to the assault; eleven times he stood the desperate sallies of the Mameluke sabres. British soldiers under Sir Sydney Smith came to the aid of the besieged; the ruins of a breached wall served as a breastwork, the muzzles of British and French muskets touched each other, and the spearheads of their standards were locked together. The bravest of his officers were killed, and the bodies of the dead soldiers lying around putrified under the burning sun. The pacha (Djezzar the Butcher) sat on the floor of his palace, surrounded by a heap of gory heads, distributing money to all who brought in the heads of Frenchmen; and he who was destined to overturn every throne in Europe was foiled under the walls of Acre. Three years ago it sustained, under Abdallah Pacha, a long and bloody siege from Ibrahim Pacha, and when it fell into his hands, was given up to pillage and the flames. It has since been rebuilt, fortified with skill and science, and is now almost impregnable; full of the elite of the Egyptian army under Colonel Séve (formerly aid to Marshal Ney), now Suliman Pacha, and constantly stored with five years' provisions. The pacha has lately been building fine hospitals for his soldiers, and an Italian apothecary, licensed to kill *secundum artem*, is let loose upon the sick at the low rate of a hundred dollars per annum.

I was so much pleased with the old Arab muleteer who went with me to Mount Carmel, that I hired his donkeys again for another journey. He was an old Egyptian from Damietta; four of his children had been taken for soldiers, and he and his old wife and three donkeys followed them about wherever they went. He

had had two wives and sixteen children, and these were all that were left. They were all now stationed at Acre, and when we started, two of them, not on duty at the time, were with the old man at the convent, arranging the baggage while he was taking his coffee and pipe; they accompanied us to the gate, received the old man's benediction, and returned.

A short distance from the gate we met a Turkish grandee, with his officers, slaves, and attendants. He had formerly been a collector of taxes under Abdallah Pacha, and would have done well as an office-holder under a civilised government, for he had abandoned the falling fortunes of his master in time to slip into the same office under his successor.

Looking back, Acre appeared to much better advantage than from the other side, and the mosque and minaret of Abdallah Pacha were particularly conspicuous. We rode for some distance by the side of an aqueduct, which conveys water from the mountains twenty miles distant to the city of Acre. In the plain towards Acre two upright pillars, in which the water rose and descended, formed part of the aqueduct. Our road lay across a plain, and several times we picked up musket balls and fragments of bombs, left there by the French and Napoleon. We passed two palaces of Abdallah Pacha, where the haughty Turk had revelled with his fifty or a hundred wives in all the luxuries of the East. The plain was very extensive, naturally rich, but almost entirely uncultivated. Over an extent of several miles we would perhaps see a single Arab turning up what on the great plain appeared to be merely a few yards; and the oppressive nature of the government is manifest from the fact that, while the whole of this rich plain lies open to any one who chooses to till it, hundreds prefer to drag out a half-starved existence within the walls of Acre; for the fruit of their labour is not their own, and another will reap where they sow; the tax-gatherer comes and looks at the products, and takes not a fifth, or a sixth, nor any other fixed proportion, but as much as the pacha needs; and the question is not how much he shall take, but how little he shall leave. Taxation, or rather extortion, for it is wrong to call it by so mild a name, from cantars of olives down to single eggs, grinds the Arab to the dust; and yet, said the old man, even this is better than our lot under the sultan; even this we could bear, if the pacha would only spare us our children.

Along this plain we passed a large house, in a garden of oranges, lemons, almonds, and figs, with a row of cypress-trees along the road, formerly the residence of the treasurer of Abdallah Pacha. He himself had been a great tyrant and oppressor, and had fallen into the hands of a greater, and now wanders, with both his eyes out, a beggar in the streets of Cairo.

In about five hours we came upon the sea, on a bold point projecting out like Carmel, the white promontory of Pliny, the ancient Scala of the Syrians. On this point stood an old khan, and we sat down under the shadow of the wall for our noonday lunch. From here, too, the view was exceedingly fine. On the left were Acre and Mount Carmel; on the right the Turkish city of Sour, the ancient Tyre; and, in front, the horizon was darkened by the island of Cyprus. Almost at my feet was the wreck of a schooner, driven on the rocks only the night before, her shivered sails still flying from the masts, and the luckless mariners were alongside in a small boat bringing ashore the remnant of the cargo. Near me, and, like me, looking out upon the movements of the shipwrecked sailors, and apparently bemoaning his own unhappy lot, was a long, awkward, dangling young man, on his way to Acre; sent by the sheik of his village to work in Ibrahim Pacha's factory for three rolls of bread a-day. I asked him why he did not run away, but where could he go? If he went to a strange village, he would immediately be delivered up on the never-failing demand for soldiers. There was no help for him. He did not know that there were other lands, where men were free; and if he had known it, the curse of poverty rested upon him, and bound him where

he was. I had seen misery in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Russia, and gallant, but conquered and enslaved Poland, but I saw it refined and perfected under the iron despotism of Mohammed Ali.

From hence the road continued, for about two hours, over a rocky precipice overhanging the sea, and so narrow that as I sat on my horse, I could look down the steep and naked sides into the clear water below. In one place were the ruins of an old wall, probably, when the city before me was in its glory, defending the precipice. In the narrowest place we met a caravan of camels, and from here descended into a sandy plain, and passing small rivulets and ruins of castles or fortresses, came to a fine stream, on the banks of which were soldiers' barracks; the horses, with their gay accoutrements, were tied near the doors of the tents, constantly saddled and bridled, and strains of military music were swelling from a band among the trees.

Near this are what are called Solomon's cisterns, supposed to have been built by King Solomon in payment for the materials furnished by Hiram, king of Tyre, towards the building of the temple. Circumstances, however, abundantly prove that these cisterns, and the aqueduct connecting them with Tyre, have been built since the time of Alexander the Great.

On the extreme end of a long, low, sandy isthmus, which seems to have crawled out as far as it could, stands the fallen city of Tyre, seeming, at a distance, to rest on the bosom of the sea. A Turkish soldier was stationed at the gate. I entered under an arch, so low that it was necessary to stoop on the back of my horse, and passed through dark and narrow streets, sheltered by mats stretched over the bazaars from the scorching heat of a Syrian sun. A single fishing-boat was lying in the harbour of "the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth!"

I left the gate of Tyre between as honest a man and as great a rogue as the sun ever shone upon. The honest man was my old Arab, whom I kept with me in spite of his bad donkey; and the rogue was a limping, sore-eyed Arab, in an old and ragged suit of regimentals, whom I hired for two days to relieve the old man in whipping the donkeys. He was a dismissed soldier, turned out of Ibrahim Pacha's army as of no use whatever, than which there could not be a stronger certificate of worthlessness. He told me, however, that he had once been a man of property, and, like honest Dogberry, had had his losses; he had been worth sixty piasters (nearly three dollars), with which he had come to live in the city; and been induced to embark in enterprises that had turned out unfortunately, and he had lost his all.

On my arrival at Sidon I drove immediately to the Arab consular agent, to consult him about paying a visit to Lady Esther Stanhope. He told me that I must send a note to her ladyship, requesting permission to present myself, and wait her pleasure for an answer; that sometimes she was rather capricious, and that the English consul from Beyroot had been obliged to wait two days. The state of my health would not permit my waiting any where upon an uncertainty. I was but one day from Beyroot, where I looked for rest and medical attendance; but I did not like to go past, and I made my application perhaps with more regard to my own convenience and feelings than the respect due

to those of the lady. My baggage, with my writing materials, had not yet arrived. I had no time to lose; the Arab agent gave me the best he had; and writing a note about as "big as a book" on a piece of coarse Arab paper with a reed pen, and sealing it with a huge Arab wafer, I gave it to a messenger, and, tumbling him out of the house, told him he must bring me an answer before daylight the next morning. He probably reached Lady Stanhope's residence about nine or ten o'clock in the evening; and I have no doubt he tumbled in, just as he had been tumbled out at Sidon, and, demanding an immediate answer, he got one forthwith, "Her ladyship's compliments," &c.; in short, somewhat like that which a city lady gives from the head of the stairs, "I'm not at home." I have since read M. de Lamartine's account of his visit to her ladyship, by which it appears that her ladyship had regard to the phraseology of a note. Mine, as near as I can recollect it, was as follows:—"Mr S., a young American, on the point of leaving the Holy Land, would regret exceedingly being obliged to do so without first having paid his respects to the Lady Esther Stanhope. If the Lady Esther Stanhope will allow him that honour, Mr S. will present himself *to-morrow*, at any hour her ladyship will name." If the reader will compare this note with the letter of M. de Lamartine, he will almost wonder that my poor messenger, demanding, too, an immediate answer, was not kicked out of doors. My horses were at the door, either for Beyroot or her ladyship's residence; and when obliged to turn away from the latter, I comforted myself with a good gallop to the former. Her ladyship was exceedingly lucky, by the way, in not having received me; for that night I broke down at Beyroot; my travels in the East were abruptly terminated; and after lying ten days under the attendance of an old Italian quack, with a blue frock coat and great frog buttons, who frightened me to death every time he approached my bedside, I got on board the first vessel bound for sea, and sailed for Alexandria. At Beyroot I received a letter from the friend who had taken me on board his boat at Thebes, advising me of the sickness of his lady, and that he had prevailed upon the English doctor at Beyroot to accompany him to Damascus and Baalbeck; here, too, I heard of the death of Mr Lowell, a gentleman from Boston, who had preceded me in many parts of my tour in the East; and who had every where left behind him such a name that it was a pleasure for an American to follow in his steps; and here, too, I heard of the great fire, which, by the time it reached this distant land, had laid the whole of my native city in ruins. In the midst of my troubles, however, I had three things that gave me pleasure. I met here my two friends with whom I had mounted the cataracts of the Nile, one of whom I hope one day to see in my own country; I received from the Austrian consul an assurance that the passport of my Jew friend at Hebron should be made out, and delivered forthwith to his friend there. For ten days I lay on the deck of a little Austrian schooner, watching the movements of a pair of turtle doves; and on the morning of the eleventh I was again off the coast of Egypt, and entering the harbour of Alexandria. Here I introduced myself to the reader; and here, if he have not fallen from me by the way, I take my leave of him, with thanks for his patient courtesy.

NOTE.

By the arrival in America of my friend Mr Gliddon of Cairo, of whom mention has been several times made in the foregoing pages, the author has received the following notice of the Egyptian Society. The objects of the society are sufficiently explained in the notice; and they are such as cannot fail to recommend themselves to all who feel any interest in Egypt, and the East generally. The author is personally acquainted with many of the members, particularly with Mr Walne, Hon. Sec., who, besides being a gentleman of high literary and professional attainments, has devoted much attention, and with great success, to the study of hieroglyphics and Egyptian antiquities; and the author feels great satisfaction in being permitted to say that any individual, or literary or scientific institution, may, without further introduction, correspond with Dr Walne in relation to any of the objects set forth in the notice.

NOTICE OF THE EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

The impulse of modern discovery has excited a general and increasing interest respecting the antiquities of Egypt, while the unusual facilities of access both from India and Europe, coupled with the internal tranquillity of the country, are more than ever calculated to induce travellers to visit the Valley of the Nile, and examine personally the extraordinary monuments with which its banks abound.

By the munificence of his highness the viceroy, Cairo will, it is presumed, possess, at no distant period, a museum that, in Egyptian antiquities, may be expected to rival all existing collections. But the stranger visiting the capital, removed from those conveniences to which he has been accustomed in European cities, has particularly to regret the absence of a public library of reference, so essential to his researches.

The want of an institution that should at once offer this desirable resource, serve as a point of union for social intercourse, and be a medium for obtaining additional information relative to Egypt and the adjacent countries, has long been felt; and it is a desire of supplying this deficiency that has suggested the formation of the Egyptian Society.

The objects of the association are:—

First, To form a rendezvous for travellers, with the view of associating literary and scientific men who may from time to time visit Egypt.

Second, To collect and record information relative to Egypt, and to those parts of Africa and Asia which are connected with or tributary to this country.

Third, To facilitate research, by enabling travellers to avail themselves of such information as may be in the power of the society to obtain, and by offering them the advantage of a library of reference containing the most valuable works on the East. The Egyptian Society is open to gentlemen of all nations, and is composed of Members, Honorary Members, and Associate Members.

Members.—The Members (the number of whom is at present limited to twenty) are the trustees of the institution, direct the disposal of the funds, and have the general government of the society. To be eligible as a Member, a gentleman must have been at least one year an Associate Member, and be recommended in writing by three Members. The election must take place at a general meeting, and be by ballot, one black ball to exclude.

Members pay an annual subscription of one guinea; but those elected after the 25th March, 1837, will pay in addition an admission fee of one guinea.

The contribution of ten guineas at once constitutes a Life Member.

Honorary Members.—Honorary Members will be elected only

from literary and scientific men, who have particularly distinguished themselves in relation to Egypt, or from gentlemen who have especially promoted the objects and interests of the society.

Associate Members.—With the exception of taking a part in the government of the society, Associate Members enjoy the same privileges as the Members.

To be eligible as an Associate Member, a gentleman, if not usually resident in, must at least have visited Egypt, and have passed two months either in this country, or in those parts of Africa and Asia which are immediately connected with or tributary to it. It is necessary that he be recommended in writing by two Members: the election must take place at a general meeting, and be by ballot, two black balls to exclude. Associate Members pay an annual subscription of one guinea. The contribution of five guineas at once constitutes a Life Associate Member.

Honorary Officers.—The President, Treasurer, Secretary, and council of management, are annually elected from the Members.

The funds arising from subscriptions and donations will be applied, as far as possible, to the formation of a library, to which the Members and Associate Members can always have free access, and to which travellers can be introduced, till such time as they become eligible to join the society. Rooms have been opened, the association possesses the nucleus of a library, and the members have every reason to hope that, by their own exertions, and with the assistance of those who take an interest in the institution, they will soon succeed in forming a collection that, while it includes many interesting volumes on the East in general, may contain the works of all the ancient and modern authors who have made Egypt the subject of their observations.

ALFRED T. WALNE, Hon. Sec.

Cairo, July 9, 1836.

Since the above was in type, the author has been favoured with a communication from the Egyptian Society, by which it appears that the objects of the society have been duly appreciated, and that it is now established upon a foundation calculated to render it eminently useful to those who may visit Egypt for the purpose of antiquarian, literary, or scientific research; but the particular favour which the author has to acknowledge now, is the interesting information that Colonel Vyse (before referred to as engaged in exploring the pyramids) has discovered no less than three new chambers over the king's chamber in the great pyramid, which he calls by the names of Wellington, Nelson, and Lady —. The last is remarkable as containing the following cartouche.



Rossellini, a learned Italian, now editing a second edition of Champollion's works, who found this cartouche in one of the tombs, reads it "Seamphis." This establishes the fact that the pyramids were not built anterior to the use of hieroglyphics, and also that Suphisor Saophis, was the builder, as stated by Manetho, according to Mr Wilkinson's table, about 2120 years B. C. The particulars of this interesting discovery, and the details connected with the present exploring of the pyramids, will probably soon be given to the public through Mr Wilkinson.

END OF INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, &c.

A JOURNEY
8
BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

IN 1835, 1836, AND 1837.

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL PARKER, A.M.

CORRECTED AND EXTENDED IN THE PRESENT EDITION.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

1841.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE Journal of Mr Parker, originally produced in the United States (Ithaca, New York, 1838), seemed to the present Publishers to contain so much interesting and valuable matter, as to be worthy of being laid before the public of this country. As was justly observed, however, in the North American Review, the work had defects both as regarded "method and literary execution." Moreover, as the same authority, an impartial one in all respects, remarked, Mr Parker had "marred the value of his geographical and geological details by mixing up with them sundry inaccurate and superficial speculations of his own, concerning the general doctrine of the history of the globe's formation," and other points. In the present edition, pains have been taken to remove these blemishes. The inaccuracies of language have been rectified, a number of needless exclamations modified or deleted, and the crude disquisitions upon geology, in which the author had most unnecessarily indulged, have been, as far as was possible, expunged from the work. As here given, the Publishers conceive that it will be held a useful and agreeable addition to the literature of the day. In the preface that follows, the progress of discovery in the interior of North America, previously to the time of Mr Parker, has been briefly detailed, with the view of rendering the work more complete.

EDITORS' PREFACE.

THE vast portion of the North American continent, lying between the valley of the Mississippi and the shores of the Pacific, was almost an unknown land till within the last thirty or forty years, and cannot be said to have been opened to the investigation of travellers till the conclusion of the war waged between the British and French in Canada, in which the former were, fortunately for the cause of civilisation, victorious. According to the treaty between the late belligerent powers at Paris in 1763, it was determined that Great Britain should be held possessor "of the north-west of North America to the Mississippi, and of the country north and west of the sources of the Mississippi, so far as the Hudson's Bay Company might be able to stretch itself into the interior of the continent." One of the more immediate results of the treaty was, that numbers of British and Anglo-American travellers made exploratory journeys into the territories so ceded to the dominion of Britain, and which included, in part, the region of the Rocky Mountains. One of the earliest of these explorers was Jonathan Carver. He was an Anglo-American officer, who had served the mother country in the Canadian wars, and started from Boston for the west and north-west in June 1776. After a tour of two years and five months' duration, he returned to Boston in October 1778, having gone as far west as the River St Francis, and having acquired some knowledge, for the first time or nearly so, of the "manners and customs of the Indians inhabiting the lands that lie adjacent to the heads and to the westward of the great river Mississippi." On visiting England, he was rewarded for his labours, and published a small volume descriptive of his discoveries. Being neither a man of science, however, nor of great natural capabilities, Carver had merely the merit of telling the civilised world that lands, extensive, cultivable, and populous, lay west of the Mississippi, and that the field was a rich one for the display of future enterprise. He described the general course of that vast chain, known by the name of the *Rocky Mountains*.* "To the west of these mountains," says Carver, "when explored by future Columbuses and Raleighs, may be found other lakes and countries, full fraught with all the necessities of life; and," he proceeds to say, under the influence of his Anglo-American origin, "where future generations may find an asylum, whether driven from their country by the ravages of lawless tyrants, by religious persecutions, or reluctantly leaving it to remedy the inconveniences arising from a superabundant increase of inhabitants; whether, I say, impelled by these, or allured by hopes of commercial advantages, there is little doubt but their expectation will be fully gratified in these rich and unexhausted climes."

The disposition to dive into the mysterious and unknown, which has led man so often to commit all manner of superstitious follies, operates with equal force in regard to the physical secrets of the globe; and it is not to be wondered at that the hints of Carver, bearing with them, as they did, the additional promise of both national and personal advantage, should have speedily stimulated others to enter upon

the same track pursued by him. Mr Jefferson seems to have been one party peculiarly anxious to follow up the course of north-western discovery in America. He suggested a tour of this description to John Ledyard, the famous New England traveller, but the plan required the consent of Catherine of Russia. Ledyard went, in consequence, to St Petersburg, and, after being buoyed up by promises of the most flattering kind, set out on his journey for the Russian colonies at Behring's Straits, whence he proposed to penetrate through North America to the United States. The empress, however, changed her mind. Poor Ledyard was seized on his route, and brought back in custody to Poland, where he was liberated, and left to pursue those other adventures in which he afterwards won reputation and met a premature death.

The next attempt to pass the Rocky Mountains was made by Mr (afterwards Sir) Alexander Mackenzie, in the year 1792. Under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, then combined with the North-West Company, Mackenzie, who had been a clerk in the head office of the copartnership at Montreal, undertook a journey, in the first place, to the shores of the Arctic Sea, in order to advance the trading interests of his employers among the Indians. From Fort Chepewyan, in latitude 58 degrees 40 minutes, on the Lake of the Hills, he set out in June 1789, and passing along Slave Lake and Mackenzie River, reached the northern seas, in latitude 69 degrees, thus making a discovery of great importance to the question of the north-west passage. After his return to Fort Chepewyan, he set out on a new journey (in 1792) to the westward, and crossing the Rocky Mountains in latitude 54 degrees, met with the Tacoutche Tesse and Salmon Rivers, by the aid of which, in part, he reached the Pacific Ocean near King's Island, in latitude 52 degrees. He returned by the same route to Fort Chepewyan.

With the maps before us, which were founded on such discoveries as these, we are apt to undervalue the amount of information resulting from them. In reality, however, they were of the highest consequence. Mackenzie was the first who distinctly showed that the transit across the Rocky Mountains was practicable; or, in other words, that it was possible to pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific in this part of the New World. A great increase of internal trade was the result, and, moreover, confidence was given to the succeeding travellers who adventured on the same course, and who have filled up the outline presented to them by their predecessors.

The next expedition which threw light upon the geography and inhabitants of the precincts of the Rocky Mountains, was one more important, by far, than any of the preceding ones. It was that of Lewis and Clarke in 1804. Mr Jefferson, who had never ceased to entertain an anxiety on this subject, was the suggester of the tour, and the parties whom he employed in it were officers of the United States. Captains Lewis and Clarke made their preparations on the Wood River, opposite the mouth of the Missouri, and their first object was to explore the course of that stream. They spent a year upon that task, tracing the stream to its source; and, in August 1805, they prepared to cross the Rocky Mountains, and reach the Pacific by means of the Columbia River, a great stream previously discovered, or mentioned, by Vancouver and other naval explorers of the western coast of North America. After making many important geographical observations respecting the rivers of the country and its general features, the party reached the Columbia,

* These lie nearly in the centre of the great expanse between the Canadian and United States territories and the shores of the Pacific, and give origin to many large rivers, among which may be mentioned the Colorado of the West, the Arkansas, the Great Snake River, the Platte, the Yellowstone, and the Missouri, with numberless others, forming either tributaries or independent streams. The Rocky Mountains extend nearly from the 28th to the 54th degree of north latitude, and stretch from the north-west to the south-east, entering the centre of the Mexican territories in the latter direction.

passed down to its mouth, and wintered there (1805-1806). Dividing into two bands on their return in the following spring, they examined the Yellowstone and other rivers, and finally reached the United States in safety, in September 1806, having explored many thousand miles of country, and made most important additions to American geography.

These great points in the outline of the picture being completed, and the range of the Rocky Mountains, with the streams flowing from them, being observed and described, succeeding adventurers stepped in to extend and make use of the knowledge already acquired. It being decisively ascertained that the Pacific was accessible at many points from the eastern districts of North America, Mr John Jacob Astor, a naturalised citizen of the United States, conceived and carried into execution a great trading project, of which Washington Irving has favoured the world with an admirable account, in his work called *Astoria*. Mr Astor's scheme consisted in planting a line of trading posts along the Missouri and Columbia, to the mouth of the latter, which was to be the chief mart of the trade, and where Fort Astoria was in consequence built. Furs and peltries were to be collected in the interior at the scattered posts, and to be conveyed to Canton for sale, whence the rich goods of the east were to be returned to the United States in exchange. It was proposed, in fact, to concentrate all the Pacific trade at the mouth of the Columbia. The scheme was altogether a magnificent one, and merits to be noticed in detail. Mr Irving's book supplies the means for our doing so.

The first step in the enterprise taken by Mr Astor, was to dispatch a vessel, the *Tonquin*, by sea, under the command of Jonathan Thorn, an upright and active man, but unfortunately of an unbending and somewhat irritable disposition. An amusing account of the voyage, which began in September 1808, is given by Mr Irving, and a narrative of the planting of Fort Astoria succeeds. Steering northwards, the *Tonquin* now proceeded to Vancouver's Island, and there, in consequence of an affront given by the commander to one of the native chiefs, an onslaught was made upon the vessel by the savages, and the whole crew were murdered, with the single exception of an Indian interpreter, who by chance survived, and made his escape to Astoria to tell the melancholy tale. The loss of the *Tonquin* was a grievous blow to the infant establishment, and one that threatened to bring with it a train of disasters. The intelligence of the loss was not received in New York till many months afterwards. It was felt in all its force by Mr Astor, who was aware that it must cripple, if not entirely defeat, the great object of his ambition: he indulged, however, in no weak and vain lamentation, but sought to devise a prompt and efficient remedy.

In 1810, the party destined for the settlement of the various inland posts, set out under the charge of Mr Hunt, one of the partners in the concern. This gentleman had taken care to secure the services of a number of voyageurs and *courcours des bois* (scourers of the woods), a very remarkable class of persons, by means of whom the trade with the Indians had been long maintained. "These men," says Mr Irving, "would set out from Montreal with canoes wellstocked with goods, with arms and ammunition, and would make their way up the mazy and wandering rivers that interlace the vast forests of the Canadas, coasting the most remote lakes, and creating new wants and habitudes among the natives. Sometimes they sojourned for months among them, assimilating to their tastes and habits with the happy facility of Frenchmen: adopting in some degree the Indian dress, and not unfrequently taking to themselves Indian wives. Twelve, fifteen, eighteen months, would often elapse without any tidings of them, when they would come sweeping their way down the Ottawa in full glee, their canoes laden down with packs of beaver skins; and now came

their turn for revelry and extravagance." The kindred class of voyageurs, who also sprang out of the fur trade, form a fraternity who are employed as carriers and assistants in long internal expeditions of travel and traffic, proceeding by means of boats and canoes on the rivers and lakes. "Their dress is generally half-civilised half-savage. They wear a capot or surcoat made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trousers or leathern leggings, moccasins of deer-skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco pouch, and other implements. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases. The lives of the voyageurs are passed in wild and extensive roving, in the service of individuals, but more especially of the fur traders. They are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance."

Of these hardy and erratic classes of beings, Mr Hunt hired a sufficient number for present purposes, at Montreal, and having laid in a supply of ammunition, provisions, and goods for the Indians, embarked the whole on board a large canoe, measuring between thirty and forty feet in length, constructed of birch bark, sewed with fibres of the roots of the spruce-tree, and daubed with resin instead of tar. The party took their way up the Ottawa River, and in due time arrived at Mackinaw, an old French trading post, situated on an island of the same name, at the confluence of Lakes Huron and Michigan. At this place, in which the traders and trappers belonging to the Mackinaw company usually centred, from their expeditions about Lake Superior, the Arkansas, Missouri, and other regions of the west, Mr Hunt engaged additional assistants; and the party, thus augmented, proceeded onwards to St Louis, on the Mississippi, where the complement of hands was completed. On the 21st of October 1810, we behold the final departure of the expedition from the abodes of civilised man. The party was distributed in three boats, of different sizes, under the supreme command of Mr Hunt, and the subordinate direction of two or three fellow-partners of the concern. In this way did the party set out from St Louis, to explore the country as far as the shores of the Pacific, a distance of several thousands of miles, and through territories inhabited by Sioux, Blackfeet, and other malignant races of Indians, who waged an incessant and treacherous war with the whites. Soon after departing from St Louis, the boats reached the mouth of the Missouri.

In the month of April 1811, the encampment was broken up, and the party, now consisting of nearly sixty persons, embarked in four boats on the Missouri, the largest boat being mounted with a swivel and two howitzers. The early stages of the voyage up the mighty Missouri were exceedingly pleasant. During the day, the boats were carried forward by a strong wind impelling the sails, or the oars were merrily plied by the expert voyageurs, to the music of their old French chansons. "Encamping at night on some beautiful bank, beneath spreading trees, which afforded shelter and fuel, the tents were pitched, the fires made, and the meals prepared round the evening fire. All were asleep at an early hour; some lying under the tents, others wrapped in blankets before the fire or beneath the trees, and some few in the boats, moored to the margin of the stream."

Our narrow limits do not permit us to recount the adventures which were encountered by this roving band of hunters and traders. Suffice it to say, that they met with various parties of Indians, by whom they were considerably annoyed, and occasionally robbed. With one of the tribes, Mr Hunt exchanged his boats for horses, intending to proceed the remainder of the journey by land. The contemplation of the prospect of the land journey struck a chill into

the hearts of a number of the party. The wilderness they were about to enter "was a region almost as vast and trackless as the ocean," and, at the time of which we treat, but little known, excepting through the vague accounts of Indian hunters. A part of their route would lie across an immense tract, stretching north and south for hundreds of miles along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and drained by the tributary streams of the Missouri and the Mississippi.

The journey of Mr Hunt and his party over this trackless desert was exceedingly distressing. All the horses except one were stolen by the Indians; and provisions at last failing, the pangs of hunger were added to the miseries which had to be endured. Sometimes halting at favourable spots to recruit the strength of the weakest of the party, and again making an effort to penetrate the rugged defiles of the Rocky Mountains, now covered with deep snows, the wanderers at length attained the western declivity of this high-lying region. Here they were still disappointed of finding any living animals, which they might slaughter for food. All traces of game had disappeared, and the dispirited party, hardly able to crawl, subsisted for a time on strips of beaver skins broiled on a fire kindled for the purpose. After having spent twenty-one days of extreme toil and suffering, in penetrating the mountain passes from their eastern barrier, they arrived at a tributary stream of the Columbia. This, the first sight of water flowing in a westerly direction, was hailed with a joy it is impossible to describe. With the assistance of some friendly Indians, they procured a couple of canoes, in which they pleasantly dropped down the stream, and in a few days arrived at their place of destination, Astoria, haggard in their appearance, and, it seems, perfectly in rags. Of course, the whole party—or rather its remnants, for several had parted company by the way—were received with every demonstration of joy and friendship by the band of adventurers at Astoria. The distance which the party had travelled from St Louis was upwards of 3500 miles, a wide circuit having been made to avoid certain districts inhabited by dangerous tribes of savages; and the time occupied in the journey was nearly eleven months.

Most unfortunately for Mr Astor and the other partners of the company, neither this nor several subsequent expeditions were of any practical benefit. The loss of the Tonquin was a disaster which was never altogether recovered; and some ulterior errors of judgment, in not implicitly obeying Mr Astor's instructions, proved to be equally ruinous. The breaking out of the war betwixt Great Britain and the United States was the final blow given to the concern. Fort Astoria fell into the hands of the British; and the American Fur Company thereupon partially breaking up, the trade in peltries was forthwith engrossed by the North-West Company and other associations.

The North-West Company of fur traders, however, did not long remain lords of the Rocky Mountains. They had had a fierce competition to maintain with the Hudson's Bay Company, and, in 1821, the half-ruined partners of the former body gave way before their opponents, and were glad to make a compromise, by which the relics of their establishment were merged in the rival one. The Hudson's Bay Company did not make any additions to our knowledge of the geography and peculiarities of the Rocky Mountains. The first person who published fresh matter on the subject was a private American gentleman, Major Joshua Pilcher, who had engaged in the inland fur trade. His expedition took place in 1827. In 1833, Mr H. J. Kelley, another American gentleman, also visited and crossed the Rocky Mountains; but, as in the case of Major Pilcher, his object was entirely of a commercial character. The memoirs published by them contained valuable information of a practical kind, but were of less importance in a general point of view, though still throw-

ing light on the courses of the Columbia, Colorado, and other large rivers, arising from the Rocky Mountains. Mr Irving's narrative embodies all the information resulting from these expeditions.

A much more interesting work, however, respecting the interior of North America, was afterwards published by Mr Townsend, an enthusiastic ornithologist of the United States, who accompanied a trading party, headed by Captain Wyeth, to the Columbia River and the adjacent districts. The party intended to form an establishment in the far west, in connexion with the Columbia Fishing and Trading Company. They repaired to St Louis on the Missouri, in March 1834, and soon after were ready for the route. Some passages are worth quoting, for the insight given into the character of the country and its inhabitants. On the 28th of April, at ten o'clock in the morning, all things being prepared, the caravan, consisting of seventy men and two hundred and fifty horses, began its march towards the west. All were in high spirits, and full of hope of adventure; uproarious bursts of merriment, and gay and lively songs, constantly echoed along the line of the cavalcade. The road lay over a vast rolling prairie, with occasional small spots of timber at the distance of several miles apart, and this was expected to be the complexion of the track for some weeks. For the first day and night the journey was agreeable, but on the second day a heavy rain fell, which made the ground wet and muddy, soaked the blanket bedding, and rendered camping at night any thing but pleasant.

Proceeding onwards, the party passed through a friendly tribe of Kaw Indians, with whom they traded a little. Some parts of the prairies are described by Mr Townsend as beautiful:—"The little streams are fringed with a thick growth of pretty trees and bushes, and the buds are now swelling, and the leaves expanding, to 'welcome back the spring.' The birds, too, sing joyously amongst them—groscbeaks, thrushes, and buntings—a merry and musical band. I am particularly fond of sallying out early in the morning, and strolling around the camp. The light breeze just bends the tall tops of the grass on the boundless prairie, the birds are commencing their matin carollings, and all nature looks fresh and beautiful. The horses of the camp are lying comfortably on their sides, and seem, by the glances which they give me in passing, to know that their hour of toil is approaching, and the patient kine are ruminating in happy unconsciousness."

Having reached the Platte River in May, and passed it, the party arrived at a remarkable platform of sandy desert ground, of immense extent, and occupying the central region of the continent, in about latitude 42 degrees north, and longitude from 100 to 105 degrees west of Greenwich. In this region, scarcely any thing of a living kind, either animal or vegetable, is to be seen, with the exception of swarms of ferocious gnats, which torment the traveller beyond endurance. It is necessary, however, to pursue a route in this direction, in order to find accessible passes through the Rocky Mountains, which are impenetrable more to the north-west. Making the best of their way over the inhospitable desert, and fortunately escaping any roving bands of unfriendly Indians, the cavalcade struck through a range of stony mountains, called the Black Hills, and in a few days afterwards came in sight of the Wind River mountains, which form the loftiest land in the northern continent, and are at all times covered with snow of dazzling whiteness. From the great height above the level of the sea which the party had attained, the climate was found to be cold, even although in summer; the plains were covered only by the scantiest herbage, and frequently there was great difficulty in obtaining a supply of water for the camp. The painfulness of the journey, therefore, was now extreme, both for man and beast.

In June, the party crossed the Green River, or Colorado of the west, and encamped upon it for a short

time. Moving onwards, they reached and crossed the Rocky Mountains, and came upon Snake River, a noble tributary of the Columbia. The Indians of this remote region of the far west, are, with the exception of the Blackfeet and their hereditary foes the Bannocks, generally more simple and docile than the tribes nearer the settlements, a circumstance apparently arising from their extreme poverty, and the difficulty of procuring sufficient sustenance.

Wolves, prowling around the camp at night, formed the great annoyance of the party in this region; but the travellers, after having separated into various detached parties for the purposes of the expedition, at length reached the noble stream of the Columbia, or Oregon, which gave them emotions not unlike those of Bruce on discovering the Nile, or Park at the first

glimpse of the Niger. Proceeding down to its mouth, they attempted, though with but slight success, to fulfil the ulterior trading objects of their journey, and Mr Townsend, with a rich store of objects of natural history, returned, by way of the Sandwich Isles, to his home in the United States.

This brief account of the expeditions to the western and inland districts of North America, will prepare the reader, in some measure, for understanding and appreciating the narrative of Mr Parker, here reprinted. Though in some points faulty, as elsewhere alluded to, it seemed to the present publishers to contain much valuable and pleasing information regarding a region of great interest, and relative more particularly to the field of enterprise offered to the Christian missionary in the countries of the "Far West."

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PARKER'S JOURNEY.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE JOURNEY.—TOWNS ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

THE wide extent of country beyond the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, with its inhabitants and physical condition, has been a subject of interesting inquiry for the last thirty years. Many things relating to the possession of the country, its future probable importance in a political view, its population and trade, have occupied much attention. The public have not been inattentive to the interests, moral and religious, of those placed in these remote regions, and who are without the blessings of civilisation and Christianity. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, appointed an exploring mission to that country, to ascertain, by personal observation, the condition and character of the Indian nations and tribes, and the facilities for introducing the gospel and civilisation among them; and upon this expedition I was selected to proceed.

That difficulties and dangers would be incident to a journey through a country of such extent, uninhabited except by wandering bands of Indians, where no provisions could be obtained besides uncertain game, could not be doubted. It was not a consciousness of undaunted courage, or indifference to suffering, or the love of romance, which fixed my purpose; but it was the importance of the object on which I should require to be engaged. It was a trial to leave my family, not knowing what might occur during my absence; but when the time came for the commencement of my journey, I committed myself to divine protection, and, with as cheerful a mind as could be assumed, set forth on the journey. I departed from Ithaca, state of New York, on the 14th of March 1835. The next day, which was the sabbath, was spent at Geneva; and the following day, continuing my journey, I proceeded by way of Buffalo to Erie, where I arrived on the 19th.

Erie is a very pleasant village, of considerable business, situated upon the south shore of the lake of the same name. It has a good harbour for steam-boats, which pass up and down the lake, and for the accommodation of which wharfs have been built at very considerable expense. The country around is fertile, and presents much agricultural promise. On the 20th, took stage for Pittsburg, which is 120 miles south; and on the morning of the next day breakfasted at Meadville, a very pleasant inland village, situated near French Creek, forty miles south of Erie. Here is a court-house, and a college of which the Rev. T. Alden, D.D., was the first president, and took a very active part in its establishment. The college edifice is situated upon an eminence facing the south, and commanding a fine prospect. There are also in this village two churches, and several other public buildings. From this place to Mercer the roads were extremely bad, on account of the depth of the mud; but the difficulties were overcome by the usual methods of profuse whipping, unloading the vehicle, and applying rails to the wheels: at length we arrived, late in the night, at Mercer,

where we got an opportunity for a little rest, which was very acceptable, having had only one night's rest out of seven. Here I remained till Tuesday morning, when I again took the stage, and after passing through Centreville and Butler, both small pleasant villages, arrived at Pittsburg on the 25th.

Pittsburg is situated at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, 960 miles above the mouth of the Ohio River. Its location is judiciously chosen. The country around, agreeably diversified with hills and valleys, together with meadows and bluffs which skirt the rivers, adds much to its charms. In point of manufactures, population, and wealth, very few places in the valley of the Mississippi equal this in importance. Among its manufactories are many large iron-foundries, rolling-mills, and nail factories; also large establishments of glass-works, in some of which is manufactured flint-glass of an excellent quality and good workmanship. The materials for making this are uncommonly good. The best of granular quartz, of loose texture, is obtained from a location some little distance up the Alleghany River, where there are inexhaustible quantities. It is more purely white than is often found. On this account, this place has an important advantage over most others for manufacturing the above-named article. There are also several large cotton, and many other factories, of various character. There are such immense quantities of excellent pit-coal about this place, that there is no reason to fear it will ever be exhausted or become expensive. The city is well built; but has rather a gloomy appearance, caused by the smoke of the bituminous coal so much used in the factories and dwellings. While Lowell is the Manchester, Pittsburg is the Birmingham, of America.

There are in this city thirteen houses of worship, and many public institutions for literature, justice, and commerce. With the name of Pittsburg will always be associated Braddock's defeat, which took place when he was sent to take possession of Fort Duquesne; and with this event will also be associated the skill and prudence of Washington in conducting the retreat. Towards the evening of the day of my arrival here, took passage in the steam-boat Ohioan for Cincinnati, 455 miles from Pittsburg by the river, and calmly descended the Ohio, which winds its way through a fertile country, diversified with forests, cultivated fields, and flourishing villages. On the morning of the 26th, stopped at Wheeling, ninety-two miles below Pittsburg, situated on the south side of the river, upon elevated ground, surrounded by high and steep hills. The great Cumberland road crosses the Ohio here by a ferry. Cumberland is a manufacturing town of growing importance.

Passed Marietta, seventy-six miles below Wheeling, situated on the north side of the Ohio, a little above the confluence of the Muskingum. It is surrounded with a fertile country, and was one of the first settled towns in the state. The first waggon arrived from Massachusetts in 1788, and Cutler's and Putnam's names are still remembered here. It is a place

of considerable business; has a court-house, two churches, and an academy; and, from the observation I could make of it in the evening, I should think it a handsome town.

Passed Portsmouth, situated upon the east bank of the Sciota, near its junction with the Ohio. This is a flourishing village, and has the advantage of being upon the great Ohio Canal, where it enters the river. The morning of the 27th, we stopped at Maysville, Kentucky. This is a compact, well-built town, situated a little below Limestone Creek, sixty-five miles above Cincinnati. There is but a narrow strip of land, on which the village is built, between the river and a chain of high hills close in the rear of the village. Manufactures and considerable trade are carried on; and its location is favourable for business with the interior of the state.

Arrived at Cincinnati on the 28th. On our way to-day, near the town of Ripley, the boat took fire in the hold. There was a very stiff head-wind, which blew the fire back from the furnace down the hatch-way, which, after taking out some goods, had been carelessly left open. It caused great alarm. The captain at once rounded the boat to the shore, and ran it in among some trees. As soon as the boat reached the land, many threw their baggage on shore, and leaped from the upper deck. The hold contained many combustible cotton goods. But the fire was subdued, and after considerable difficulty the boat was again under way.

Cincinnati is a large city for so new a country, situated in the south-west corner of the state, on the north side of the river, upon two plains, one about sixty feet above the other, both of which appear formerly to have been washed by the river. The lower plain is about fifty feet above the bed of the river at low water. The streets run parallel, and cross each other at right angles; the principal ones are paved, as well as the bank down to the water in the business part of the city, in order to afford accommodation for the loading and unloading of steam and other vessels. The town is well built, and to a considerable extent the buildings are of brick. One would hardly think, from the mature appearance and from the quantity of business going forward, that the first settlement was made so lately as 1789. It is not only a commercial, but also a manufacturing place, to a large extent. The population is composed of emigrants, and their descendants, from New England, and the middle and some of the southern states, and also from various parts of Europe; and consequently not of a very homogeneous character. The city is well supplied with schools and seminaries of learning. There is a medical college in the city; and two miles back, upon a pleasant hill, is the Lane Theological Seminary, which promises much towards helping forward the interests of religion in the west. Good morals and religion are as well sustained in this city as in any in our land.*

* (The rapid and successful increase of Cincinnati has been furthered by its excellent situation on the Ohio, which is at once salubrious and favourable for commerce and manufactures. The two chief articles of native produce exported from Cincinnati are flour and pork. The quantity of pork which is prepared and sent off annually is immense. Various travellers describe the pork trade of Cincinnati in very graphic language. It appears that there are certain large establishments where the animals are killed, cured, and barrelled, with finished skill and inconceivable speed. "The minute division of labour (observes Mr Hoffman), and the fearful celerity of execution in these swinish workshops, would equally delight a pasha and a political economist; for it is the mode in which the business is conducted, rather than its extent, which gives dignity to hog-killing in Cincinnati, and imparts a tragic interest to the last moments of the doomed porkers. In one compartment you see a gory block and gleaming axe; a seething caldron nearly fills another; and the walls of a third bristle with hooks newly sharpened for impalement. There are forty ministers of fate distributed throughout these gloomy abodes, each with his particular office assigned him." The same writer quotes a letter of a Cincinnati correspondent in a Baltimore paper,

Took the steam-boat Chien, Captain Reynolds, for St Louis, which by water is 690 miles from Cincinnati. Arrived on the 30th at Louisville. This is a flourishing city, situated near the falls of the Ohio, on the Kentucky side of the river, 150 miles below Cincinnati. It is a growing place, of much commercial and manufacturing business. The falls of the Ohio are twenty-two feet, and can be passed over by boats in high water only; which, however, does not happen more than two months in the year. To save expense and delay of portage past the falls, a canal has been constructed on the south side of the river, at great labour and cost. It is two miles in length, fifty feet wide, and forty feet deep, and is cut part of the way through solid limestone.

The water being high, we passed over the falls. It was a sublime scene. The water about Louisville moves slowly and smoothly; but as you draw near to the falls, it increases in velocity and power. You soon find yourself in an irresistible current; and you are anxious to know whether your pilots are well skilled in their profession: you look at them to see if they betray any fear; you find, while their attention is fixed, their countenances are serene. Your fears give way to the pleasure of the sublime. The boat shoots forward with amazing force and velocity, and very soon you find yourself gliding along in the wide-spread calm below.

The Ohio is a noble river, affording in its whole course romantic and beautiful prospects. It flows in a smooth and easy current, and is diversified on every side with rich bottom-land, rolling hills, and precipitous bluffs. These hills and bluffs, in many places, rise abruptly from the shore of the river, in other places they recede some miles, but in every part are in view; and so varied is the scenery, that there is no weariness caused by monotony. Nowhere has the hand of industry been wanting to add interest in passing through this part of the great western valley.

which gives a few interesting particulars of this extensive trade. "The whole number of hogs killed last year (says this correspondent) in the city and its vicinity, is ascertained to be above one hundred and twenty-three thousand. From the slaughter-houses, the hogs are conveyed in large waggons, that hold from twenty-five to forty, to the various packing houses, where they can pack, and have ready for shipment, two hundred and fifty barrels of pork in one day. It is indeed astonishing with what rapidity they put a hog out of sight, when once they get fair hold of him. As at the slaughter-houses, a perfect system is kept up; every man has his allotted duty to perform, and there is consequently no interference with each other; every thing goes on like clock-work." When the cleaned carcasses are received, they are first weighed by the weigher, then passed to the 'blocking men,' who place them on the several blocks, when they are received by the 'cutters' (knives which act like guillotines), and are very quickly dispatched—the various qualities separated and thrown into their respective places. One man weighs for the barrels (two hundred pounds), and throws the meat into a 'salt box,' from which the 'packer' receives it; and when the barrel is packed, it is handed over to the cooper, who heads it. It is then bored, filled with strong brine, plugged, branded, and ready for shipment." The capital employed in this pork trade is estimated at two millions of dollars.

The most remarkable circumstance, and the most favourable, with regard to the peopling of Cincinnati, is, that its population contains contributions of almost every vigorous element that goes to constitute society. There are here few of the arbitrary associations which exist among the members of other societies. Young men come with their wives, in all directions from afar; with no parents, cousins, aunts, or parties about them. Here is an assemblage from almost every nation under heaven—a contribution from the sources of almost every country, and all unburdened, and ready for natural association and vigorous action. Like takes to like, and friendships are formed from congeniality, and not from accident or worldly design. Yet is there a tempering of prejudices, a mutual enlightenment, from previous differences of education and habits—difference even of country and language. Great force is thus given to any principle carried out into action by the common convictions of differing persons—and life is deep and rapid in its course."]

BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Farms, and towns, and villages, evince the advantage that has been taken of the exuberance of the soil. The many swift-moving, panting steam-boats, show that industry furnishes the means of wide-extended and profitable commerce. One cannot but notice the difference in the taste and habits presented on the two sides of this river. Upon the Ohio side, New England modes and habits prevail. Upon the Kentucky side, the style of the rich Virginian planter is seen. Though almost all their buildings, except in villages, consist of logs, yet there are the customs of nobility kept up. You see a two-storey house, with two rooms upon each floor, and a wide, open, airy hall between. One of the lower rooms is a parlour, the other is a nursery, sleeping, and an eating room. Around this log-mansion are a cluster of log-cabins, the habitations of slaves. Open, frank hospitality characterises the Kentuckian, which is pleasing to a stranger.

Passed, on the 1st of April, out of the waters of the Ohio into those of the Mississippi. The Ohio spreads out into a narrow sea, and meets the Mississippi in the same form. Both appear to expand themselves into their most majestic forms, as though each was making an effort to claim the superiority; and when joined, they move on with united grandeur. We should expect, at the confluence of these two rivers, to find a busy village; but instead of such a place, there is only a whisky-selling tavern, around which are a few miserable huts.

To-day, a boy ten or twelve years old, playing about the machinery of the boat, was caught in it by the leg, and had he not been immediately seized and extricated by two men standing by, he must have been drawn wholly in and crushed to pieces. The bones were not broken, but the calf of the leg was distressingly mangled. There being no surgeon on board, I officiated in dressing his wounds.

Passed, on the 2d, Point Girardon, fifty miles above the mouth of the Ohio. It is pleasantly situated upon a bluff on the west side of the Mississippi. It has a fine prospect of the river, and might, under the hand of industry, become a desirable place; but the French who have settled in it are not an enterprising people, and it has the appearance of decay. We moved but slowly against the wind and current. Witnessed this evening a very striking scene—the fires of the prairies coming over the bluffs. The bluffs are 200 feet high, and extend one or two miles along the river. At a considerable distance they looked like an illuminated city, but as we approached and had a nearer view, the illusion was dissipated. The fires had got nearly over the bluffs, and curtailed them with a moderately ascending blaze, drawn up on the elevations and let down in festoons in the ravines; and the counterpart reflected from the smooth waters of the broad Mississippi, added much to the beauty and grandeur of the prospect.

Made a short stay on the 3d at the landing of St Genevieve. The village is situated a mile back from the river, on the west side. It is inhabited almost entirely by French, who, in their customs and manners, are slow to depart from those established by their forefathers, who have long since passed away. It is amusing to see the manner they yoke their oxen, and to learn the reason they assign for so doing. The yoke is composed of a straight piece of wood, fastened to the back side of the horns by straps of leather. They say, that in this way they save the whole power of the ox; but that the yoke, bowed to the neck, and drawn back to the shoulder, loses the power of the head and neck. Their reasoning may satisfy themselves, but would hardly convince the thorough-going New England farmer.

To-day had a view of Herculanum, which is situated on the west side of the river, thirty-five miles below St Louis. It is almost surrounded by high precipitous hills, having only a narrow space for the village. There are here several shot-towers, placed on the brink of high bluffs, in which considerable

business is done. Large quantities of lead, which is brought from the mines, are sold and carried to distant markets.

In voyaging upon these waters, it is painful to see how few books of any value there are on board the steam-boats. Some novels are found, but the most of them are of a licentious character. It gave great offence to many, that we should have religious worship in the ladies' cabin, as we had by invitation. Complaints of obtrusion were made—"Obtruding religion—no place for such things." But profanity and gambling are apparently no obtrusion; they are always in time and always in place. Gambling is practised on board the steam-boats upon these waters to a very great extent. It is a favourite amusement with those whose minds are not sufficiently cultivated to find satisfaction in reading or intelligent conversation. The number of blacklegs who make gambling their business of life is great, and they are adepts in their profession. Their success depends very much upon their skill in cheating, and in decoying the inexperienced.*

Arrived on the evening of the 4th at St Louis. This is a flourishing business place, situated on the west side of the Mississippi, two hundred miles above the mouth of the Ohio, and twenty miles below the mouth of the Missouri, in latitude 38 degrees 36 minutes north, and longitude 89 degrees 36 minutes west. St Louis very much resembles Albany, New York. The ground ascends for about half a mile from the river, and then spreads out into a widely extended plain, partly covered with shrubbery, behind which are open prairies. This place was settled by some French people before the year 1765. That year St Ange de Belle Rive, with a company from Fort Charles, took possession of the place. On the 4th of May 1780, the inhabitants were violently attacked by about one thousand Indians, and many were killed. The same year the first American-born citizen came into this place. In the year 1785, the Mississippi River rose twenty feet higher than usual, and did much damage. This river does not rise so high usually as those of less extent; and one reason, and probably the principal one, is, on account of its spreading over widely extended bottom-lands. In 1792 the first honey-bees ever known here came from the east. In 1814, the first steam-boat, the General Pike, ascended the river

Whereas it is admitted by political economists and by some wealthy individuals, that employment of labour, even upon things which in themselves are useless, is praiseworthy, in that it furnishes employment for multitudes; and whereas this country is so fruitful, that should all be employed in productive pursuits, there would be more than a supply for our markets; and whereas we would be as great philanthropists as those who advocate useless labour to give employment to the lower classes of the community, and to keep up our markets; therefore resolved, that we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do form ourselves into a society under the following constitution, viz:—

Article I. This society shall be called the Fraternal Gambling Society.

Article II. This society shall be composed of all shrewd or silly men, who, to the fortunes of chance, guided by cunning deceit, are willing to risk their money and spend their time in getting rich by short methods.

Article III. It shall be the duty of this society to spend their time in gambling in any such way as they may choose—by cards, dice, billiards, lotteries, horse-racing, &c. &c.

Article IV. It shall be lawful and honourable for any person belonging to this society, to cheat and defraud as much as he pleases, provided always he conforms to rules of honour and regulations specified in the by-laws which may be made from time to time.

Article V. Any person may withdraw from this society when he has lost all, to try his fortune in theft, highway-robbery, or to commit suicide, but not to enter upon any labour which might overstock our markets, under the penalty of receiving the scorn and ridicule of all whose interest it is to promote gambling; for it is a principle with us to grow rich by taking from each other's pockets, or in any way except productive labour.

to this place. It was a novel thing, and excited great admiration.

In the parts of the town built by the French, the streets are narrow. This may have been done to accommodate their propensity to be sociable, so as to enable them to talk from the windows across the streets. The French population, with a few exceptions, are Roman Catholics, noted for their indolence and dissipation. Gambling is their favourite amusement; and they have houses devoted to this object, with signs up, like the signs of whisky-venders. As gambling does not increase wealth, there are but a few rich, enterprising men among the French population. Drunkenness is not common here, and to abolish what exists, the temperance cause is doing much good. Eastern enterprise and influence are gaining ground since the town has been brought under the laws of the United States; and a new impulse is given to business. This is the central place in the west for the fur trade, which is carried on by the American Fur Company to a considerable extent; and also much business is done in lead, which comes from Galena. A great number of steam-boats and other water craft of various descriptions and destinations, are seen here at almost all seasons of the year. Adventurers, of almost every description of character and nation, come here, such as trappers, hunters, miners, and emigrants, as to a starting-point, to go into the still far west, many of whom seek a miserable fortune in the Rocky Mountains. The local situation of this town is such, that it will undoubtedly continue to be one of the first places for trade in the great valley of the Mississippi. There are five houses of worship, four Protestant and one Roman Catholic. The Catholic cathedral is built of stone, and is a large, expensive building. The Protestant influence is increasing, and there are here many active, devoted Christians, who exert a salutary influence upon the town and vicinity around. The population is fifteen thousand.

Found Dr Marcus Whitman here, who is appointed by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to be my associate. He came through the central parts of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and arrived a few days before me. On the 7th we had an interview with Mr Fontenelle, who takes charge of the caravan sent out by the American Fur Company. The caravan goes a very little beyond the Rocky Mountains, for the purpose of carrying out goods for the Indian trade, and for the supply of their men who are engaged in hunting and trapping in and about the mountains, and to bring back the furs which they have taken during the year. There are about three hundred men constantly employed in and about the mountains, and more than sixty who constitute the caravan. With a much less number it would not be safe to perform this journey, as there are hostile tribes of Indians on the way, namely, the Arickaras, the Crows, and the Blackfeet. Mr Fontenelle kindly offered to accommodate us with such advantages as may be afforded in his caravan. We found it necessary to leave this place to-day for Liberty, which is one of the most western towns in the United States. We were very busily employed in making preparation for the journey, and in calling upon and bidding farewell to Christian friends. There was a fire last night, which destroyed a very large livery-stable, in which we lost a horse, saddle, and bridle. The old cathedral, which was used for a store-house, was also burnt, and a very large quantity of crockery contained in it was destroyed in consequence.

VOYAGE UP THE MISSOURI—FUR COMPANY'S CARAVAN.

At five o'clock p.m. went on board the steam-boat St Charles, Captain Shelleross, and ascended the river twenty miles; anchored at the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi, and lay by till next morning, it

being dangerous to proceed in the night, on account of the many snags and sand-bars in the Missouri.

On the 8th, proceeded up the Missouri by rather slow progress, and made our first stop at St Charles, which is twenty miles above the confluence of this river with the Mississippi, and the same distance north-west from St Louis. This is a pleasantly situated village, upon the north side of the river. The country around is interesting, and the soil of superior quality. An enterprising intelligent population would make this one of the most desirable places in the west. Soon after we left the shore, a boy six years old fell overboard. The current being swift, and the boat under full way, there was no opportunity to save him. He was seen floating a short time; but before the yawl could be loosed from its fastening, and manned, he sunk and was seen no more. His mother was a widow, and with her family was removing from Kentucky to Franklin. The mother and the children lamented greatly and loudly.

Near the middle of the day, on the 9th, we struck a snag or rock, so deep beneath the turbid water that we could not tell which it was, and it became necessary to repair one of the wheels of the boat, which was much injured. This gave us an opportunity to go on shore. Several of my fellow-voyagers and myself ascended one of those high bluffs which frequently skirt this river. This was done by climbing on all-fours up an elevation of several hundred feet. Here we had a delightful view of the surrounding country, with its intermingled prairie and woodland, its cultivated spots, and its hills and dales. But in attempting to return, a new difficulty interposed. I said we ascended on all-fours—could we return in the same way? We were compelled, in fact, by descending backwards, to use much caution; and letting ourselves down by the grass, or sometimes by a shrub or tree, and assisting each other, we came safely to the shore. We also went to a place, some distance below this, where Lewis and Clarke lay by three days, waiting a better state of water. They encamped under a shelving rock, which is composed of white quartzose sand, of excellent quality for making flint-glass, equal to that found above Pittsburg. Saw many wild turkeys along the uninhabited shores.

Stopped, on the 11th, at Jefferson City, the capital of the state. It is situated on the south side of the river, upon a high eminence, a little above the Osage River. It has a great name for so small a place. The state-house is of a size which would be decent for a small academy; and the governor's house would do very well for a common farmer's house in the country, but is hardly such as we should expect for a governor in Jefferson City. But the state of Missouri is comparatively new, and this place may in time support its name.

Sabbath, 12th.—Kept in my state-room, and endeavoured to observe this sacred day in a becoming manner.

Monday.—Passed Boonsville and Franklin, small villages, with a country of rich land around them, which, when brought under good cultivation, must raise these villages in importance. The scenery up this river is sufficiently diversified to excite interest and to charm. The trees along the shores are mostly oak and cotton wood, with some hackberry and buckeye. The soil is free and rich. The river is constantly washing away and forming islands. Sand-bars and snags are so common, that, by becoming accustomed to them, we hardly think of danger. It is interesting to see how easily and how deep the trees take root in the rich soil along this river. Frequently, where the banks are washing away, the roots of the trees are exposed to full view; and generally there is only a large central root, descending ten or twelve feet, with small ones branching out, presenting the appearance of an inverted cone.

Found the steam-boat Siam, Captain L. at Chariton,

on board of which the *St Charles* put her freight and passengers, and returned; both boats having so far discharged their freight that one could proceed with what was remaining. Having got under way, the boat ran upon a sand-bar, which gave it a sudden whirl about, apparently threatening a disaster; but the quicksand of which the bar was composed soon washed away, and we went ahead again. Running aground in this river is a very different thing from what it would be in most waters; for the bars are so generally formed of quicksand, that in most instances the current around the boat sets all clear.

Soon after getting under way, on the 16th, we ran upon a bar where we were detained two and a half hours; and so frequently were we upon bars, that we made only five miles before one o'clock p. m. Called at Lexington. The village is pleasantly situated one mile back from the landing, and is surrounded by a fine country. We made only about fifteen miles headway to-day, which is so slow, that it would be more pleasant travelling by land; more especially as we should then be free from imprisonment with such shockingly profane swearers and gamblers, most of whom are intemperate.

19th.—Another sabbath on board the steam-boat. How great a contrast to the sacredness of the day when it is enjoyed in the Christian family circle, or in the manner prescribed for its observance!

While continuing our voyage, about the middle of the day, the captain and his men appeared to be given up to blind infatuation. The *Siam* was a new, well-built boat, had four boilers, and it was her first season. There was therefore no reason why she should not have performed her voyage steadily and in safety. But, from a disregard for any thing but extreme speed, the captain set no bounds to the raising and applying of steam, and, as I observed that ardent spirits were lavishly used, I apprehended the worst consequences. Soon the disaster came, but it proved less extensive than I feared: the main shaft, which was large and made of iron, broke, and in an instant our progress was interrupted.

Monday, 20th.—This day was spent in endeavouring to find some remedy for the disaster, but in vain. It only remained to discharge the cargo of the steam-boat upon the shore, let her passengers shift for themselves, and return with one wheel, like a cripple-winged fowl. Two miles above us lay the steam-boat *Nelson*, upon a sand-bar, high and dry. She ran aground upon the sabbath, and being left by a freshet in the river, is waiting for another to take her off. Our captain remarked at dinner to-day, that most of the accidents which happen to steam-boats take place on the sabbath, and that he did not believe it would be long before they would not run on that day. We engaged a man to take us in a waggon to Liberty, and towards evening went out into a small neighbourhood of Mormons, where we lodged. They had fled from Jackson county, which they call their promised land, and to which they say they shall return.

Rode on the 21st, twelve miles to Liberty, through a very pleasant and fertile country, thinly inhabited, well supplied with woods, and sufficiently undulating and hilly to render it healthy. It was at that opening season of the year, when nature, arousing herself from the sleep of winter, appears with renovated beauty. Not only man, but flowers, and trees, and birds, seemed to enjoy the season and the scene. I was much charmed with the wood-duck (*A. sponsa*), which here were numerous—the variety of its colours seemed adapted to the beauty of the scenery; while the nimble deer alternately cropped the rich herbage, or frolicked about in mingled timidity and delight.

Liberty is a small village, situated three miles north of the river, and is the county town of Clay. It has a court-house built of brick, several stores which do considerable business, a rope-walk, and a number of decent dwelling-houses.

Continued at Liberty about three weeks, waiting for the caravan to get in readiness. At this place it forms; men, horses and mules, and waggons, are collected and equipped; and here commences the long journey for the distant west. While we remained here, we had an opportunity to collect much information from those who have been to and beyond the Rocky Mountains, in regard to the country, mode of travelling, and concerning the various Indian tribes on the way. Saw Captain Ford and Lieutenant Stein from Fort Leavenworth. They are both professors of religion, and appear to be well acquainted with the Indian country. Lieutenant Stein has been much among the Indians—was out with the dragoons the last year—was among the Pawnee Picts, of whom he gives a very favourable account, and thinks the way is prepared to establish a mission among them with fair prospects of success. He also thinks the way is prepared, or is preparing, for a mission among the Camanches, who heretofore have been hostile, but now wish for peace and trade with the Americans. Saw also a Mr Vaun of this place, a Baptist professor, who has made two trips to Santa Fe, and has resided two years in that place. He gives a very favourable account of the Navahoes, a tribe who number about two thousand warriors. Their country lies between the head waters of the Rio Del Norte and the eastern branches of the Rio Colorado. They carry on agriculture to a very considerable extent; have large herds of cattle and horses, and flocks of sheep; they do much in domestic manufactures; and have houses of good construction. They are friendly to the Americans, but not to the Spaniards. He also speaks well of the Paches, or Apaches, a small tribe on the Del Norte, towards Old Mexico. These have been at war three years with the Spaniards.

Saturday, May 9th.—Rode twenty-six miles to Cantonment Leavenworth, which is situated on the west side of the Missouri River, nearly twenty miles out of the United States. The way is through a fertile section of country; part of the distance is an open prairie, other parts are beautifully wooded, and the whole is well adapted to cultivation.

I preached three times on the sabbath, and most of the people of the garrison assembled, and gave good attention. There are a very considerable number of professors of religion attached to this station, but they have no chaplain to teach and lead them in their devotions, which is a deficiency in our military establishments. Colonel Dodge and some of the other officers appear disposed to maintain good order, and I should think they exert a salutary influence. I had an opportunity, before I returned to Liberty, to take a view of the fort and adjacent country. There is much here to captivate. The buildings of the Fort are situated within an enclosure, around a large beautiful square, which is covered with green grass and adorned with shady trees. The whole is on an elevation of a few hundred feet, and has an interesting prospect of the majestic river flowing on silently below. The fertile country around presents a wide and fine prospect, and when settled by an industrious population, will equal the most favoured parts of the earth.

Liberty, and the country around, is inhabited by people of considerable enterprise, and when it shall be brought under Christian influence, there will be few places more inviting. There is but one Presbyterian minister in this county, the Rev. J. S. Y., a man of talents and very respectable attainments, and who is exerting a good influence. The Baptists in this section of the country are unlike those of the east. They are opposed to the benevolent operations of the day. Elder H., the pastor of the church in this place, invited the Rev. Mr Merrill, a Baptist missionary, located among the Otoe Indians of the Platte, and myself, to preach for him the first sabbath after our arrival. His people objected, for fear Mr Merrill would say something about the cause of temperance, or missionary efforts,

and Elder H. had to withdraw his invitation. They profess to act from Christian principles in refusing to give their minister any thing for support, lest they should make him a hireling.

It is amusing to observe the provincialisms which are common in this part of the country. If a person intends to commence a journey some time in the month, for instance, in May, he says, "I am going in all the month of May." For a large assembly of people, they say, "A smart sprinkle of people." The word "balance," comes into almost every transaction: "Will you not have a dessert for the balance of your dinner?"—"to make out the balance of his night's rest, he slept until eight in the morning." If your baggage is to be carried, it will be asked, "Shall I tote your plunder?" This use of the word plunder is said to have originated in the early predatory habits of the borderers. They also speak of a "mighty pleasant day"—"a mighty beautiful flower"—"mighty weak." A gentleman, with whom I formed some acquaintance, invited me, when I should make "an outing" for exercise, to call at his house, for his family would be "mighty glad" to see me.

During our continuance in this place, we were hospitably entertained at the house of J. B. Esq., one of the judges of the county court. We felt under many obligations to him and Mrs. B., not only for their liberality, but also for the privilege of retirement in so kind and intelligent a family. Nor would we be unmindful of the hospitality shown us by the Rev. Mr and Mrs Y.

May 15th.—All things being in readiness, we commenced our journey for Council Bluffs, directing our course north-west. We did not get to-day beyond the boundaries of the United States; and for the last time, for a long period to come, I lodged in the house of a civilised family.

16th.—Travelled to-day twenty miles, which brought us beyond the limits of civilisation, and into the Indian country. Encamped on a prairie surrounded with wood. The sensations excited by the circumstances of our situation were peculiar, and such as I had not before felt: in a wilderness, inhabited by unseen savages and wild beasts, engaged in setting our tent, preparing supper with only a few articles of furniture, the ground for our chairs, table, and bed. But all was conducted in good style; for I would not dispense with attention to decencies, because beyond the boundaries of civilisation; and having adjusted every thing in good order, and offered up our evening devotions, we retired to rest. But how to adjust all the anxieties and feelings of the mind, so as to obtain the desired repose, was a more difficult task.

On the 17th, crossed over the East or Little Platte, which is a very considerable river, and spent the sabbath with Mr Gilmore, a Methodist professor, and governmental blacksmith for the Ioway Indians. Saw many Indians of the Ioway, Sioux, and Fox tribes. Among these, a Fox Indian and his wife were noble-looking persons, having their faces painted, the man's entirely, and the woman's in stripes, with unmixed vermilion. They felt too important to be seen noticing what was transpiring around, and seemed to think themselves the only objects to be noticed. Here is an excellent fertile tract of country, and nothing discouraging for a missionary station, except the contaminating influence of vicious white men. They wish to cultivate their land, probably more from necessity than on any other account; for their game is mostly gone. One of them came to Mr Gilmore to get some ploughs, and remarked, "It is hard work to dig up our ground for corn by hand." The Sioux here are only a small band who would not join Black Hawk in his war against the United States, and who are now afraid to return to their own country. The condition of these Indians is becoming more and more wretched; for while they have not the knowledge, the means, nor much of the inclination, necessary to cultivate their lands advan-

tageously, they have an insatiable thirst for ardent spirits; and there are enough of unprincipled men on our frontiers, who, for the sake of gain, will supply them with the means of drunkenness and destruction.

On Monday, rode only twelve miles to Blacksnake Hills. Left Mr Gilmore with kind feelings, and shall gratefully remember his hospitality. At Blacksnake Hills, Mr Rubedoux has a trading post, and an uncommonly fine farming establishment on the Missouri River. His buildings are on a small rise of land, having a delightful prospect in front of more than a thousand acres of open bottom land, lying along down the river, and hills on the north and east partially covered with woods. What has not nature wrought without the labour of man? The herds of cattle and other domestic animals have as wide a range as they choose, and fences are only necessary to prepare fields for cultivation.

The Indians here have a singular mode of disposing of their dead. A scaffold is raised about eight feet high, upon which the dead are placed in rudely constructed coffins overspread with skins.

I preferred encamping out to sleeping in the house, where I might have been subjected to many kinds of annoyances. Obtained a good supply of milk.

For several days nothing important occurred. On the 22d, we crossed the Nodaway River with a raft, to construct which, and get all things over, took most of the day. To construct a raft, we collect a number of dry logs, fasten them together side by side with bark stripped from elm trees; some few men swim across the river, taking with them one end of a rope, while the other is fastened to the raft; it is then shoved off, the men upon the other side of the river pulling upon the rope. The raft is generally drifted considerably down stream before it is brought to land upon the opposite shore. In this manner they crossed and recrossed, until the baggage was carried over. Then follows the swimming over of the horses, which is attended with noise enough—hallooing of men, snorting of the horses, and throwing sticks and stones to prevent them, after having gone part of the way over, from returning.

We saw many elks, but they were too wary to be approached and too fleet to be chased, and our hunters were not sufficiently successful to obtain any. They are very large, and when their horns are on, make a very majestic appearance. We frequently found their horns on the prairie, some of which were four feet long, with large wide-spreading branches.

Sabbath, 24th.—Passed over a brook near which we had encamped the evening before, and remained for the day, while the caravan went on. The movements of the caravan are so slow, that we felt confident we could overtake it without any difficulty; and there being no danger from hostile Indians, we considered it our duty to rest on this holy day. The day was very warm for May, the thermometer standing, at two in the afternoon, at 88 degrees.

Monday, 25th.—Overtook the caravan before night. Crossed the south branch of the Neshnabotana on a raft. Some of the men of the caravan, if not all, were much displeased because we did not travel with them on the sabbath. To express their displeasure, they cut some of the barks with which the raft they had made was bound together, and set it adrift. Providentially, it did not drift far before it lodged against a tree, and, without much loss of time, we repaired it and passed over.

On the 26th, came to the main branch of the Neshnabotana, and commenced making a raft, the finishing of which and crossing took most of the following day. The soil of this part of the country is rich, and the grass for our horses excellent; but there are none here to till the ground, nor to gather in the ten thousand tons of hay which might be made from the spontaneous growth. This part of the country does not yet answer the end for which it was created. The time

will come, when a dense population will cover this country, who will render the sacrifice of prayer and praise to our God.

On the 28th, we rode eleven miles, and came to the north branch of the Neshabotana. After we had made a raft, we had a very difficult time of crossing. The water was continually and rapidly rising, and before we had got across, the banks were overflowed to a considerable depth: the alluvial soil was rendered too soft to sustain our horses, and they sunk so deep that they could not get along. After searching for a long time, a place was found sufficiently hard to bear up our animals when unloaded. We had to carry our baggage upon our shoulders about fifteen rods, part of the way up to the middle in water, going forward and returning, until we arrived at better ground; and then we had to ride one mile to the dry prairie in water one and two feet deep. We rejoiced to find ourselves once more on firm footing, and encamped by a stream of clear water, which is rare in this part of the country, and especially at this season of the year. The waters of all this portion of country, especially of the Missouri River and its large tributary streams, are very turbid, owing to the nature of the soil over which they pass. A pailful of water, standing half an hour at the seasons of freshets, will deposit three-eighths of an inch of sediment; and yet the water, when settled, appears to be of good quality.

Our mode of living, from day to day, had already necessarily become uniform. Dry bread and bacon constituted our breakfast, dinner, and supper. Our bacon we cooked, when we could obtain wood for fire; but when "out of sight of land," that is, when nothing but green grass could be seen, we ate our bacon without cooking. A very few of the simplest articles of furniture were sufficient for our culinary purposes. The real wants of life are few, artificial ones are numerous.

30th.—Drew near to Council Bluffs, and passed down from the high rolling prairie, through a vale two or three miles long, and half a mile wide, into the rich alluvial and widely extended valley of the Missouri, through a section of country of uncommonly interesting scenery. The mounds, which some have called the work of unknown generations of men, were scattered here in all varieties of forms and magnitudes; and thousands in number, and perhaps I may say ten thousands. Some of these mounds were conical, some elliptical, some square, and some were parallelograms. One group of these attracted my attention more than any others. They were twelve in number, of conical form, with their bases joined, and twenty or thirty feet high. They formed about two-thirds of a circle, with an area of two hundred feet in diameter. If these were isolated, who would not say they are artificial? But when they are only a group of ten thousand others, which have as much the appearance of being artificial, who will presume to say they are the work of man? But if they are the work of art, and attest the number, the genius, and perseverance, of departed nations, whose works have survived the lapse of ages, we would interrogate the authors; but no voice replies to ours. All is silent as the midnight grave. "The mind seeks in vain for some clue to assist it in unravelling the mystery. Was their industry stimulated by the desire to protect themselves against inroads of invaders, or were they themselves the aggressors?" Are they the monuments of western Pharaohs, and do they conceal treasures which may yet be brought to light? There is nothing plainer than that they were never designed as works of defence. But some, while they admit they were not designed for offensive or defensive operations of belligerent powers, suppose they were erected as "mausoleums, and that the difference in their size was intended to convey an idea of the difference in the relative importance of those whose bones they cover." If this theory be true, the La Trappe on the Mississippi, which I had an opportunity of examining on my

northern tour, which is as much as one hundred and fifty feet high, and covering about six acres, must enclose mighty bones, or the bones of a mighty monarch. I would not be understood to dissent from the belief that there are any artificial mounds in the great valley of the west, but I believe there is a great mistake upon this subject. It is said, by those who advocate the belief that they are the work of ancient nations, that they present plain evidence of this, from the fact that they contain human bones, articles of pottery, and the like, which evince that they were constructed as burying-places for the dead. That some of them have been used for burying-places, is undoubtedly true; but may it not be questionable whether they were made, or only selected for burying places. No one, who has ever seen the thousands and ten thousands scattered through the valley of the Mississippi, will ever be so credulous as to believe that a five-hundredth part of them are the work of man.

Crossed the Maragine River, which, though very deep, was not so wide but that we constructed a bridge over it. Made our way many miles through the rich bottom lands of the Missouri, and crossed this noble river over against Bellevue, in a large canoe, and swam our horses and mules across, which, considering the width of the river and the strength of the current, required much effort. Went to the agency house, where I was happy to find brethren Dunbar and Allis, missionaries of the Pawnees, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. There is a Baptist mission here, composed of the Rev. Moses Merrill and wife, Miss Brown, and a Christian Indian woman, a descendant of the Rev. D. Brainard's Indians. They are appointed by the Baptist Board to labour among the Otoe Indians, about twenty-five miles from this place, on the River Platte. These Indians are away from their intended residence, about half the time, on hunting excursions.

A little more than half a mile below the agency, the American Fur Company have a fort, and in connexion with which, they have a farming establishment, and large numbers of cattle and horses, a horse power-mill for grinding corn, &c.

INDIAN TRIBES ON THE MISSOURI.—LIFE IN THE PRAIRIES.

We continued in this place three weeks, waiting the movements of the caravan, which were long in getting prepared for their mountain-journey. During our stay here, I frequently walked over the hills bordering upon the west of the valley of the Missouri, to enjoy the pure air of the rolling prairies, and to view the magnificent prospects unfolded in the vale below. From the summit of those prominences, the valley of the Missouri may be traced until lost in its winding course among the bluffs. Six miles below, is seen the Papillon, a considerable stream from the northwest, winding its way round to the east, and uniting with the Missouri, six miles above the confluence of the Platte, coming from the west. These flow through a rich alluvial plain, opening to the south and southwest as far as the eye can reach. Upon these meadows are seen feeding some few hundreds of horses and mules, and a herd of cattle; and some fields of corn diversify the scenery. The north is covered with woods, which are not less important than the rich vales. But few places can present a prospect more interesting, and when a civilised population shall add the fruits of their industry, few will be more desirable.

In respect to efforts for the religious instruction and conversion of the Indians, I am convinced, from all I can learn of their native character, that the first impressions which the missionary makes upon them are of paramount importance in their bearings on successful labours among them. In things about which they are conversant, they are men; but about other things they

are children, and like children, the announcement of a new subject awakens their attention, their curiosity, and their energies; and it has been remarked by a Methodist missionary who has laboured among the Indians, that many seemed to embrace the gospel on its first being offered, and that those among the adults who failed to do so were rarely converted. If from any motives, or from any cause, instruction is delayed, and their expectations are disappointed, they relapse into their native apathy, from which it is difficult to arouse them.

We had an opportunity, whilst we continued in this place, to collect much information about the Indians in the Sioux country from Major P., the agent appointed by government to the Yanktons, a band of the Sioux. He appears to be not only intelligent and candid, but also well disposed towards Indian improvement. The following is the substance of the information which he gave us in regard to several tribes to the north and north-west of this place:—That the Omahas are situated upon the Missouri, about one hundred and fifty miles above this place, and number about two thousand. They have been well disposed towards the whites, but, owing to their intercourse with traders and trappers, and injuries which they have received from them, they are becoming more vicious in their habits, and less friendly. And yet, kind treatment would conciliate their favour; and there can be little doubt that a mission might be established among them with fair prospects of success.

The Yanktons are an interesting band of the Sioux, of about two thousand people. Their village is to be located on the Vermilion River, where it unites with the Missouri from the north. Major P. thinks this would be a very eligible place for a missionary station, and says he will do what lies in his power to aid such an enterprise.

The Ponca Indians on the south side of the Missouri, at the confluence of the L'eau-qui-coure, number six or eight hundred, and speak the same language as the Omahas.

The region of country, from the mouth of the Big Sioux River, and that on the south of the L'eau-qui-coure, as high as the country of the Mandan Indians, may be classed under the general head of the Sioux country, and is inhabited by the following bands of Sioux—namely, the Yanktons, already mentioned, Santas, Yanktonas, Tetons, Ogallallahs, Siones, and the Hankpapes, who course east and west from the Mississippi to the Black Hills, and sometimes as far south as the River Platte. The real number of the relative bands cannot be correctly ascertained, but probably it is from forty to sixty thousand. Their habits are wandering, and they rely exclusively upon the chase for subsistence. Their principal trade is in buffalo robes. The traders have for many years maintained a friendly intercourse with them, and, generally speaking, they are much attached to white men.

The Mandans are a much more stationary people than almost any other tribe in this whole region of country, and the opportunity to establish missionaries among them is good; but on account of repeated ill treatment which they have experienced, they are beginning to grow suspicious, and are losing confidence in white men.

Our stay in this place was protracted much beyond our expectations. Two weeks after our arrival, the spasmodic cholera broke out with a great degree of malignancy. The weather was very warm, and there were showers from day to day. The habits of the men, and their imperfect accommodations, probably had a tendency to induce the disease. Three died, and undoubtedly the mortality would have been greater, had it not been for the blessing attending the assiduous attention of Dr Whitman, my associate, and the free use of powerful medicines. And had it not been for his successful practice, the men would have dispersed, and the caravan would have failed of going to the place

of rendezvous. This was plainly seen and frankly acknowledged. God in mercy provided the remedy before he inflicted the scourge. This alarming disease was the means of urging our departure from this place sooner than we otherwise should have done. It was necessary to move forward to the prairies, as the only prospect of escaping the further ravages of the disease. Not a single new case occurred after we recommenced our journey.

Whilst we remained at Bellevue, a man named Garrio, a half-blood Indian chief of the Arickaras, was shot under very aggravated circumstances. Garrio and his family were residing in a log-cabin on the Papillon River. Six or seven men went down to his house in the night, called him up, took him away half a mile, and shot him with six balls, scalped him, and left him unburied. The reason they assigned for doing so was, that he was a bad man, and had killed white men. If he was guilty, who authorised them to take his life? The Arickara nation will remember this, and probably take revenge on some innocent persons. This, I apprehend, is the way Indian wars are produced. While we charge the Indians with inveterate ferocity and inhuman brutality, we forget the too numerous wrongs and outrages committed upon them, which incite them to revenge. They cannot apprehend and do justice to such offenders. Or, if they could, would it not be published as a gross Indian murder and aggression, and a war of extermination be commenced against them? When Indian offences are proclaimed, we hear only one side of the story, and the other will not be heard until the last great day.

Monday, June 22.—After so long delay, we recommenced our journey for the west. The Black Hills are to be our next stopping place. The caravan started yesterday. We passed over a rich extensive prairie, but so poorly watered, that we did not find a stream of water through the whole day. In the afternoon we had to ride in a heavy, cold rain, in consequence of which I became much chilled. Overtook the caravan, and encamped before night on a high prairie, where we could find but little wood, and it was difficult to make a fire. We had some coarse bread made of corn, and some bacon, for supper. The change from the comforts to the bare necessities of life was trying; but when I had wrapped myself in my blankets, and lay down upon the ground to repose for the night, I was comfortable, and felt thankful to God for his goodness. Being now beyond all white inhabitants, in an Indian country, and not knowing what the eventful future might unfold, I thought I could give up all my private interests for the good of the perishing heathen, if I could be instrumental in promoting their temporal and eternal welfare. Come life or death, I thought I could say, "Thy will be done." Felt strong confidence that God would protect and provide for us, and derived great consolation from the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." The very pelting of the storm upon our tent had something in it soothing, and calculated to excite the feeling that God was near.

On the 23d, the storm still continued, and we did not remove our encampment. Towards noon on the 24th, went forward on our way, and crossed the Papillon River, which occasioned much delay to get our baggage, waggon, and animals over. We did not find a suitable place for encamping until about sunset, where we could be accommodated with wood and water; and before we could pitch our tent, a thunder-storm, which had been gathering for some time, came down upon us with great violence, accompanied with wind and hail. The animals of the caravan fled in different directions, some packed and some unpacked. I had barely time to unpack my mule and let him go, and it was with much difficulty I could hold my horse, which had become almost frantic under the beating hail, nor did I escape without some contusions. The lightning was very frequent, and the thunder was almost one continual roar. After a while, the fury of

the storm abated, and in the dark we pitched our tent, and got our baggage into it, but were not able to make a fire. We took such supper as we could provide with our coarse bread and bacon, without light and without fire, and laid ourselves down to rest. During the night there were several showers; and the water began to find its way under our tent. Got a little sleep towards morning, and arose somewhat refreshed.

The morning of the 25th was very pleasant, and afforded a good opportunity to dry our baggage, and for the people of the caravan to collect together their goods, which were scattered over the prairie. After having spent the forenoon in drying and adjusting them, we went forward and arrived at the Elkhorn, a very considerable river. For conveyance over this river, we constructed a boat of a wagon body, so covered with undressed skins as to make it nearly water-tight. The method was very good, and we commenced crossing, but night came on before we finished, and therefore we encamped on the east side. The country here is excellent, and tolerably well supplied with wood.

On the 26th, continued carrying over our baggage, and got all over by mid-day, after which we travelled ten miles up the Elkhorn, and stopped for the night.

On the 27th, arose very early and pursued our journey, and made good progress until three p.m., when we met Messrs Campbell and Sublette with a small caravan returning from the Black Hills. When mountain traders meet under such circumstances, there must be mutual exchanges of friendship more ceremonious and complicated than can be gone through with in the passing "how do you do?" The two caravans encamped in due form, and at a respectful distance from each other.

Sabbath, 28th.—The caravans stayed here through the day. This gave us an opportunity to rest, and to attend to devotional exercises in our tent.

On the 29th, passed over, and travelled a good distance up Shell Creek, into a district of country possessed by the Otoes on the east and the Pawnees on the west. For about twenty-five miles since we crossed the Elkhorn, and between this river and the Platte, which are about ten miles apart, there is not a single hill. It is rich bottom-land, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass. No country could be more inviting to the farmer, with only one drawback, the want of woodland. The latitude is sufficiently high to be healthy; and as the climate grows warmer as we travel west, until we approach the snow-topped mountains, there is a degree of mildness not experienced east of the Alleghany Mountains.

We were awakened on the 30th, at the first breaking of the day, by the call, "Out, out; gear up your mules." We travelled until one o'clock p.m., more than eight hours, when we halted and breakfasted. We went again on our way, and came to the Loups Fork of the Platte, and stopped for the night. Most of the country over which we travelled to-day was a rolling prairie. There is nothing in this section of country to interest the geologist. I did not see a single stone after passing the Papillon to this place, excepting a few small ones at the place where we crossed that stream, and which, on that account, is called Rock Ford. It is one of the peculiarities of the dialect of the people in the westernmost states, to call small stones *rocks*; and therefore they speak of throwing a rock at a bird, or at a man. There are no forests in these western regions. The meadows spread out almost without bounds. There are only here and there some clumps of trees; and the rivers and smaller streams are skirted with cottonwood, elms, and willows. Whatever propriety there once was, there is none now, in calling the Indians children of the forest. The thermometer stood to-day, at noon, at 81 degrees.

Wednesday, July 1st.—Rested last night as quietly as I should have done in a civilised country and upon a good bed. We have a small tent made of coarse

cotton cloth, forming a cone. After setting this, we stow away our baggage so as to leave a space in the centre for our lodgings. My bed is made by first spreading down a buffalo skin, upon this a bear skin, then two or three Mackinaw blankets, and my portmanteau constitutes my pillow.

We proceeded to-day a few miles up the Loups Fork, and crossed over at a good fording place, such as we did not expect to find. The river here is nearly a mile wide. After going a few miles up the river, we halted for the night. The manner of our encamping, is to form a large hollow square, encompassing an area of about an acre, having the river on one side; three waggons forming a part of another, coming down to the river; and three more in the same manner on the opposite side; and the packages so arranged in parcels, about three rods apart, as to fill up the rear and the sides not occupied by the waggons. The horses and mules, near the middle of the day, are turned out under guard, to feed for two hours; and the same again towards night, until after sunset, when they are taken up and brought into the hollow square, and fastened with ropes twelve feet long, to pickets driven firmly into the ground. The men are divided into small companies, stationed near the several parcels of goods and the waggons, where they wrap themselves in their blankets and rest for the night; the whole, however, are formed into six divisions to keep guard, relieving each other every two hours. This is to prevent hostile Indians from falling upon us by surprise, or from coming into the camp by stealth for the purpose of plunder. We were permitted, by favour, to pitch our tent next to the river, half way between the two wings, which made our situation a little more retired.

Nothing important on the 2d. On the 3d, passed the village of the Tapage and Republican Pawnee Indians. These Indians have buildings which appear substantial and adapted to comfort.* Many of the Pawnee Loups came to us, and received us with great civility and kindness. Big Axe, their second chief, had charge of this party. He is a man of dignified appearance, and his countenance is expressive of intelligence and benevolence. He is very friendly to white men. These Indians were going out upon their summer hunt, and upon the same route we were pursuing, and were not willing we should go on before them, lest we should frighten away the buffaloes.

These Indians manifest their friendship by inviting us to feasts; and as we may attend half a dozen in a day without being surfeited, an explanation may not be out of place. Big Axe gave the first invitation. It

* ["The Pawnee village stands in a prairie, at the foot of a long range of hills, and within about fifty yards of the River Platte, which, at this place, is about two miles broad, and very shallow (as the river's name imports), being constantly forded by the squaws, who visit the different islands, and obtain from them the only fuel and building material which the country here affords. The lodges in the town are numerous, and built close together, without the least regard to regularity; are hemispherical in shape, and covered with earth to the thickness of several feet. They vary in height from twenty to thirty feet; and some are nearly ninety feet in diameter. The large circular or dome-like roofs of the buildings, are supported from the interior, by pillars formed from the upright trunks of trees; and large berths, or cribs, for sleeping, are ranged around the interior, against the wall of the building. In the centre, a hole is dug to contain the fire, the smoke of which is permitted to eddy through the apartment, and escape at its leisure by a perforation in the roof, which at once serves as a chimney and a solitary window to let in the light. On account of the scarcity of wood, several families congregate together in the same lodge, and are seen, throughout the whole day, lounging and sleeping before the fire, or gorging themselves from the large kettle, filled with buffalo flesh, which is perpetually over the fire. Upon entering the village, we found the tops of the lodges completely covered with women and children, whilst the area in front of the chief's dwelling was equally crowded. When we reached the front, the chief, who had ridden in advance of the party, stepped from the dark passage, which formed the entrance to his abode, to meet us."—Washington Irving.]

is not customary for those who provide the feast to sit down with their guests; therefore Big Axe and his associates sat in dignified silence on one side of the lodge, while those of us who partook of the feast occupied the centre. The daughters of Big Axe served us on this occasion, and bountifully helped us with boiled corn and beans. Such are their customs, that, to avoid giving offence, we must eat all that is set before us, or take it away; and Mr Fontenelle took what remained. In the evening we were invited to two others. The first consisted of boiled corn and dried pumpkins, and the other of boiled buffalo meat. I took away what remained. We also gave the principal chiefs a feast, setting before them all the variety which our bacon and coarse bread could furnish, having it in our power to add a dish of coffee, of which luxury we partook for this time only on our whole journey.

Amidst the uniformity of the prairies, there is some agreeable variety. It was interesting to see the various beds in which the river has run, and which it has forsaken while it has formed new ones. Formerly, perhaps but a very few hundred years ago, this river ran a hundred feet higher than at present; and it is this process which renders these rivers so very turbid. The water of Loups Fork, however, comparatively speaking, is quite clear. The botany of this section of country is very interesting. Since crossing the Elkhorn, I have noticed nine different species of grass, most of which are entirely new. The flowering plants are very numerous and beautiful, and especially the rose, which is found of almost every hue. Thermometer, at noon, 90 degrees.

July 4th.—This is a day of great noise and bustle in the States. Orators speak of the deeds and achievements of our forefathers; their audiences catch the spirit of patriotism. Not so with our company. Having almost expatriated themselves, they had forgotten their nation's birth-day; and knowing that their days of indulgence would be seasons of revelling, I forbore to remind them of it. How suitable would be a rational religious expression of gratitude to Heaven, instead of the confusion and riot which are the common demonstrations of joy on such occasions.

Sabbath, 5th.—The caravan went forward a few miles and encamped. The Indians were constantly culling at our tent through the day. It was painful to witness their poor degraded condition, ignorant of God and salvation; while we, not knowing their language, were not able to point them to the Saviour, nor to teach them their obligations to their Maker, and their duty to turn to him with their whole heart. I sincerely hope that the Pawnee mission may prosper; that the system which Messrs Dunbar and Allis have adopted, of following the Indians in their wanderings and living with them in their own fashion, may be persevered in, until their teaching and influence are felt, and the Indians shall locate themselves upon their lands, under the influence of Christianity and civilisation. The mode which Messrs Dunbar and Allis have hitherto practised, appears to be the right one, and must be generally adopted, to bring the numerous wandering nations and tribes to the knowledge of Christ.

It is all important that the missionary be able to speak to the heathen in the language wherein they were born. It is also important that the Indians settle down and cultivate the soil: but how can they be induced to do this before they are taught? Do any say, by an interpreter? An interpreter may be employed for a while, but the missionary must become, as soon as possible, his own interpreter. And why can he not learn the Indian language as well as the trader and hunter? He can, if he will exercise as much self-denial.

On the 6th, left the Loups Fork very early in the morning, in company with the Pawnees, and directed our course south-west for the Platte River. Towards night we had a thunder-storm with heavy rains, which continued through most of the night; but under our

tent we kept dry, and slept so soundly, that we had our meat stolen from us without being awakened. Though only about six pounds, it was, in our circumstances, a sensible loss.

After we came to the Platte, we pursued our way up the river, which is broad, but not very deep, as its name indicates. The country begins to diminish in fertility, but still is very good. We were prevented from making the progress we might have made, if the Indians would have permitted us to leave them. The men of the caravan began to find fault with the delay, and had reason to do so, on account of the want of food, having nothing to eat but boiled corn, and no way to obtain any thing else before finding buffaloes.

The intellectual powers of these Indians are very good, but need cultivation. They are fond of ornaments and variety, and not having the means of gratifying their vanity, as civilised people have, they resort to almost any thing to decorate their persons, such as porcupine quills, beads, wreaths of grass and flowers, brass rings upon their wrists, birds' feathers, and claws of wild beasts; the claws of a grizzly bear are an ornament of the first order, and the tails of white wolves are in high estimation. But their most universal and particular ornament is painting their faces with vermilion.

These tribes, though possessing many amiable traits of character, are, like most nations unenlightened by Christianity, cruel to their old men and women. The women are compelled to do all the work—the men only hunt and go to war. Having but few horses, when they travel they load their old men and women, and even the blind and lame, as well as their dogs. I did not see among these Indians a single person having any natural deformity, nor any one who appeared to be deficient in common sense.

July 9th.—To-day Big Axe came to my tent and sat by me a long time. Never did I so much wish to converse with any man, and tell him about the Saviour; and from the expression of his countenance, I thought he felt the same. But the gift of tongues was not imparted to me, and we could only converse by the language of signs, which can be used far better than I had anticipated.

By Mr Fontenelle's making a large present to the Indians, they agreed to let us go on to-morrow without them. Our men could hardly have been restrained within subordination if they had not consented.

Towards the night of the 10th, we had an uncommon storm of thunder, hail, rain, and wind. The horses and mules could not be controlled, and they turned and fled in all directions before the storm. The whole caravan was scattered; but when the storm abated, they were again collected without much difficulty, and nothing was lost. If any hostile band of Indians had been about us, it would have been easy for them to have made us a prey. But the Lord not only rode upon the storm, but was also near for our defence. The scene was alarming, and yet grand and truly sublime.

Sabbath, 12th.—We are in a land of dangers, but God is our preserver; and how desirable is it, that his mercies should be had in grateful remembrance, and that portion of time which he has set apart as holy should be observed as such! The caravan travelled a part of the day, but was under the necessity of stopping in consequence of rain, which wet the packages. It is worthy of notice, that there have been various providences, which have thus far prevented the caravan from travelling much upon the sabbath. But this day has been one of great confusion and wickedness. In consequence of the men being drenched with rain, whisky was dealt out freely, to keep them from taking cold. Most of them became much excited, and one of the men, who took an active part in killing Garrio, stabbed a man with full intent to have pierced his heart; but the knife, by striking a rib, turned aside, and only made a deep flesh wound.

July 13th.—We are not travelling through forests, or a solitary desert; but, so far as boundless meadows are concerned, the country has the appearance of being under good cultivation. We see no fields of grain secured from the beasts of the earth by fences, nor habitations of civilised men, but meadows adorned with a great variety of plants, some of which appear to be gregarious. Often some acres are diversified with a great variety of colours and species.

There are two species of plants which are said to be a sovereign remedy against the poison of the rattlesnake, the virtue of one of which we had an opportunity of testing. One of our men was bitten in the foot, and before we knew his situation, the poison had so far progressed, that his foot and leg had become much inflamed, and were very painful. One of these plants was applied to the parts affected, and at once the man became convalescent, and in a few hours was well. The plant resembles the blue flag in its leaves, but differs in having them serrated. The root, which contains its healing properties, is pounded and applied to the affected parts. Rattlesnakes, though common, are not numerous. These and other reptiles are prevented from multiplying by the fires which every year run over the prairies.

On the 14th, the announcement of buffaloes spread cheerfulness and animation through the whole caravan; and to men whose very life depended on the circumstance, it was no indifferent event. From the immense herds of these wild animals, dispersed over these beautiful fields of nature, we were to derive our subsistence. Although several were seen to-day, yet our hunters were not successful in obtaining many.

I had heard of the prairie horse-fly, but was not aware that it would be so very annoying, or, I may say, so very tormenting to our horses. Its bite is like the thrust of the point of a lancet, and when the fly is surfeited, or is brushed off, the blood immediately gushes out. When the caravan is in close company, there being about two hundred horses and mules, the flies are so divided in number that they are not much felt: but when for any purpose a horse is separated from the company, he is severely tormented until he returns. On one occasion, when I rode forward to find a crossing place over a deep muddy stream of water, these flies came round my horse in such swarms, that they put him in an agony, so that he became frantic, and I was obliged to return in full speed, otherwise I could not have kept upon my saddle. I have no doubt that a horse left alone any considerable time in this section of country, in the season of these flies, would be killed.

The next day, we journeyed as usual, and about noon arrived at the Forks of the Platte. We saw a large herd of buffaloes, from which we obtained a good supply of excellent meat. The buffaloes present, with their shaggy shoulders, neck, and heads, a very majestic appearance; and to one ignorant of their dispositions their appearance is truly formidable. But they are timid and inoffensive, showing no disposition to injure any person, except in self-defence, when wounded and closely pursued. Their strength is great; and although they look clumsy, they run very swiftly. It requires a horse of more than ordinary speed to outrun them for any considerable time.

The section of country about the Forks of the Platte is very pleasant, without any high mountains in sight; but at a distance, beyond the widely extended rich bottom-lands, bluffs of various forms present picturesque scenes. The entire want of forests in a large space of country around, is a desideratum which cannot be easily supplied; but probably forest-trees might be cultivated to advantage. Is it not highly probable that mineral coal will be found here as well as upon the prairies in the western states? We found no wood yesterday, nor to-day, and probably shall not for some days to come, and therefore we have been under the necessity of making our fires with the dry dung of

the buffalo. The most thoroughly weather-beaten is selected, and proves to be a better substitute for common fuel than we had anticipated. Although we are in the section of country where we had fears of finding the Arickara Indians, the death of whose chief has been mentioned, and who have been residing near this place for several months past, yet we have seen no Indians since we left the Pawnees. It is supposed they have gone far up the south Fork of the Platte, to avoid the United States' dragoons under the command of Colonel Dodge, who are on their way to find them, to call them to account for their conduct towards white men, and to form with them a treaty of peace. But they intend to keep out of the way of the dragoons, and therefore we hope to pass unmolested.

We took our course up the north-west Fork of the Platte, and towards night encamped upon its bank in our usual form, using particular caution to be prepared for an attack of the Arickaras, should any of their war parties be about us. Every man was required to see that his rifle was in good order, and to have a good supply of powder and balls. We all slept with our clothes on, so that, if called with the sentinel's fire, we might in less than a moment be ready for action; but the night passed away in quietude, and at the first breaking of the day, we were awakened with the customary call of the guide.

Saw, on the 16th, the buffaloes in greater numbers and in nearer view than previously. They are less shy than those we first found. They are more majestic than the elk, but less beautiful. The antelopes, some of which we have seen for several days past, are becoming very numerous. They are rightly named; for their speed exceeds any animal I have ever seen. Our hounds can do nothing in giving them the chase; they do not follow them more than ten or twenty rods before they are left far in the rear, and return, looking ashamed at their defeat. Our hunters occasionally take some of them by coming upon them by stealth. When they are surprised, they start forward a very small space, turn, and with high-lifted heads, stare for a few seconds at the object which has alarmed them; and then, with a half whistling snuff, bound off, seeming to be as much upon wings as upon feet. They resemble the goat, but are far more beautiful. Though individuals of various colours are sometimes seen, yet they are generally red, and have a large, fine, prominent eye. Their flesh is good for food, and nearly equals venison.

17th.—We did not go on our way so early this morning as usual, being detained by breaking an axle-tree of one of our waggon. The country is more hilly, and the bluffs in some places come down to the river. Herds of buffaloes are seen in almost every direction, and they are so numerous, that our animals find scanty pasture, in consequence of the grass being eaten up. The thermometer stood at noon at 88 degrees. Encamped a little below Cedar Bluffs, so called from the few cedars scattered over them, which promise a better supply of fuel.

Commenced our journey on the 18th, at our usual early hour, to travel on until near noon before breakfast. From the change of vegetation of various kinds, birds, &c., it is evident we are ascending into higher regions of country, and an atmosphere more resembling that of the New England states. As we advance, the flowering plants are becoming less numerous; and although the middle of the day is very warm, yet the nights and mornings are more cool. The ascent is so gradual, that the change is hardly perceptible. Rocks begin to appear; but we are still far from the Rocky Mountains. Limestone of a light brown colour is found in the bluffs, lying in horizontal strata, which might be easily worked, and to any extent. Very small black gnats, hardly discernible by the naked eye, for some days past have been numerous and very annoying, and their bite is most venomous.

July 20th.—Thousands of buffaloes were seen to-

day, and our men amused themselves with chasing and shooting at them; but luckily for the buffaloes, they were poor shots. I do not feel authorised to sport with animal life, but I thought it not improper to try my horse in the chase. He ran very swiftly, was not at all afraid, and would have run into the midst of them, had I not held him in check. He appeared to enjoy the sport. I shot one through the shoulders, which must have been fatal to the animal, as it had already been wounded. Not being at that time sufficiently acquainted with such an undertaking, as our guide afterwards informed me, I put myself in considerable danger; for I dismounted from my horse to have an opportunity of taking a more steady aim than I could have done upon his back. The danger was, that, if the wounded buffalo had turned upon me, I should not have been able to have regained my seat upon the saddle, and with the speed of my horse, have fled from his pursuit. But fortunately he did not rise upon me, and I returned to the caravan unhurt, and unconscious of danger.

Badgers inhabit this part of the country, and from the many holes which they dig in the ground for their dwellings, they must be very numerous, though we have seen only a few, and have killed but one. They keep near their holes, and run into them on the least approach of danger. This animal is about the size of the marmot, or what is often called the wood-chuck, of a silvery grey colour, with short legs, and its whole aspect is interesting. I had no opportunity of observing its habits. A small animal called the prairie-dog abounds in this section of country. It takes its name, not from its appearance, but from its barking, which resembles that of a very small dog. It is of a brown colour, and its fur is of superior fineness. It is very shy, and difficult to be taken. Were it not for this last circumstance, I should think it might be an important article of traffic.

Passed, on the 21st, many uncommonly interesting bluffs, composed of indurated clay; many of them very high, with perpendicular sides, and in almost every imaginable form. Some appeared like strong fortifications with high citadels; some like stately edifices with lofty towers. I had never before seen any thing like them of clay formation. And what adds to their beauty, is, that the clay of which they are composed is nearly white. Such is the smoothness, and regularity, and whiteness of the perpendicular sides and offsets, and such the regularity of their straight and curved lines, that one can hardly believe they are not the work of art.

It was a very warm day. The thermometer stood at noon at 90 degrees, and five o'clock P.M. at 100 degrees. There were no prairie winds, as usual. Almost every day winds blow over the prairies like sea-breezes or trade-winds. They generally commence about eight in the morning, and continue through the day. These winds render the travelling comfortable, although the thermometer may range high.

Encamped to-day near what I shall call the Old Castle, which is a great natural curiosity. It is situated upon the south side of the Platte, on a plain, some miles distant from any elevated land; it covers more than an acre of ground, and is more than fifty feet high. It has, at the distance of the width of the river, all the appearance of an old enormous building, somewhat dilapidated; but still you see the walls standing, the roof, the turrets, embrasures, the dome, and almost the very windows; and the guard-houses, large, and standing some rods in front of the main building. You unconsciously look around for the enclosures, but they are all swept away by the lapse of time—for the inhabitants, but they have disappeared; all is silent and solitary. Although you correct your imagination, and call to remembrance that you are beholding the work of nature, yet, before you are aware, the illusion takes you again, and again your curiosity is excited to know who built this fabric, and what has become of the

bygone generations. I found it impossible to divest myself of such impressions. The longer and the more minutely I examined it, the more I saw to admire; and it reminded me of those descriptions of power and grandeur in ruins, which we read of in the history of ancient times.

Encamped at noon of the 22d near another of nature's wonders. It has been called the Chimney, but I should say it ought to be called Beacon Hill, from its resemblance to what was Beacon Hill in Boston. Being anxious to have a nearer view, although in a land of dangers, I determined to take an assistant and pass over the river to it. The river where we crossed was about a mile wide, shallow, and full of quicksand, but we passed it without any particular difficulty. We rode about three miles over a level plain, and came to the base. The distance from the other side of the river did not appear more than a mile, so deceptive are distances over plains without any landmarks. This beacon hill has a conical formed base, of about half a mile in circumference and 150 feet in height; and above this a perpendicular column 12 feet square, and 80 feet high, making the whole height about 230 feet. We left our horses at the base, and ascended to the perpendicular. It is formed of indurated clay or marl, and in some parts is petrified. It is of a light chocolate or rufous colour, in some parts white. Near the top were some beautiful stalactites, at which my assistant shot, and broke off some pieces, of which I carried away a small specimen. We descended, and having finished our survey, had but just mounted our horses, when we saw two bands of buffaloes, six or eight hundred in number, coming full speed towards us, taking their course down the river. We knew somebody must be pursuing them, and as, from indications for two days past, we had suspected Indians near, we thought it would be safest for us to commence a speedy retreat to the caravan, and set off in haste for the river, which at the nearest point was two miles distant. Very soon we saw a man on horseback coming full speed towards us; he stopped, and gave a signal for others behind him to hasten on, and at once we saw a band of men galloping towards us. We put our horses to their utmost speed; and when we thought our retreat to the river fully secured, we stopped, and took an observation with a large spy-glass, which we had taken the precaution to have with us, and found they were white men, who had come from a fort of the American Fur Company at the Black Hills to meet the caravan. Mr Fontenelle, the commander of the caravan, saw the movement, was alarmed for our safety, and came out in all haste with a number of armed men to our assistance. But all resulted in friends meeting friends. There were some Ogallallah Indians near us, who came to our camp in the evening. Thermometer 90 degrees.

On the 23d, after travelling a few miles, we encamped near Scott's Bluffs. These are the termination of a high range of land running from south to north. They are very near the river, high and abrupt, and, what is worthy of notice, there is a pass through the range a short distance back from the river, the width of a common road, with perpendicular sides two or three hundred feet high. It appears as though the part forming the bluffs had been cut off and moved a few rods to the north. Instead of journeying on, the naturalist would require weeks of leisure to examine the interesting scenery of this section of country.

This whole country appears to abound in magnesia, so that epsom salts are found in almost every part; in some places in large quantities, in a crystallised state. Our horses and mules were disposed to make this a substitute for common salt. Thermometer to-day stood at 90 degrees.

While we were encamped at noon of the 24th, and our horses and mules were turned out under guard, and we were preparing our breakfast, or what should be dinner, we were alarmed with the call, "Secure your

animals! secure your animals!" I looked around to see what was the cause of the alarm, and saw, at about a mile and a half's distance, a considerable number of Indians coming on horseback at full speed. We had not more than half secured our animals and prepared for defence, when the Indians were close upon us; whether friends or foes, we could not tell, until they were nearly within rifle-shot, when they, according to custom, as an expression of friendship, fired their guns into the air, and then rushed into our camp, and exchanged salutations of peace. They were Ogallallahs, headed by eight of their chiefs. They were clad in their war habiliments, and made a somewhat formidable appearance. The chiefs dined with us, were very talkative among themselves; for, not having any good interpreter, we could not join in conversation with them. Every thing, however, went on pleasantly, and to mutual satisfaction. They told us their whole village was only a few hours' travel ahead of us, going to the Black Hills for the purpose of trading.

On the 25th, the heat was very oppressive in the middle of the day, there being rather less wind than usual. Thermometer 92 degrees. Towards evening, came to the main village of the Ogallallahs, consisting of more than 2000 persons. These villages are not stationary, but move from place to place, as inclination or convenience may dictate. Their lodges are comfortable, and easily transported. They are composed of eight or ten poles about eighteen feet long. When they encamp, these poles are set up in a circular form, the small ends fastened together, making an apex, and the large ends are spread out so as to enclose an area of about twenty feet in diameter. The whole is covered with coarse elk or buffalo skins. A fire is made in the centre, a hole being left in the top of the lodge for the smoke to pass out. All that they have for household furniture, clothing, and skins for beds, is deposited around, according to their ideas of propriety and convenience. Generally, not more than one family occupies a lodge. These are the finest-looking Indians I have ever seen. The men are generally tall and well proportioned; the women are trim and less pendulous than what is common among Indian women, and all were well dressed and tolerably clean. They came around us in multitudes, and manifested great curiosity to see whatever we had. I did not know why, but my boots were particularly examined; probably they had never seen any before, as moccasins are worn not only by Indians but also by traders and hunters.

Sabbath, 26th.—The caravan moved on a little way, to the crossing place of the Platte, near Larama's Fork in the Black Hills, and encamped for the day. This gave us an opportunity for reading and devotion. Some of the Ogallallahs came to my tent while I was reading the Bible, and observed me so attentively, that I was led to believe they were desirous to know what I was doing, and why I was spending my time in retirement. I endeavoured to make them understand, by the language of signs, that I was reading the book of God, which teaches us how to worship Him, and I read to them aloud, and showed them how they must read, and they pronounced letters and words after me. After spending some time in these exercises, I sang a hymn, which greatly interested them. They took me by the hand, and the expression of their countenance seemed to say, We want to know what all this means, and why you employ your time so differently from others? My spirit was pained within me, and I anxiously desired to understand their language, that I might impart to them a knowledge of the true religion. The inquiry arose forcibly in my mind, why will not some of the many Christian young men of the east exercise so much self-denial, if it can be called self-denial, as to come and teach them the way of salvation? Would there be any sacrifice of happiness in engaging in such heavenly work? And if there should be any tribulations attendant on the en-

terprise, ought they not, like St Paul, to glory in tribulations?

In the evening passed over the Platte, and went a mile and a half up to the fort of the Black Hills, and encamped near the fort, in our usual form.

INDIAN BUFFALO DANCE.—GRIZZLY BEARS—GEOLOGY.

THERE is nothing in the colour of the soil or rocks of the Black Hills to give them this name, but they are so called from being covered with shrubby cedars, which give them a dark appearance when seen at a distance. The alluvial soil upon the rivers and in the valleys is very good, but upon the higher lands and hills the soil is thin and rather barren, and in many parts full of stones, which are worn smooth by the action of water, and are of various kinds and forms. One spur of the Rocky Mountains is seen from this place, which is forty or fifty miles distant, and is probably 5000 feet high.

A day of indulgence was given to the men, in which they drink as much as they please, and conduct themselves as they may choose. It was, as usual, found that ardent spirits excited so many evil spirits, that they may be called legion.

A Mr G. shot at a man of the name of Van B., with the full intention to kill him. The ball entered the back and came out at the side. Van B. exclaimed, "I am a dead man!" but after a pause, said, "No, I am not hurt." G. on this seized a rifle to finish the work, but was prevented by some men standing by, who took it from him and fired it into the air.

28th.—The day of indulgence being past, a quiet day followed. The exhilaration was followed by consequent relaxation, and the tide of spirits which arose so high yesterday, ebbed to-day proportionably low. The men were seen lounging about in listless idleness, and could scarcely be roused to the business of making repairs and arrangements for the long journey yet before us. The Indians were active, and manifested a disposition to be sociable and kind, and also to open a trade with us in various articles, such as moccasins, belts, and dressed skins; and wanted, in return, knives, awls, combs, vermilion, &c.

Although the nights were cool, yet the thermometer stood in the middle of the day at 98 degrees, but the heat was relieved by the customary prairie winds.

On the 29th, the Indians had a buffalo and dog dance. I witnessed the former, and was content to dispense with the latter. In the buffalo dance, a large number of young men, dressed with the skins of the neck and head of buffaloes, with the horns on, moved around in a dancing march. They shook their heads, made the low bellowing of the buffalo, wheeled, and jumped. At the same time, men and women sung a song, accompanied with the beating of a sort of drum. I cannot say I was much amused to see how well they could imitate brute beasts, while ignorant of moral and religious duties. The impressive inquiry was constantly on my mind, what will become of their immortal spirits? Rational men imitating beasts, and old grey-headed men marshalling the dance; while enlightened whites encouraged them by giving them intoxicating spirits as a reward for their good performance! I soon retired, and was pleased to find that only a small part of the Indians took any share in the exhibition.

One of the men whom I tried to instruct last sabbath came to me again, and wished me to instruct him once more. I did so, and endeavoured to point him to God, and sang the hymn, "Watchman, tell us of the night." At his departure he shook hands with me as a token of his satisfaction. He speedily returned, bringing others with him; and I went through the same exercise again, each individual shaking hands at the conclusion. This was several times repeated. These Indians appear not only

friendly to white men, but also towards each other. I saw no quarrelling among them. Their minds are above the ordinary stamp, and the forms of their persons are fine. Many of them are "nature's grenadiers." The women also are well formed, their voices are soft and expressive, and their movements graceful. I was agreeably surprised to see tall young chiefs, well dressed in their mode, leading their ladies by the arm. This was not what I expected to see among "savages." Though as yet ignorant of religious truth, and unacquainted with the refinements of civilised life, yet in decency and politeness, as well as in many other particulars, they differ widely from those Indians on the frontiers, who have had more intercourse with bad white men, and who have had access to whisky.

On the 30th, met in council with the chiefs of this tribe, to lay before them the object of our journey, and to know if they would wish to have missionaries sent among them to teach them to read and write, and especially how to worship God. They expressed much satisfaction with the proposal, and said they would do all they could to make the condition of the missionaries comfortable. There can be no doubt that this community of the Sioux would be a promising field for labourers. They are inquisitive, and their language is distinct and sonorous.

Nothing important occurred on the 31st. Thermometer stood at 81 degrees.

August 1st.—At half-past eight in the morning we recommenced our journey, and our next point is across the Rocky Mountains, where the general rendezvous will be held. Our waggons were left at the fort of the Black Hills, and all our goods were packed upon mules. Several of our company went out into various parts of this country to hunt and trap, but as many more joined us for the mountains, so that our number is about as great as it has been. Mr Fontenelle stopped at the fort, and Mr Fitzpatrick took his place in charge of the caravan. When we called for our bill, Mr Fontenelle said he had none against us, for if any one was indebted it was himself, for what Dr Whitman had done for him and his men. We received from him and his men many kind attentions, which we shall gratefully remember.

Sabbath, 2d.—Had some opportunities for devotional exercises, but felt the loss of the privileges of God's house.

We found on the 3d but very little grass for our horses and mules, owing to three causes—the sterility of the soil, the proximity to the snow-topped mountains, and the grazing of numerous buffaloes and antelopes. To save the distance of following the bends of the river, we passed to-day over some rough and somewhat dangerous precipices. I found to-day, and also before we arrived at the Black Hills, some specimens of anthracite coal. Mr Fontenelle said this was the first discovery of coal in this region of country. If it should be found in any quantity, it will make up for the want of wood. There are appearances of iron-ore, and also of volcanic eruptions. A range of mountains, a spur of which is seen from Larama's Fork in the Black Hills, runs parallel with the river at ten or fifteen miles distant, and some of the peaks are very high.

August 4th.—The country was more level and fertile. I discovered more anthracite coal, and appearances which indicate that it may be found in large quantities; also, in one place, yellow sandstone of remarkably fine quality, which would be extremely valuable for the purpose of polishing metals. A species of wild wormwood grows in great quantities in this region, where the soil is gravelly and barren. Some of it grows eight or ten feet high, and four or five inches in diameter, and is an obstruction to travelling. It is generally called wild sage. Scarcely any animal will taste it unless compelled by extreme hunger. The prairie hen crops its buds or leaves, which renders its flesh bitter and unpalatable for food.

I saw some granite to-day of a dark grey colour, like the granite in the Atlantic states. What I had seen before in boulders was of the red cast, like that which is found about Lake Superior; but very little of this has occurred since we left the United States.

On the 5th, we arose at the first breaking of day, and proceeded on our route, making forced marches through this barren region. We encamped towards night at a place called the Red Butte, which is a high bluff of land, of the colour of red ochre, but composed of clay somewhat indurated. This is a central place for Indians travelling east or west, north or south. Here the north-west branch of the Platte, along which we have been travelling, comes from a southern direction; the head of which is about one hundred and fifty miles distant. From the Red Butte we pass over to the Sweetwater, a branch of the Platte, which comes from the west, and is remarkable for its purity. We saw to-day tracks of grizzly bears, which appeared quite fresh. One with a large cub passed out of some gooseberry and currant bushes near the river, as we proceeded onward to an open spot of ground for an encamping place. I had no opportunity of seeing them, but their tracks show they are formidable animals. Their strength is astonishingly great. Lieut. Stein of the dragoons, a man of undoubted veracity, told me he once saw a herd of buffaloes passing near some bushes where a grizzly bear lay concealed; the bear, with one stroke, tore three ribs from a buffalo, and laid it dead. It has been said, that if you meet one of these bears, you must either kill or be killed. This is not correct. Unless you come upon them suddenly, or wound them, if you will let them pass off unmolested, they will in most cases withdraw, showing that the fear of man is upon them as well as upon other beasts.

6th.—The geology of these regions is becoming more interesting as we draw near the mountains. I saw to-day not only considerable quantities of granite *in situ*, but also some of the most beautiful serpentine I ever beheld. It was semi-transparent, and of very deep green colour. I wished much to take some specimens, but my journey was too long and too far west. Encamped a few miles east of Rock Independence.

Passed Rock Independence on the 7th. This is the first massive rock of that stupendous chain of mountains which divides North America, and forms, together with its barrens on each side, a natural division. This rock received its name from a company of fur traders, who many years ago suspended their journey, and observed in due form the anniversary of our national freedom. It is an immense mass of solid gneiss granite, entirely bare, and covering several acres. We came to the Sweetwater, which, on account of its purity, deserves its name. In one place, it passes a small branch of the mountains, through a narrow chasm only thirty or forty feet wide and more than three hundred feet high. The caravan passed round the point of the mountain, and to obtain a better prospect of this natural curiosity, I left them and rode up to it. A deep-toned roar is heard as it dashes its way through the rocky passage. The sight is soon intercepted by its winding course, and the darkness caused by the narrowness and depth of the avenue. Passed to-day several small lakes of crystallised epsom salt, from which the water in the drought of summer is evaporated. I rode into one of them to examine the quality and depth, but finding my horse sinking as in quicksand, I was glad to make a safe retreat. Whatever may be beneath, whether salt in a less solid state than on the surface, or quicksand, yet large quantities of salt, of good quality, might be easily collected.

The mountains are indeed *rocky mountains*. They are rocks heaped upon rocks, with no vegetation excepting a few cedars growing out of the crevices near their base. Their tops, which rise before us and on our left, are covered with perpetual snow. As we advanced, the atmosphere became gradually more

chilly through the night and most of the day, except at mid-day, which to-day was very warm; the thermometer standing at 84 degrees.

Sabbath, 9th.—I endeavoured to supply the absence of the privileges of the sanctuary and ordinances as well as I could, by reading and recalling to mind portions of the scriptures, hymns, and the doctrines of our excellent but neglected catechism. One needs to be on heathen ground to realise the solitariness of absence from social worship, where

"The cheerful songs and solemn vows
Make their communion sweet."

On the 10th, cold winds were felt from the snow-topped mountains to an uncomfortable degree. The passage through these mountains is in a valley, so gradual in the ascent and descent; that I should not have known that we were passing them, had it not been that as we advanced, the atmosphere gradually became cooler; and at length we found the perpetual snows upon our right and left elevated many thousand feet above us, in some places ten thousand. The highest part of these mountains is found by measurement to be eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. This valley was only discovered within the last few years. Mr Hunt and his party, more than twenty years ago, went near it, but did not find it, though in search of some favourable passage. It varies in width from five to twenty miles; and, following its course, the distance through the mountains is about eighty miles, or four days' journey. Though there are some elevations and depressions in this valley, yet, comparatively speaking, it is level. There would be no difficulty in the way of constructing a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and probably the time may not be very far distant when trips will be made across the continent, as they have been made to the Niagara Falls, to see nature's wonders. In passing the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains, we heard none of those "successive reports, resembling the discharge of several pieces of artillery," mentioned by some authors as common "in the most calm and serene weather, at all times of the day or night;" nor did we witness "lightning and thunder pealing from clouds gathering round the summits of the hills" or mountains. "The thunder spirits who fabricate storms and tempests" appear to have ended their labours, and the Indian tribes no longer "hang offerings on the trees to propitiate the invisible lords of the mountains."

The geology presents some variety; for, while the main ridge of the mountains is gneiss granite, to-day parallel ridges of redwacks have abounded. These ridges appear to be volcanic, forced up in dykes at different distances from each other, running from east-north-east to west-south-west. The strata are mostly vertical, but some are a little dipped to the south.

We had an alarm while we were encamped at noon, and the men were called to arms. They all rushed forth full of courage, rather stimulated than appalled by danger. Only one Indian made his appearance upon the hill at the foot of which we were encamped. This was taken as an indication that others were near, which was the fact; but he and they retreated.

August 11th.—The last night was very cold; we had a heavy frost with ice. A little before sunrise, the thermometer stood at 24 degrees. Our early morning ride was not very comfortable for myself, and less so for some of our men who were not furnished with over-coats. Our horses and mules having been long subjected to constant labour, without sufficient food, began to fail. Passed Big Sandy River, one of the upper branches of the Colorado, which empties itself into the Gulf of California. Along its banks are some Norway and pitch pine, and a very few small white pines, and also clumps of common poplar. In some of the low vales there were beautiful little fresh roses, which bloomed amidst the desolation around. Encamped upon New Fork, a branch of Green River.

INDIAN TRIBES.—PROFLIGACY OF THE AMERICAN HUNTERS.

On the 12th, we arose at the first breaking of the day, and continued our forced marches. Although we were emerging from the mountains, still peaks covered with perpetual snow were seen in almost every direction, and the temperature of the air was uncomfortably low. I found to-day some beautiful calcedony, of which I took a specimen; and also green-stone, quartz, and trap, in large quantities. In the afternoon, came to the Green River, a branch of the Colorado, in latitude 42 degrees, where the caravan hold their rendezvous. There is here a spacious and beautiful valley, the soil of which is sufficiently fertile for cultivation, if the climate were not so cold. It is like the country we have passed through, consisting principally of prairie land, with some woods skirting the streams of water.

The American Fur Company have between two and three hundred men constantly employed in and about the mountains, in trading, hunting, and trapping. These all assemble at a rendezvous, and bring in their furs, and take new supplies for the coming year, of clothing, ammunition, and goods for trade with the Indians. But few of them ever return to their country and friends. Most of them are constantly in debt to the company, and are unwilling to return without a fortune; and year after year passes away, while they are hoping for better success.

Here were assembled many Indians belonging to four different nations, the Utaws, Shoshones, Nez Perces, and Flatheads, who were waiting for the caravan, to exchange furs, horses, and dressed skins, for various articles of merchandise. I was disappointed in seeing nothing peculiar in the shape of the Flat-head Indians to account for their name. Who gave them this name, or for what reason, is not known. Some suppose it was given them in derision for not flattening their heads, as the Chenooks and some other nations do near the shores of the Pacific. It may be so; but how will those who entertain this notion account for the Nez Perces being so called, since they do not pierce their noses? This name could not be given them in derision, because those near the Pacific who flatten their heads also pierce their noses. That those names are given by white men without any known reason, is evident from the fact, that these do not call each other by names which signify either flat head or pierced nose.*

* [The barbarous practice of flattening the head, as we are told by Mr Townsend, is abandoned by the tribe of Flatheads in the inland parts of the country, but is still in universal use among those situated on the lower part of the Columbia River, and also a number of other tribes. Speaking of the Klicatat Indians, he thus alludes to the practice:—

"A custom prevalent, and almost universal amongst these Indians, is that of flattening, or mashing in the whole front of the skull, from the superillary ridge to the crown. The appearance produced by this unnatural operation is almost hideous, and one would suppose that the intellect would be materially affected by it. This, however, does not appear to be the case, as I have never seen, with a single exception (the Kayuacs), a race of people who appeared more shrewd and intelligent. I had a conversation on this subject, a few days since, with a chief who speaks the English language. He said that he had exerted himself to abolish the practice in his own tribe; but, although his people would listen patiently to his talk on most subjects, their ears were firmly closed when this was mentioned: 'They would leave the council fire, one by one, until none but a few squaws and children were left to drink in the words of the chief.' It is even considered among them a degradation to possess a round head; and one whose *caput* has happened to be neglected in his infancy, can never become even a subordinate chief in his tribe, and is treated with indifference and disdain, as one who is unworthy a place amongst them.

The flattening of the head is practised by at least ten or twelve distinct tribes of the lower country—the Klicatats, Kalapooas, and Multnomahs of the Willamette and its vicinity;

While we continued in this place, Dr Whitman was called upon to perform some very important surgical operations. He extracted an iron arrow, three inches long, from the back of Captain Bridger, which he had received in a skirmish three years before with the Blackfeet Indians. It was a difficult operation, in consequence of the arrow being hooked at the point by striking a large bone, and a cartilaginous substance had grown around it. The doctor pursued the operation with great self-possession and perseverance, and Captain Bridger manifested equal firmness. The Indians looked on while the operation was proceeding, with countenances indicating wonder, and when they saw the arrow, expressed their astonishment in a manner peculiar to themselves. The skill of Doctor Whitman undoubtedly made a favourable impression upon them. He also took another arrow from under the shoulder of one of the hunters, which had been there two years and a half. After these operations, calls for surgical and medical aid were constant every hour in the day.

After spending a few days in collecting and digesting information in regard to this country and the condition of the people, we had an interesting interview with the chiefs of the Nez Perces and Flatheads, and laid before them the object of our appointment, and explained the benevolent desires of Christians concerning them. We then inquired whether they wished to have teachers come among them and instruct them in the knowledge of God, his worship, and the way to be saved, and what they would do to aid them in their labours. The oldest chief of the Flatheads arose, and said he was old and did not expect to know much more; he was deaf, and could not

hear, but his heart was made glad, very glad, to see what he had never seen before, a man near to God (meaning a minister of the gospel). Next arose Insaia, the most influential chief among the Flathead nation, and said he had heard that a man near to God was coming to visit them, and he, with some of his people, joined with some white men, went out three days' journey to meet him, but missed us. A war party of Crow Indians came upon them, and took away some of their horses, and one from him which he greatly loved; but now he forgot all, his heart was made so glad by our presence. There had been a slight skirmish, but no lives lost.

The first chief of the Nez Perces, Tai-quin-wa-tish, arose and said he had heard from white men a little about God, which had only gone into his ears; he wished to know enough to have it go down into his heart, to influence his life, and to teach his people. Others spoke to the same import, and they all made as many promises as we could desire.

The Nez Perce and Flathead Indians present a promising field for missionary labour, which is white for the harvest, and the indications of Divine Providence in regard to it are plain, by their anxiety to obtain Christian knowledge. Taking the various circumstances under deliberate and prayerful consideration, in regard to the Indians, we came to the conclusion, that though many other important stations might be found, this should be one. So desirable did this object appear, that Dr Whitman proposed to return with the caravan, and to obtain associates to come out with him the next year with the then returning caravan, and establish a mission among these people, and by so doing, save at least a year in bringing the gospel among them. Seeing the importance of the object, I readily consented to the proposal, and to go alone with the Indians the remainder of my journey. Dr Whitman, on further consideration, felt some misgivings about leaving me to go alone with the Indians, lest, if any calamity should befall me, he should be blamed by the Christian public. I told him to give himself no uneasiness upon this subject; and, with respect to myself, I felt no reluctance to the undertaking, having a confidence that God in his good providence would provide for and protect me.

Met with the chiefs again by appointment, and had much the same conversation as before. I stated to them the contemplated return of Doctor Whitman. They were much pleased, and promised to assist me, and to send a convoy with me from their country to Fort Walla-Walla on the Columbia River. They selected one of their principal young men for my particular assistant as long as I should have need of him, who was called Kentuc; and I engaged a *voyageur*, who understood English and also Nez Perce sufficiently well to interpret in common business and to explain some of the plain truths of our holy religion, to go with me while I should continue with these tribes.

We did not call together the chiefs of the Shoshones and Utaws to propose the subject of missions among them, lest we should excite expectations which would not soon be fulfilled. We were more cautious upon this subject, because it is difficult to make an Indian understand the difference between a proposal and a promise. The Shoshones are a very numerous nation, and appear friendly. They are probably the most destitute of the necessities of life of any Indians west of the mountains. Their country lies south-west of the south-east branch of the Columbia, and is said to be the most barren of any part of the country in these western regions. They are often called Snakes and Root-Diggers, from being driven to these resorts to sustain life; and parts of the year they suffer greatly from hunger and cold. They are more squalid than any Indians I have seen, but their poverty does not lessen their need of salvation through Christ. The Utaws are decent in their appearance, and their

the Chenooks, Klataps, Klatetonis, Kowalltaks, Katlammets, Killemoaks, and Chekalls of the lower Columbia and its tributaries, and probably by others both north and south. The tribe called Flatheads, or *Salish*, who reside near the sources of the Oregon, have long since abolished this custom.

The mode by which the flattening is effected, varies considerably with the different tribes. The Willamet Indians place the infant, soon after birth, upon a board, to the edges of which are attached little loops of hempen cord or leather, and other similar cords are passed across and back, in a zig-zag manner, through these loops, enclosing the child, and binding it firmly down. To the upper edge of this board, in which is a depression to receive the back part of the head, another smaller one is attached by hinges of leather, and made to lie obliquely upon the forehead, the force of the pressure being regulated by several strings attached to its edge, which are passed through holes in the board upon which the infant is lying, and secured there.

The mode of the Chenooks and others near the sea, differs widely from that of the upper Indians, and appears somewhat less barbarous and cruel. A sort of cradle is formed, by excavating a pine log to the depth of eight or ten inches. The child is placed in it on a bed of little grass mats, and bound down in the manner above described. A little box of tightly plaited and woven grass is then applied to the forehead, and secured by a cord to the loops at the side. The infant is thus suffered to remain from four to eight months, or until the sutures of the skull have in some measure united, and the bone become solid and firm. It is seldom or never taken from the cradle, except in case of severe illness, until the flattening process is completed.

I saw to-day a young child from whose head the board had just been removed. It was, without exception, the most frightful and disgusting looking object that I ever beheld. The whole front of the head was completely flattened, and the mass of brain being forced back, caused an enormous projection there. The poor little creature's eyes protruded to the distance of half an inch, and looked inflamed and discoloured, as did all the surrounding parts. Although I felt a kind of chill creep over me from the contemplation of such dire deformity, yet there was something so stark-staring and absolutely queer in the physiognomy, that I could not repress a smile; and when the mother amused the little object and made it laugh, it looked so irresistibly, so terribly ludicrous, that I and those who were with me burst into a simultaneous roar, which frightened it, and made it cry, in which predicament it looked much less horrible than before.¹

country, which is towards Santa Fe, is said to be tolerably abundant.

A few days after our arrival at the place of rendezvous, and when all the mountain-men had assembled, another day of indulgence was granted to them, in which all restraint was laid aside. These days are the climax of the hunter's happiness. I will relate an occurrence which took place near evening, as a specimen of mountain life. A hunter, who goes technically by the name of the Great Bully of the Mountains, mounted his horse with a loaded rifle, and challenged any Frenchman, American, Spaniard, or Dutchman, to fight him in single combat. Kit Carson, an American, told him, if he wished to die, he would accept the challenge. Shunar defied him; Carson mounted his horse, and with a loaded pistol rushed into close contact, and both almost at the same instant fired. Carson's ball entered Shunar's hand, came out at the wrist, and passed through the arm above the elbow. Shunar's ball passed over the head of Carson, and while he went for another pistol, Shunar begged that his life might be spared. Such scenes, sometimes from passion and sometimes for amusement, make the pastime of their wild and wandering life. They appear to have sought for a place where, as they would say, human nature is not oppressed by the tyranny of religion, and pleasure is not awed by the frown of virtue. The fruits are visible in all the varied forms to which human nature, without the restraint of civil government and cultivated and polished society, may be supposed to yield. In the absence of all those motives which they would feel in moral and religious society—refinement, pride, a sense of the worth of character, and even conscience—they give way to unrestrained dissoluteness. Their toils and privations are so great, that they are not disposed to take upon themselves the labour of climbing up to the temple of science. And yet they are proficient in one study, namely, profuseness of language in their oaths and blasphemy. They disdain the commonplace phrases which prevail among the impious vulgar in civilised countries, and have many set expletives, which they appear to have manufactured among themselves, and which, in their imprecations, they bring into almost every sentence and on all occasions. By varying the tones of their voices they make them expressive of joy, hope, grief, and anger. In their broils among themselves, which do not happen every day, they would not be ungenerous. They would see "fair play," and would "spare the last eye;" and would not tolerate murder, unless drunkenness or great provocation could be pleaded in extenuation of guilt.

Their demoralising influence with the Indians has been lamentable, and they have imposed upon them in all the ways that sinful propensities dictate. It is said they have sold them packs of cards at high prices, calling them the Bible; and have told them, if they should refuse to give white men wives, God would be angry with them, and punish them eternally: and on almost any occasion when their wishes have been resisted, they have threatened them with the wrath of God. These things may be true in many instances, yet, from personal observation, I should believe their more common mode of accomplishing their wishes has been by flattery and presents. The most of them squander away their wages in ornaments for their women and children.

The Indians with whom I proposed to travel, having appointed the 21st to commence their journey to their country, a few days were occupied in writing, to my family, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and other friends; and also in making preparations for my journey to Walla-Walla. While we continued here, though in the middle of the day it was warm, yet the nights were frosty, and ice frequently formed.

TROIS TETONS.—FIGHT OF PIERRE'S HOLE.—DESIRE OF THE INDIANS FOR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

AUGUST 21st.—Commenced our journey in company with Captain Bridger, who goes with about fifty men or eight days' journey on our route. Instead of going down on the south-west side of Lewis River, we decided on taking our course northerly for the Trois Tetons, which are three very high mountains, covered with perpetual snow, separated from the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, and are seen at a very great distance; and from thence to Salmon River. Went only about three miles from the place of rendezvous, and encamped.

On the 22d, I parted with Dr Whitman, who returned with the caravan to the United States. My anxious desire was, that the Lord would go with him and make his way prosperous, and make him steadfast to the object of his return, until it should be accomplished; and that, with next year's caravan, he might come with associates into this promising field, and they together reap a plentiful harvest. To-day we travelled twenty miles, through a somewhat barren country, and down several steep descents, and arrived at a valley called Jackson's Hole, where we encamped upon a small stream of water, one of the upper branches of the Columbia River. It was interesting to find myself, for the first time, upon the waters of this noble stream. The Indians were very attentive to all my wants—took the entire care of my packed animals, cooking, &c. They preserve particular order in their movements. The first chief leads the way, the next chiefs follow, then the common men, and after these the women and children. The place assigned me was with the first chief. Found some buffaloes to-day, of which our men killed a small number. These were a timely supply, as our provisions were becoming scarce. The principal chief of the Flatheads kindly furnished me with a horse to relieve mine.

Sabbath, 23d.—Had an opportunity for rest and devotional exercises. In the afternoon we made public worship with Captain Bridger's company, who understood English. The men conducted themselves with great propriety, and listened with attention. I did not feel any disposition to upbraid them for their sins, but endeavoured affectionately to show them, that they are unfit for heaven, and that they could not be happy in the employments of that holy place, unless they should first experience a great moral change of heart. The place of our encampment was such as would naturally fill the mind with solemnity—just above a very deep and narrow defile which we had to pass, called by the hunters Kenyan. So high were the mountains, that some of them were tipped with perpetual snow, and so narrow the passage, that twilight shades obscured the view. The distance through must occupy more than half a day's journey.

Arose very early on the 24th, and commenced our way through the narrow defile, frequently crossing and recrossing a large stream of water which flows into the Snake River. The scenery was wild, and in many parts sublime; mountains of rock, almost perpendicular, shooting their heads up into the regions of perpetual snow, and in one place projecting over our path, if a zigzag trail can be called a path. Often we had to pass over the sides of mountains which inclined at an angle of 45 degrees towards the stream of water below, and down which packed mules have fallen, and were dashed upon the rocks. I endeavoured to guide my Indian horse, but I did it so cautiously that he became unmanageable, being resolved to have his own method of choosing the way. I was at length obliged to dismount, and make the best of my way on foot. But on farther acquaintance with Indian horses, I learned to repose the utmost confidence in their sure-footedness and sagacity.

For some miles there was greywacke in ridges

or dykes, at equal distances of six or eight rods apart, and from six to ten feet wide, rising but little above the surface of the earth, running from the south-east to the north-west, lying in strata dipping to the west at an angle of 60 degrees. After some distance we came to a red mountain of similar character, excepting that the strata dipped to the east, at an angle of 40 degrees. In one place, where the strata of rocks and earth were in waves nearly horizontal, a section a few rods wide, of a wedge form, had its waving strata in a perpendicular position, as though the mountain had been rent asunder, and the chasm filled with the perpendicular wedge. A great diversity of the strata of rocks and earth prevailed in every part. Towards the last part of the way through this narrow defile, we came to what appeared to be magnesian limestone, stratified, of a brown colour, and very hard. As we passed on, we came to dark-brown gypsum, like the gypsum found in the western part of the state of New York. Here, for some distance, I was much annoyed with the strong scent of sulphuretted hydrogen, and soon saw at the foot of the mountain, under the bed of gypsum, a large sulphur spring, which sent up about thirty gallons of water per minute. Around this spring were large quantities of encrusted sulphur; and so strongly is the water saturated, that it communicates to the water of the river, on the side next to the spring, a greenish-yellow tint for more than a mile below.

We passed more wooded land to-day than we had done since we left Rock Independence; among which is Norway pine, balsam fir, double spruce, and common poplar; some dwarf cedar and mulberry trees, and various species of shrubbery which are not found in the United States. The Indians were very kind, and seemed to vie with each other which could do the most for my comfort, so that they more than anticipated my wants. Two little girls brought me a quart of strawberries, a rare dish for the season of the year; and an Indian brought me some service-berries, which are pleasantly sweet, and somewhat resemble whortle-berries. We encamped upon a fertile plain, surrounded by mountains, where, three years before, three men were killed by a small war party of Blackfeet Indians. There were seven of the white men, and when they saw the Blackfeet, they all fled in different directions, and by so doing emboldened the Indians to the pursuit. Had they stood firm and combined, it is probable they would have escaped unhurt.

We travelled four hours on the 25th, to another branch of Lewis or Snake River, and encamped in a large pleasant valley, commonly called Jackson's Large Hole. It is fertile, and well watered with a branch of Lewis River coming from the south-east, and another of considerable magnitude from east-north-east, which is the outlet of Jackson's Lake, a very considerable body of water lying back of the Trois Tetons. There are also many very large springs of water, of uncommon clearness, which issue from the foot of the surrounding mountains. This vale is well supplied with grass of excellent quality which was very grateful to our horses and mules.

Flax is a spontaneous production of this country. In every thing, except that it is perennial, it resembles the flax which is cultivated in the United States—the stalk, the bowl, the seed, the blue flower, closed in the daytime and opened in the evening and morning. The Indians use it for making fishing-nets. Fields of this flax might be managed by the husbandman in the same manner as meadows for hay. It would need to be mowed like grass; for the roots are too large, and run too deep into the earth, to be pulled as ours is; and an advantage which this would have is, that there would be a saving of ploughing and sowing. Is it not worthy of experiment by our agricultural societies?

Kentuc, my Indian, brought me to-day some very good currants, which were a feast in this land. There are several species, yellow, pale red, and black. The yellow and pale red were the finest flavoured.

We continued in this encampment three days, to give our animals an opportunity to recruit, and for Captain Bridger to fit and send out several of his men into the mountains to hunt and trap. When I reflected upon the probability that I should not see them again in this world, and also that most of them would never return to their friends again, but would find their graves in the mountains, my heart was grieved for them, and especially at their thoughtlessness about the great things of the eternal world. I gave each of them a few tracts, for which they appeared grateful, and said they would be company for them in their lonely hours; and as they rode away, I could only lift up my heart for their safety and salvation.

While we continued here, I took an Indian and went up to the top of a very high mountain to take a view of the scenery around. The prospect was as extensive as the eye could reach, diversified with mountains, hills, and plains. Most of the mountains were clothed with wood, but the hills and plains were covered with grass, presenting less of bright green, however, than might be expected, if the summers on this side of the mountains were favoured with rains as on the east. The Rocky Mountains, at the east, presented the appearance of an immensely large bank of snow, or large luminous clouds skirting the horizon. The Trois Tetons were in full view, and not very far distant, in a northerly direction. They are a cluster of pointed mountains, not less than 10,000 feet high, rising almost perpendicularly, and covered with snow; they are five in number, but only three of them are so very high as to be seen at a great distance, and hence their name. Here I spent much time in looking over the widely extended and varied scenery, sometimes filled with emotions of the sublime, in beholding the towering mountains; sometimes with pleasure, in tracing the windings of the streams in the vale below; and these sensations frequently gave place to astonishment, in viewing the courses in which the rivers flow on their way, unobstructed by mountain barriers. After some hours occupied in this excursion, I descended to the encampment, much gratified with what I had seen of the works of God. The soil in this valley and upon the hills, is black and rich; and the time will come, when the solitude which now prevails will be lost in the lowing of herds and bleating of flocks, and the plough will cleave the clods of these hills and vales, and from many altars will ascend the incense of prayer and praise. Tai-quin-wa-tish took me to his company of horses, and gave me one in token of his friendship, probably not without the motive to enlist me in favour of his tribe. The horse was finely made, and of a beautiful intermixed cream and white colour.

On the 28th, we removed our camp, and passed over a mountain so high, that banks of snow were but a short distance from our trail. When we had ascended two-thirds of the way, a number of buffaloes, which were pursued by our Indians, came rushing down the side of the mountain through the midst of our company. One ran over a horse, on the back of which was a child, and threw the child far down the descent; but it providentially was not materially injured. Another ran over a packed horse, and wounded it deeply in the shoulder. The buffaloes are naturally timid, yet when they have laid their course, and by being affrighted are running at full speed, it is seldom they change their direction, let what will be presented.

I noticed nothing particularly new in geology, excepting granite of very light colour upon the highest parts of the mountains. Our descent was through woods more dense than those on the other side, and more so than any we have seen since we left the waters of the Missouri. Many parts of the descent were of almost impassable steepness; and part of the way led down a rough, deep ravine, in which a stream of water commences, which, increasing from springs and rivulets to a considerable magnitude, winds its way through

the valley of Pierre's Hole, in the upper part of which we made our encampment.

On the 29th, removed our encampment, and travelled five hours along this valley, to the place where, two years before, two fur companies held their rendezvous. Pierre's Hole is an extensive level country, of rich soil, and well watered with branches of Lewis River; the climate is milder than any part we have gone through on this side of the mountains. The valley is well covered with grass, but, like most other places, is deficient in woodland, having only a scanty supply of cotton-wood and willows scattered along the streams. The valley extends around to the north-west, as far as the eye can reach. We expected to have found buffaloes in this valley, but saw none. As parties of Blackfoot warriors often range this way, it was probable they had lately been here and frightened them away. As we were on our way from our last encampment, I was shown the place where the men of the fur companies, at the time of their rendezvous two years before, had a battle with the Blackfoot Indians. Of the Blackfoot party, there were about sixty men, and more than the same number of women and children; of the white men in the valley there were some few hundreds who could be called into action. From the information given me, it appeared that these Indians were on their way through this valley, and unexpectedly met about forty hunters and trappers going out from rendezvous to the south-west on their fall and winter hunt. The Indians manifested an unwillingness to fight, and presented them tokens of peace, but they were not reciprocated. The Indians who came forward to stipulate terms of peace, were fired upon and killed. When the Indians saw their danger, they fled to the cotton-wood trees and willows which were scattered along the stream of water, and, taking advantage of some fallen trees, constructed as good defences as time and circumstances would permit. They were poorly provided with guns, and still more poorly with ammunition. The trappers keeping out of reach of their arrows, and being well armed with the best rifles, rendered the contest unequal; and it was made still more unequal, when, by an express sent to rendezvous, they were reinforced by veterans in mountain life. The hunters, by keeping at a safe distance, in the course of a few hours killed several of the Indians, and almost all their horses, which they had no means of protecting, while they themselves suffered but small loss. The numbers killed on both sides have been differently stated; but considering the numbers engaged, and the length of time the skirmishing continued, it must have been a bloody battle; and not much to the honour of civilised Americans. The excuse made for forcing the Blackfeet into battle is, that if they had come upon a small party of trappers, they would have butchered them and seized upon the plunder. If heathen Blackfeet would have done so, is this an apology for civilised white men to render evil for evil? What a noble opportunity this was for American citizens to have set an example of humanity!

When the night drew near, the hunters retired to their encampment at the place of rendezvous, and the Indians made their escape.*

* Since my return, I have seen an account of this battle, written by a graphic hand, in all the fascinating style of romance. The Indians are there represented as having intrenched themselves in a swamp, so densely wooded as to be almost impenetrable; where they kept the trappers at bay, until the latter were reinforced from rendezvous. The Blackfeet, seeing the whole valley alive with horsemen rushing to the field of action, withdrew into the wood. When the leaders of the several hunting parties came into the field, they urged their men to enter the swamp, but they hung back in dismay. The leaders, however, would not be turned from their purpose: they made their wills, appointed their executors, grasped their rifles, and urged their way through the wood. A brisk fire was opened, and the Blackfeet were completely overmatched, but would not leave their fort nor offer to surrender. The numerous veteran mountaineers, well equipped, did not storm

Made worship this evening with the chiefs and as many as could assemble in one of their lodges, and explained to them the ten commandments. My method of instructing them was to give the first chief the first commandment, by repeating it until he had it by heart, and the second commandment to another chief in the same way, and so on through the ten, with directions for them to retain what was given to each, and to teach them to their people. The same manner was pursued with other parts of divine truth; and I then informed them that, at our next assembling, I should examine them to see if they rightly understood and retained what I committed to each. And on examination, in no case did I find more than one material mistake. I also found that they took much pains in communicating divine instruction one to another.

In this place I parted with Captain Bridger and his party, who went north-west into the mountains to their hunting-ground, but ground which the Blackfeet claim, and for which they will probably contend. The first chief of the Flatheads and his family, with a few others of his people, went with Captain Bridger, that they might continue within the range of buffaloes through the coming winter.

The Nez Percés, and with them the Flatheads, with whom I go, take a north-west direction for Salmon River, beyond which is their country. Our encampment for the sabbath was well chosen for safety against any war parties of Blackfeet Indians, near a small stream of water which runs through a volcanic chasm. We had passed this, which is more than one hundred feet deep, and in most places perpendicular, and encamped on the west side of the chasm, with a narrow strip of wood around on every other side.

Monday, 31st.—While the Indians were packing and preparing to leave this encampment, I went and examined the volcanic chasm which we passed yesterday. It is several miles in length, and narrow considering its depth; formed with basalt in columns in many places, and in others of amygdaloid. Found many large and interesting specimens of pure obsidian, or volcanic glass, much lava, and vitrified stones. I took some small specimens. In the vicinity around, there was clink-stone in great abundance, which, when struck by the horses' hoofs, gave a metallic sound very audibly. The soil is black; it appears to be formed of decomposed lava, and is covered with very nutritious grass.

The Indians are very kind to each other, and if one meets with any disaster, the others will wait and assist him. Their horses often turn their packs, and run, plunge, and kick, until they free themselves from their burdens. Yesterday a horse turned his saddle under him, upon which a child was fastened, and started to run; but those near hovered at once around with their horses, so as to enclose the one to which the child was attached, and it was extricated without hurt. When I saw the position of the child, I had no expectation that it could be saved alive. This was the second case of the same kind which had occurred since I began travelling with these Indians. They are so well supplied with horses, that every man, woman, and child, is mounted on horseback, and all they have is packed upon horses. Little children, not more than three years old, are mounted alone, and generally upon colts. They are lashed upon the saddle to keep them from tumbling should they fall asleep, which they often do when they become fatigued. Then they re-

the breastwork, even when the Blackfeet had spent their powder and balls, but only kept up the battle by occasional firing during the day. The Blackfeet effected their retreat in the night; and the brave mountaineers assembled their forces in the morning, and entered the fort without opposition.

With those who have seen the field of battle, this glowing description, drawn out in long detail, loses its interest; for although I saw it, yet I did not see the dense woods, nor a swamp of any magnitude any where near.

cline upon the horse's shoulders; and when they awake, they lay hold of their whip, which is fastened to the wrist of their right hand, and apply it smartly to their horses; and it is astonishing to see how these little creatures guide and run them. Children which are still younger, are put into an encasement made with a board at the back and wicker work around the other parts, covered with cloth inside and out, or more generally with dressed skins; and they are carried upon the mothers' backs, or suspended from a high nob upon the fore part of their saddles.

As we recede from the mountains, the climate becomes warmer. We encamped upon another tributary of the Columbia. Tai-quin-wa-tish, the principal chief of the Nez Perces, came to me and requested me to meet in his lodge a number of their people who had separated, husbands from their wives, and wives from their husbands, and explain to them what God has said upon the subject. I readily consented, and was the more pleased with the proposal as it was without any suggestion from myself, but the result of his own reflections after what I had before said in explaining the ten commandments. When they were assembled, I read to them and explained what God has said about the duty of husbands to their wives, and of wives to their husbands; and of the duty of parents to their children, and children to their parents. I commented upon the subject, and told them, that when they marry, it must be for life. Except two, they all agreed to go back to their former husbands and wives. It was interesting to see that they are ready to put in practice instructions as soon as received. The chief said that they wished me to instruct them in all that God has said; for they wished to do right. After I left them, they stayed a long time in the lodge of the chief, which was near my tent, and I heard them conversing on the subject until I went to sleep, which was at a late hour. They all shook hands with me when service closed, and said the instruction was *tois* (good).

Tuesday, September 1st.—We pursued our journey to-day only about four hours. Crossed Henry's Fork, which is another branch of Lewis River, and is itself a river of considerable magnitude, about twenty rods wide in this place, and fordable only when the water is low. After proceeding a few miles down on the north side, we encamped at an early hour in a place upon the bank of the river, well surrounded by cottonwood, with a dense growth of shrubbery. Fears of meeting a war party of Blackfeet Indians, were increased by seeing three Indians pass who were not known. Some of our chiefs went through our encampment and harangued the people, the object of which was to prepare them for defending themselves against an attack, should any enemies appear. We were mercifully preserved in safety through the night; and arose on the morning of the 2d and went on our way, and performed a journey of twenty-two miles over a very barren section of country. The surface is composed of quartzose sand, intermixed with disintegrated amygdaloid, basalt, and obsidian. In some places were large excavations, plainly indicative of ancient volcanoes, which had not assumed a conical form, but had spread out their melted contents in a level plain of hard lava or amygdaloid. In some places there were conical rocks, of different magnitudes at the base and of different heights—none perhaps exceeding the diameter of three rods at the base, or more than sixty feet high. They were universally divided in the centre, as though an explosion had taken place after they were hardened. At some distance from us were some very interesting hills, rising in high cones many hundred feet; two of them I should judge to be not far from three thousand feet high. I had no opportunity, however, of examining them.

We arrived at a small branch of the Salmon River, which was the first water we came upon throughout the day, upon the banks of which we found good grass

for our horses. Here, after encamping, Kentuc, my Indian, caught me some excellent trout, which was a very grateful change of food.

We travelled on the 3d four hours and a half, over a barren tract, as yesterday, on which there is no vegetation except wormwood, which grows very large. We found no water until we came to the place of our encampment, which was by a marshy vale, through which a small stream runs sluggishly. We found no wood, excepting willows and wormwood, in this and our last encampment. Thermometer, at noon, 65 degrees.

We travelled on the 4th five hours, and encamped upon a stream of water in Coté's Defile, which comes out of the mountains and is lost in the barren plains below. Coté's Defile passes through a range of high mountains, some of the tops of which are covered with snow. Most of the day was uncomfortably cold: so! snow-squalls. Thermometer, at noon, 54 degrees.

Received a letter from Fort Hall, containing an invitation from Mr A. Baker to spend the winter with him; but the object for which I have passed the Rocky Mountains required me to pursue my tour, and, if possible, to reach the Pacific Ocean, and to return to Fort Vancouver before winter. We learned to-day that a large band of Nez Perces was a few miles below us, and would come to us to-morrow. The Indians had become almost destitute of provisions, but to-day they killed a few buffaloes.

The morning of the 5th was very cold. We continued in our encampment to-day, to give the band of Nez Perces an opportunity to join us; and about the middle of the day they came, the principal chief marching in front, with an attendant carrying an American flag by his side. They all sung a march, while a few beat a sort of drum. As they drew near, they displayed columns, and made quite an imposing appearance. The women and children followed in the rear. Tai-quin-wa-tish, and our other chiefs, arranged their people in the same order, and went out to meet them; and when we had approached within ten rods of each other, all halted, and a salute was fired, in which I had to take the lead. They then dismounted, and both bands formed into single file, and meeting, shook hands with each other in token of love, and to express their joy to see one come among them to teach them things pertaining to God and salvation. The principal chief of the other band, who is called Charle, and who is the first chief of the Nez Perce nation, is a good-looking man, his countenance rather stern, but intelligent, and expressive of much decision of character. I never saw joy expressed in a more dignified manner than when he took me firmly by the hand and welcomed me.

In the afternoon I took Kentuc and rode five miles to see a prominence of interesting appearance, which I found to be a mass of volcanic rocks. It is detached from the main mountain, stands on a plain upon the east side of Coté's Defile, is about a mile in circumference at the base, and rises up abruptly, having most of the west side perpendicular. It is more than two hundred feet high, has a level horizontal summit, of eighty rods long, north and south, and twenty rods wide. It furnishes plain evidence of having been fused and thrown up by subterranean fires.

In the evening I met with the chiefs and as many as could assemble in a lodge, and explained to those whom I had not seen before the object of my mission. Charle, the first chief, arose and spoke very sensibly for a considerable time; mentioned his ignorance, his desire to know more about God, and his gladness of heart to see one who can teach him; and said, "I have been like a little child, feeling about in the dark after something, but not knowing what; but now I hope to learn something which will be substantial, and which will help me to teach my people to do right." I told them that to-morrow would be the sabbath; and explained to them the nature of the institution, and their obligation to remember and keep it holy. They ex-

pressed their desire to obey, and said they would not remove camp, but attend to the worship of God. Providentially, there came to us this afternoon a good interpreter from Fort Hall, so that to-morrow we can have public worship.

Sabbath, 6th.—Early this morning one of the oldest chiefs went about among the people, and with a loud voice explained to them the instructions given them last evening; told them it was the sabbath day, and they must prepare for public worship. About eight in the morning some of the chiefs came to me and asked where they should assemble. I asked them if they could not be accommodated in the willows which skirted the stream of water on which we were encamped. They thought not. I then inquired if they could not take the poles of some of their lodges and construct a shade. They thought they could; and without any other directions went and made preparation, and about eleven o'clock came and said they were ready for worship. I found them all assembled, men, women, and children, between four and five hundred, in what I would call a sanctuary of God, constructed with their lodges, nearly one hundred feet long and about twenty feet wide; and all were arranged in rows, through the length of the building, upon their knees, with a narrow space in the middle, lengthwise, resembling an aisle. The whole area within was carpeted with their dressed skins, and they were all attired in their best. The chiefs were arranged in a semicircle at the end which I was to occupy. I could not have believed they had the means, or could have known how to have constructed so convenient and so decent a place, especially as it was the first time public worship had been celebrated among them. The whole sight, taken together, sensibly affected me, and filled me with astonishment; and I felt as though it was the house of God and the gate of heaven.

They all continued in their kneeling position during singing and prayer, and when I closed prayer with Amen, they all said what was equivalent in their language to amen. When I commenced sermon, they sunk back upon their heels. They gave the utmost attention throughout, and entire stillness prevailed, excepting when some truth arrested their minds forcibly; then a little humming sound was made through the whole assembly, occupying two or three seconds. I never spoke to a more interesting assembly, and I would not have changed my then audience for any other upon earth; and I felt that it was worth a journey across the Rocky Mountains, to enjoy this one opportunity with these heathen who are so anxious to come to a knowledge of God. If Christians could have witnessed this day's service, they would have felt, and they would be willing to do something adequate to the conversion of these perishing souls.

An Indian boy about sixteen years old, who belonged to the band who joined us yesterday, died this morning. He was speechless when he was brought here. We attended his funeral in the afternoon. They buried him in a very decent manner, without any heathen rites, excepting that they buried with him all his clothes and blankets. I addressed the people at the grave upon the subject of the resurrection and of the judgment. This was entirely new to them, and very interesting. Tai-quin-wa-tiah came to my tent towards evening, and said that what I had told him was "tois," it was spiritual, and now he knew more about God. After I had gone to rest, they sent for me to meet with them again in one of their tents.

Monday, 7th.—We travelled five hours to-day. The Indians make but slow progress in travelling with their village. It takes them a long time to pack and unpack, and to set up and take down their lodges. This is, however, of but little consequence to them: for wherever they are, it is their home.

They are very kind, and manifest their kindness in anticipating all, and more than all, my wants which they have the power to supply. They consult me upon

all their important business, and are very ready to follow my counsels. They are attentive to furnish little comforts. If the sun shines with much warmth into my tent, they will cut green bushes and set them up for shade. A few days since, we encamped where there were some very fragrant plants of a species of mint; and the wife of Tai-quin-wa-tiah, with a few other women, collected a considerable quantity, and strewed them in my tent. Passed to-day mountains of volcanic rocks, and over a rich black soil, where we found a good supply of grass for our horses at night.

Pursued our journey, on the 8th, as usual. Felt some soreness in my breast, arising from a cold, which began yesterday. My health thus far on the journey has been very good.

The Indian mode of living is very precarious, and yet they are not very anxious about the future. When they have plenty, they are not sparing, and when they are in want, they do not complain. The Indians at this time were almost destitute of provisions, and we were approaching the Salmon River mountains, to pass over which occupies between twelve and fifteen days, and in which there are no buffaloes and scarcely any other game. I felt a prayerful concern for them, that God would send them a supply before we should get beyond the range of buffaloes; and was confident that we should experience the truth of God's word, that he provides for all their meat in due season; and as the cattle upon the thousand hills are his, so he would not withhold from these Indians a supply in their need.

Continued to pass basaltic mountains; and also passed some very white marl clay, which the Indians use for cleansing their robes and other garments made of dressed skins. Their mode of doing this is by making it into a paste, and rubbing it upon the garments, and when it becomes dry, they rub it off, which process leaves the garment soft, clean, and white. We encamped to-day where they had before made an encampment, a little below a steep bank. Near night I was alarmed by shouts of Indians and a general rush up the bank. I hastened up, and saw great numbers running towards our camp. It proved to be a foot-race, such as they frequently exercise themselves in, for the purpose of improving their agility.

September 9th.—Very unwell. To-day we unexpectedly saw before us a large herd of buffaloes. All halted to make preparation for the chase. The young men and all the good hunters prepared themselves, selected the swiftest horses, examined the few guns they had, and also took a supply of arrows with their bows. Our condition was such, that it seemed that our lives almost depended upon the result. And while they were preparing, I could not but lift up my heart in prayer to God, that he would in mercy give them judgment, skill, and success. They advanced towards the herd of buffaloes with great caution, lest they should frighten them before they could make a near approach; and also to reserve the power of their horses for the chase, when it should be necessary to bring it into full requisition. When the buffaloes took the alarm and fled, the rush was made, each Indian selecting for himself a cow with which he happened to come into the nearest contact. All were in swift motion scouring the valley; a cloud of dust began to arise; firing of guns and shooting of arrows followed in close succession; soon here and there buffaloes were seen prostrated; and the women, who followed close in the rear, began the work of securing the valuable acquisition, while the men were away again in pursuit of the flying herd. Those in the chase, when as near as two rods, shoot and wheel, expecting the wounded animal to turn upon them. The horses appeared to understand the way to avoid danger. As soon as the wounded animal lies again, the chase is renewed; and such is the alternate wheeling and chasing, until the buffalo sinks beneath its wounds. They obtained between fifty and sixty on this occasion.

It was interesting to see how expertly the Indians used the bow and arrow, and how well the women followed up the chase, and performed their part in dressing those buffaloes which were slain. After travelling six hours to-day, we encamped in a good place, on the eastern branch of Salmon River, where it is of considerable magnitude. The pain in my breast changed, and seated in my head, on the right side.

On the 10th my health was no better, and I was obliged to resort to medicine. I could say with the Psalmist, "I laid me down and slept, for Thou art with me." We did not remove to-day, time being necessary for the Indians to dry their meat by what is called *jerking*. The process is to cut the meat into thin pieces, an inch thick, and to spread it out upon a fixture made with stakes, upon which are laid poles, and upon these cross sticks, and then a moderate fire is placed beneath, which partly smokes, cooks, and dries it, until it is so well freed from moisture that it can be packed, and will keep without injury almost any length of time. Here we made preparation for the remainder of my journey to Walla-Walla, which will probably occupy about twenty days.

September 11th.—To-day the most of the Nez Percés and Flatheads left us to continue within the range of buffaloes, that they might secure a larger store of provisions before winter, leaving, however, about one hundred and fifty to go with me towards Walla-Walla. Before they left us, I experienced another token of their regard, in a very valuable present of twenty fine buffalo tongues, which are a great delicacy, together with a large quantity of dried meat. I reciprocated the kindness by making such presents as were in my power to bestow; among which was a Britannia cup to the first chief, which he highly valued, and some writing-paper, requesting that this article might be presented to those missionaries whom I had encouraged him to expect next year.

After travelling three hours, we encamped upon the same branch of the Salmon River, to give the Indians an opportunity to dry their meat more thoroughly.

Pursued our journey on the 12th down the eastern branch of Salmon River for five hours. The valley through which this river runs is generally fertile, and varies from one to three or four miles in width; but as we advanced towards the Salmon River mountains, the mountains upon each side increased in height and converged towards each other. They presented some noble prospects. It is a custom with the Indians to send out numbers of their best hunters and warriors as scouts, in different directions, especially when they are apprehensive that any enemies may be near. We had evidence, from tracks recently made, that Indians of some other nation or tribe were about us, and therefore more than usual numbers of our men were out in flanking and advanced parties. On the banks of the river down which we were travelling, there was a dense growth of willows, extending, however, only a few rods into the bottom-lands. About two in the afternoon we were all very much alarmed to see our men who were out as hunters and guards upon the hills running their horses full speed in an oblique direction towards us. Two of them were our principal chiefs. We knew that they had discovered something more than ordinary, but what we could not conjecture. Being in a country where war parties of Blackfoot Indians often range, our thoughts were turned upon danger, and soon our fears were increased by seeing on the sides of the mountains at our left clouds of dust arise, and in the obscure distance were seen men descending as swiftly as their horses could run. They were so far off that we could not determine who they were. At the same time our two chiefs on the hills halted and made signals which we did not understand. To add to our fears, some of the Indians said they saw Blackfoot Indians in the willows, not far off, between us and the chiefs; and our belief was confirmed that it was so by two deer rushing from the willows towards us,

and when they saw us, instead of returning, they only declined a little to the left and passed before us. We immediately halted, and made what preparation we could for battle. As we did not know in what part of the willows to make the attack, we were waiting for our enemies to commence the fire, and were expecting every instant to have their balls poured in upon us. It was a moment of awful suspense. We sent out a few men upon an eminence to our right, who returned without having seen any enemies. The two chiefs upon the hills, who were now joined by those who rushed down the mountains, and who proved to be some of our own men, applied their whips to their horses, and came to us at full speed; and Charle, the first chief, rode up to me, and smiling, reached out his hand and said, "cocoil, cocoil" (buffalo, buffalo.) This explained the mystery; and the remainder of the day was spent in killing and dressing buffaloes, a much more pleasant occupation than fighting Blackfoot Indians. This made a desirable addition to their stock of provisions. We encamped in this place, which supplied plenty of good grass for our horses, and where there was no want of fuel.

The inflammation in my head still continued, with throbbing, pain, and fever—my pulse beating one hundred a-minute. Bled myself and took medicine. Thermometer, at noon, 73 degrees.

Sabbath, 13th.—My health not improved, and my strength failing. I felt that all was right, and that I needed this trial to lead me to an examination of my spiritual condition, my motives for engaging in this mission, and whether I could give up all for the cause in which I was engaged. I felt, however, as though it was desirable to finish my tour, and return and make my report, and urge the sending of missionaries into this field, which is white for the harvest, and to the bosom of my family and friends; but still I would not have any will of my own, but say, The will of the Lord be done. The Indians persevere in their kindness, and are very respectful, and ready to obey as fast as I can impart to them instruction; and they say that what I say to them is different from any thing they have ever heard, being spiritual, and that they wish to have *Sueápo* (American) teachers. If the American churches will not send them teachers, criminality must rest upon them for disobedience to Christ's authority. Are there any heathen more anxious than these to be taught the way of salvation? and where are there so few hindrances to the introduction of the gospel? They have no idols, no sacrifices, no power of caste to combat; and as yet, not the destructive influences which exist upon the frontiers.

September 14th.—Recommenced our journey, and proceeded five hours down the river, and stopped a few miles above the main branch of Salmon River, which comes from the south, and has its origin in two small lakes in the mountains north of Henry's Fork.

For some distance on our way on the 15th the mountains came down near the river, rendering the valley through which it runs narrow. Some of these mountains terminate in high bluffs, which in many places present uncommonly interesting strata. The lowest presented to view was white marly earth, about twenty feet in depth, nearly horizontal and somewhat indurated; upon this a green strata of about four feet thickness; next a strata of brown of about ten feet; upon this a strata of red about the same depth as the green; over this a mould of decomposed lava. This marly earth slightly effervesces with acid. The rocks in most places are basalt—in some places very fine wacke. Noticing some unusual appearances in the condition of the earth near the foot of the mountains on the left, I rode to the place, and found a cluster of volcanic eruptions, which, though ancient, appeared more recent than any I had seen. A little way down the descent into one of the craters, I observed a petrified stump standing in its natural position; its roots and the grain of the wood entire. I think it was cedar, and about

eighteen inches in diameter. This stood, undoubtedly, upon what was the natural surface of the earth, and the mound above and around was thrown up by volcanic fires. While time is mouldering the lava into dust, the wind is scattering it over the country around, to renew the soil which was destroyed by the great conflagration which once fused the whole of this western region. This petrified stump, found in this position, proves that this country, which is now so destitute of wood, was once far better supplied, if not covered with forests. Does not this fact overthrow many of the theories of the formation of the great prairies of the west? From various sources of evidence, it is plain that these prairie regions were once far better supplied with wood than at present, and also that the existing woods are constantly diminishing.

Passed to-day a place which presented a very mournful scene, where two years ago thirty Nez Perce young men, who were killed by the Blackfeet, had been buried. They were all active young men, going out upon some expedition, the nature of which I could not learn. They had gone but a little way from the village which encamped here, when, passing through a very narrow defile on a small stream of water, walled up on both sides with perpendicular rocks, the Blackfeet Indians, who had waylaid them, attacked them from before and behind, and killed all but one, who mounted a horse belonging to the Blackfeet, and forced his way through the opposing enemy. After the Blackfeet Indians had retired from the place of slaughter, the Nez Percés brought away the dead bodies and buried them in this place. According to their mode, they buried with them their clothes, blankets, and buffalo robes, in graves only about three feet deep, putting five or six bodies in a grave. Some time after this the Blackfeet Indians came and dug them up, and made plunder of their blankets and whatever they thought worth taking. The Nez Percés some time afterwards came this way, and collected their bones and buried them again. The graves in which they were first buried were open when we passed, and fragments of garments were lying about. Here my Indians halted, and mourned in silence over their slaughtered sons and brothers. The whole scene was very affecting, and I could not but long for the time to come, when they shall settle down in a Christian community and cease from their dangerous wanderings; and also that the gospel may soon be sent to the Blackfeet Indians, and that they may imbibе its spirit of peace on earth and good will towards men. After some time spent in reflections and solemn mourning, we left the place and proceeded down the river, encamping near Bonneville's Fort, which he has abandoned, and which is situated in a small pleasant vale. This place would be favourable for fur business, were it not that it is on ground where conflicting tribes often meet.

JOURNEY OVER THE SALMON RIVER MOUNTAINS.— ARRIVAL AT FORT WALLA-WALLA.

SALMON River is a beautiful transparent stream; its shores are covered with pebbles from primitive formation. In less than a mile from us, a short way up the mountain on our left, is a deposition of mineral salt, in pure crystals. I saw some which the Indians procured, the quality of which is good. I was anxious to go and visit the spot, but was suffering too much from the inflammation in my head, and weakness which resulted from its continuance.

Took an observation of latitude, and found it to be 44 degrees, 41 minutes. After passing down the river two hours in a north-westerly direction, we entered into the mountains, leaving Salmon River on our left. The river literally passed into the mountains; for the opening in the perpendicular rocks, two or three hundred feet high, and up these mountains, several

thousand feet high, was wide enough only for the river to find a passage. It flowed into the dark chasm, and we saw it no more. During the two hours' ride before we entered the mountains, the scenery was grand. While there was some level bottom-land along the river, in every direction mountains were seen rising above mountains, and peaks above peaks, up to the regions of perpetual snow. These mountains are not so much in chains, as of a conical form, with bases in most instances in small proportion to their height. So much sublimity and grandeur, combined with so much variety, is rarely presented to view. The geology resembled that of the mountains through which we have already passed. Horizontal strata as yesterday, with interchanges of white, green, red, and brown; and in one place, for more than a mile in length, a vertical front was presented, facing the south-west, of 150 and 200 feet high, resting upon a base of conglomerate rock, the stones of which are round, of primitive origin, cemented with marly clay, petrified, and of the various colours already mentioned. The opposite side of the river is studded with dark basalt.

After leaving the Salmon River, and going through some narrows on a small stream of water coming from the north-east, we came to a more open space, and to what I called the Chimneys, standing near the base of a mountain. There were thirty or forty of them, between ten and forty feet high, appearing very much like the chimneys of log-houses. They are composed of conglomerate rock, of a somewhat slaty character, which makes them appear the more like the work of men. From this place we turned more westerly, and passed a high mountain, parts of which were very steep, and encamped in a valley, near to a stream of water.

On the 17th we pursued our journey over lofty mountains, which in some places were intersected by deep ravines, very difficult to be passed. Encamped in a grove of large Norway pines.

September 18th.—Being desirous to expedite my journey to some of the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, I took ten Indians and went forward, leaving the remainder to follow on at their leisure. We passed over a mountain more than six thousand feet high, which occupied us nearly the whole day. These mountains are covered with woods, excepting in some comparatively small parts, which are open, and furnish grass for our horses. The woods are composed mainly of fir, spruce, Norway pine, and a new species of pine. The leaves of this latter species resemble those of pitch-pine, growing in bunches at the ends of the limbs, being shorter and smaller; the bark and the body of the tree resembling the tamarack, the wood firm and very elastic. On account of this last and peculiar property, I have called it the *elastic pine*. It grows very tall and straight, and without limbs except near the top. These trees would undoubtedly make excellent masts and spars for shipping. On experiments which I made, I found it very difficult to break limbs an inch in diameter. After passing part of the way down this mountain, we encamped by a small spring.

We arose early on the 19th, and commenced our day's labour; and by diligence, went more than twice the distance generally gone over by the Indians. We were much annoyed by trees which had fallen across the trail. Encamped upon the south-east side of a very high mountain, where there was a large opening, a spring of water, and a good supply of grass for our horses.

Sabbath, 20th.—Continued in the same encampment, to rest according to the commandment. I told Charlie he had better spend a part of the day with his men in devotional exercises. They all knelt down, and he prayed with them; after which he talked with them a considerable time concerning the things which I had taught them. It was truly interesting to see

these poor heathen upon their knees, trying to worship God according to the instructions of the scriptures. How can any Christian refrain from doing what he can to give the lamp of life to these benighted souls, especially seeing they are so anxious to know the way of salvation, and so ready to do right? After they had closed their worship, I sang a hymn, and prayed and conversed with them.

The inflammation in my head continuing, I bled myself copiously, which reduced my pulse for a while, but increased my weakness, so that I could not walk a few rods without fatigue. Sometimes, amidst all the evidences of God's mercy to me, I found my heart sinking into despondency, and was ready to say, I shall perish in these wild, cold mountains. It seemed, from my weakness and emaciation, that I could not endure the fatigue of travelling eight days more over these mountains. They are on an average about six thousand feet high; and as they range north and south, with only very narrow valleys between, and our course was only a little north of west, we were constantly ascending and descending; nor could we discontinue our journey, owing to the want of provisions. The thought that I must fail of accomplishing the object of my mission, and close my life without a sympathising friend near with whom I could converse and pray, and be buried in these solitary mountains, filled me with a gloom which I knew was wrong. My judgment was clear, but I could not make it influence the feelings of my heart. At night, I sometimes thought a pillow desirable, upon which to lay my aching, throbbing head; but my portmanteau was a very good substitute, and I rested quietly upon the ground, and every morning arose refreshed by sleep.

Monday, 21st.—At a very early hour we resumed our journey, and our horses being recruited with the rest and good fare they had yesterday, made a long day's journey, considering the height of the mountain over which we passed, and the rocks and trees obstructing the trail. I had observed the mountain over which we passed to-day, which is about seven thousand feet high, two days before we arrived at the top; and queried in my mind whether Charle, my guide, would not depart in this instance from the common custom of the Indians, which is to pass over the highest parts of mountains, and to descend into the lowest valleys. But we passed the highest part, except one peak, which, in nearly all its parts, is perpendicular, and rises like an immense castle or pyramid. It is composed of basalt; and around it volcanic rocks lie scattered in great profusion. At the base there are also excavations, around and below which there is much lava. This is a granite mountain, much of which is in its natural state. The way by which I calculated the height of these mountains is, that some of them are tipped with perpetual snow; and as 8000 feet, in latitude 42 degrees, is the region of perpetual snow, so there can be no doubt, as these do not vary greatly from each other, that they average 6000 feet.

I was much interested with a natural curiosity upon this mountain, in the shape of two granite rocks, each weighing many tons, placed one upon the other, like the ends of an hour-glass. It was curious to observe how nicely the uppermost one was balanced upon the other: it appeared as if a puff of wind would blow it off its centre. Charle, the chief, seeing me one day examining some minerals with a magnifying glass, said, "These white men know every thing. They know what rocks are made of, they know how to make iron, how to make watches, and how to make the needle always point to the north." They had seen a compass before; and when I showed them mine, they said, "that would keep me from getting lost." Encamped upon a mountain by a small spring, where there was but little grass. A waterfall was seen descending down a high point of the same mountain, which, by its continual foaming, looked like a white belt girding its side.

Left our encampment on the 22d, at an early hour, and continued our mountainous journey. Parts of the way the ascent and descent was at an angle of 45 degrees, and in some places even more steep; sometimes on the verge of dizzy precipices, again down shelves of rocks, where my Indian horse would have to jump from one to another, while in others he would brace himself upon all-fours and slide down; and I had become so weak that I could not walk on foot, but was obliged to keep upon his back. Frequently between the mountains there would be space enough only for a rushing stream of the purest water to find its way; the bank on the one side of which would terminate the descent of one mountain, and the other bank commence the ascent of another. The question often arose in my mind, Can this section of country ever be inhabited, unless these mountains shall be brought low, and these valleys shall be exalted? But they may be designed to perpetuate a supply of lumber for the wide-spread prairies; and they may contain mines of treasures, which, when wrought, will need these forests for fuel, and these rushing streams for water-power. Roads may be constructed running north and south, so that transportations may be made south to the Salmon River and north to the Cooscootske.*

After a fatiguing day's march, we encamped in a low stony place, where there was little grass, for the want of which some of our horses strayed away. Our men killed a deer, which was a very agreeable change from dried buffalo meat.

The mountains over which we made our way on the 23d were of primitive formation, with the exception of some parts which were volcanic. Granite and mica-slate predominated. In one place there were immense quantities of granite, covering more than a hundred acres, in a broken state, as though prepared for making walls, mostly in cubic forms. In some places the change from granite in its natural state to amygdaloid was so gradual, that it would be difficult to say where the one ended and the other began. While riding along upon a narrow ridge of this mountain, I saw two small lakes a little down the sides; one on the right hand which appeared to be very black, and the other upon the left was very yellow with sulphur, issuing from a spring in the mountain side. These two lakes were directly opposite each other, and not far distant. I should have examined them more minutely, had my strength permitted. There was also much in the scenery around to excite admiration—mountain rising above mountain, and precipice above precipice.

Encamped in a valley where there was a small meadow well supplied with grass. The woods around were very dense, composed mostly of the species of pine formerly noticed, which here grew very tall and straight, though not very large in diameter.

Took an early departure on the 24th from our encampment, and made good progress through the day. About the middle of the day we came to where we could look forward without the sight being obstructed by mountains, and it was pleasant to have a prospect opening into the wide world. Continued to descend until we came into a vale of considerable extent, through which flows a large branch of the Cooscootske. Found to-day a new species of elder, which grows very large, five or six inches in diameter and from ten to twenty feet high, bearing blue berries, which are pleasant to the taste. Kentuc caught me some fine trout.

Here was a band of horses belonging to the Nez Perces, which they left here last spring. They were in fine order. It is remarkable that their horses do not wander far from where they are left, although there are no fences to enclose them. Here some of my In-

* The name of this river, in the journal of Clarke and Lewis, is written Cooscookee, and so in all other writings I have seen. This signifies the water water. But Cooscootske signifies the little water (coos, water; coots, little; ke, the) or the little river.

dians changed their horses and took fresh ones, relieving those which were worn down with long journeying.

On the 25th we pursued our course down this fertile vale until one in the afternoon, when, contrary to my expectations, we had to leave this branch of the Cooscootske, which here took a more northerly direction, and ascended another high mountain which was densely covered with wood. Among the largest trees is a new species of fir, single leaved, the bark thick and rough like the bark of hemlock, but the balsam is the same as the common fir. I saw more birds in this valley than in all the country through which I had passed west of the Rocky Mountains; robins in great numbers, the magpie, and a new species of bird about as large as the magpie, its colour uniformly a dull red, somewhat resembling chocolate. Thermometer stood at 54 degrees.

On the 26th we proceeded about four hours on our way, and encamped on the side of a mountain near its summit; the distance to another place suitable for our horses over sabbath, being too great. Saw to-day a small animal resembling the marten, and probably of that genus. Its colour was a bright orange red; its fur appeared to be very fine; head round and large; eyes black, prominent, and piercing. I was in advance of my Indians, and when it saw me it sprang about eight feet up a tree, but appeared to be afraid to ascend higher. Attempts were made to obtain it, but without success. Saw in these mountains a new variety of striped squirrel, only about half as large as those found in the United States; also another kind, in every respect resembling the red squirrel except in colour. It is nearly black, excepting its under parts, which are reddish yellow. I observed, also, a kind of pheasant, which is smaller than the common species, somewhat lighter coloured, and more spotted; its habits are gregarious, like those of the common quail. They were remarkably tame, as if unacquainted with enemies; and when assailed with stones by the Indians, appeared to be amazed, and made scarcely any effort to escape. Their flesh was very good, and furnished an additional supply to our waning stock of provisions.

Sabbath, 27th.—Continued in our encampment. My health no better: perspired profusely last night, and yet the inflammation was rather increasing. Took from my arm a pint of blood, which, while it weakened, gave me relief.

We had religious services in the fore and after part of the day, as last sabbath. Charle prays every morning and evening with his men, and asks a blessing when they eat. In the afternoon he took Compo, my interpreter, and came and sat down by me, and said, "We are now near our country, and when we come into it, I wish you to look over it, and see if it is good for missionaries to live in. I know but little about God, my people know but little; I wish my people to know more about God." He said he wished to talk with me much more, and was sorry I had not a better qualified interpreter. Besides the Bible, read part of a little book called "Christ Precious."

Monday, 28th.—In better health. Made a long day's march, and emerged from the mountains at two o'clock in the afternoon. Not finding water at the place where we intended to rest, we were obliged to travel on until near night, when we came to another branch of the Cooscootske, where we found several lodges of Nez Perce Indians. A salute was fired, and then we were welcomed with a ceremonious but hearty shaking of hands. They then feasted us with some excellent dried salmon, for which I made them some small presents. I was rejoiced to find myself wholly through the Salmon River mountains, and convalescent. These mountains were far worse to pass than the Rocky Mountains, as we could not take advantage of any valley, excepting one in which we journeyed only two-thirds of a day. Excepting the middle of the days, the atmosphere was cold, and frequently ice was formed during the night.

It was fortunate we had no snow, which often falls upon the tops of these mountains very early in the autumn; nor had we any storms or very unpleasant weather in our passage over. Frequently heavy gales of wind sweep through these mountains, and uproot the trees in the forests; but we had none to endanger us.

On the 29th we proceeded down this branch more than half the day, and found the soil black and good, well covered with grass, which, however, was dried into hay by the summer drought. Here, as on most prairies, there is much want of wood, there being but little besides what is found along the streams of water. This country continues to be volcanic, as is evinced by the abundance of lava and basalt. Came at noon to six lodges of Indians, who welcomed us with the same friendly expressions as did those where we encamped the last night. Left the branch of the Cooscootske, and ascended westerly to the upper prairies, which are as fertile as the lower, and do not suffer any more with the drought. After a long fatiguing ride over these prairies, we descended into a deep gulf almost enclosed with perpendicular walls of basalt, in the bottom of which we found a copious spring of water, by which we encamped.

Arose very early on the 30th, set forward, and made good progress considering the exhausted state of our horses. Found most of the streams dried up, and one, which is generally large, and where we intended to have arrived last night, was wholly destitute of water and grass. Ascending out of this gulf, we found, towards the summit of the high prairie, a good spring of water, with sufficiency of grass, where we refreshed ourselves at noon. The horses, contrary to my expectations, preferred the dried to the green grass. In the afternoon we went through a section of country well supplied with woods, consisting chiefly of yellow pine and white oak, where also much of the soil appeared to be good. Towards night we came to a stream of water running west, where we encamped. Thermometer 82 degrees at noon.

Thursday, October 1st.—Arose early, with decidedly better health, for which I cannot be too thankful. After travelling a few miles we came to several lodges of Nez Perce, who gave us their kind welcome, and seemed, as also at the other lodges, pleased to see their first chief. They manifested much the same feelings, on learning who I was and the object of my coming into their country, as did their countrymen whom we met at the rendezvous. With these Indians I left two of my horses which were too much exhausted with the fatigues of my long journey to proceed any farther. I had fears that they would not endure the privations of the coming winter, without any shelter from the cold and storms, and with nothing to eat except what they could find upon the prairies.

Arrived, two o'clock in the afternoon, at the Lewis branch of the Columbia River, near the confluence of the Cooscootske. Though this is a large river, yet, on account of the summer's drought, there is less water flowing down its channel than I anticipated.

A squalid-looking Indian took us over the ferry in a canoe which appeared as weather-beaten as himself, and reminded me of the fabled Charon and his corulean boat.

This country differs very much from what I had expected; for while the soil is generally good, and furnishes a supply for grazing, yet there is such want of summer rains, that some kinds of grain could not flourish, especially Indian corn. The crops sown in the fall of the year, or very early in the spring, would probably be so far advanced before the severity of the drought should be felt, that they would do well. In general there is a great want of wood for building, fencing, and fuel; but at the confluence of these rivers a supply may be brought down the Cooscootske. This place combines many advantages for a missionary station.

I began to doubt the correctness of the statements of some travellers, in regard to the great numbers of wild horses, and the immense multitudes of wolves, which they say they saw on this side of the Rocky Mountains; for as yet I had seen no wild horses, and only a very few wolves. Encamped upon the west bank of Lewis River, or, as it is more commonly called, the Snake River.

On the 2d we arose early, but were detained some time before all our horses could be collected. Set out about eight, and proceeded three hours down the river to a place where it takes a northerly bend, through a section of mountains which are difficult to be passed. Our direct course to Walla-Walla being west-north-west, we here left the river and followed a small stream up a valley nearly to its source. The section of country through which we journeyed to-day was rocky and mountainous. One part of the river along which we travelled was walled up with volcanic rocks. The lowest observable stratum consisted of amygdaloid, about thirty feet high above the river, and very cellular, terminating in a narrow horizontal shelf or plain. Above this is superimposed columnar basalt, the columns of which are regular pentagons, varying from two to four feet in diameter, rising sixty feet high, perpendicular, excepting in one place where they were somewhat inclining. Above this formation of columns there was a stratum of volcanic stones and disintegrated basalt, of some six or eight feet thickness, lying in a confused state; and upon this another section of basalt and amygdaloid, of fifty feet depth; and so on to the height of 300 feet nearly perpendicular. The pentagons are as regularly formed, and have much the same appearance, as those composing the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. From the best observations I could make, I was led to conclude that the different sections were raised by widely extended subterranean fires, and at different periods of time. The basalt in this place, and also in almost all other places which I have yet seen, is of very dark colour, containing augite, or black oxide of iron; and is what some who have been in this country have called black rocks.

Saturday, 3d.—We took an early departure from our encampment. We had through the day a very high wind from the west, but the sky was unclouded, and the sun shone brightly. We have had no rain since the 18th of July, and not more than five cloudy days. The water on this side of the Rocky Mountains is excellent, and no country can possess a climate more conducive to health. After passing over a somewhat hilly country, well covered with grass, we encamped for the night, and for the sabbath, in a fertile vale, upon an upper branch of the Walla-Walla River. Here we found three lodges of Nez Percés, who were out on a hunt for deer, and whose women were gathering cammas roots. This root in some degree resembles in taste and nutritive properties the sweet potato, and constitutes a large item of food to the Indians throughout a considerable section of country on this side of Salmon River and Salmon River mountains. The common tokens of friendship were interchanged; and they presented us a share of such food as they had, and on my part I made them some small presents.

Sabbath, 4th.—We had public worship, at which all the men, women, and children of three lodges attended. What there was of a truly spiritual nature in our worship, was known to the Searcher of Hearts; but there was the appearance of devotion, and good attention was paid to what was said. It is affecting to see the anxiety these Indians manifest to know what they must do to please God and to obtain salvation.

Employed part of the day in reading Vincent's Explanation of the Catechism. This is an excellent compendium of divinity, and is far too much neglected in families and sabbath schools.

Decamped early on the 5th, and pursued our journey down the Walla-Walla River, upon some parts of

which there is a good supply of wood—yellow pine, cotton-wood, and willows, and various kinds of shrubbery, among which the wild rose is most conspicuous. Through most parts of this valley the soil is good. We find but little game of any kind—some prairie hens and avosets, some robins, and a few other small birds. The crow is seen every where, and is here remarkably tame. The Indians having no inducements to molest them, they do not fear man as their common enemy. Our encampment was on the same branch of the Walla-Walla, where there were high bluffs on both sides.

October 6th.—We arose early, and commenced our journey with the animating hope of reaching Walla-Walla, and of seeing civilised people, before noon. Ascended the bluffs, and passed over an undulating prairie of good soil, leaving Walla-Walla River to our left. As we drew near the Columbia River, the soil became more and more sandy. Before we arrived at the fort, my attention was arrested by seeing some cows and other cattle in fine order, feeding upon the bottom-land; and the sight was not only novel, after having been so long from civilised life, but the more interesting on account of its being unexpected. As we came near the fort, the Indians fired their customary salute, and then rushed forward to the gate. Mr P. C. Pambrun, the superintendent, met us at the gate, and gave me a kind welcome. I never felt greater joy than in entering this habitation of civilised men, and again hearing the accents of my native tongue. I felt that I had great cause of thankfulness, that God, in his mercy, and by his watchful providence, had brought me in safety and with restored health to this place. I was soon invited into another apartment to breakfast; and, comparatively speaking, it was a new thing to sit in a chair, and at a table, especially as the latter was plentifully supplied with ducks, bread and butter, sugar and milk. Bread, butter, and milk, were great luxuries.

COLUMBIA RIVER.—HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.—CAYUSE INDIANS.—FORT VANCOUVER.

Fort Walla-Walla is situated on the south side of the Columbia River, ten miles below the confluence of the Columbia and Lewis Rivers, which last is commonly called, by the people belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, Nez Perce River; and one mile above the Walla-Walla River, in latitude 46 degrees 2 minutes, longitude 119 degrees 30 minutes. Two miles below the fort there is a range of mountains running north and south, which, though not high, are yet of considerable magnitude; and where the Columbia passes through, it is walled up on both sides with basalt, in many places three hundred feet perpendicular height, which renders the scenery picturesque. The soil, for a considerable distance around, with the exception of some strips of bottom-land, is sandy, and, for the want of summer rains, is not productive. This establishment is not only supplied with the necessities of life, but also with many of the conveniences. They have cows, horses, hogs, fowls, &c., and cultivate corn, potatoes, and a variety of garden vegetables; and might enlarge these and other productions to a great extent. They also keep on hand dry goods and hardware, not only for their own convenience, but also for Indian trade. Most of the year they have a good supply of fish; in particular, there are abundance of salmon of the first quality. There is a great deficiency in religious privileges.

I arrived here in six months and twenty-three days from leaving home, forty-five from rendezvous, and twenty days from entering Salmon River mountains.

Wednesday, 7th.—Continued in this place; settled with my interpreter, gave presents to my Indians, and made arrangements for leaving this place to-morrow, in a canoe propelled by Indians belonging to the Walla-

Walla tribe, for Fort Vancouver, which is two hundred miles down the Columbia. Thus I am putting myself without fear into the hands of Indians, where, a few years ago, an escort of fifty men was necessary for safety, and shall have to pass places which have been battle grounds between traders and Indians.

The gentlemen belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company deserve commendation for their gentle treatment of the Indians, by which they have obtained their friendship and confidence, and also for the efforts which some few of them have made to instruct those about them in the first principles of our holy religion, especially in regard to equity, humanity, and morality. This company is of long standing; they have originated a vast trade, which they are anxious to preserve, and therefore they consult the prosperity of the Indians as intimately connected with their own. I have not been informed as yet of a single instance of any Indian being wantonly killed by the men belonging to this company; nor have I heard any boasting among them of the satisfaction taken in killing or abusing Indians, too frequently observable elsewhere.

Thursday, 8th.—My three Walla-Walla Indians having got all things in readiness—mats, provisions, &c., furnished by the kindness of Mr Pambrun—and he having given them their instructions, I went on board the canoe at nine o'clock in the morning, and having given the usual salutations, we shoved off, and gently glided down the river, which here is three-fourths of a mile wide. I felt myself in a new and strange situation: I was in a frail canoe, upon the wide waters of the Columbia, abounding with rapids and falls, at the mercy of the winds, and among stranger Indians, two hundred miles by water before I could expect to find white men; and having to pass through a territory inhabited by tribes of whose languages I was entirely ignorant. Yet the change from riding on horseback for months, over mountains and plains, through defiles and ravines, was anticipated with satisfaction.

My three Indians were well acquainted with the river and with the art of managing the canoe. One of them understood the Nez Perce language tolerably well, was very loquacious and vain, and wished to be thought a man of importance. He told me he was to do the talking, and the other two were to do as he should direct. On account of his important and loquacious habits, I called him *my orator*. One of the other two, who took the stern and steered the canoe, was a stout, brawny, savage-looking man, excepting the expression of his countenance, which was indicative of intelligence and good nature. The third, who took the bow, was an able, well-disposed young man. The channel through the volcanic mountain a little below the fort is one of the wonders of nature; it is formed through solid basaltic rocks, which are excavated, as it were, to the depth of about three hundred feet, and for the distance of two or three miles. But my attention was so much taken up with the boiling eddies and the varying currents, that I did not take those observations which, under different circumstances, might have been made, and which the scenery and phenomena demanded. In one place, as we passed out of the mountain channel, the river ran so rapidly over a rocky bed, and the water was so broken, that I felt it unsafe to continue in the canoe, and requested the Indians to put me ashore. My talking Indian said *tois* (good.) I told him, *waiitu tois, kapeis*, not good, but bad. But still he said, *tois tois*, and I concluded that they would not decline putting me on shore if there were any particular danger. The man at the stern put off into the middle of the river, where the water was the smoothest, but where the current was equally strong, and, with his keen eye fixed upon the varying eddies, applied his brawny arms to the work; and whenever a change of his paddle from one side of the canoe was necessary, it was done in the twinkling of an eye. Any failure of right management would

have been disastrous; but they kept the canoe in the right direction, and we shot down with such velocity, as, together with the breaking in of some water, was calculated to excite some little alarm. But this served to make the smooth parts more pleasant, and my mind more tranquil in regard to future dangers.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we called at an encampment of Cayuse Indians, of about a dozen lodges. My orator, when we had come within hearing, announced our approach, and informed them who I was, and the object of my tour, and that they must prepare to receive me with all due respect; that I was not a trader, and that I had not come with goods, but to teach them how to worship God. They arranged themselves in single file, the chiefs and principal men first, then the more common men; next the women according to their rank—the wives of chiefs, the old women, the young; and then the children according to age. All things being made ready, the salute was fired, and I landed and shook hands with all, even the youngest children, many of whom, when they presented the hand, would turn away their faces through fear. I made them some presents, and bought of them some dried salmon and cranberries. These were the first cranberries I had seen west of the Rocky Mountains, and their flavour was most agreeable. The Indians expressed much satisfaction at seeing me, and with the object of my coming among them. I told them I could not explain to them what I wished, but they must meet me next spring at Walla-Walla, where I should have an interpreter, and then I would tell them about God. After again shaking hands with them, we went on our way.

At five o'clock we landed upon the north shore, and encamped near a large party of Nez Perce Indians, who came about me with the same tokens of friendliness which uniformly characterise their nation. Among other acts of kindness, they brought me wood, which in this section of the country is scarce, and gathered small bushes and grass to make my bed upon. In return I made them some presents.

October 9th.—Arose before day, and as soon as any light appeared, resumed our voyage down the river. The morning was pleasant, the country around open, and diversified with rolling prairies and distant mountain tops, mellowed with the opening beams of the rising sun. It was a time for pleasing contemplations, such as banished all feelings of solitude, although no sound broke upon the ear but the regularly timed strokes of the paddles of my Indians, who were urging forward the canoe with an accelerated velocity, greater than the current of the river would have carried us. The great fields of nature were spread out in silence. About the middle of the day, the stillness was interrupted by the roar of a distant rapid, the sound of which continued to increase, until the white breaking water was presented to view. For several miles the bed of the river was filled with rocks, and several rocky islands and shoals, among which the whirling and foaming water was forcing its way. The only part of the river which presented any appearance of safety, was along the south shore. This had somewhat the appearance of a wake. My Indians made no movement for landing, but kept near the middle of the river. On my expressing some apprehensions of danger, they pointed toward the wake, and said, *tois*. I pointed forward and towards the north shore, and said, *kapeis*, bad. They answered, *ai, kapeis*; and, with the language of signs accompanying their words, told me they would keep the canoe in the good water, and it would not fill nor be drawn into the breakers. My confidence in their skill of management being well established, I made no objection to their going forward; and in a very short time we had passed the apparent danger, and were gliding along over the smooth surface, on the south side of a large island, about six miles long.

During the day, the country around was compara-

tively level, covered with a black soil, which appears to have been formed by atmospheric agents decomposing the volcanic substances which so generally abound. This section of the country is well supplied with grass, which during the summer drought is converted into hay. Who can calculate the multitudes of cattle and sheep which might be kept here summer and winter, with no other labour than the care of a few herdsmen and shepherds! Encamped upon the north side of the river, among some sand-hills, a little below several lodges of Walla-Walla Indians, to whom we gave the usual formal salutation.

I was pleased to find Indians belonging to different tribes scattered all along this river, living in harmony, without any feuds or jealousies. It speaks much in favour of their kind and peaceable dispositions.

On the 10th, arose before day, after a night's comfortable rest, and by the first breaking light we had our baggage on board and were under way. Towards the middle of the day we came to a more mountainous tract of country, and at a place where the mountains crossed the river there were very rocky rapids; but by winding our way among islands near the north shore, we made a safe descent. About noon, a head wind, which commenced in the fore part of the day, had become so strong, and the waves began to multiply their white caps, that it was dangerous navigation for our canoe, and we had to land and wait for more favourable weather. We encamped on the north side of the river, under a very high and romantic basaltic mountain; in some parts near us the rocky walls were more than two hundred feet in perpendicular height—in one place hanging over. In some places, and at different altitudes of this immense wall, there were cavities of considerable magnitude, and in others wide and deep fissures, through one of which passes the road travelled by pedestrians and those on horseback. This place is ten miles above the Falls of the Columbia, which the Indians call the *tum tum*; the same expression they use for the beating of the heart.

About a mile above us were encamped some Walla-Wallas, many of whom came to my tent and wished to enter into trade with me, offering me beaver at a low price. I told them that trading was not my business, any farther than to buy salmon, &c., for food. My orator told me one of them was a *meohöt*, or chief, and would expect a present. As a trial of their disposition, I told him they had not brought me any wood for a fire, and I would not give them any thing until they showed their kindness. But he said I must make the chief a present and buy of them wood. I replied, "Waitu; if he is a chief, let him show the generosity of a chief." Very soon they brought wood, and a fire was made, and I rewarded them with some presents.

Sabbath, 11th.—Continued in the same encampment, and had my heart's desire much excited for the salvation of these poor heathen. There were a sufficient number here to have made a decent congregation, had I had any medium of communication. Their language differs from the Nez Percés', so that I could have no communication with them except by my orator, who asked me if he should teach these Indians what he had learned about God and his worship. I gave him permission, though I had fears he was influenced more by love of distinction than any higher motive; but still, if any true light should be imparted to them, I would rejoice in it.

I arose the latter part of the night of the 12th, and the weather being calm, and the moon shining pleasantly, we took our departure for the falls, where we arrived some time before day. Above the falls there is a large island, with a commodious bay at its southern extremity, near which, and upon the River De Shutes, which here unites with the Columbia, there is a village of the Fall Indians, of about thirty lodges. Here we landed, and my talker raised his oratorical voice to such a note as aroused the whole village, calling upon the chiefs to arise, and with their people receive

the personage with him in due form. Their line was soon formed, the first chief leading the way, and others according to their rank and age following; and the ceremony of shaking hands being performed, all retired to their lodges again.

There is a great want of neatness among Indians in general, but more especially among those on this river, who live by fishing.

Here we left our canoe, and took horses and proceeded by land, upon the south side of the river, by the falls, and down the La Dalles, six miles. From the lower end of the island, where the rapids begin, to the perpendicular fall, is about two miles; and here the river contracts, when the water is low, to a very narrow space, and with only a short distance of swift water it makes its plunge twenty feet perpendicular, and then, after a short distance of rapids, dashing against the rocks, it moves on in a narrow passage filled with rapids and eddies, among volcanic rocks called the La Dalles, four miles; and then spreads out into a gentle broad channel. At the falls and the La Dalles below, there are several carrying places, where boats and canoes as well as baggage have to be transported. The geological formation along this distance is singular. With the exception of a few high hills and bluffs, the shore and lands around are but little above the river in the freshest rise; and yet the channel of the river is through the hardest basalt and amygdaloid. Has this channel been worn by the water in this solid rock formation? If so, at what time? There is no appearance of the channel having worn perceptibly deeper, since these rocks, from their melted state, assumed their present condition, which must have taken place many centuries ago. As I have no confidence in theories founded upon conjecture, nor in Indian traditions, I leave it for others to discover how these things took place. At all events, the falls and La Dalles furnish a situation for water-power equal to any in any part of the world. Here, also, is one of the best locations for salmon-fishing, and where great number of Indians collect in the season of taking them, which commences at the end of April or beginning of May, and continues a few months. At the lower part of the La Dalles, I found Captain Wyeth, from Boston, with a small company of men, going up the river to Fort Hall. Captain Wyeth, who is an intelligent and sociable man, had the charge of the business of a company formed in Boston, for salmon-fishing on the Columbia, and for trade and trapping in the region of the mountains. The plan of the company was to send a ship annually around Cape Horn into Columbia River, to bring out goods for trade and to take home the salmon and furs which should be obtained through the year. It was expected that the profits on the salmon would defray all ordinary expenses, and that the proceeds of the furs would be clear, and yield a handsome income. But thus far the enterprise has been attended with many disasters, and the loss of many lives: several of the men were drowned, and some killed by Indians.

Here I dismissed my Walla-Walla Indians, and Tilki, the first chief of the La Dalles Indians, engaged to furnish me with a canoe and men to carry me to Fort Vancouver. Encamped with Captain Wyeth, and obtained from him a short vocabulary of the Chenook language, to enable me to do common business with the Indians residing along the lower part of this river.

Tuesday, 13th.—I left this encampment at nine o'clock in the forenoon, in a canoe with three men furnished by Tilki, and made good progress down the river, which flows in a wide and gentle current. Many parts of the way, the river is walled up with high and perpendicular basalt. At the La Dalles commences a wood country, which becomes more and more dense as we descend, and more broken with high hills and precipices. Noticed a remarkable phenomenon—trees standing in their natural position in the river, in many places where the water is twenty feet deep, or even

more, and rising to high or freshet water-mark, which is fifteen feet above the low water. Above the freshet rise, the tops of the trees are decayed and gone. I deferred forming an opinion in regard to the cause, until I should collect more data. About the middle of the day, a south wind began to blow, and continued to increase until it became necessary to go on shore and encamp, which we did about four in the afternoon.

On the 14th we did not make much progress, on account of wind and rain. Encamped in a cavern under a large projecting rock, the upper part of which was formed of basalt, the lower of pudding-stone. Although this encampment was at least six miles above the cascades, yet the roar of the water could be distinctly heard. The same phenomenon of trees standing in the channel of the river continued. I paid particular attention to the condition of the shores of the river and adjacent hills, to see if any evidence could be discovered of their having slid down from the hills by escarpment; but as their condition was the same where there were no hills near, I was led to conjecture that I should find at the cascades the river dammed up with volcanic productions, from the fact, that the river, the whole distance from the La Dalles, is wide and deep, and moves with a sluggish current.

On the 15th, the wind and rain continuing through the fore part of the day, we did not leave our encampment until noon, when we set forward, and arrived at the cascades at two o'clock. The submerged trees became still more numerous to-day, in many places standing in deep water, and we had to pick our way with our canoe in some parts, as through a forest. The water of this river is so clear, that I had an opportunity of examining their position down to their spreading roots, and found them in the same condition as when standing in their natural forest. As I approached the cascades, instead of finding an embankment formed from volcanic eruptions, the shores above the falls were low, and the velocity of the water began to accelerate two-thirds of a mile above the main rapid. It is evident that this tract of land has sunk considerably, for a space more than twenty miles in length and fully a mile in width. The trees standing in the water are found mostly towards the north shore; and yet, from the depth of the river, and its sluggish movement, I should conclude the subsidence had extended over the whole bed. The trees not being wholly decayed down to low water-mark, proves that the subsidence is comparatively of recent date; and their undisturbed natural position shows that it took place in a tranquil manner, not by any tremendous convulsion of nature. That forests have in this way been submerged, is well known. On the eastern coast of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, in England, about fifteen feet below water-mark, and extending eastward a considerable distance from the shore, stumps and roots, the remains of a submerged forest, are seen in their natural position. So manifest is the evidence of great changes having taken place by volcanic power in these regions west of the Rocky Mountains, both by upheaving and subsidence, that we are led to inquire whether there are not now such agents in operation, and upon such materials, that the valleys shall be literally exalted, and the mountains be made low, and waters spring up in the deserts.

The cascades, so called to distinguish them from the falls, do not differ very materially from them, except in the wild romantic scenery around. There is no perpendicular fall, but the water concentrates, from its wide-spread form, to a very narrow compass, and then rushes with great impetuosity down an almost perpendicular precipice, twenty or thirty feet, and continues in a foaming and whirling descent most of the way five miles farther, where it meets the tide waters from the Pacific Ocean. Above the falls in the river, there are many islands, none of which are very large; some are only volcanic rocks. About the cascades, and

many miles below, the country is very mountainous, especially on the south side. Their volcanic peaks are as diversified in their shapes as they are numerous, being conical, denticulated, and needle-pointed, rising from one to fifteen hundred feet. Imagination generally overdraws her pictures; but here there will be no danger, even if she should exert all her powers.

A little above the cascades, upon the north shore, there is a small village of Chenooks. These Indians are the only real Flatheads and Nez Percés, or pierced noses, I have found. The flattening of their heads is not so great a deformity as is generally supposed. From a little above the eyes to the apex or crown of the head, there is a depression, but not generally in adult persons very noticeable. The piercing of the nose is more of a deformity, and is done by inserting two small tapering white shells, about two inches long, somewhat in the shape of a thorn, through the lower part of the cartilaginous division of the nose. I called at this village to obtain men to carry our canoe by the portage of the cascades. They wished to engage in trade with me in several articles of small value, which I declined, informing them that my business was of a different nature. Whilst detained here, the daughter of the chief, fancifully decked out in ornaments, and in all the pride and haughtiness of savage beauty, walked to and fro, to exhibit to the best advantage her fine, erect, and stately person.

After considerable delay, I obtained four Indians to carry the canoe about one hundred rods past the principal rapids or falls, for which I gave each five charges of powder and balls; and an additional reward to one to carry a part of my baggage a mile and a half past the most dangerous rapids, to a basin just below another rapid, formed by large rocks confining the river to a very narrow passage, and through which it rushes with great impetuosity. My Indians ran the canoe over this rapid. I was much concerned for their safety; but they chose to do it. Two years before this time, the men of the Hudson's Bay Company cordelled several bateaux down this rapid—part of the men going in the boats, and part on the shore cordelling. The rope of one broke, and the bateau, in spite of the efforts of the men in it, was hurried into the surging and whirling waves among the rocks—overset, and all were lost.

I walked about four miles, until I had passed all the rapids of any special danger. About three-fourths of a mile below the uppermost cascade, following an Indian path, I came to a pleasant rising ground, upon which were several houses of a forsaken village, which were both larger and more commodious than any I had seen in any Indian country. They were about sixty feet long and thirty-five wide, the framework very well constructed, and covered with split planks and cedar bark. A little behind these houses, there is a small lake, in which a number of wild-ducks were sporting about. As I continued down the Indian path, at no great distance from the village, I came to several depositories of their dead. They were built of planks split from balsam fir and cedar, about eight feet long, six wide, and five high, and well covered. At one end is what may be called a door, upon which are paintings of various devices, which do not appear to be designed for any other purpose than that of ornament. Some had painting upon the sides as well as upon the doors. I had with me two Indians, who paid no particular attention to them, more than we should in passing a burying-ground. They pointed me to them, and made a short, solemn pause, without any actions which would indicate their paying homage to the pictures or any other object. The number of these depositories I did not ascertain, as many of them were so far decayed as hardly to be distinguishable; but of those in good condition there were eight or ten. Below this we passed several smaller houses than those above; the floors sunk about four feet below the level of the ground, and the walls rising only about three feet above

it. It would seem that these were designed for winter habitations, but at this time their occupants were absent. At the distance of four miles below the main cataract, the country on the north side spreads out into a level plain, which near the river is a prairie, a little distance back covered with dense forests; while on the south side of the river it is very mountainous.

Towards the lower part of Brant Island I re-embarked, and we proceeded a few miles farther and encamped below Pillar Rock, over against a picturesque cascade which descends the mountains from the south. Pillar Rock is of basaltic formation, situated on the north side of the river, a few rods from the shore, on a narrow strip of rich bottom-land, wholly isolated, rising 500 feet perpendicular on the river side, and on the others nearly as much. Upon all, except the river side, there are some very narrow offsets, upon which grow some cedars, and also a very few upon the highest point. The base, in comparison with the height, is very small, giving the whole the appearance of an enormous pillar.

The cascade upon the south side of the river is a striking object. According to the best calculation I could make, its whole descent is not less than a thousand feet. There are several narrow jutting points, from which the water descends in a white foaming sheet, at an angle of sixty or eighty degrees, presenting the appearance of a white stripe laid upon the side of the mountains. In two places there are perpendicular falls; the last and lowest is probably not less than two hundred feet; and before the stream reaches the bottom, it is so dissipated into spray, that it disappears, until again collected at the foot of the mountain, whence it winds its way a short distance into the Columbia.

On the morning of the 16th I arose before day, called my Indians, and as soon as any light appeared we again launched out into the broad river in our frail canoe. For about ten miles the surrounding country was mountainous, forming bold shores; after which the mountains recede, and the river spreads out in some places from one to three miles wide, and an extensive region around presents the appearance of a rich soil well adapted to agriculture. There are some fine prairies, but by far the greater part is thickly wooded. In this part of the river there are many fertile islands, some of which are large; the current moves on gently, and the whole scenery around is fascinating. As I descended towards the great Pacific Ocean, water-fowl, such as geese, swans, and a great variety of ducks, began to abound; also every now and then seals made their appearance, so that I became cheered with the increasing exhibitions of animated nature, greater than I had witnessed since leaving the buffalo country. Unexpectedly, about the middle of the day, on the north shore, in a thick grove of large firs, I saw two white men, with a yoke of oxen drawing logs for sawing. I hailed them, and inquired of them the distance to Fort Vancouver. They replied "Only seven miles around yonder point, down that prairie." We soon came to a large saw-mill, around which were huge piles of lumber and several cottages. This looked like business upon a much greater scale than I had expected. I stopped a short time at this establishment, where I found several Scotch labourers belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, with their Indian families. Although it was then about noon, they offered me a breakfast of peas and fish, taking it for granted that men who travel these western regions eat only when they can get an opportunity. At two in the afternoon we arrived at Fort Vancouver. Dr J. McLaughlin, a chief factor and superintendent of this fort, and of the business of the company west of the Rocky Mountains, received me with many expressions of kindness, and invited me to make his residence my home for the winter, and as long as it would suit my convenience. Never could such an invitation be more thankfully accepted.

It was now seven months and two days since I left my home, and during that time, excepting a few delays, I had been constantly journeying, and the fifty-six last days with Indians only. I felt that I had great reason for gratitude to God for his merciful providences towards me, in defending and so providing for me, that I had not actually suffered a single day for the want of food. For months I had no bread and scarcely any vegetables, and I often felt that a change and a variety would have been agreeable; but in no case did I suffer, nor in any case was I brought to the necessity of eating dogs' or horse flesh. In every exigency God provided something wholesome and palatable.

FORT VANCOUVER.—DEPARTURE FOR ASTORIA OR FORT GEORGE.

FORT VANCOUVER is situated on the north side of the Columbia River, about sixty rods from the shore, upon a prairie of some few hundred acres, surrounded with dense woods. The country around for a great distance is generally level and of good soil, covered with heavy forests, excepting some prairies interspersed, and presents a pleasing aspect. It is in north latitude 45 degrees 37 minutes, and longitude 122 degrees 50 minutes, west from Greenwich—one hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean. The enclosure is strongly stockaded, thirty-seven rods long and eighteen rods wide, facing the south. There are about one hundred white persons belonging to this establishment, and an Indian population of three hundred, in a small compass contiguous. There are eight substantial buildings within the enclosure, and a great number of small ones without, making quite a village in appearance.

October 17th.—After one night's rest in this fort, I left for Fort George, situated ninety-one miles below this, near the confluence of the Columbia with the Pacific, well known in the United States by the name of Astoria. I took this early departure that I might visit the lower part of the river and the sea-coast, and return before the rainy season should commence; and also to avail myself of a passage in the *May Dacre* of Boston, Captain Lambert, a brig belonging to Captain Wyeth and Company, which was lying twenty-five miles below, at the lowest mouth of the Multnomah. Mr J. K. Townsend, an ornithologist from Philadelphia, accompanied me to the brig. Our canoe was large, and propelled by Sandwich islanders, of whom there are many in this country, who have come here as sailors and labourers. Five miles below the fort we passed the main branch of the Multnomah River. It is a large river coming from the south, and is divided by islands into four branches at its confluence with the Columbia. Here commences the Wappatoo Island, so called from a nutritive root found in the small lakes in the interior, which is much sought for by Indians as an article of food. This island is about eighteen miles long and five miles wide, formed by a part of the Multnomah, branching off about six miles up the main river, running in a westerly and north-westerly direction, and again uniting with the Columbia eighteen miles below the main branch. The branch which flows round and forms the island is about fifteen rods wide, and of sufficient depth for small shipping most of the year. It was upon this island the Multnomah Indians formerly resided, but they have now become extinct as a tribe. The land is very fertile, and most of it sufficiently high to be free from injury by the June freshet. Some parts of it are prairie, but the greater part is well wooded with oak, ash, balsam fir, and the species of poplar often called balm of Gilead, and by most travellers, cotton-wood. At the south-west of this island there is a range of mountains which render a space of country broken; but beyond these, it is said by hunters that there is an extensive valley well adapted for agriculture.

We arrived at the landing-place of the *May Dacre*

at five o'clock in the afternoon, and were politely received on board by Captain Lambert. The brig was moored alongside a natural wharf of basalt.

Sabbath, October 18th.—Part of the day I retired to a small prairie back from the river, to be free from the noise of labour in which the men were engaged in preparing for their voyage; and part of it I passed in the state-room which was assigned me. There is much reason to lament the entire disregard manifested by many towards God's holy sabbath. His justice will not always be deferred. Those who will not submit to divine authority must reap the fruit of their disobedience. None can slight and abuse the mercy of God with impunity.

Monday, 19th.—The brig fell down the river with the tide about three miles, but anchored from the want of wind. In the afternoon I went on shore for exercise, taking with me a *kanaka*, that is, a Sandwich islander, for assistance in any danger. I made a long excursion through woods and over prairies, and found the country pleasant and fertile. The grass on the prairies was green, and might furnish subsistence for herds of cattle. When will this wide-spreading and fertile country be brought under cultivation and be filled with an industrious population? From time immemorial the natives have not stretched forth a hand to till the ground, nor made an effort to raise a single article of produce more than what springs up spontaneously; nor will they, until their minds are enlightened by divine truth. It is unlikely that any philanthropist, not under the influence of Christian principles, will ever engage in the self-denying work of enlightening their minds and arousing them from their indolence. As on our frontiers, so on these western shores, the work of destruction, introduced by those who should be the friends of the Indian, is rapidly going forward. The Indians in this lower country, that is, below the cascades, are only the remnants of once numerous and powerful nations.

The evening was clear and pleasant, which gave us an opportunity of observing the comet which was discovered by Halley in the year 1682, and which was seen again in 1759, and now in 1835, proving its time of revolution to be about seventy-six and a half years. Its train of light was very perceptible, and about twelve degrees in length.

We had a favourable wind on the 20th, which, with the current of the river, enabled us to make rapid progress on our way. Among the many islands with which the lower part of this river abounds, Deer Island, thirty-three miles below Fort Vancouver, is worthy of notice. It is large, and while it is sufficiently wooded along the shores, the interior is chiefly a prairie, covered with an exuberant growth of grass and vines of different kinds, excepting the grape, of which there is none of natural growth west of the Rocky Mountains. In the interior of the island there are several small lakes, which are the resort of swans, geese, and ducks. This island was formerly the residence of many Indians, but they are gone, and nothing is to be seen except the remains of a large village.

Among some interesting islands of basalt, there is one called Coffin Rock, twenty-three miles below Deer Island, situated in the middle of the river, rising ten or fifteen feet above high freshet water-mark. It is almost entirely covered with canoes in which the dead are deposited, which circumstance gives it its name. In the section of country from Wappatoo Island to the Pacific Ocean, the Indians, instead of committing their dead to the earth, deposit them in canoes; and these are placed in such situations as are most secure from beasts of prey—upon such precipices as this island, upon branches of trees, or upon scaffolds made for the purpose. The bodies of the dead are covered with mats, and split planks are placed over them. The head of the canoe is a little raised, and at the foot there is a hole made for water to escape.

A few miles below Coffin Island, the Cowalitz, a

river of considerable magnitude, coming from the north-east, flows into the Columbia, which is about thirty rods wide, deep, and navigable for boats a very considerable distance. The country up this river is said to equal in richness of soil any part of the Oregon territory, and to be so diversified with woods and prairies that the farmer could at once reap the fruits of his labour.

Anchored for the night, on account of numerous sand-bars and the windings of the navigable channel. The evening was cloudy, and there was the appearance of a gathering storm; but we were so surrounded with high hills that the situation was considered safe.

The wind on the 21st was light, which rendered our progress slow. This section of the country is mountainous, the ranges running from the south-east to the north-west, and covered with a very dense and heavy growth of wood, mostly fir and oak. A chief of the Skilloots, with a few of his people, came on board. He was very talkative and sportive. When he was about to leave, he told Captain Lambert, that, as they had been good friends, and were now about to separate, he wished for a present. The captain told his steward to give him a shirt. The chief took it and put it on, and then said, "How much better would a new pair of pantaloons look with this shirt." Captain Lambert ordered him the article asked for. "Now," said the chief, "a vest would become me, and increase my influence with my people." This was also given. Then he added, "Well, *Tie** I suppose we shall not see each other again; can you see me go away without a clean blanket, which would make me a full dress?" The captain answered, "Go about your business, for there is no end to your asking, so long as I continue to give." Then the chief brought forward his little son, and said, "He is a good boy, will you not make him a present?" Captain Lambert gave him a few small articles, and they went away, rejoicing more over the presents which they received than sorrowing for the departure of the *May Dacre*. We passed to-day Pillar Rock, which stands isolated more than half a mile from the north shore, composed of basalt, and is about forty feet high and fifteen in diameter. We anchored a few miles below.

On the morning of the 22d, we waited for a favourable tide until nine o'clock, when we got under way with a brisk wind from the east. Here the river begins to spread out into a bay; but, owing to many shoals, the navigation is difficult. On one of these we ran aground, but the tide set us afloat again, and soon the great Pacific Ocean opened to our view. This boundary of the far west was to me an object of great interest; and when I looked upon the dark rolling waves, and reflected upon the vast expanse of five thousand miles, without an intervening island until you arrive at the Japan coast, it seemed as though I were gazing on infinity, so much is contemplation lost in this wide extent of ocean.

As we proceeded on our way, we left Gray's Bay on the right, extending inland to the north some few miles, in which, when on a voyage of discovery, the ship Columbia anchored, and from whose commander the bay took its name. Nearly opposite we passed Tongue Point, which extends nearly two miles into the bay or river, from the south. It is considerably elevated, rocky, and covered with woods. Soon after this, Astoria was announced. My curiosity was excited. I looked, but could not discover what to all on board was so plainly seen: I blamed my powers of vision, and reluctantly asked the captain, "Where is Astoria?" "Why," he replied, "right down there—that is Astoria." I said within myself, "Is that the far-famed New York of the west? *Sic transit gloria mundi!*" [Such is the transitory glory of the world.]

* Chief, or gentleman.

**FORT GEORGE.—MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA.—
PACIFIC OCEAN.**

When we arrived in the small bay upon which Fort George (Astoria) is situated, Captain Lambert manned a boat to take me on shore, in which he also embarked to pay his respects to the governor, who had the politeness to meet us at the landing, and invited us, with hearty welcome, to his dwelling. After having interchanged the customary salutations and made a short stay, the captain re-embarked and made his way for Cape Disappointment; and the wind and tide being favourable, without any delay he passed the dangerous bar, and shaped his course for Boston. Fort George is situated on the south side of the bay, ten miles from Cape Disappointment. It consists of only two small buildings made of hewn logs; and possesses about two acres of cleared land, a part of which is planted with potatoes and garden vegetables. It is occupied by two white men of the Hudson's Bay Company, for the purpose of trading with the few remaining Indians who reside along these shores. Though this is the present condition of Astoria, yet the time must come, when at the mouth of this noble river there will be a busy commercial city, especially as this bay affords the only good harbour for a long distance on this coast. I should think the north side of the bay, a little above the cape, adjoining what is called Baker's Bay, would be the most desirable location for a town of this description, as that is the safest place for ships to ride at anchor; and the country is there more open and better adapted for the purpose. On the south side, where Astoria was located, the mountains or high hills come down very near the shore, and are rocky and precipitous, preventing a southern prospect; and in the short winter days of a north latitude of 46 degrees 17 minutes, they almost exclude the sun.

A difficulty of such a nature as is not easily overcome, exists in regard to the navigation of this river, namely, the sand-bar at its entrance. The bar is about five miles across, from Cape Disappointment out to sea. In no part of that distance does the water exceed eight fathoms in depth; in one place it is only five, and the channel is not more than half a mile wide. A heavy swell sets in constantly from the ocean, and when the wind is above a gentle breeze, there are breakers quite across the bar, so that there is no passing it except when the wind and tide are both favourable. Without the bar there is no anchorage, and there have been instances in the winter season, of ships lying off and on thirty days, waiting for an opportunity to pass; and a good pilot is always needed. Perhaps there have been more lives lost here, in proportion to the number of vessels which have entered this river, than in entering almost any other harbour in the world. But these calamities have been less frequent for some years past than formerly; and should a steam-boat be stationed at the cape, when business shall be sufficiently multiplied to warrant the expense, to tow vessels over, the delays and dangers would be greatly diminished.

The main bay is four miles wide at the mouth of the river, between Cape Disappointment and Point Adams. It extends sixteen miles up the river, is nine miles wide between Chenook Bay on the north and Young's Bay on the south, and seven wide between Fort George and Chenook Point. It abounds with sand-bars, and one, which is called Sand Island, a little within the capes, seen only when the tide is low, is dangerous to ships when not in the charge of skilful pilots.

The section of country about the sea-coast is very rough and mountainous, and covered with the most heavy and dense forest of any part of America of which I have any knowledge. The trees are almost all of the pine genus, but I saw none of the species commonly called pine any where below the cascades.

The balsam-firs, of which there are three species, are by far the most numerous of the forest trees. White cedar, spruce, hemlock, and yew, are interspersed. Three species of oak, of which the white is the most common, are scattered in small clumps; and in some low bottom-lands, the species of poplar commonly called the balm of Gilead, and by some, bitter cottonwood, is most general. The balsam-fir grows very large—not unfrequently four and six feet in diameter, and two hundred feet high. I measured one which was eight feet in diameter, and about two hundred and fifty feet high; but as I do not here intend to enter upon the dendrology of this country, I leave this subject for the present.

There are some tracts of good land, which might easily be brought under cultivation, in different parts of this mountainous and iron-bound coast. One about Young's Bay, extending down to and around Point Adams, would be a favourable location for a missionary station, as from thence access could be had to the Clatsop and Killamook Indians, who are said to be numerous.

At this season of the year, few Indians reside in the vicinity of this trading post. They find it more conducive to their comfort to retire into the forests during the rainy season of the winter, locating themselves upon small prairies along rivers and streams, where fuel is easily obtained, and where some game is found to add to their winter stock of provisions.

During my continuance in this place, it was my intention to cross the bay to Chenook Point, and proceed from thence down to Cape Disappointment, which it is said affords a very extensive and interesting prospect. But from day to day it rained, with high winds, which created such a sea in the whole bay, that it was not safe to attempt the passage.

On the 24th the wind was high, and the weather very uncomfortable; and in the afternoon the storm increased, accompanied with snow, which, however, melted as soon as it fell. The sea-fowl appeared to be alarmed by the severity of so early and unexpected a storm of snow, and came in from the ocean in great numbers, flying and screaming, as if in search of a safe retreat.

The storm being somewhat moderated on the 26th, Mr Dunn, the superintendent of the fort, and myself, for exercise, took our rifles to go back into the woods to hunt deer. But so dense was the forest, so filled and interwoven with various vines and shrubbery, that it was next to impossible to make any progress. In fact, we had not advanced above a mile, before we gave up the object and turned our course back, which, notwithstanding diligent efforts, occupied some hours. If a luxuriant growth of trees and shrubbery is indicative of a rich soil, then no part of the world can surpass the country about these shores.

The morning of the 27th was pleasant and inviting for a water excursion; but, on account of the sudden changes of weather which are common at this season of the year, I did not think it safe to cross the wide bay, but took four Chenook Indians, and a half-breed named Thomas Fish Kiplin, who could speak English, and went in a large canoe down to Clatsop and Point Adams, nine miles from the fort. There was a gentle wind from the east, which enabled us to hoist a small sail; and we swept along pleasantly, at the rate of eight miles an hour. By this time the waves had so increased, and the white caps were so numerous, that to one not acquainted with nautical adventures, the danger in a canoe appeared considerable. We could do nothing except to run before the wind; and when we were upon one wave, it seemed the next plunge would swallow us up. Fears were of no use in this situation, and I therefore kept up such conversation as was calculated to suppress any which might arise in the minds of the men. It was interesting to see how the Indians would take the waves with their paddles, so as to favour the safety of the canoe. But our rapid

progress soon brought us to the shore near Point Adams. Here a new difficulty, and unexpected to me, arose, which was, how we should land in the high surf; but my skilful mariners watched an opportunity to shoot the canoe forward as far as possible on a flowing wave, and as soon as it broke, they leaped into the water, seized the canoe, carried it quickly over the returning surge, and drew it up beyond the reach of the waves. This management was an ocular demonstration of the skill of Indians on dangerous seas. I took Kiplin with me, and walked several miles on the hard and smooth sandy beach, so far around to the south, that I had a view of the coast north and south, as far as the eye could reach. High, and in most parts perpendicular, basaltic rocks lined the shores. Who but that Being who sets bounds to the sea, and has said to the proud waves, Hitherto shall ye come and no farther, reared these volcanic walls? This vast expanse of ocean and these stupendous works of God naturally fill the mind with awe.

In returning, I walked several miles farther than the place where we landed, along the shores towards Young's Bay, and went on board the brig *Lama*, Captain M'Neil, which was on its way up to the fort. In my excursion about Clatsop and Point Adams, I saw several canoes containing the dead, deposited as I have already described.

I have mentioned Sand Island and the bar at the mouth of the Columbia as dangerous to those who are not well acquainted with the entrance into this river. In the year 1828, the ship *William and Ann* was cast away a little within the bar. All on board, twenty-six in number, were lost; and it could not be ascertained what were the circumstances of the lamentable catastrophe, as no one was left to tell the story. It was generally supposed, that, after the ship ran aground, the Indians, for the sake of plunder, had killed the crew. This is only conjecture; but it is certainly strange, as they were not far from the shore, and the beach was sandy, that none escaped. The Indians carried off and secreted whatever of the goods they could find. The gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company sent to the chiefs to deliver up what they had taken away. They sent Dr M'Laughlin, at Fort Vancouver, two small articles of no value. Dr M'Laughlin, with an armed force, went down to the *Chenooks*, and demanded a surrender of the goods. The chief with his warriors put himself in the attitude of resistance, and fired upon the men of the Hudson's Bay Company. They returned the fire with a swivel, not to injure them, but to let them know with what force they had to contend if they persisted in their resistance. On this the Indians all fled into the woods. The doctor landed with his men and searched for the goods, many of which they found. Whilst they were searching, the chief was seen skulking and drawing near: he cocked his gun, but before he had time to fire one of the white men shot him down. None besides were hurt. This was done, as the people of the Hudson's Bay Company say, not so much for the sake of recovering the property, as to teach the Indians not to expect profit from such disasters, and to take away temptation to murder white men for the sake of plunder.

On the 23d of May 1830, the ship *Isabella* was cast away upon a sand-bar projecting from Sand Island, which is a little within the capes. As soon as she struck, the men all deserted her, and without stopping at Fort George, made their way to Fort Vancouver. It is thought that, if they had remained on board and waited the tide, she might have been saved. The cargo was mostly saved.

In 1811, the *Tonquin*, sent out from New York by Mr Astor to form a fur trading establishment at or near the mouth of this river, lost eight men in crossing the bar. The calamity resulted from Captain Thorn's ignorance of the dangers of the navigation, and his great want of prudence.

About thirty miles south of this river there are the

remains of a ship sunk not far from the shore. It is not known by whom she was owned, nor from what part of the world she came, nor when cast away. The Indians frequently get bees-wax from her. It is not improbable that she was from some part of Asia.

A Japanese junk was cast away fifteen miles south of Cape Flattery in March 1833. Out of seventeen men, only three were saved. In the following May, Captain M'Neil of the *Lama* brought the three survivors to Fort Vancouver, where they were kindly treated by the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company; and in the following October they were sent in one of their ships to England, to be forwarded to their own country and home. This junk was laden with rich China ware, cotton cloths, and rice. In the same year, eleven Japanese, in distress, were drifted in a junk to Oahu, Sandwich Islands. It is not very uncommon for junks and other craft to be found by whale-ships in the great Pacific Ocean, their crews in a state of starvation, without the nautical instruments and skill necessary to enable them to find their way to any port of safety. Undoubtedly, many are entirely lost, while others drift to unknown shores.

May not the above facts throw light upon the original peopling of America, which has engaged the attention of men for a long period. While one man demonstrates to his own satisfaction that the first inhabitants of this continent must have crossed from the north-east of Asia, because of the resemblance of the people to each other, and the ease with which the strait is passed in canoes—another, with no less certainty, proves, from the diversity of languages, from the impossibility of tracing their origin, and from other reasons, that an equinoctial union of Africa and America must have existed in some age of the world since the universal deluge, and that some violent convulsion of nature has since dissevered them. Others would confine them to the descendants of the Jews, and industriously trace in their customs the ancient worship and rites of God's peculiar people. But on this point, their own traditions and the histories of more civilised nations are alike silent. Physical causes alone are sufficiently adequate to account for the many features of resemblance which they possess, even though they might at various and distant periods of time have been drifted, or in any other manner found their way from different and remote countries.

About this time of the year, water-fowl of various genera and species begin to visit the bays and lagoons, and as the season advances, they gradually proceed into the interior of the country, and the rivers and lakes abound with them. Geese, swans, ducks, and gulls, wing their way over us, and their screams, particularly those of the swans, are at times almost deafening. The swan is not the one common in the United States. It is the *Bewick's* swan; but is characterised by the same unsullied plumage, its attitudes and motions, while sailing over its liquid element, are equally graceful, and its voice even louder and more sonorous. Of the geese there are four kinds—the white, the white-fronted, the Canada, and *Hutchin's*. Of the ducks, there are the black or surf duck, the canvass-back, the blue-bill, the long-tailed, the harlequin, the pin-tail, and the golden-eyed. The numbers of these water-fowl are immense. They constitute a large item of Indian living and trade, and find a conspicuous place upon the tables of the gentlemen engaged in the fur business.

Wednesday, October 28th.—Captain M'Neil of the *Lama*, which vessel has been on a northern voyage to Queen Charlotte's Island, having occasion to send a canoe with an express to Fort Vancouver, I embraced the opportunity of returning. The canoe was large, carrying about fifteen hundredweight, including men and baggage, and manned by three white men and three Indians. The day was pleasant, more so than any we had had for some time past, which was a favourable circumstance for passing through the bay

and around Tongue Point, where the current was so strong, that it required the full exertions of the men to double it. Ten miles farther we passed Pillar Rock a few miles above which we encamped, on the north shore, where the mountains came down so close to the water, that there was hardly found room to pitch my tent above high tide mark. The men made a comfortable fire, and proceeded to prepare supper, which was eaten with a keener relish than many a one amidst all the appliances of wealth and luxury.

On the 29th, arose before day, and by diligently pursuing our way until eight in the evening, we made forty-five miles, which was a great day's work in going up the river against the current, which is strong when the tide is setting out. I noticed on my return a singular rocky point on the north shore, a short distance below the Cowalitz, rising nearly perpendicular to the height of one hundred feet, separated from the adjacent high hills, and very much in the form of Coffin Rock. It was covered with canoes containing the dead. These depositories are held in great veneration by the Indians. They are not chosen for convenience, but for security against ravenous beasts; and are often examined by the friends of the deceased, to see if the bones of their dead repose in undisturbed quiet. And such is their watchful care, that the anatomist could rarely make depredations without detection, or with impunity. Now, if they have such regard for their dead, are they without affection for their living relatives? Are they "callous to all the passions but rage?" Are they "steeled against sympathy and feeling?" And have they no happiness except what "exists in the visionary dreaming of those who never contemplated their actual condition?" Have those, who charge upon the Indian character "sullen gloom, want of curiosity and surprise at what is new or striking," had extensive personal acquaintance with many different Indian nations and tribes; and have they gained their familiar friendship and confidence? I am firm in the belief, that the character of unabused and uncontaminated Indians will not lose in comparison with that of any nation whatever; and that the only material difference between man and man, is produced by the imbibed principles of the Christian religion.

Wishing to avail ourselves of calm weather and a favourable moon, we kept on our way in the evening until thickening clouds and descending rain admonished us of the necessity of finding an encamping place; and while doing this, we ran upon a log, which had very nearly upset us in the deep water. But by two men getting out upon the log and lifting the canoe, with much exertion we got off safely. After passing round a point, we saw a light on the north shore, to which we directed our course, and landed, where we found a small company of Indians encamped under a large projecting rock, giving shelter from the storm. They kindly shared their accommodations with us, and my tent was pitched under the concavity of the rocks; and mats, skins, and blankets, made me a comfortable bed upon small stones. A good fire and refreshing supper effaced all recollection of the labours of the day.

Arose on the 30th before day, and although the rain fell heavily, yet the river was sufficiently tranquil for the prosecution of our voyage. I so managed my mats and skins as to shield myself and baggage from the rain; but the men whose business it was to propel the canoe were of course exposed to its violence. After some hours' incessant labour, we arrived at the place where the May Dacre had made her harbour, near where the southern branch of the Willamette discharges its waters into the Columbia. The canoe was brought into a small bay indented in the basaltic rocks, and drawn so far upon the shore, that it was thought safe without any other security; and all hastened to kindle a fire in a thatched building, which had been constructed by some Kanakas for the accommodation of the May Dacre. This shelter was very

desirable, to protect us from the storm and to give the men an opportunity to dry their clothes. Whilst we were preparing and eating our breakfast, the flowing tide, which elevates and slackens the current, but does not stop it, floated our canoe from its moorings, and drifted it a considerable distance down the river. Some Indians whose residence was far up the Cowalitz, and who were descending the river in their canoes, having observed what had happened, returned with it before we knew it was gone. This act of kindness tended much to increase my confidence in their integrity, and was of too much importance to go unrewarded. The canoe contained valuable baggage, and we should have been left without any means of going on our way. We could not have crossed the Willamette nor Columbia River; and, besides, the wood and undergrowth are next to impassable. Before the middle of the day the rain ceased, and the remainder of our voyage to Fort Vancouver was pleasant, at which place we arrived before evening. We had been less than three days in accomplishing the passage from the one fort to the other, and these were the only three calm days for a long time before and after.

REVIEW OF JOURNEY.—VOYAGE UP THE WILLAMETTE.—METHODIST MISSION.—RETURN.

HERE, by the kind invitation of Dr McLaughlin, and welcomed by the other gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, I have taken up my residence for the winter, intending to make such excursions as the season may admit and the object of my tour demand. As this is the principal trading post of the company west of the Rocky Mountains, it may be expected that many Indians from different parts of the country, for a considerable distance around, will be seen here during the winter, and more information obtained of their character and condition than could be in any other course I could pursue. Here, also, traders from different stations west of the mountains will come in for fresh supplies, of whose personal acquaintance with Indians I may avail myself.

Sabbath, November 1st.—By invitation, I preached to a congregation of those belonging to this establishment who understand English. Many of the labourers are French Canadians, who are Roman Catholics, and do not understand English.

This trading post presents an important field of labour; for if a Christian influence can be exerted here, it may be of incalculable benefit to the surrounding Indian population. Let a branch of Christ's kingdom be established here, with its concomitant expansive benevolence exerted and diffused, and this place would become a centre from which divine light would shine out and illumine this region of darkness. This is an object of so much importance, that all my powers, and energies, and time, must be employed for its accomplishment; so that I do not feel that I have a winter of idleness to me.

Monday, 2d.—In taking a review of my journeyings since I left my home, I can say that, though long in time and distance, yet they have been pleasant and full of interest. So diversified has been the country through which I have passed, so varied the incidents, and so few the real hardships, that the time and distance have both appeared short. Although this mission was thought by the secretaries of the board to be one which would probably be attended with as great if not greater dangers and privations than any which they have sent into any part of the world, yet my sufferings have been so trifling, and my mercies so great, that I can say, if this is taking up the cross, let none be dismayed; for surely Christ's yoke is easy and his burden light. I had thought much on the prospect of having an opportunity to see whether I could "rejoice in sufferings" for the heathen, "and fill up that which behind of the afflictions of Christ, in my flesh, for

his body's sake which is the church;" but the protecting providence of God was so conspicuous, and his mercies so constant, that the opportunity did not appear to be presented. As to want, I experienced only enough to teach me more sensibly the meaning of the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread;" and the truth was comforting, that "the Lord giveth to all their meat in due season." I can say "hitherto the Lord hath helped me." I do not know what awaits me, but I still trust that the same Providence which has hitherto protected me will carry me through, and return me in safety.

I am very agreeably situated in this place. Half of a new house is assigned me, well furnished, and all the attendance which I could wish, with access to a valuable library. I have ample opportunities of riding out for exercise, or to see the adjoining country; and in addition to all these advantages, and what is still more valuable, I enjoy the society of gentlemen, enlightened, polished, and sociable. These comforts were not anticipated, and are therefore the more grateful.

There is a school connected with this establishment for the benefit of the children of the traders and common labourers, some of whom are orphans whose parents were attached to the company; and also some Indian children, who are provided for by the generosity of the resident gentlemen. They are instructed in the common branches of an English education, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography; and, together with these, in religion and morality. The exercises of the school are closed with singing a hymn; after which they are taken by their teacher to a garden assigned them, in which they labour. Finding them deficient in sacred music, I undertook to instruct them in singing, in which they make good progress, and develop excellent voices. Among them there is one Indian boy, who has the most flexible and melodious voice I ever heard.

It is worthy of notice how little of the Indian complexion is seen in the half-breed children. Generally they have fair skin, often flaxen hair and blue eyes. The children of the school were punctual in their attendance on the three services of the sabbath, and formed our choir.

Monday, November 23d.—The weather being pleasant, though generally very rainy at this season of the year, and wishing to explore the country up the Willamette River, I embraced an opportunity of going with a Mr Lucier and family, who were returning in a canoe to their residence, about fifty miles up that river. Doctor McLaughlin furnished and sent on board a large stock of provisions, three or four times more than I should need, if nothing should occur to delay us, but which was a wise precaution. We left Fort Vancouver about one o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded five miles down the Columbia to the entrance of the Multnomah, and about fifteen up the Willamette, before we encamped. The name Multnomah is given to a small section of this river, from the name of a tribe of Indians who once resided about six miles on both sides, from its confluence with the Columbia to the branch which flows down the southern side of the Wappatoo island; above this section it is called the Willamette. The tides sets up this river about twenty miles, to within a few miles of the falls, and through this distance the river is wide and deep, affording good navigation for shipping.

The country about the Multnomah, and also some miles up the Willamette, is low, and much of it is overflowed in the June freshet; but as we ascend, the banks become higher, and are more generally covered with wood.

Mr Lucier told me he was well acquainted with the country around; that a little back from the banks of the river there are fine tracts of rich prairie, sufficiently interspersed with wood for all the purposes of fuel, fencing, and lumber. As we advanced, a chain of mountains, running from the south-east to the north-

west, and which crosses the Columbia River below Deer Island, runs some distance near and below the falls along the west shores of this river. There are probably as many Indians on this river as on any in the lower country, many of whom I had an opportunity of observing to-day in their busy pursuits, the strokes of their paddles every now and then breaking in upon the general silence. One company overtook us towards evening, and encamped with us upon the elevated shore on the east side of the river. Owing to the dampness of the day and previous rains, we had some difficulty in making a fire, but at length it was accomplished, and the wood was unsparingly applied. With my tent pitched before it, under the canopy of wide-branching trees, I partook of the stores of my large wicker basket with as much satisfaction as could be felt in any splendid mansion. The blaze of dry crackling fir threw brilliancy around, softened by the dark forest, like the light of the astral lamp; and the burning balsam perfumed the air. The latter part of the night I suffered more from the cold than at any time during my journeying, not having taken with me as many blankets as the season required.

The morning of the 24th was overcast with clouds, and rendered chilly by a mist settled near the surface of the river, and which, collecting in a beautiful frosting upon the surrounding trees, produced one of those picturesque scenes, which works of art may imitate but which are only seen perfect in nature. Soon after resuming the labour of the day, we passed several basaltic islands, some of them of sufficient magnitude to enclose a few acres, others only rocky points, between which the current was strong, requiring much effort to make headway. Part of the way from our last encampment to the falls, which was six miles, I walked along upon the pebbled shore, where I found tolerable specimens of calcedony, agate, jasper, and cornelian. Two miles below the falls there is a large stream which comes in from the south-east, called Pudding River. Its entrance makes a strong current, which we found difficult to stem; at first we were drifted back in spite of all our efforts, but on the second attempt we succeeded. We arrived at the falls of the Willamette at one o'clock in the afternoon, and hired eight Clough-e-wall-hah Indians to carry the canoe past the falls, the distance of half a mile, and proceeded about five miles farther and encamped. These falls, with the scenery around, have much to charm and interest. The river above spreads out into a wide, deep basin, and runs slowly and smoothly until within half a mile of the falls, when its velocity increases, its width diminishes, eddies are formed, in which the water turns back as if loath to make the plunge, but is forced forward by the water behind; and when still nearer, it breaks upon the volcanic rocks scattered across the channel, and then, as if resigned to its fate, smooths its agitated surges, and is precipitated down an almost perpendicular height of twenty-five feet, in the form of a whitened column. It was a delightful day, the rising mist formed in the rays of the sun a beautiful bow, and the grass about the falls, irrigated by the descending mist, was fresh and green. The rocks over which the water falls, and along the adjacent shores, are amygdaloid and basalt. The opportunities here for water-power are equal to any that can be named. There cannot be a better situation for a factory-village than on the east side of this river: a dry wide-spread level extends some distance, and the shores form natural wharfs for shipping. The whole country around, particularly the east side, is pleasant and fertile. And can the period be far distant when there will be here a busy population? I could hardly persuade myself that this river had for many thousand years poured its water constantly down these falls, without having facilitated the labour of man. Absorbed in these contemplations, I took out my watch to see if it was not the hour for the ringing of the bells. It was two o'clock, and all was still, except the roaring of the falling water. I called to remembrance,

that in the year 1809 I stood by the falls of the Genesee River, and all was still except the roar of the cataract. But it is not so now; for Rochester stands where I then stood!

Wednesday, 25th.—As soon as the day dawned, we went on board the canoe, and pursued our way up the river, which runs for thirty miles in an easterly direction; and at half-past one we arrived at M'Key's settlement. This and Jarvis's settlement, twelve miles above, contain about twenty families. The men are mostly Canadian Frenchmen, with Indian wives. There are a very few Americans. The Frenchmen were labourers belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, but have left that service, and having families, they have commenced farming in this fertile section of country, which is the best of the Oregon territory which I have as yet seen. It is well diversified with woods and prairies, the soil rich and sufficiently dry for cultivation, and at the same time well watered with small streams and springs. These hunters, recently become farmers, cultivate the most common useful productions, particularly wheat, to as great an extent as their wants require; and a grist-mill has just been finished. They have a common school in each settlement, taught by American young men, who seem zealous in the performance of their important task. The forest-trees are mostly oak and fir, the latter growing remarkably tall. The mistletoe is seen every where, attached to the trunk and large branches of the oak, its beautiful dark green foliage relieving the nakedness of the winter prospect.

On Thursday the 26th, I rode twelve miles to the upper settlement, and was delighted with the appearance of the country. For richness of soil and other local advantages, I do not know where to find a spot, even in the valley of the Mississippi, superior to this. I saw on the way a large number of horses, lately brought from California, fattening upon the green luxuriant grass of the prairies.

Near this upper settlement, a short distance up the river, the Methodist Church of the United States has established a mission among the Calapooah Indians, of whom there are but a few remaining. The Rev. Messrs Jason Lee and Daniel Lee are the ordained missionaries, and Mr Shepard is teacher. Their principal means of usefulness for the present, is by the school attached to the mission, at which fourteen Indian children are now maintained and educated, with the prospect of obtaining others as fast as they can be accommodated. Their facilities in this respect are great, as they can cultivate as much excellent land as they wish, and raise the necessaries of life in abundance, with little more labour than what the scholars can perform. The missionaries have an additional opportunity of usefulness, namely, in endeavouring to establish a Christian influence among the people of these infant settlements. Mr J. Lee preaches to them on the sabbath; and they have a very interesting sabbath school among the half-breed children. These children generally have fair complexions, active minds, and make a fine appearance. In all likelihood, this mission will lay a foundation for extensive usefulness. There is yet one important desideratum—these missionaries have no wives. Christian white women are very much needed, to exert an influence over Indian females. The female character must be elevated, for until this is done but little improvement can be expected; and females can have access to and influence over each other, in many departments of instruction, to much better advantage than men; while the model furnished by an intelligent and pious family circle, is that kind of practical instruction which, whether at home or abroad, never fails to recommend the gospel.

At the time of my continuance in this place, an epidemic of a somewhat singular character prevailed among the Indians, of which several persons died. The subjects of the complaint were attacked with a severe pain in the ear, almost instantaneously, which

soon spread through the whole head, accompanied with great heat in the part affected, while the pulse became feeble and intermittent. In a short time the extremities became cold, a general torpor spread through the whole system except the head; stupor succeeded, and in a short period the patient died. In some cases the attack was less sudden and severe; the patient lingered, and after some days convalesced, or continued to sink, until death put an end to his sufferings.

Friday, November 27th.—I rode out with Mr J. Lee several miles south, to see more of the country. The same rich black soil continued, furnishing nutritive grass in abundance; and also the same diversity of wood and prairie. This valley is generally about fifty miles wide east and west, and extends north and south to a great distance. Towards evening we attended the funeral of an Indian boy who had belonged to the school, and who died last night of the epidemic. Most of the children of the school and sabbath school attended, and conducted themselves with propriety.

On Saturday I returned to M'Key's settlement, to fulfil an appointment to preach to the inhabitants on the sabbath. I lodged with Mr Edwards, who is temporarily attached to the mission, and is now teaching the school in this settlement.

Almost the whole of the inhabitants of this settlement assembled on the sabbath, and made a very respectable congregation; but not more than half could understand English. After service I was called to see a Mr Carthre, who had been seized severely with the epidemic. I bled him, which gave him immediate relief, and applied a blister; and, as I afterwards learned, he recovered.

Early on Monday morning (the 30th), M'Key furnished me with two young Indians to take me in a canoe to the falls, where we arrived safely at three o'clock in the afternoon. Here I engaged two men belonging to a small village of Clough-e-wall-hah Indians, who have a permanent residence a little below the falls. Wanaxka, the chief, came up to the falls, where I was about to encamp alone for the night, and invited me to share the hospitality of his house. I hesitated what to do—not that I undervalued his kindness, but feared such annoyances as might prevent my rest. On the other hand, the night threatened to be cold and stormy, very little firewood was to be had; and, alone in my tent, I should be exposed to ravenous wild beasts—the latter consideration, however, I scarcely regarded. But believing it would please the chief should I accept his invitation, I went with him to his dwelling, which was a long permanent building on the west side of the river, upon an elevation of one hundred feet, and near which were several other buildings of about the same dimensions. Besides the family of the chief, there were two other families in the same building, in sections about twenty feet wide, separated from each other by mats hung up for partitions. These houses are built of logs split into thick planks. The Indians here do not sink any part of their buildings below the surface of the earth, as some of the Indians do about and below the cascades. The walls of the chief's house were about seven feet high, the roof more steeply elevated than is common in the United States, made of the same materials with the walls, only the planks are not so thick. They have only one door to the house, and this is in the centre of the front side. They have no chimneys to carry off the smoke, but a hole is left open above the fireplace, which is in the centre of each family's apartment. This answers very well in calm weather; but when there is much wind, the whole building becomes filled with smoke. The fireplace of the chief's apartment was sunk a foot below the surface of the earth, eight feet square, secured by a frame around, and mats were spread upon the floor for the family to sit upon. Their dormitories are on the sides of the apartment, raised four feet above

the floor, with moveable ladders for ascent; and under them they stow away their dried fish, roots, berries, and other effects. There was a great want of neatness within, and a still greater without. The Indians in the lower country, who follow fishing and fowling for a livelihood, are far from being so tasteful and cleanly in their habits as those in the upper country, who depend more upon the chase. The latter live in moveable lodges, and frequently change their habitations. But these Indians were equally kind and hospitable. They gave me most of one side of the fireplace, spread down clean new mats, replenished their fire, and were ready to perform any service I should wish. I let them fill and boil my tea-kettle, after which I spread out my stores, so bountifully provided by Dr McLaughlin, and performed my own cooking. During the evening, the chief manifested a disposition to be sociable, but we had, of course, to converse almost entirely by the language of signs. When the hour of rest arrived, I endeavoured to fortify myself against the numerous vermin which swarm in these Indian houses. I wrapped myself up as securely as I could in my tent cloth and blankets, and should have slept comfortably, had not my apprehensions been too fully realised.

As soon as daylight appeared, on December 1st, I left the hospitable habitation of Wanaxka, and with my two Indians proceeded down the Willamette about sixteen miles before we landed for breakfast. Since coming up the river, the number of swans and geese had greatly multiplied upon the waters and along the shores. Their cries, and especially those of the swans, echoed through the woods and prairies. Seals, also, are numerous in this river. It is very difficult to shoot them even with the best rifles, as they dive immediately on perceiving the flash. I had a fair opportunity to shoot one to-day; but with one splash he was out of sight, and did not again appear.

When I came to the north-western branch of the Multnomah, I proceeded down four miles to Fort William on the Wappatoo Island, an establishment which belongs to Captain Wyeth and Company. The location is pleasant, and the land around is of the first quality. Some months ago, a man named Thornburgh was killed here by another named Hubbard, both being from the United States. A quarrel arose between them about an Indian woman, whom Thornburgh was determined to take from Hubbard, even at the risk of his own life. He entered Hubbard's cabin in the night, armed with a loaded rifle. The latter, however, instantly shot him through the breast, and pushed him out at the door. Thornburgh fell, and expired almost immediately. A self-created jury of inquest sat upon the body of Thornburgh, and brought in a verdict that he had been killed by Hubbard in self-defence. The man Thornburgh had an insatiable appetite for ardent spirits. Mr Townsend, the ornithologist, whom I have before mentioned, told me he had encamped out for several days some miles from Fort William, in pursuit of his favourite study; and that, in addition to birds, he had collected rare specimens of reptiles, which were preserved in a keg of spirits. Several days after his encampment, he went to his keg to deposit another reptile, and found the spirits gone. Mr Townsend, knowing that Thornburgh had been several times loitering about, charged him with having drank off the spirits. He confessed it, and pleaded his thirst as an apology.

On Wednesday the 2d I returned to Fort Vancouver, much pleased with my excursion. The weather had been generally pleasant, free from winds and heavy storms. There are no high mountains, nor hills which would not be capable of cultivation; and when this valley shall be filled with inhabitants, and farms spread out in cultivation, it will be inferior to few parts of the world. I found the people of the fort in their usual active business pursuits, and I received a renewed cordial welcome.

OBSTACLES TO CHRISTIANITY.—DESCRIPTION OF VANCOUVER FUR AND FARMING ESTABLISHMENT.—HARDSHIPS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE.

SABBATH, 6th.—I attended three services, morning, afternoon, and evening, and expect to continue them during my residence in this place. Through the week there will be but few opportunities to do much for the spiritual benefit of the common labourers; for in this high northern latitude, the days in the winter are so short, that the men are called out to their labour before day, and continue it until near dark; and as their families do not understand English, I have no direct means of benefiting them.

There is another circumstance which operates against the prospects of benefiting many of the population here—the common practice of their living with their families without being married. They do not call the females with whom they live their wives, but their *women*. They know they are living in the constant violation of divine prohibition, and acknowledge it, by asking how they can with consistency attend to their salvation, while they are living in sin, and are not willing to break off their sins by righteousness? I urged the duty of entering into the marriage relation. They have two reasons for not doing so: one is, that if they may wish to return to their former homes and friends, they cannot take their families with them; the other is, that these Indian women do not understand the obligations of the marriage covenant, and if they, as husbands, should wish to fulfil their duties, yet their wives might, through caprice, leave them, and they should be bound by obligations which their wives would disregard.

There is no doubt but that this subject is attended with real difficulties; but are they insurmountable? Has God given a law, which, if obeyed, would not secure our greatest and best good? Is it preferable "to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," to denying ourselves to all ungodliness, and taking up the cross by which eternal salvation may be obtained? And what would the enjoyment the whole world can give profit a man if he should lose his soul? But I could not believe, that if these men should marry the women with whom they live, and do all they could to instruct them, and treat them with tenderness and respect, that there would be many cases of their leaving their husbands. And, whatever might be the results, they had better suffer wrong than do wrong. If the Holy Spirit should convince of sin, what would they not do to flee from the wrath to come! But their social comforts are so strongly bound with the cords of sin, that they feel, as they express themselves, that it is useless to make any efforts to obtain spiritual freedom until they shall be placed in different circumstances.

As much of my time through the week was occupied in study, and in digesting facts connected with the natural science of the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and the character and condition of the Indians who came under my observation at different times and places, and also that which I had obtained from persons whose testimony could be relied upon, I shall give them without particular dates.

I have already mentioned my agreeable disappointment in finding so many of the comforts of life at different trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company; I have also given a brief description of the local situation of Fort Vancouver. These were taken from such observations as I could make in a hasty view, as I was prosecuting my journey to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. This establishment was commenced in the year 1824. It being necessary that the gentlemen who are engaged in transacting the business of the company west of the mountains, and their labourers, should possess a better and less precarious supply of the necessities of life than what game would furnish, and the expense of transporting suitable supplies from England being too great, it was thought important to connect

the business of farming with that of fur, to an extent equal to their necessary demands; and as this fort is the central place of business to which shipping comes and from which they depart for different parts of the north-west coast, and to which and from which brigades of hunting parties come and go, the principal farming business was established here, and has made such progress, that provisions are now produced in great abundance. There are large fertile prairies which they occupy for tillage and pasture, and the forests yield an ample supply of wood for fencing and other purposes. In the year 1835, there were at this post 450 neat cattle, 100 horses, 200 sheep, 40 goats and 300 hogs. They had raised the same year 5000 bushels of wheat, of excellent quality; 1300 bushels of potatoes, 1000 of barley, 1000 of oats, 2000 of peas, and a great variety of garden vegetables. This estimate does not include the horses, horned cattle, grain, &c. raised at the other stations. But little, however, is done elsewhere, excepting at Colville, the uppermost post on the northern branch of the Columbia. The garden of this station contains about five acres, and is laid out with regularity and good taste. While a large part is appropriated to the common esculent vegetables, ornamental plants and flowers are not neglected. Fruit of various kinds, such as apples, peaches, grapes, and strawberries, considering the short time since they have been introduced, flourish and prove that the climate and soil are well adapted to the purposes of horticulture. Various tropical fruits, such as figs, oranges, and lemons, have also been introduced, and thrive as well as in the latitude of Philadelphia.

In connexion with their farming establishment, the company have a flour-mill worked by ox-power, which is kept in constant operation, and produces flour of an excellent quality; and a saw-mill with several saws which is kept in operation most of the year. This mill, though large, does not with its several saws furnish more lumber than a common mill would, with one saw, in the United States. There being no pine below the Cascades, and but very little within five hundred miles of the mouth of the Columbia River, the only timber sawn in this mill is fir and oak. Besides what lumber is used in the common business about this station, one and sometimes two ship-loads are sent annually to Oahu, Sandwich Islands, and is there called pine of the north-west coast. Boards of fir are not so durable, when exposed to the weather, as those of pine, nor so easily worked. One-half of the grain of each annual growth is very hard, and the other half soft and spongy, which easily absorbs moisture and causes speedy decay. There is a bakery here, in which two or three men are in constant employment, which furnishes bread for daily use in the fort, and also a large supply of sea-biscuit for the shipping and trading stations along the north-west coast. There are also shops for blacksmiths, joiners and carpenters, and a tinner.

Here is a well-regulated medical department, and an hospital for the accommodation of the sick labourers, into which Indians who are labouring under any difficult and dangerous diseases are received, and in most cases have gratuitous attendance.

Among the large buildings, there are four for the trading department: one for the Indian trade, in which are deposited their peltries; one for provisions; one for goods, opened for the current year's business, that is, to sell to their men and to send off to various fur stations; and another for storing goods in a year's advance. Not less than a ship-load of goods is brought from England annually, and always at least one in advance of their present use; so that, if any disaster should befall their ship on her passage, the business of the company would not have to be suspended. By this mode of management, there is rarely less than two ship-loads of goods on hand most of the time. The annual ship arrives in the spring, takes

a trip to Oahu during the summer, freighted with lumber, and bringing back to Fort Vancouver salt and other commodities, but generally not enough for ballast; and about the end of September, or early in October, she sails for England with the peltries obtained during the preceding year.

The fur business about the Rocky Mountains and the west, is becoming far less lucrative than formerly; for so extensively and constantly have every nook and corner been searched out, that beavers, and other valuable fur animals, are becoming very scarce. It is rational to conclude that it will not be many years before this business will not be worth pursuing in the prairie country south of the 50th degree of north latitude; but north of this, in the colder and more densely wooded regions, the business will not probably vary in any important degree.

Very few Americans who have engaged in the fur business beyond the Rocky Mountains have ever succeeded in making it profitable. Several companies have sustained great loss, generally owing to their ignorance of the country and the best mode of procedure. The Hudson's Bay Company have so systematised their operations, that no one can have the charge of any important transactions without having passed through several grades of less important business, which constitutes several years' apprenticeship. Their lowest order are what they call *servants* (common labourers). All above these are called *gentlemen*, but of different orders. The lowest class are clerks, then chief-clerks; next traders, and chief-traders; factors, and chief-factors; and the highest, governors. Of the last there are only two; one of whom resides in London, and is at the head of the whole business of the company, and the other in Montreal, Upper Canada. There are only two chief-factors west of the mountains, John McLaughlin, Esq., and Duncan Finlayson, Esq.; and with them are associated in business several chief-traders and traders, and chief-clerks and clerks. The salaries of the gentlemen are proportioned to the stations they occupy. By this mode of conducting business, no important enterprise is ever intrusted to an inexperienced person.

It is worthy of remark, that comparatively few of all those who engage in the fur business in these regions, ever return to their native land. Mr Pambrun of Fort Walla-Walla told me, that to keep up their number of trappers and hunters west of the mountains, they were under the necessity of sending out recruits annually, about one-third of the whole number. Captain Wyeth stated, that of more than two hundred who had been in his employment in the course of three years, only between thirty and forty were known to be alive. From this data it may be seen that the life of hunters in these far western regions averages about three years. And with these known facts, still hundreds and hundreds are willing to engage in the hunter's life, and expose themselves to hardships, famine, dangers, and death. It has been estimated, from sources of correct information, that there are nine thousand white men in the north and far west, engaged in the various departments of trading, trapping, and hunting; and this number includes Americans, Britons, Frenchmen, and Russians.

It is more than one hundred and fifty years since white men penetrated far into the forests, in their canoes freighted with goods, coasting the shores of the remote lakes, and following up the still more remote rivers, to traffic with the Indians for their furs, not regarding hunger, toils, and dangers. These enterprises have been extended and pursued with avidity, until every Indian nation and tribe has been visited by the trader. How powerful is that principle which thus draws thousands from their country, and their homes, and all the ties of kindred! Is the love of gain and hope of wealth the motive by which such courage and daring are roused, and these dangers justified? And shall Christianity be a less powerful

principle? Has it only furnished twenty or thirty missionaries, whose sole motive is to carry the gospel to the many thousands of Indians in the wide-extended country over which are ranging nine thousand traders, trappers, and hunters? This want of Christian enterprise, characterised by the late period in which it is begun, and carried forward with such slow and faltering steps, is not only to be lamented as a blot upon the Christian name, but incomparably more is it to be lamented, that in consequence, generation after generation of the heathen, to say nothing of the thousands who are trafficking among them, are left to perish in ignorance. When an adventurous man forms a plan for traffic in far distant wilds, in a short time a company is formed, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, and a hundred men are found willing to face hardships and dangers in prosecution of the enterprise. But when a Christian heart is stirred up to go and carry the gospel to some far distant Indian nation, he may plead earnestly for four men and two thousand dollars, and perhaps plead in vain! But it is said a great deal is now doing for the heathen world. How much? *As much as would give five ministers to the United States.* All that is doing for the conversion of the heathen is not more than what it would cost to build, and man, and defray the expenses, of one ship of war.

INDIAN POPULATION.—DISEASES.—MORTALITY.—RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN INDIAN AND JEWISH CUSTOMS.

I HAVE found the Indian population in the lower country, that is, below the falls of the Columbia, much less than I had expected, or than it was when Lewis and Clarke made their tour. Since the year 1829, probably seven-eighths, if not, as Doctor McLaughlin believes, nine-tenths, have been swept away by disease, principally by fever and ague. The malignancy of these diseases may have been increased by predisposing causes, such as intemperance, and the general spread of *venerea*, since their intercourse with sailors. But a more direct cause of the great mortality was their mode of treatment. In the burning stage of the fever, they plunged themselves into the river, and continued in the water until the heat was allayed: they rarely survived the cold stage which followed. So many and so sudden were the deaths which occurred, that the shores were strewn with the unburied dead. Large villages were wholly depopulated; and some entire tribes have disappeared, the few remaining persons, if there were any, uniting themselves with other tribes. This great mortality extended not only from the vicinity of the cascades to the shores of the Pacific, but far north and south—it is said as far south as California. The fever and ague were never known before the year 1829; and Doctor McLaughlin mentioned it as a singular circumstance, that this was the year in which fields were ploughed for the first time. He thought there must have been some connexion between breaking up the soil and the fever. I informed him that the same fever prevailed in the United States, about the same time, and in places which had not before been subject to the complaint. The mortality abated after one or two seasons, partly for the want of subjects, and partly from medical assistance obtained at the hospital of Fort Vancouver. The mortality of Indians, and their sufferings under diseases, are far greater than they would be, if they possessed any knowledge of medicine. Indian doctors are only Indian conjurers. But I shall have occasion to say more upon this subject when I describe Indian customs.

December 25th.—The holidays are not forgotten in these far distant regions. From Christmas until after the New Year, all labour is suspended, and a general time of indulgence and festivity commences. At this

time only in the whole year are ardent spirits given to the labourers, when they have a free allowance, giving them the opportunity to exhibit fully what they would do, if spirits were easily and always accessible. On Christmas morning they dress themselves in their best attire, the utmost alacrity is every where displayed, and preparation is made for dinners, which are sure to be furnished in the first style and with the greatest profusion; and the day passes in mirth and hilarity. But it does not end with the day; for the passions and appetites pampered through the day, prepare the way for the night being spent in dancing; and the loud and boisterous laugh, shouts, and revelry, consume the hours designed for rest. They continue these high-strung convivialities until they pass the portals of the New Year, when labour and toil are again resumed. As these holidays are thus generally abused, and are become days of vicious revelry, the friends of piety should cease from their observance, and do all in their power to obviate their evil effects.

The idea that the Indians are descended from the Jews, though frequently advanced, seems to be entirely imaginary. From all the personal observations and examinations which I made, I could not arrive at any thing conclusive upon the subject, but am very much inclined to believe that their origin will remain as problematical in future as it has been in time past. There are some points in their belief and customs, doubtless, which may be thought to resemble those of the Jews. Their entire freedom from idolatry is a peculiar characteristic, by which they are distinguished from all other heathens. It will be remembered, that the propensity of the Jews to idolatry was entirely subdued from the time of their captivity in Babylon. Among the Indians beyond the mountains, I found no idols, nor any appearance of idolatry. They believe in only one God; and all their worship, so far as they have any, is offered to Him, whom they denominate the Great Spirit. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and future rewards and punishments. They have no sacrifices; and their minds are perfectly open to receive any truth in regard to the character and worship of God. They have their superstitions, which I shall mention in another place.

Their custom of punishing the crime of murder, if it does not differ from that of all other heathen nations, yet coincides with what was the custom of the Jews. The nearest relatives of the murdered person are the "avengers of blood," the executioners, or "pursuers of blood." They kill the murderer if they can find him; and in their own tribe and nation, they do not extend the punishment to any other person; so that "the fathers are not put to death for the children, neither are the children put to death for the fathers; every man is put to death for his own sin." As the Jews did not regard other nations with the same benevolence as their own, so the Indians make a distinction between their own tribe or nation and others. If one is killed by a person belonging to another nation, if they cannot obtain and put the murderer to death, they will take the life of some of the relatives of the murderer; or, if they fail in this, some one of his nation must atone for the crime. And if this cannot be done immediately, the debt of blood will still be demanded, though years may pass away before it is cancelled.

There is also some resemblance in their marriage-contracts. The negotiation is commenced, if not completed, with the parents of the intended bride, as in the case of Isaac's marrying Rebecca. The bridegroom negotiates with them, and the approbation of the daughter being obtained, the stipulated commodities are paid, and the man takes his wife. But as much or more is given in dowry to the daughter. The presents and dowry are proportioned to the rank and wealth of the contracting parties. Wanaxka, the first chief of the Clough-e-wall-hah Indians, has refused

more than one hundred dollars for a beautiful daughter, whom I saw when I shared the hospitality of his house. A chief at the La Dalles has refused two horses and six blankets, together with several other articles of smaller value. It is not, however, to be understood that marriage is a mere mercenary transaction; for fancy and choice have their influence with them, as well as among more refined people. Another resemblance may be traced in the estimation in which their females are held. No doubt, the degradation of Indian women is to be attributed in a great degree to their heathenism, and that uncivilised and savage state in which we find them; yet in their respective occupations, we find some features which are not dissimilar. Among those nations and tribes who do not possess slaves, the women cut and prepare wood for fire, as well as food for their families; they pack and unpack the horses, set up and take down lodges, gather roots and berries for food, dress the skins for clothing, and make them into garments. So Jewish women drew water for the flocks and camels, and watched over them; they gleaned the fields in harvest, and performed the work of grinding in the mill.

Slavery was suffered among the Jews; but to steal and sell a man was punishable with death. If a man bought a Hebrew servant, the time of his service was not to exceed six years. Intermarriages took place between these servants and the families of their masters; and the betrothed maid was to be dealt with after the manner of daughters. The same restrictions were not, however, enjoined in relation to those bondmen who were bought of the heathen, until the days of the prophets, when they were commanded to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free. So, also, slavery exists in a modified form among the Indians west of the mountains, not generally, but only in the nations in the lower country. Slaves are bought; taken prisoners in war; taken in payment of debts, if they are orphans of the debtor; or taken in pledges. They are put to the same service which women perform among those Indians who have no slaves. They are generally treated with kindness, live in the same dwelling with their masters, and often intermarry with those who are free.

Polygamy is practised among the Indians, and with nearly the same regulations under which it was practised among the Jews. Though they do not write bills of divorcement and put away their wives, yet they send them away on slight occasions. But this brings no disgrace upon the woman's character, and generally she is soon married to another, and often as advantageously as before.

Another resemblance between the Jews and the Indians is the division of their nations into tribes. The tribes of the children of Israel were the descendants of distinguished families, and their government was patriarchal. The tribes among the Indians are constituted much in the same way. Some important personage gains an influence, numbers become attached to him, and though they do not separate from their nation, nor at once become a distinct tribe, yet they are denominated a band, and these bands in many cases grow up into tribes.

There are two considerations which should not be passed over, and which are against the supposition of the Indians being of Jewish origin. One is, that they have no sacrifices. In this they not only differ from that nation, but also from all other nations of the earth which are not under the influence of the light of the gospel. If they are of Jewish descent, it is strange that they have not continued the practice of offering sacrifices, and especially when there is so general a propensity among men, particularly among the heathen, to resort to sacrifices to atone for their sins. Whatever truth there may be in the statements that the Indians east of the Rocky Mountains offer up sacrifices, yet I have not found the least trace of evidence that the Indians of the west do so.

The other consideration is the want of evidence in their language. There are several entirely distinct languages among the different Indian nations. These languages are more entirely distinct than the different languages of Europe; for in all the different languages of Europe there are words derived from Latin, common to each, and which prove a common relation. Now, if the Indians are descended from the Jews, and of course once had a common language, the Hebrew, then, notwithstanding their departure by different dialects from their original, might it not be expected that there would still remain words and idioms indicative of their common origin? But it is not so. In their languages there are some words in common with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but these are used in an entirely different sense from that in which they are used in those languages. As far as it respects language, the proof of a Jewish, or even of a common origin, is not only doubtful but highly improbable.*

THE VARIOUS ANIMALS BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

It is generally supposed that wild animals are numerous in the Indian countries, especially in the regions beyond the Rocky Mountains; but, in fact, excepting within the buffalo range, which is becoming more and more circumscribed, game is scarce. In giving an account of animals beyond the mountains, I shall avoid entering into a minute description of those which are familiar to all classes of persons.

There are four varieties of bears, though it is supposed there are only two distinct species. These are the white, grizzly, brown, and black. The white bears are ferocious and powerful, but their numbers are so small in the region of the Oregon country, that they are not an object of dread. The grizzly bears are far more numerous, more formidable, and larger, some of

* [We recommend those who wish for information on the languages of the American Indians, to consult an excellent paper on the subject in the American Encyclopedia, which is partly drawn up from the able Report of Mr Du Ponceau to the American Philosophical Society, 1819. It is there stated that the Indian languages are rich in words, and regular in their forms, in both which particulars they do not yield to any other idioms. They possess the singular property of combining parts of different words to express the ideas to which the separate words would refer. "One example from the Delaware language, will convey a clear idea of this process of compounding; 'and I have chosen,' says Mr Du Ponceau, 'this word for the sake of its euphony, to which even the most delicate Italian ear will not object. When a Delaware woman is playing with a little dog or cat, or some other young animal, she will often say to it, *Kuligatchis*, which I would translate into English—Give me your pretty little paw, or, *What a pretty little paw you have!* This word is compounded thus: *k* is the inseparable pronoun of the second person, and may be rendered *thou* or *thy*, according to the context; *uli* (pronounced *oolce*) is part of the word *wulit*, which signifies *handsome* or *pretty* (it has also other meanings, which need not be here specified); *gat* is part of the word *teichgat*, which signifies a *leg* or *paw*; *schis* (pronounced *shees*) is a diminutive termination, and conveys the idea of *littleness*: thus, in one word, the Indian woman says, *thy pretty little paw!* and according to the gesture which she makes, either calls upon it to present its foot, or simply expresses her fondling admiration. In the same manner, *plidape* (a youth) is formed from *pilit* (chaste, innocent) and *tendape* (a man). It is difficult to find a more elegant combination of ideas, in a single word, of any existing idiom. I do not know of any language, out of this part of the world, in which words are compounded in this manner. The process consists in putting together portions of different words, so as to awaken, at the same time, in the mind of the hearer, the various ideas which they separately express. But this is not the only manner in which the American Indians combine their ideas into words. They have also many of the forms of the languages which we so much admire—the Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, Slavonic, &c.—mixed with others peculiarly their own. Indeed, the multitude of ideas, which in their languages are combined with their verbs, has justly attracted the attention of the learned in all parts of the world."]

them weighing six or eight hundred pounds. Their teeth are large and strong, their claws five inches in length; and their feet, which are astonishingly large, exclusive of the claws, measuring not far from ten inches long and five inches wide. There are some even larger. The colour of the fur varies from very light grey to a dark brown, always retaining the grizzly characteristic. Among a multitude of their skins which I saw, there were some beautifully dappled, and as large as those of the buffalo. These were held in high estimation. Their hair and fur are longer, finer, and more abundant, than any of the other classes. They depend more upon their strength than speed for taking their prey, and therefore generally lurk in willows or other thickets, and suddenly seize upon any animal which may be passing near by. The mountain men tell us many wonderful stories about their encounters with these prodigies of strength and ferocity, as some mountain travellers tell us about constant battles with the Blackfeet Indians, and starvation, and eating dogs. Now, I may be considered deficient in a *flexible* and fruitful imagination, if I do not entertain my readers with one bear story, after having travelled thousands of miles over prairies and mountains, through valleys, ravines, and amongst caves and chasms. But as I had no wonderful encounters myself, I must borrow from a gentleman of established good character belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, who gave me an account of a case which he witnessed. He and a number of others were travelling in canoes up the Athabasca River, and one morning one of their hunters shot upon the shore a large cub of a grizzly bear, which they took on board a canoe, and of which they made their supper on encamping for the night. While seated around their fire in conversation, the supposed mother of the slain cub approached, sprang across the circle and over the fire, and seized the hunter who had shot the cub, threw him across her shoulder, and made off with him. All laid hold of their rifles and pursued, but feared to fire lest they should hurt their companion. But he requested them to fire, which one of them did, and wounded the bear. She then dropped the first offender and laid hold of the last in like manner as the first, but more roughly, and quickened her flight. There was no time to be lost, and several fired at the same instant, and brought her to the ground. The last man was badly wounded, but eventually recovered.

The brown bear is less ferocious, more solitary, and not highly esteemed either for food or for its skin. The black bear is somewhat similar in its habits to the brown, but lives more upon vegetable food, and is more in estimation for its rich pure black fur.

The racoon is somewhat numerous in parts of this country, more especially towards the ocean. I could not discover any difference in their appearance and habits from those in the United States. The badger inhabits this country, and is found on the plains west of the great chain of mountains. Having given a short description of this animal when passing through the parts where it was seen, it is not necessary in this place to make any further remarks. The weasel, the polecat, the woodchuck, the mink, and musk-rat, are common, though not numerous, in this country, and not differing from those on the eastern part of the continent.

The wolverine is said to inhabit these western regions, and I saw one in the Salmon River mountains, which my Indians killed. The animal I saw differed in several particulars from the description given by Richardson. It was one foot nine inches long from its nose to the insertion of its tail; its body not large in proportion to the length; short legs, small eyes and ears; its neck short and thick, and its mouth shaped like that of the dog. Its colour was uniformly a dark brown, nearly black; and its fur was more than an inch long, and coarse. I had no opportunity of observing its habits.

The hedgehog is common in all parts of the Oregon territory, does not differ from those found in other parts of America, and for its quills is held in high estimation by the Indians. It is interesting to see with how much ingenuity, and in how many various forms, the Indians manufacture these quills into ornamental work, such as moccasins, belts, and various other articles.

There are three kinds of squirrels—two of which I have already described. The third is the grey, which differs from those in the United States in being larger, and its colour more beautifully distinct. I saw many of their skins made into robes, and worn by the Indians about the cascades.

Of the feline or cat tribe, there are the panther, the long-tailed tiger-cat, the common wild-cat, and the lynx. The panther is rarely seen, and the difference of climate and country produces no change in its ferocity and other habits, from those found in other parts of America. The long-tailed tiger-cat is more common, very large, and of a dull reddish colour. The common wild-cat is also common. It is much smaller, its tail is short, and its colour like the above named. I can only name the lynx, as it did not come under my observation. It is found in the lower wooded country, and, as the Indians affirm, in considerable numbers.

There are five different species of wolves—the common grey wolf, the black, blue, white, and the small prairie wolf. The common grey wolf is the same as that found in the United States, and has all its usual habits. The black wolf, which I did not see, as described by Mr Ermitinger, a gentleman belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, is larger than the grey, and more noble in its appearance, and is the strongest of the wolf tribe. That which the same gentleman called the blue wolf, is but rarely seen, as also the white; and, so far as their habits are known, they do not materially differ from the others. The small prairie wolf is the most common; it bears a strong resemblance to the dog, and has been called the wild-dog. The colour is uniformly of a dull reddish grey; the hair always long, blended with a brown fur at its roots; and, like other wolves, its habits are always prowling and cowardly. They are more numerous than the other kinds, and follow the caravans in considerable numbers, to feed upon offal. Although we frequently heard them howl and bark around our encampments, yet they never attempted to disturb us.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the immense number of wolves beyond the rocky mountains, they are far less numerous than might be expected. I do not make this assertion solely from the fact that I saw or heard only a few, but from the testimony of those whose long residence in this country entitles them to credit.

The fox, which is so generally dispersed through the world, is found here in three different kinds—the red, grey, and silver. They do not differ from those found east of the mountains. The silver-grey fox is scarce, and highly esteemed, and its fur takes the highest rank among the furs of commerce. Its colour is dark, sometimes nearly black, the ends of the hairs tipped with white; and in addition to the uncommonly fine texture, the fur presents a beautiful glossy appearance.

Martens are not abundant; some are found about the head-waters of the Columbia, in woody mountains; but they are more numerous and of superior quality farther north.

The inoffensive, timorous hare, in three different species, abounds in all parts of this country. Its natural instinct for self-preservation, its remarkably prominent eye, its large active ear, and its soft fur, are its characteristics in this as in other regions. The three species are—the large common hare, which is generally known; the small chief hare, with its round ears; and a very small species, but five or

inches long, with pointed ears. If the first-named differs in any particular from those in the United States, it is in its manner of running, and its speed. Its bound is not regular, but its motions are an alternate running and leaping, which it performs with such swiftness and to so incredible a distance, that I frequently mistook it, at first view, for the prairie hen, which I supposed was flying near the surface of the ground. Its flesh, when used for food, is tender and of a pleasant flavour. Many of the Indians wear dresses made of the skins of these animals, patched together into a scanty robe.

There is a small species of the marmot, of which I have seen no description in any work on natural history, which is probably peculiar to this country. It is called by the Nez Percés, *chuet*; is five inches long from the tip of its nose, exclusive of its tail, which is two in length; its body is one inch and a third in diameter, the colour is brown, beautifully intermixed with small white spots upon its back. It has eight long hairs projecting from the nose on each side, and two over each eye. Its habits resemble those belonging to its genus. It is remarkably nimble in its movements. The Indians esteem its flesh a luxury.

Among the animals of the deer kind, the elk is the largest and most majestic. It exists in considerable numbers east of the Rocky Mountains, but less numerous on the west side. It combines beauty with magnitude and strength, and its large towering horns give it an imposing appearance. Its senses are so keen in apprehension, that it is difficult to be approached; and its speed in flight is so great that it mocks the chase. Its flesh resembles beef, but less highly flavoured, and is much sought for by the Indians and hunters. Its skin is esteemed, and much used in articles of clothing and for moccasins. I saw no moose, but it is said they are found farther north, in the more cold and woody regions.

There are three species of deer—the red, the black-tailed, and the common American deer. Like those found in other countries, they are of a mild, innocent, timid aspect; elegant in form, with slender nervous limbs. When any object or noise alarms them, they throw up their heads, erect and move their ears in every direction to catch the sounds, snuff up the wind, and bound off with great celerity. The deer west of the mountains are more lean, and the flesh less palatable, than that of those found in the United States. This may arise from the nature of the food to which they are confined, there being but very few of the saccharine plants found in their pastures. The red deer are generally found about the Rocky Mountains and upon the head waters of the Columbia. The black-tailed deer, while they are of a dusky sallow colour, like the common American deer, are somewhat darker, and their tails are larger and nearly black, which gives them their name. Their eyes are large and prominent, their ears large and long; and, judging from those I saw, they are smaller than the common deer. When pursued, their motion is a leap or bound. Antelopes, which I have already described, are numerous in the upper and prairie country.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the beaver, so noted for its valuable fur, for its activity and perseverance, its social habits, its sagacity and skill in constructing its village and preparing its neat and comfortable dwellings, is an inhabitant of this country. It has been sought with avidity, and has been a source of wealth to many, but also to multitudes, of poverty, misery, and death. Its flesh is very good for food, and the trapper and hunter depend almost entirely upon it for subsistence while in its pursuit. Although I ate several times the flesh of the beaver, yet I discovered no evidence of the truth of the assertion often made, that while the flesh of the fore parts is of the quality of land animals, its hind parts are in smell and taste like fish. I should think it would require much assistance from imagination to discover the fishy taste.

Here, also, the otter is found in considerable numbers, and is esteemed next to the beaver, by the hunter and trader. The shades of its colour vary from a light to a fine deep brown. The fur is rich and in great demand; and there is none found in any country of better quality than those skins I saw at different trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. The formation of the otter is adapted to land and water, having short and muscular legs, so articulated that it can bring them horizontal with its body, and use them as fins in the water; and its toes are webbed like water-fowl. It subsists principally upon fish, frogs, and other aquatic animals. It has a peculiar habit of ascending a high ridge of snow, throwing back its legs, and sliding down head foremost upon its breast, in which it seems to take great delight. When there is no snow, it will in the same manner slide down steep smooth grassy banks.

The sea-otter, so highly and justly valued for its rich fur, is found only along the American coast and adjacent islands, from Kamschatka to Upper California. It varies in size; is generally about four feet long when full grown, and nine inches in diameter. Its legs are very short, and its feet are webbed. Its fur is of the first quality, long and glossy, extremely fine, intermixed with some hairs; the outside is black, although sometimes dusky, and the inside a cinerous brown. It is amphibious, sportive, and often basks upon the shore for repose; and when asleep, the Indians approach and kill it. It has been so much hunted for its valuable fur, that it is diminishing in numbers.

The hair-seal is very frequently seen in the waters of Columbia River. Its head is large and round, its eye full and mild. I often saw it swimming after our canoe, presenting to view its head, neck, and shoulders, appearing in some degree like the mastiff dog. Its hair is of various colours, generally a dappled grey. It rarely goes far from its natural element, water; but is sometimes seen basking upon rocks on the shore. Then the most favourable opportunity for killing it occurs; for its motions are so quick in the water, that it will dive at the flash of the rifle, and if killed in the water, it sinks, and is difficult to be obtained.

In enumerating the animals beyond the Rocky Mountains, I am not able to describe the Rocky Mountain or big-horn sheep, as I had no opportunity of seeing it, which I certainly should have had, if they were as numerous as travellers have said they are. I saw some of their horns, which are enormously large, if their bodies are, as they are said to be, not much larger than a common deer. A horn which I measured, was five inches in diameter at its junction with the head, and eighteen long. Its flesh, which I had an opportunity of tasting, was preferable to the best mutton. They inhabit the mountains, and are said to select the most rough and precipitous parts where grass is found. They are not covered with wool, but with hair so bordering upon wool, as to render the coat warm in the winter.

The mountain goat and sheep did not come under my observation. I was anxious to procure specimens of them, but succeeded in obtaining only small parts of their skins, not sufficient to make up a description.

I close with the buffalo, which is of the *bovine* genus, the largest and the most important for food and covering of any of the animals in North America. I need not in this place go into so long description as otherwise would be necessary, having already spoken of them as I was passing through their range of country. The buffalo or bison of North America is generally about as large as the ox, and the long, shaggy, woolly hair which covers the head, neck, and shoulders, gives it a formidable appearance, somewhat resembling that of the lion. The flesh is in appearance and taste much like beef, but of superior flavour, and remarkably easy of digestion. The head is formed like that of the ox, perhaps a little more round and broad; and when the animal runs, it carries it rather low. The horns, ears,

and eyes, as seen through its shaggy hair, appear small. The legs and feet are small and trim, the fore legs covered with the long hair of the shoulders as low down as the knee. Though its figure is clumsy in appearance, yet it runs swiftly and for a long time without much slackening its speed; and up steep hills or mountains it will beat the best horses. The buffaloes unite in herds, and when feeding, scatter over a large space; but when fleeing from danger, they collect into dense columns, and having once laid their course, they are not easily diverted from it, whatever may oppose. Their power of scent is great, and they perceive the hunter, when he is on the windward side, at a great distance, and the alarm is taken; and when any of them manifest fear they are thrown into confusion, until some of the cows take the lead to flee from the pursuer, and then all follow at the top of their speed. They are very shy and timid; and in no case did I see them offer to make an attack, but in self-defence, when wounded and closely pursued, and then they always sought the first opportunity to escape. In running, they lean alternately from one side to the other. The herds are composed promiscuously of bulls and cows, except some of the old bulls, which are often found by themselves, in the rear or in advance of the main bands. Sometimes an old blind one is seen alone from all others; and it was amusing to see their consternation when they apprehend the approach of danger. The natural instincts of fear and prudence lead them to fly alternately in every possible direction for safety. I was pleased to find our most thoughtless young men respect their age and pity their calamity; for in no instance did I see any abuse offered them. They are fond of rolling upon the ground like horses, which diversion is so much indulged in by them, that large places are found without grass and considerably excavated. The use of their skin for buffalo robes, and the woolly fur with which they are covered, are so universally known, that a description is entirely unnecessary. Another peculiarity which belongs to them is, that they never raise their voice above a low bellow; in no instance were we disturbed by their lowing, even when surrounded by thousands, and in one of our encampments, it was supposed there were five thousand near by. It has been said they do not visit any of the districts formed of primitive rocks. This is said without reason, for I saw them as frequently in those districts, in proportion to their extent, as where other formations existed. It is also said, that as they recede from the east they are extending west. This is also incorrect; for, as I have before said, their limits are becoming more and more circumscribed. And if they should continue to diminish for twenty years to come, as they have during the last twenty years, they will become almost extinct.

FISH.—VEGETATION.—SOIL AND CLIMATE.

I pass to a brief notice of the fish found in the waters of the Columbia. The salmon, sturgeon, anchovy, rock-cod, and trout, are all that I shall mention. The sturgeon, of good quality and in very considerable numbers, commence running in the fore part of April, and give relief to the suffering Indians. I say suffering; for, before the opening of the spring, their stock of provisions is consumed, and they are seen searching for roots and any thing which will sustain life; and though I do not feel authorised to say what others have said, that in the latter part of the winter and fore part of the spring, they die of starvation in great numbers, yet they are brought to great want, and look forward with much solicitude to the time when the sturgeon shall come into the river. I do not in these remarks include the Shoshones or Snake Indians. A small fish, like the anchovy, about six inches long, very fat and well flavoured, comes into the river in great numbers about the time, or a little before the

sturgeon. The Indians obtain large quantities of oil from them, by putting them into a netting strainer and exposing them to a gentle heat.

The rock codfish were not known to inhabit the waters about the mouth of the Columbia, until the present year. They are very fine, and easily caught.

The salmon is by far the most numerous and valuable fish found in these waters, and is of excellent flavour. It is well ascertained that there are not less than six different species of the true salmon that ascend these waters, commencing about the 20th of April. Their muscular power is exceedingly great, which is manifested in their clearing the falls and rapids, which appear impassable. They are never known to return, but are constantly pressing their way upwards; so that it is not uncommon to find them in the small branches of the rivers near the very sources. We found them in September near the Rocky Mountains, where they are said to be found as late as November and December. I saw some with parts of their heads worn to the bone, which appears to be the result of their unceasing efforts to ascend. Late in the season, great numbers are found dead, furnishing food for crows and even Indians, whom I have seen drive away the crows and appropriate the remnants to themselves. When the salmon become much emaciated, their flesh loses its rich redness, and it is seen in the skin, which gives the fish a beautiful appearance; but when in this state it is hardly palatable. It is worthy of notice, that the salmon has its preferences of water, selecting some branches of the Columbia River and passing by others; and those taken in some of the tributary streams are far better than those taken in others. While those which ascend the rivers never return, their young are seen in September descending on their way to the ocean, in immense numbers. It is believed these return the fourth year after their descent; but this may be only conjecture. It is difficult to estimate how many salmon might be taken in these rivers, if proper measures were pursued; and also what would be the results upon the numbers which would continue to enter and ascend. I think a feasible plan might be devised and adopted to carry on a salmon fishery in this river to good advantage and profit. The experiment was made by a company from the United States, which failed, for it contained the elements of its own overthrow. The company sent out large quantities of rum to exchange for fish, probably calculating on the fact that Indians are fond of ardent spirits. Whatever their object might have been, the Indians were highly pleased with receiving rum in pay for their salmon. But when they had thus obtained it, they would become intoxicated and disqualified for labour, and more time was wasted in drunkenness than employed in fishing. Besides, their salmon were often suffered to lie in the hot sun until they were much injured, if not wholly spoiled. The result was, that the company, as I was informed, obtained only about four hundred barrels of salmon, and made a losing voyage; and the superintendent of Fort Vancouver told me, that when the company abandoned their business, they stored many barrels of rum at his fort. My information was not wholly derived from those who had been in the employment of that company, and gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company, but in part from the Indians. The Indians often spoke to me upon the subject by way of praise. They would say, "*Close, hias lum,*" signifying, "Good, plenty of rum." Having frequently made mention of the trees and shrubbery west of the great mountains, I shall in this place only enumerate the principal, describing a few. I have said there are three species of fir, and that these constitute the greater part of the forest-trees, and are very large. The three kinds are the red, yellow, and white. They not only differ in the colour of the wood, but also in their foliage. The foliage of the red is scattered on all sides of the branchlets, in the same form as those found in the United States; the yellow

only on the upper side, or the upper half of the twigs; the white, is oppositely pinnated. The balsam is alike, in the three different species, found in blisters upon the bark, in the same form as in other countries.

White pine is not found in the lower country, nor far west of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains; a few pitch pines are found in the same region with the white. Norway and yellow pine are found farther west, but not below the cascades. The new species, which I have called the elastic pine, is generally the most numerous, but I did not see any of these as far west as Walla-Walla.

The cedar is the common species, grows very large and tall, and is the best of any of the forest-trees for various mechanical uses. The yew is also found among the evergreens, though it is scarce. The tamarisk is found in small sections of the country. The white oak, of good quality, and often large, is a common tree of the forests; and also the black rough-barked oak grows in some of the mountainous parts. In an excursion down the rich plains below Fort Vancouver, where there are trees scattered about like shade trees upon a well-cultivated farm, I measured a white oak, which was eight feet in diameter, continued large about thirty feet high, and then branched out immensely wide, under which Mr J. K. Townsend and myself, with our horses, found an excellent shelter during a shower of rain. There are two kinds of ash, the common white ash and the broad-leaved. The latter is very hard. There is also alder, which I have mentioned as growing very large, and on dry ground as well as on that which is low and swampy.

There are three species of poplar, the common aspen, the cotton, and balsm. The first is common in various parts of the United States, and is well known; the second, commonly called cotton-wood, skirting rivers and streams as in the western states; the third is the bitter cotton-wood, but is that which is often called the balsm of Gilead. Its distinguishing properties are oblong leaves, and a bitter balmy substance, in a glutinous state, found in the small twigs, but mostly in the buds. This last species in some places spreads over large sections of bottom-land, where the soil is uncommonly good. White maple is found, but only in small quantities. Willows are very common. There is a tree in the lower country which grows somewhat in the form of the laurel or bay tree, but much larger; the bark is smooth, and of a bay red colour, its leaves are ovate. It has been called the strawberry tree, but I do not know with what propriety. There are no walnut or hickory trees west of the great mountains, nor chestnut of any species, or hard or sugar maple, or beech, lind or bass wood, black cherry, cucumber, white wood, elms, or any kind of birch, except a species of black birch which grows small; nor are there any of the species of locusts, hackberry, or buckeye. I might lengthen out the catalogue of negatives, but the above observations are sufficient to give a general view of the forest-trees of the country.

The variety of shrubbery and plants is so great, that it would employ the botanist many months in their examination. I shall only sketch a few of those which are scattered over the prairies and through the forests. Among these are several varieties of the thorn-bush, many of which are large and fruitful. Those bearing the red apple, present, when they are ripe, a very beautiful appearance. There is one species peculiar to the country west of the mountains, the fruit of which is black, and of a delightful sweet taste, but not generally dispersed through the country. It is principally found about the Blue Mountains, the Walla-Walla and Ummatilla Rivers. The choke cherry is common to all parts of the country, and its fruit is very grateful where animal food is principally depended upon for subsistence. The salalberry is a sweet and pleasant fruit, of a dark purple colour, and about the bigness of a grape. The serviceberry is about the size of a small thorn apple, black when fully ripe, and

pleasantly sweet like the whortleberry; and the pambina is a bush cranberry. The varieties of the gooseberry are many—the common prickly, which grows very large, on a thorny bush; the small white, which is smooth and very sweet; the large smooth purple, and the smooth yellow, which are also of fine flavour. All of these attain to a good maturity, and those growing on the prairies are very superior. There are three varieties of the currant—the pale red, the yellow, which is well tasted, and the black. Though these yield a pleasant acid, yet they are not so prolific or palatable as those which grow under the hand of cultivation. The beautiful shrub called the snow-drop, which is found in some of our gardens, grows here wild, and in great abundance.

Besides the common raspberry, there is another species which grows in the forests, the berry of which is three times as large as the common, with a very delicate rich yellow tint, though the flavour is less agreeable. There is also a species of sweet elder, which I have already described. The vining honeysuckle is among the most beautiful productions of nature.

The sweet flowering-pea grows spontaneously, and in some places ornaments large patches of ground. In some small sections red clover is found, differing from the kind cultivated by our farmers, but not less sweet and beautiful; white clover is also found in the upper and mountainous parts. Strawberries are indigenous here, and their flavour more delicious than that of any I have tasted in other countries.

Sun-flowers are common, but do not grow large; a species of broom corn is also found in many parts of the bottom-lands of the Columbia and other streams. To this list may be added a wild grain somewhat resembling barley or rye.

Among the nutritive roots, I have mentioned the wappatoo and the cammas. The wappatoo is a bulbous root, being the common *sagittifolia* or arrow-head, and is found only in the valley of the Columbia below the cascades. It becomes soft by roasting, and, forming a nourishing and palatable food, is much used by the Indians, who make it an article of trade. It grows in shallow lakes, and in marshes covered with water. The Indian women wade in search of this root, grope it out in the mud and disengage it with their feet, when it rises to the surface of the water and is collected. The cammas, a tunicated root, is one of great importance to the Indians, and grows in moist, rich ground, in the form of an onion. It is roasted, pounded, and made into loaves like bread, and has a liquorice taste. The cowish, or biscuit-root, which grows on dry land, is about the size of a walnut, or considerably larger, tastes like the sweet potato, is prepared in the same manner for food as the cammas, and forms a tolerable substitute for bread. To these may be added the *racine amere*, a bitter fusiform root, which grows on dry ground, and though not pleasant to the taste, is very conducive to health; also the common onion, and another, characterised by its beautiful red flower, which often grows upon patches of volcanic scoria where no other vegetation is seen.

Although a description of the Oregon territory has been necessarily interwoven with the narrative, yet a condensed account of its geography may with propriety be given here. In comparing the country west with that east of the mountains, and especially the great valley of the Mississippi, we are impressed very powerfully with the contrast which their distinguishing features present. The valley of the Mississippi may be called the garden of the world—every part of it abounding in rich soil inviting cultivation. We see no barren or rocky wastes, no extended swamps or marshes, no frozen mountains. No prominent landmarks catch the eye of the traveller: he sees in the wide distance before him only almost horizontal lines of level or rolling meadow. No one points out to him the peaks of dim mountains, and tells him that the range divides two sister states, or separates two noble

ivers. He sees no clouds resting on the shoulders of lofty Butes, and blending their neutral tint with the hazy blue of the landscape before him; no Teton rearing their heads into the region of perpetual snow but, day after day, he pursues his journey without any thing to create in his bosom emotions of the grand and sublime, unless it be the simple vastness of the expanse.

Beyond the Rocky Mountains, again, nature appears to have studied variety on the largest scale. Towering mountains and wide extended prairies, rich valleys and barren plains, and large rivers, with their rapids, cataracts, and falls, present a great diversity of prospect. The whole country is so mountainous, that from every little elevation a person can see some of the immense ranges which intersect its different parts. On an eminence at a short distance from Fort Vancouver, five isolated conical mountains, from ten to fifteen thousand feet high, whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, may be seen rising in the surrounding valley. Three general ranges, west of the rocky chain of mountains, run in northern and southern directions—the first above the falls of the Columbia River; the second at and below the cascades; and the third towards and along the shores of the Pacific. From each of these, branches extend in different directions. Besides these, there are hills in different parts which are large and high, such as the Blue Mountains south of Walla-Walla; the Salmon River mountains, between the Salmon and the Cooscootske Rivers and also others in the regions of Okanagan and Colville.

Between these mountains are wide-spread valleys and plains. The largest and most fertile valley is included between Deer Island on the west and a point within twelve miles of the cascades, stretching in all to a width of about fifty-five miles, and extending north and south to a greater extent than I had the means of definitely ascertaining—probably from Puget's Sound on the north to the Umbigua River on the south. The Willamette River and a section of the Columbia are included in this valley. The valley south of the Walla-Walla, called the Grand Round, is said to be remarkable for its fertility. To these may be added Pierre's Hole and the adjacent country; also Racine Amere, east of the Salmon River mountains. Others of less magnitude are dispersed over different parts. To these may be added many extensive plains, most of which are prairies well covered with grass. The whole region of country west of Salmon River mountains, the Spokein woods, and Okanagan, as far as the range of mountains which cross the Columbia at the falls, is a vast prairie, covered with grass, and the soil is generally good. Another large plain, but which is said to be very barren, lies to the south-west of Lewis or Snake River, including the Shoshones' country; and travellers who have passed through this, have pronounced the interior of America a great barren desert. But this is drawing a conclusion far too broad from premises so limited. So far as I have had opportunities for observation, I feel warranted in saying, that while some parts of the Oregon territory are barren, large sections of it are well adapted to grazing; and other parts, though less extensive, to both tillage and grazing.

As regards forests, I would only observe, that a large proportion of the country west of the mountains is destitute of wood, while other parts are well supplied. I have already mentioned the lower country, from below the falls of the Columbia to the ocean, as being well wooded, and in many parts, especially near the ocean, densely. The mountains north of the Salmon River, and the country about the Spokein River, and so on still farther north, are well furnished with trees. In some other sections there are partial supplies.

The country in general is well watered, being intersected with lakes and many large rivers with their

tributary streams. This might be inferred from the fact that there are so many mountains, upon the sides of which are multitudes of the finest springs. No country furnishes water of greater purity and clearness. As the spring and summer heat commences, the snows of the mountains melt, and begin to swell the rivers in the early part of May, which increase continues until June, when the freshet is the greatest, and large sections of the low lands of the valleys are inundated. Some parts present the appearance of inland seas. No part of the world furnishes superior advantages for water-power.

The seasons here may be divided into two: the rainy period commencing in November and terminating in May; the dry season in the summer, which is entirely destitute of rain, and during which time the atmosphere is remarkably serene; while the daily prairie winds relieve the heat of the sun, and the season is most delightful. The climate is far more temperate and warm to the west of the Rocky Mountains than in the same latitude on the east, there being a difference of at least eight degrees. There were only three days in the whole winter of my residence in the country, during which the thermometer sunk to 22 degrees Fahrenheit, at Fort Vancouver. Snow does not fall to any great depth excepting upon the mountains; in the valleys it rarely continues more than a few days, or at the furthest only a few weeks; and by the latter part of February or the first of March, ploughing and sowing are commenced. And not only is the climate uncommonly delightful, but it is also healthy, there being scarcely any prevailing diseases, except the fever and ague in the lower country, which, as has been stated, commenced in 1829; and ophthalmia, which is very general among the Indians of the plains. It is worthy of notice, that thunder is seldom heard west of the mountains, while in the valley of the Mississippi it is very frequent and unusually loud.

CHARACTER AND CONDITION OF THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.

As it was the principal object of my tour to ascertain the character and condition of the Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains, their numbers, and the prospect of establishing the gospel among them, it will not be unimportant here to give a summary of the information I obtained on these particulars. In doing this, while I shall avail myself of the aid afforded by men of intelligence and integrity, my statements shall be confined to facts which have been corroborated by or have come under my own observation. This is the more necessary, from the many fabulous accounts which have been given of Indian character and customs.

I shall first describe the Indians of the plains. These live in the upper country, from the falls of the Columbia to the Rocky Mountains, and are called the Indians of the plains, because a large proportion of their country is prairie land. The principal tribes are the Nez Percés, Cayuses, Walla-Wallas, Bonax, Shoshones, Spokeins, Flatheads, Cœur do Lions, Ponderas, Coontanies, Kettlefalls, Okanagans, and Carriers. These do not include, probably, more than one-half of those east of the falls, but of others I have obtained but little definite knowledge. They all resemble each other in general characteristics. In their persons they are tall and well formed; with complexions somewhat fairer than those of other Indians. Their hair and eyes are black, their cheek-bones high, and very frequently they have aquiline noses. Their hands, feet, and ankles, are small and well formed, and their movements easy and graceful. They wear their hair long, part it upon their forehead, and let it hang in tresses on each side and behind.

There is a great similarity in their dress, which

generally consists of a shirt, worn over long close leggins, with moccasins for the feet. These are made of the dressed skins of the deer, antelope, mountain goat, or sheep; and over all is thrown a blanket or buffalo robe, ornamented with long fringes. They are particularly fond of ornaments, decorating their heads and garments with feathers, beads, buttons, and porcupine quills—the latter dyed various colours, and worked with great skill and variety of design. They appear to have less of the propensity to adorn themselves with paint than the Indians east of the mountains; nevertheless, they use vermilion, mixed with red clay, upon their faces and their hair. The dress of the women does not differ much from that of the men, excepting that, instead of the leather shirt, they have what may be called a frock, coming down to the ankles. Many of them wear a large cape made of the same material, which is often highly ornamented with large oblong beads of blue, red, purple, and white, arranged in curved lines covering the whole. Some of the daughters of the chiefs, when clothed in their clean white dresses, made of antelope skins, with their fully ornamented capes coming down to the waist, and mounted upon spirited steeds, make an appearance that would not lose in comparison with equestrian ladies of more polished lands. Their horses are not less finely caparisoned, with blue and scarlet trimmings about their heads, breasts, and loins, hung with little brass bells.

The want of cleanliness characteristic of all barbarians, is less conspicuous among the Indians of the prairies, who are much more tasteful in their habits than those of the lower country, towards the Pacific. Their wealth consists principally in their horses, their consequence depending in a great degree upon the number they possess—some owning several hundreds; and that family is reckoned poor which is unable to provide a steed for every man, woman, and child, when they are travelling from place to place, and also to carry their effects. While horses are thus highly prized, they derive but little from them for the support of themselves and families, for they do not employ them to cultivate the earth, and the market for them is so low that they command but a small price. A good horse will not sell for more than the value of a blanket, or a few small articles of merchandise. For subsistence, they necessarily depend upon hunting and fishing, and gathering roots and berries. Their mode of cooking is of course plain and simple. Most of their food is roasted, and they excel in roasting fish. The process is to build in the centre of their lodge a small fire, to fix the fish upon a stick two feet long, and to place one end in the ground so as to bring the fish partly over the fire; and then, by a slow process, it is most thoroughly roasted, without any scorching or scarcely changing the colour. The principal art consists in taking time, and our best cooks might improve by following their example.

The habits of the Indians are usually believed to be indolent. As a general remark this may be true, though I must confess I saw but little to confirm it among the Indians of the plains, who were always engaged in some active pursuit—not the most productive perhaps, but such at least as enlisted their attention and occupied their mental and physical powers. In disposition they are cheerful, and often gay, sociable, kind, and affectionate; and anxious to receive instruction in whatever may conduce to their happiness here or hereafter. It is worse than idle to speak of "physical insensibility inwrought into the animal nature of the Indians, so that their bodies approximate to the insensibility of horses' hoofs." The influence of such remarks is to produce, in the bosoms of all who read them, the same insensibility which is charged upon the native character of the Indians. To represent their characters and their restoration to the common feelings of humanity as hopeless, is to steel the heart of even Christianity itself, if it were possible,

against all sympathy, and to paralyse all exertions for their moral and spiritual elevation. Is this the reason why Christians are sitting in such supineness over their condition, regardless of the heart-thrilling appeals from them for teachers to enlighten them? Is this the reason, why those who are sent to teach them the arts of civilised life, are sitting quiet on the borders, in the enjoyment of governmental salaries, while the Indians are still roaming over the prairies in search of uncertain and precarious game? If so, I beg solemnly to protest against all such theories. Let the Indian character receive the justice of a fair trial—let zealous and devoted Christian missionaries and teachers be sent among them—and none need fear that their improvement would be such as to reward amply the exertions of those who should so befriend them.

The arts of life among the Indians are of the most plain and simple description, not extending much beyond dressing the skins of animals, and making them into clothing; forming bows and arrows, and some few articles of furniture. In dressing skins they never make any use of bark, or tannin in any way. Their process is to remove the hair and flesh from the skins by scraping them with a hard stone or piece of wood, or, when it can be obtained, a piece of iron hoop; and then, besmearing them with the brains of some animal, they smoke them thoroughly, and rub them until they are soft, and after this bleach them with pure white clay. Their mode of smoking them, is to dig or excavate a small hole in the ground, about a foot deep, and over this to construct a fixture a few feet wide at the base, and brought to a point at the top. Then they build a fire in the centre, and place the skins around upon the framework, so as to make the enclosure almost smoke tight. The process occupies about a day. Their mode of dressing buffalo robes is different. This is done by stretching the skin upon the ground, with the flesh side up, and fastening it down with pins around the border. Then, with an instrument formed somewhat like a cooper's adze, made of stone, or wood overlaid with a piece of iron, brought to a blunt edge like a currier's knife, they clear from it all remaining flesh, and let it thoroughly dry. After this, with the same instrument, they work upon it until they have brought it to a suitable thickness and rendered it soft and white, in the same condition as our buffalo robes are when brought into market. It is a work of great labour, performed by the women. We little think how much toil it costs a woman to prepare one of these robes, and then how little is paid for it by the purchaser: a pound of tobacco or a bunch of beads is as much as the Indian generally receives.

Their bows are made of the most elastic wood, strengthened with the tendons of animals glued upon the back side, and a string made of the same substance. Their arrows are made of heavy wood, one end being tipped with a sharp stone or pointed iron, and the other end pinnated with a feather. Their bows and arrows perform astonishing execution, and they manage them with great dexterity.

Most of the cooking utensils which they now use, are obtained from traders. These do not often extend beyond a brass kettle, a tin pail, and a very few knives. They manufacture bowls very ingeniously from the horns of the buffalo; and sometimes larger and more solid ones, from the horns of the big-horn or mountain sheep. Spoons of very good structure are made of buffalo horns; they have also various kinds of baskets of rude workmanship. Their saddles are rude, somewhat resembling the Spanish saddle, having a high knob forward, and rising high on the back part; generally sitting uneasy upon the horse's back. Their bridles are only a rope made of hair or the shag of the buffalo, fastened to the under jaw of the horse, so long as to form a lasso: this is so coiled in the hand as to form a noose when thrown over the horse's head, which is done very dexterously; and when they are

mounted, the rope, or leather thong which is often used in its place, trails along upon the ground. This is sometimes left upon the horse's neck, when he is turned out for a short time to feed, for the convenience of more easily catching him.

Their canoes, before they obtained iron hatchets from the traders, were, with great labour and patience, made with hatchets of stone; and even now this is a work of great labour. A canoe of good construction is valued as high as one or two good horses. Their fishing-nets are also well constructed, formed of wild flax, and in every particular like our scoop nets.

As regards the religion of the Indians, we have already stated that they believe in one God, in the immortality of the soul, and in future rewards and punishments. But while these are the prominent points of their belief, their definite ideas of a religious nature appear to be extremely limited both in number and in comprehensiveness. As much as this, however, appears to be true:—They believe in one Great Spirit, who has created all things, governs all important events, and who is the author of all good, and the only object of religious homage. They believe that he may be displeased with them for their bad conduct, and in his displeasure bring calamities upon them. They also believe in an evil spirit, whom they call *cimim keneki mechoh cimmo-cimo*; that is, the black chief below; who is the author of all evils which befall them undeserved as a punishment from the Great Spirit above. They believe in the immortality of the soul—that it enters the future world with a similar form, and in like circumstances to those under which it existed in this life. They suppose that in a future state, the happiness of the good consists in an abundance and enjoyment of those things which they value here; that their present sources of happiness will be carried to perfection; and that the punishment of the bad will consist in entire exclusion from every source of happiness and in finding all causes of misery here greatly multiplied hereafter. Thus, their ideas of future happiness and misery are found to vary according to their different situations and employments in life. It is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain any thing of their religious belief beyond these general notions. The number of words and terms in their language expressive of abstract and spiritual ideas, is very small, so that those who wish to instruct them in these subjects, are compelled to do it by means of illustrations and circumlocutions, and the introduction of words from foreign languages. Besides, conscious of their ignorance, they are for the most part unwilling to expose it, by revealing the little knowledge which they possess. Indeed, wherever a feeling of ignorance upon any subject prevails, we find that all endeavours to elicit the true amount of knowledge are repelled or evaded. Thus, even men of talents and education, who converse fluently upon most subjects, are often silent when religious topics are introduced.

I am far from believing the many long and strange traditions with which we are often entertained. It is more than probable, that they are in most instances the gratuitous offerings of designing and artful traders and hunters to that curiosity which is ever awake and attentive to subjects of this description. The Indians themselves would often be as much surprised at the rehearsal of these traditions as those are for whose amusement they are fabricated. My own opinion is confirmed by that of several gentlemen of integrity and veracity, who stand at the head of the Hudson's Bay Company, who have long been resident in the Indian country, and who have become extensively acquainted with their languages.

The Indians west of the great chain of mountains have no wars among themselves, and appear to be averse to all war, and do not enter into battle except in self-defence, and then only in the last extremity. Their only wars are with the Blackfeet Indians, whose country is along the east border of the Rocky Moun-

tains, and who are constantly roving about in war parties, on both sides of the mountains, in quest of plunder. When the Indians on the west meet with any of these war parties, they avoid an encounter if possible, but if they are compelled to fight, they show a firm, undaunted, unconquerable spirit, and rush upon their enemies with the greatest impetuosity; and it is said that one Nez Perce or Flathead warrior is a match for three Blackfeet. The only advantage which the latter have over the former consists in their numbers, there being more than twenty thousand of the Blackfeet Indians. When an enemy is discovered, every horse is driven into camp, and the women take charge of them, while every man seizes his weapons of war, whatever they may be, mounts his horse, and waits firm and undismayed to see if hostilities must ensue. If a battle cannot be avoided, then they rush forward to meet their foes, throwing themselves flat upon their horses as they draw near, and fire, and wheel, and re-load, and again rush full speed to the second encounter. This is continued until victory is decided, which is as often by the failure of ammunition as by the loss of men. Very frequently, when the Blackfeet see white men with the Nez Percés or Flatheads, they decline a battle, though they themselves may be far superior in numbers, knowing that the white men can furnish a large supply of ammunition; and in such cases they will raise a flag, and come in to smoke the pipe of peace. The Nez Perce or Flathead chief, on such an occasion, will say, "We accept your offer to smoke the pipe of peace, but it is not in ignorance that your heart is war, and your hand blood; but we love peace. You give us the pipe, but blood always follows."

But these Indians are not without their vices. Gambling is one of the most prominent, and is a ruling passion, which they will gratify to the last extremity. It is developed in running horses, and in foot-races by men, women, and children; they also have some games of chance played with sticks or bones. When I told the Nez Percés that gambling is as much a violation of the tenth commandment as stealing, in as far as it is a coveting of the property of another, and taking it without compensation; they said they did not know this before, but now they knew that God forbade it, they would do so no more. Most of the tribes of the plains are remarkably free from the crime of stealing. It is scarcely known at all, except among the Shoshones nation, where it is practised to a considerable degree, but less so than in former times. Drunkenness is a stranger vice among these Indians; but what they would do, if ardent spirits were introduced among them, is a different thing, and it is most devoutly to be desired that the trial may never be made. However, it is only the expense of transportation that prevents its introduction. A man from the United States attempted to construct a distillery upon the Willamette River, but failed in his object from the want of suitable materials.

The moral disposition of these Indians is very commendable, certainly as much so as that of any people that can be named. They are kind to strangers, and remarkably so to each other. While among them I saw no contentions, nor did I hear any angry words from one to another. They manifest an uncommon desire to be instructed, that they may obey and fulfil all moral obligations. Harmony and peace prevail in all their domestic concerns. But in case they have any difficult subject, which they do not know how to dispose of, they go to their chiefs, and if it involves any important principle, the chiefs bring the case to any white man who may be among them, to obtain his opinion, which is generally followed. They are scrupulously honest in all their dealings, and lying is scarcely known. They say they fear to sin against the Great Spirit, and therefore they have but one heart, and their tongue is straight and not forked. And so correctly does the law written upon their

hearts accord with the written law of God, that every infraction of the seventh command of the decalogue is punished with severity.

I have not witnessed many things indicative of their being very superstitious. The practice of the Shoshones, in cutting themselves as a token of grief for the dead, I have already mentioned. The Carriers burn their dead. When a person dies, all the relations must be assembled, to do which often occupies many days; and if a husband is deceased, the wife must sleep with the body to show her affection for him; and when the body is laid upon the funeral pile, she must, during the burning, frequently put her hands upon his bosom. Their first chief lost his wife. He was asked if he would show the affection for her which was required of others. He thought, on account of his station, he might be excused. The people were urgent, and he consented; but, on account of the pain he endured, he was willing the practice should be ameliorated, and it is hoped it will soon be abolished.

They have no unlucky days; but, as a substitute for the white man's Friday, they pay attention to the howling of a large wolf, which they call the *medicine wolf*. If they hear this when travelling, a sadness is at once visible in their countenances, as foreboding some calamity near.

Among their superstitions may be classed their mode of curing diseases. They have what are called medicine men, who make no pretensions to any knowledge of diseases or skill in medicine; but they have a bag in which is deposited various relics, not to be administered to their patients, but to operate as charms. The patient is stretched upon the ground; a number of persons encircle him and sing the medicine song. The medicine man enters the circle and commences his magical incantations; uses much gesticulation, and utters inarticulate sounds; he pats or kneads the patient with his hands, beginning very softly, and gradually increasing to a considerable degree of severity—blows into the patient's ears, and practises other like ceremonies. By the process employed, the patient is often much fatigued, and thrown into a free perspiration, and his imagination is much excited. When the friction has been sufficiently employed, the imagination well wrought upon, and the medicine bag has invisibly imparted its virtues, the medicine man exhibits some trifling article, such as a small bone, a stick, or pebble, and says he has taken it from the body of the patient, in which it had been the cause of the disease; or he gives a heavy puff upward, and saying that the disease has come out of the patient and gone upward, asks him if he does not feel better. The patient says yes; for he certainly feels better in being relieved from the curative process. And often the effect is permanent; for the friction may have been beneficial, and the imagination performs wonders. The medicine man stands responsible for the life of his patient. If the issue be fatal, his own life is not unfrequently taken by some of the relatives of the deceased. He makes a heavy charge for his services, often demanding a horse; and why should he not? for who in such cases would endanger his life without being well paid? In some parts of the country, but more especially in the lower country, the lives of medicine men are short, and it might be supposed that this would deter others from entering into the profession. But the love of fame and wealth is powerful among heathen as well as among civilised communities, where there are those who will sell their souls, as well as their bodies, to gratify their sinful propensities. Undoubtedly the medicine men, when they begin their profession, know that they are practising deception; but, by continuance in practice, by the confidence others place in their skill, and by the effects produced through the medium of the imagination, they come to believe in the efficacy of their enchantments, and that they themselves are men of consequence.

I have seen no "root doctors" in any tribe east or west of the mountains. The Indians, so far as I have had an opportunity of ascertaining, have but few diseases, and for the cure of these, they use but little medicine; nor do they profess to have any knowledge of remedies, beyond a few specifics.

They have a frequent practice of producing perspiration, the object of which is to invigorate their constitutions, and as a luxury is used very extensively. They construct a steam-bath in the form of an oblong oven, two or three feet high and about six feet long, made of willows, each end inserted into the ground, thus forming an arch, which is covered with grass and mud, or more generally with skins. In this they place a number of hot stones, upon which they pour water. The person who is to go through the process enters, and is enclosed nearly air-tight, and remains until a very profuse perspiration is produced, and until nearly suffocated. He then comes out, and plunges at once into cold water. No regard is paid to the season of the year, whether summer or winter.

They are wholly destitute of the means of obtaining education, and therefore are ignorant of all the sciences. In things with which they are conversant, such as appertain to hunting, war, and their limited domestic concerns, they manifest observation, skill, and intellect; but beyond this their knowledge is very limited. They necessarily compute by numbers, but their arithmetic is entirely mental. It is an interesting fact, that of four different languages which I examined, the mode of counting is by tens.

The Klicatat nation count with different words up to ten. *Lah's*, one; *neep't*, two; and so to ten; then they add *wappena* to *lah's*; as *lah's wappena*, eleven; *neep't wappena*, twelve; *neep't tit*, twenty; and in like manner to one hundred, and so on to a thousand by hundreds. In the Nez Perce language, *nox* is one, *lapeet*, two, *metait*, three, &c. After ten they repeat the radical numbers, with the addition *tit*—as *nox tit*, eleven; *laap tit*, twenty; *metap tit*, thirty. This may be a sufficient specimen for the four languages, as the other two proceed in the same manner.

They count their years by snows; as *maika elair*, snows six, that is, six years; and months by moons, and days by sleeps—*pinemeek pe-e-lep*, sleeps four, (four days). It is not common for them to know their exact ages; nor, generally speaking, are they very accurate in chronology.

They are very fond of singing, and generally have flexible and sweet-toned voices. Most of their singing is without words, excepting upon some special occasions. They use *hi ah* in constant repetition, as we use *fa, sol, la*; and instead of several different parts harmonising, they only take eighths, one above another, never exceeding three. They are conscious of the inferiority of their tunes to ours, and wished to be instructed in this department of knowledge. In this land of moral desolation, it was cheering to hear the sounds of melody and harmony even in the most simple strains.

THE INDIANS OF THE LOWER COUNTRY.

THE Indians of the lower country are those between the shores of the Pacific and the Falls of the Columbia River, and from Puget's Sound to Upper California. The principal nations are the Chenooks, the Klicatats, the Callapoahs, and the Umbaguas. These nations are divided into a great number of tribes, which have their respective chiefs, and yet each nation has its principal chief, who is head over all the several tribes, and has a general superintending control. These Indians are rather below the middle stature, and not generally so well formed in their persons as the Indians of the plains or upper country. Their women are uncouth, inclining to be pendulous; and, at an early age, they

appear old, which is owing to several causes. One among these is the habit of painting, which destroys the smooth and healthy appearance of the skin.

These Indians appear to have less sensibility, both physical and moral, than those of the upper country. Their dependence for subsistence being mostly confined to fishing and fowling, they are not so well supplied with clothing as the upper Indians, who hunt the buffalo, the elk, the antelope, and other large game. The lower Indians obtain some game, and clothing from the lower posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. I have often seen them going about half-naked, when the thermometer ranged between thirty and forty degrees, and their children barefooted and barelegged in the snow; and yet, when exposed to fatigue, they cannot endure the cold half so well as civilised people. I have noticed this, when I have had them employed in conveying me any considerable distance in a canoe. Their taste and sense of smell are obtuse, being rendered so by their filthy habits and contaminated food. But their hearing and sight are uncommonly good, owing, undoubtedly, to their habits of looking closely to see their game, and listening attentively to catch the least sound. These Indians being, from their mode of subsistence, more stationary than those of the plains, have more durable and comfortable habitations, which are built of split plank, after the manner of Wanaxka's, described as seen by me near the falls of the Willamette. Some of them, however, indulge the fancy of making their doors like the face of a man, the mouth being the place of entrance.

The lower Indians do not dress as well, nor with as good taste, as the upper. Their robes are much shorter, and are made of inferior materials—such as deer-skins with the hair on, and skins of hares and of squirrels. The women wear a sort of petticoat, made of cedar bark, or of a species of strong grass, twisted into strands, which, at one end, are fastened to a girdle, while the other is knotted and suspended from the band. These Indians are as much degraded as those on our frontiers, and from the same causes. By their intercourse with those who furnish them with the means of intoxication, and who have introduced kindred vices, they have become indolent and extremely filthy in their habits, and more debased than the beasts of the earth. If we go to the abodes of the animals of the field and of the forest, we may find examples of neatness and industry far above those of the lower Indians. How perfectly neat are the deer and the antelope—how industrious the beaver and the bee—how clean is the plumage of the fowl—how well adapted to repose are their habitations—in a word, how different are all their habits from those of fallen, polluted man! What has brought man, unreclaimed by the gospel, into this degraded state? Not the want of rational powers, but their abuse by sin; and nothing but Christianity, by which he may be brought back to God, can ever bring him back into the comforts and decencies of life.

Tell us no more about the happiness of the untought children of nature—poor, miserable, degraded, sinful nature, alienated from the life of godliness, and alienated from the decencies of life. The want of moral instruction, the influence of bad examples, and unrestrained licentiousness, have brought the lower Indians into a state of wretchedness which will be entailed upon future generations, and which nothing but the healing power of the gospel can ever eradicate. There are some exceptions to these remarks, but not enough to exert a redeeming power to save these remnants of once populous nations, if benevolence and humanity do not soon break their slumbers. It is to be hoped that the Methodist missionaries now in the field, will, under God, interpose a barrier to their sweeping desolation.

In their religious belief, the lower do not materially differ from the upper Indians. While they believe in one Great Spirit, they in addition believe in subordi-

nate spirits, or invisible agencies, to whom they ascribe much the same power as has been ascribed to witches. We had a specimen of this when the May Dacre was passing down the river in October. On the north side of the Columbia, near the confluence of the Cowalitz, there were some dark recesses in the basaltic rocks. An Indian chief on board warned Captain Lambert not to approach these dark places; for they were the residence of bad spirits, who would destroy the ship and all on board. Captain Lambert purposely passed near the place; and the Indian was astonished that we escaped unhurt, and concluded that there must have been some great "medicine" in the ship, which defended us. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and that in the future state we shall have the same wants as in this life. Under the influence of this belief, the wife of Calpo, a very influential chief of the Chenook village near Cape Disappointment, on losing a daughter in the year 1829, killed two female slaves to attend her to the world of spirits, and for the particular purpose of rowing her canoe to the far off happy regions of the south, where in their imagination they locate their elysium. She deposited her daughter, with the two slain females by her side, in a canoe, with articles of clothing and domestic implements. She was the daughter of Concomly, and a woman of more than common talents and respectability, a firm friend of white men, and one who had more than once saved them from slaughter. How dark was the mind of this talented woman, and how differently would she have conducted herself under the influence of divine revelation! These Indians never mention the name of their relatives after they are dead.

It is only in the lower country of the Oregon territory, and along the coast, that slavery exists. It was formerly practised in the upper country, but has been long since abolished. The Walla-Walla tribe are descended from slaves formerly owned and liberated by the Nez Perce Indians, and are now a respectable tribe.

Gambling is also practised among the lower Indians, and carried by them to perfection. After they have lost every thing they possess, they will put themselves at stake; first a hand, and if unsuccessful, the other; after this an arm, and in the same manner, piece by piece, until all is lost except the head; and at last they risk their head, and, if they lose this, go into perpetual slavery. If civilised men will gamble, it is desirable that they should carry the game to the same perfection, for then they would cease to be pests to society; and, however different may be our sentiments upon the subject of slavery, in this we should generally be agreed, that such gamblers would not deserve commiseration. The Indians, however, do not set their souls upon the hazard of the game, as civilised gamblers do, when they imprecate the eternal vengeance of God upon their souls if they are not successful. The Indian gambles away his rights for time only.

It is a universal practice to indulge in smoking; and, when they saturate their bodies with smoke, they do it in a dignified manner. They use but little tobacco, mixing with it a plant which renders the fume less offensive. It is a social luxury, for the enjoyment of which they form a circle, and only one pipe is used. The principal chief begins by drawing three whiffs, the first of which he sends upward, and then passes the pipe to the person next in dignity; and in like manner the instrument passes around, until it comes to the first chief again. He then draws four whiffs, the last of which he blows through his nose in two columns, in circling ascent, as through a double-flued chimney. While thus employed, some topic of business is discussed, or some exploit in the chase or story of the battle-field is related; and the whole is conducted with gravity. Their pipes are variously constructed, and of different materials. Some of them are

wrought, with much labour and ingenuity, of an argillaceous stone, of very fine texture, found at the north of Queen Charlotte's Island, and of a blue-black colour. The same kind of stone is found upon the head-waters of the Missouri, except that the colour of the latter is brick red. These stones, when first taken out of the quarries, are soft and are easily worked with a knife, but on being exposed to the air they become hard, and take a good polish.

The Indians in the lower country are more indolent than in the upper; and the common motives for industry operate reversely from those in civilised communities. The more they can get for their labour, the less they will do; the more they can get for an article of sale, the less they will bring into market. Their wants are but few, and when these are supplied, they will do no more. They have no disposition to hoard up treasures, nor any enlarged plans to execute, requiring expense and labour. If they have any particular present want to supply, they will do only what is sufficient to satisfy it, and make no further effort until urged by a recurring necessity. To make them industrious and provident, you must induce them to set a higher estimate upon the comforts of life, and show them that these are attainable, as well as that there is an increase of happiness growing out of industry; and this they must be taught by experience. Abstract reasoning and theories are of no avail with the Indians. They must be taught experimentally, at their own houses, and upon their own lands. An Indian may be taken abroad and instructed, and convinced of the advantages of civilisation above barbarism; yet, if sent back to his country alone, he will become discouraged, and return to his former habits. Experimental farmers and missionaries must go among them, and make it the business of their lives to do them good, identifying their personal interests with theirs. Charges of indolence, insensibility, and cruelty, will never make them wiser or better. He is the true philanthropist, who, instead of passing by on the other side, goes directly to them, and does all in his power to raise them from their degradation, and bring them to God and to heaven.

The Indians of the lower country, although less anxious to be instructed in the things of religion than those in the prairies, yet express a readiness to receive instructors. I have not found among them, nor among any Indians beyond the influence of frontier settlements, any thing like what has been stated to have taken place in other sections of our country, and in other times: I have not found it true that they will listen to statements made by missionaries, give their assent to what is said as very good, and then state their own theories of religion, expecting the same courteous assent in return. Neither have I seen any disposition manifested on their part, to say the Christian religion is very good for white men, but that red men need a different religion and mode of life. They are conscious of their ignorance of God and salvation, and of the various arts and sciences. While an indifference and apathy characterise some, which is discouraging, yet there has been nothing manifested which is forbidding.

Though gratitude is a general characteristic of Indians, yet they have in some cases their peculiar way of expressing it. An Indian had a son labouring for a long time under a languishing and dangerous complaint. Their medicine men had done all they could for him, but without success. The father brought his son to the hospital at Fort Vancouver, and earnestly desired to have him treated with care and with the best medical attendance. The sick son was received, and in about six months was restored to good health. When his father came to take him home, he remarked to Dr McLaughlin, "My son is a good boy, he has been with you a long time, and I think you must love him; and now, as he is about to leave you, will you not give him a blanket and shirt, and as many

other small things as you think will be good? We shall always love you."

The lower Indians make their medicine in some particulars differently from those farther east. Their professed object is to obtain present relief, if not a radical cure; to assuage the sorrow of the relatives if the patient dies; and to make sure that he die easily, and that his soul may be rendered more capable of performing its journey to its far distant and happy country. The process is simple, but occupies five or six hours. The patient is laid upon a bed of mats and blankets, sometimes a little elevated, and surrounded by a framework. Two medicine men place themselves upon this frame, and commence a chant in a low, long-drawn tone, each holding in his hand a wand three or four feet long, with which they beat upon the frame, keeping time to their tune. They gradually increase the loudness and the movement of their medicine song, with a correspondent use of their wands, until the noise becomes almost deafening, and undoubtedly, often worries the patient out of the world. During this time, the near relations appear to be perfectly indifferent to the condition of the sick person, lest their anxiety should affect the influence of the charm; and they are generally employed about their common business, the women making mats, baskets, and moccasins, while the men are lolling about, smoking, or conversing upon common subjects. In some cases, especially if their confidence in the medicine man is slight, they manifest much affliction and concern, and in all cases, after the person dies, they make great lamentation.

I have already mentioned the practice which the lower Indians have of flattening their heads and piercing their noses. But another reported custom, of having pieces of sea-horse's tusks, or oval pieces of wood an inch and a half long and an inch wide, inserted into a hole in their under lip, made for the purpose, is not correct in regard to any of the Indians in this section of country. Captain Beechey mentions this as a common practice from Norton's Island and northward. Deshnow, as long ago as 1648, noticed the same ornament to be worn by men and by women about Prince William's Sound; and the same custom, Captain Beechey says, is common along the western shores of America, as far as California. I saw some specimens of this ornament, or rather deformity, which were worn by the Indians at Millbank Sound.

The wealth of the lower Indians is estimated by the number of their wives, slaves, and canoes. Every Indian of any distinction takes as many wives as he is able to support, and his wealth is supposed to accord with the number. They are quite destitute of horses, and their general mode of travelling is in canoes; for the forests are so dense that they are nearly impenetrable, and they do not construct any roads. As the upper Indians excel in horsemanship, so the lower excel in the management of their canoes. These are uncommonly well made, and of various sizes, from twelve to thirty feet long; the largest will carry as much as a good bateau. They are generally made of the fir-tree. Their bow and stern are raised high, so as to meet and ward off the boisterous waves, and the bow is sometimes decorated with figures of animals. Slaves are employed in propelling the canoes, but not exclusively; for often the chiefs will perform their part of the labour, and the women are equally expert with the men.

Their manufactures are much the same as those of the upper country, only with the addition of hats and baskets of uncommonly good workmanship, made of grass of superior quality, equal to the Leghorn. The native hats are a flaring cone. Their baskets are worked so closely as to hold water, and are used for pails. Some of them are interwoven with various colours and devices, fancifully representing men, horses, and flowers.

The government of the Indian nations is in the hands of chiefs, whose office is hereditary, or obtained by

some special merit. Their only power lies in the influence derived from their wisdom, benevolence, and courage. They exercise authority by persuasion, stating what in their judgment they believe to be right and for the greatest good of their tribe or nation, or of any family or community. The chiefs have no power of levying taxes, and they are so much in the habit of contributing their own property for individual or public good, that they are not generally wealthy. Their influence, however, is great; for they rarely express an opinion or desire which is not readily assented to and followed. Any unreasonable dissent is subdued by the common voice of the people. Probably there is no government upon earth where there is so much personal and political freedom, and at the same time so little anarchy; and I can unhesitatingly say, that I have nowhere witnessed so much subordination, peace, and friendship; as among the Indians in the Oregon territory. The day may be rued, when their order and harmony shall be interrupted by any instrumentality whatever.

There are exceptions, however, to the general good conduct of the chiefs, and the respect which is given to them. Cazenove, the first chief of the Chenook nation, is one instance in point. He was a great warrior, and before the desolating sickness, which commenced in the year 1829, he could bring a thousand warriors into action. He is a man of talent, and his personal appearance is noble, and ought to represent a nature kind and generous; but such is his character, that his influence is retained among his people more by fear than by affection. I saw him often, and several times at my room, while at Fort Vancouver. On Tuesday, February 2d. I attended the funeral of his only son, and the heir to his chieftainship, a young man, who had lingered under a protracted disease. Cazenove departed from the long-established custom of his nation and fathers, of depositing their dead in canoes, and had him buried in the cemetery of the Fort, in the decent manner of civilised people. He had the coffin made large, for the purpose of putting into it clothing, blankets, and such other articles as he supposed necessary for his son's comfort in the world to which he had gone. Every thing connected with the ceremony of his interment was conducted with great propriety. I was not at the time furnished with an interpreter, but addressed those present who understood English. Cazenove expressed his satisfaction that an address was given, considering it an expression of respect for his son; and he appeared solemn in his affliction, indulging in tears only, and not in any loud lamentations. Had he conducted himself with equal propriety subsequently, he would have been worthy of commendation. But he did not; for when he returned to his dwelling that evening, he attempted to kill the mother of this deceased son, the daughter of Concomly, and formerly the wife of Mr M'Dougal. The chiefs say, that they and their sons are too great to die of themselves; and, although they may be sick, decline, and die, as others do, yet somebody, or an evil spirit instigated by somebody, is the invisible cause of their death; and therefore, when a chief or his son dies, the supposed author of the deed must be killed. Cazenove, on this occasion, fixed on the mother of this son as the victim of his rage, notwithstanding that she had been most assiduous in her attention to him during his protracted sickness. Of the chief's several wives, she was the most beloved; and his misguided mind led him to believe, that the greater the sacrifice, the greater would be the manifestation of attachment to his son, and the more propitiatory to the departed spirit. The wife fled into the woods, and the next morning, when the gates were opened, she came into the fort and implored protection. She was secreted here for several days, until her friends at Chenook Bay heard of her situation, and came and secretly took her away. Some days after this, a woman was found killed by the hand of violence,

and it was supposed to have been done by Cazenove, or at his instigation.

NUMBERS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES.

MARCH 1st.—We have many indications of the presence of spring. The mildness of the climate, and the soft temperature of the season west of the mountains, render this one of the most delightful portions of our continent. The sudden extremes of heat and cold to which the eastern portions are subject, are almost unknown here; and while the climate is more agreeable to our feelings, it is also more favourable to health. Those who have the charge of the farming establishment at this place, have commenced thus early to cultivate their spring crops; and the gardener is preparing his ground for the seeds. The grass in the yard begins to assume its beautiful fresh green. The robin and blackbird have continued here through the winter, and now, with some others of their feathered brethren, resume their cheerful warblings in the fields and groves. During the winter, the thermometer has not fallen below 22 degrees Fahrenheit, and was at this point only during three days. At this date it stood, at sunrise, at 37 degrees; at noon, 46 degrees; and at sunset at 44 degrees. The rains through the winter have been less constant and heavy than I had anticipated; and snow has fallen only ten days, sometimes in trifling quantities, and at no one time over the depth of six inches, and has remained on the ground only a few days. Some have supposed, that the genial climate of the Oregon territory is attributable to the proximity of the great Pacific, shedding the influence of its soft winds far into the interior. But the fact is, that almost the only winds throughout the winter are easterly winds, consequently such as come direct from the regions of perpetual snow.

Swallows made their appearance on the 12th of March; and among them a new species, characterised by the plumage of the head and back being of a most beautiful changeable green, with other parts purple and white.

A number of the La Dalles Indians arrived to-day, who reside eighty miles distant. One of their chiefs stated to my friend Mr Townsend that they had changed their mode of worship; that they do not now dance on the sabbath, as they used to do, but meet, sing, and pray; and that since they have been better acquainted with the way to worship God, He hears their prayers, and that now, when they, and their wives and children, are hungry, they pray for deer, and they go out to hunt, and God sends them deer to satisfy their wants. It was interesting to know that they were disposed to do, as well as listen to, what is taught them.

Sabbath, 13th.—Besides the usual service in the hall in English, I met the Indians from the La Dalles, and endeavoured to exhibit to them the great truths of the Bible. They listened with deep interest to what I said, and then inquired whether they might expect, after I should go away, that some one would come and teach them. I could not promise, but replied that I hoped it would not be more than two snows, before some one would be sent. They inquired if, after one or two sleeps, I would let them come to my room and hear more about God. I appointed to meet them on Tuesday afternoon, and spoke with them several succeeding times before their departure.

It must be apparent to any observing Christian, that the present is the favourable time for the introduction of the gospel and civilisation among the natives of this wide interior. Soon the cupidity and avarice of men will make the same aggressions here as on the east, and the deadly influence of frontier vices will interpose a barrier to the religion which they now are so anxious to embrace and practise. Every circumstance com-

PARKER'S JOURNEY

bines to point out the time when this work should begin; and not the least is that which has enlisted these Indians in favour of white men, and made them feel that the condition of the latter, in all respects, for this world as well as the coming one, is better than their own. A well-established Christian influence among these tribes, would surely be respected by any who otherwise would invade their rights, and deprive them of a home dear to them, as our own is to us.

March 24th.—The season is progressing in delightful mildness. Flowering shrubbery and plants are beginning to send forth their fragrance. The Nootka humming-bird has arrived, and is seen darting from bush to bush, feeding upon the opening flowers. This most splendid species is not known east of the mountains. The whole of the upper part of the body is rufous, its head greenish, its throat cupreous and metalloidal crimson, varying according to the incidence of light. The throat of this species resembles that of the common species, except that it is even more gorgeous in its colours, and, in presenting the metallic feathers, forms a broad ruff in the inferior part of the neck, instead of being wholly a component part of the plumage. A new species of blue bird, of uncommonly beautiful plumage, arrived on the 14th. The swan, several species of geese, and the sand-hill crane, are passing to the north for incubation. Their screaming notes are constantly heard, and in the night are not the most inviting to repose.

Before leaving the lower country, it will be proper to present, in a connected point of view, the best information I have been able to obtain of the several nations, their locations, and numbers. There are several tribes about whom my knowledge is too limited to permit me to make any definite statements. Among these are the Indians about Puget's Sound, and the upper part of the Cowlitz; also the Chiltz Indians, north of the mouth of the Columbia and Chealis rivers. And although I have seen many of the Klicat nation, who reside at the north of the cascades, yet I have not been able to learn of them any thing more definite than that they are a large nation. The Chenook nation resides along upon the Columbia River, from the cascades to its confluence with the ocean; and though once numerous and powerful, they do not now number more than fifteen hundred or two thousand. The Calapooah nation are located south of the Chenooks, upon the Willamette River and its branches. They are divided into seventeen different tribes, under their respective chiefs, and number about eight thousand seven hundred and eighty persons, who speak the same radical language, with only a little difference in dialect. They are scattered over a territory of two hundred miles, north and south, and sixty east and west. Their country is uncommonly good.

South of the Calapooah is the Umbagua nation, residing in a valley of the same name. They are divided into six tribes—the Sonta, Chalula, Palakahu, Quattamya, and Chasta. Their number is about seven thousand. South of this nation and north of California, there was a very powerful nation called the Kincla, which, before the year 1829, numbered four thousand warriors. But, if they have been swept away by sickness, as the other nations of the lower country have, it is probable that their whole number of men, women, and children, would not now amount to more than eight thousand.

Near the mouth of the Columbia, along the coast, are the Killamooks, whose numbers are great, but not accurately known. South of these, and at the mouth of the Umbagua River, are the Salutla, and two other tribes, supposed to number about two thousand persons.

This estimate of the Indians in the lower country, makes the number of those known to be about twenty-five thousand. This is probably a low estimate. It may safely be concluded, from facts now collected, that there are, between the 42d and 47th degrees of north

latitude, in what we term the lower country, as many as twenty-five thousand more, making in all fifty thousand, who at the present moment would gladly receive teachers.

Gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company gave the following statements of the number of Indians north of Puget's Sound. At Millbank Sound, three tribes, numbering two thousand one hundred and eighty-six. At Hygana Harbour, five tribes or bands, amounting to upwards of two thousand. At Queen Charlotte's Island, eleven tribes, numbering eight thousand six hundred persons. About Hanaga and Chatham Straits, there are nine tribes, containing six thousand one hundred and sixty persons. Thus, the whole number of inhabitants, at and about these places, between the 47th and 55th degree of north latitude, may be estimated at upwards of nineteen thousand. At Queen Charlotte's Island, there is a field of much promise for a missionary station, where the necessities of life could be easily obtained; and for that high northern latitude, the climate is very mild.

Their summer and winter residences are built of split plank, in nearly the same manner as those of the Chenooks. It is said they are well supplied with fish, fowl, oil, berries, and potatoes of superior quality and in great abundance; and wild meat is sometimes obtained. Their dress is much the same as what has already been described. Polygamy prevails, and also slavery. They do not treat their slaves so kindly as the Indians in the lower country of the Oregon territory treat theirs. They think no more of killing their slaves than as affects the loss of property. Sometimes, when one chief becomes offended with another, instead of fighting a duel, he goes home and kills a certain number of slaves, and challenges the other to kill as many. The challenged person, if he can, kills as many or more, and notifies the challenger of the number; and thus they proceed, until one or the other gains the victory, and the one who fails in this mode of combat ceases to be a gentleman. "The point of honour" with these barbarous gentry is fixed higher than in our Christian country; for the life of one satisfies the powerful principle among enlightened men, while among the Indians, blood must flow profusely to quench the noble fire of high-minded revenge. They are not unfrequently engaged in wars, which are often very bloody. They are much addicted to gambling, singing, and dancing, and it is said their voices are of a superior order. The country is mountainous, and is generally covered with dense forests, consisting mostly of fir.

On and about M'Kenzie River there are six tribes of Indians, making a population of about four thousand two hundred and seventy-five. The climate is very cold and unpleasant; but, cold and uninviting as it is, the Hudson's Bay Company have found men who are willing to reside there in sufficient numbers to make six establishments, for the purpose of obtaining the peltries which the Indians collect. Their principal establishment, which is Fort Simpson, is on the upper part of the river, and is a place of much resort for the Indians.

March 26th.—Rode down once more to the lower plains, as they are called, and was delighted with the freshness of the wheat fields, which are beginning to wave in the gentle breezes, and the forest-trees are beginning to show their leaves, and the plants their flowers. The sea-fowl which through the winter covered these fields, are gone to their summer residences, and the little feathered tribes are tuning their melodious voices.

The question whose country this is, has been much agitated in the Parliament of Great Britain and in the Congress of the United States. The natives claim it as theirs, and say they only *permit* white men to reside among them. But the governments of Great Britain and of the United States have both assumed a right to parts of the country—that of Great Britain

claiming the Columbia River for their southern boundary, and the United States the 49th degree of north latitude for their northern boundary. The two governments have discussed the question, but postponed it until 1838,* when it is to be again taken up for discussion. The United States claim the 49th degree, on the ground that, as that parallel is established on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, so, by parity of reasoning, it should be continued to the Pacific Ocean. Great Britain claims the Columbia River for her southern boundary by right of discovery, Captain Broughton of the ship *Chatham* having ascended the river with two boats, as far as the point where Fort Vancouver is now situated, and having formally taken possession of the river and country in the name of his Britannic Majesty, on the 31st of October 1792. Captain Broughton was associated with Captain Vancouver of the ship *Discovery*, on an exploratory voyage in the North Pacific and around the world. Possession was taken in his Britannic Majesty's name, in due form. A friendly old chief, who did not understand a word of their language, nor they a word of his, was invited to join in the ceremony, and to drink his majesty's health. Captain Broughton says the chief appeared much pleased with the transaction. But it may be a subject of inquiry, with what the friendly old chief was best pleased—with the rum he drank on the occasion, or with the ceremony which was so full of import? And farther, did the chief, by partaking of his majesty's rum and joining in the ceremony, concede all this country to be the *bona fide* property of a foreign nation? These deep and intricate questions I leave for learned diplomatists to decide, retaining my private opinion that the Indians have a priority of claim.

The time has arrived when I expect to resume the work of exploration. The weeks and months which I have spent here have fled rapidly away, while I have been feebly endeavouring during the winter to benefit the people of the fort, and the Indians, and to embrace all the opportunities that should present, to collect information on those points which pertain to the direct object of my tour. I shall yet wander for a length of time among the wild scenes of nature, which have so gratified and delighted me in traversing the wilderness of forest and prairie; but my heart looks back to a variety of the interesting scenes of civilised life and cultivated society in my own far distant land, and I ardently desire to see the wide field lying before me brought under the same beauty and cultivation. All the social tendencies of our nature strongly desire the happiness which refined society alone can give. A feeling of solitariness and of desolation comes over the mind, as you stand on the banks of the noble Columbia, while perhaps for weeks, it may be for months, no whitened sail becomes visible to your watching eye. At length a ship enters its waters, and the Indians hasten fifty miles to tell you that the white man's *great canoe*, with its three upright sticks, is on its way, to bring a new supply of blankets, beads, and tobacco. The most unimportant incidents become interesting events, where so much monotony exists.

Monday, 11th April.—Having made arrangements to leave this place on the 14th, I called upon the chief-clerk for my bill. He said the company had made no bill against me, but felt a pleasure in gratuitously conferring all they had done, for the benefit of the object in which I was engaged. In justice to my own feelings, and in gratitude to the honourable company, I would bear testimony to their uniform politeness and generosity; and while I do this, I would express my anxiety for their salvation, and that they may be rewarded in spiritual blessings. In addition to the civilities I had received as a guest, I had drawn upon their store for clothing and goods to pay my Indians,

whom I had employed to convey me in canoes, in my various journeyings, for hundreds of miles; to pay my guides and interpreters; and I had also drawn upon their provision store for the support of these men while in my employ.

DEPARTURE FOR THE UPPER COUNTRY.—ARRIVAL AT WALLA-WALLA.

APRIL 14th.—Having exchanged farewells with the gentlemen of the fort, whose kindness I shall ever remember, I took passage in a canoe of an Indian chief belonging to the La Dalles. Our company consisted of the chief and his daughter, another Indian who took the bow, a half-blood named Baptiste, who took the stern, and two white men, who, with the chief, helped to propel the canoe, making seven persons in all. These, with the baggage of several hundredweight, loaded the frail craft so heavily, that its sides were only about seven inches above water. This, upon a river averaging about a mile in width, with many rapids, and subject to winds, was not a pleasant undertaking. But at this season of the year, when the Indians are about to commence fishing, another canoe could not be obtained.

We proceeded up the river about twelve miles, to what are called the upper plains, on the north side of the river, and there we encamped upon a rich and beautiful prairie of some miles in circumference, which, at this early part of the spring, was covered with a coat of fresh green grass, five or six inches high. A little back from the river there is a beautiful lake, which is the resort of water-fowl, sailing about, exhibiting their unsullied plumage; and in the rear are forests of fir, whither the deer which crop the grass of the prairie flee, when they see men ascend the river's bank. A gathering storm rendered the night dark, cold, and dreary; for as yet no friendly habitations have been reared upon these fertile fields, for the resort and comfort of man.

The rain continuing, with some wind, we did not decamp on the morning of the 15th, until a late hour; after which we passed up into the mountainous part of the country below the cascades, and encamped near the high Pillar-Rock which I have mentioned. Soon after leaving our encampment this morning, we met Captain Wyeth, with a small company of men, in two canoes lashed together, on their way to Fort William upon Wapbatoo Island. They were wet with the rain of the morning; and their meagre countenances and tattered garments did not speak much in favour of the happiness of mountain life, or announce that they had found the hunter's elysium. But they were in good spirits, and passed merrily on their way.

The basaltic rocks, which wall up the shores, in some places two and three hundred feet in perpendicular height, and extending for miles, do not lose in interest by review. For more than half a mile the basalt presented regular pentagons. Near these rocks, where the shore was inaccessible, we found a deer almost exhausted with swimming in the cold water. Its condition, and its mild, large, black eye, excited by fear, pleaded for the exercise of humanity; but our men, instead of rendering it that assistance which it needed, shot it, and stained the pure water of the river with its blood. I could not help feeling a sympathy for this poor beautiful animal.

While the men, on the morning of the 16th, were engaged in taking the canoe up the rapids and the cascades, I walked five miles, sometimes along the shore of the river, and sometimes climbing over precipices; and so laborious was the task to get the canoe above all the rapids and falls, that it occupied most of the day, giving me time for examining the scenery around. Almost every variety of volcanic production was to be seen, mostly basalt and amygdaloid. Large

* [It is perhaps unnecessary to state, that this question still remains unsettled. March 1841.]

quantities of petrified wood were scattered along the shores, some of which preserved its natural appearance, but on being broken presented the appearance of mineral ool. The scenery around is grand; yet such was the misty state of the atmosphere about the tops of the mountains, which were at this time covered with snow, and so chill was the air, that the enjoyment was less than would have been felt under other circumstances. After having finished the portage by the cascades, we launched out upon the gentle current above, proceeded up the river two miles, and encamped upon the north side. Several Indians came to our encampment, and manifested a kind and sociable disposition. They told us that Captain Wyeth, the day before, in *cordelling* his canoes down the cascades, lost one, and with it baggage, of which they had found some articles, and which they intended to deliver to him when he should again pass this way. The Indians are coming in from their winter retreats, and are engaged in catching sturgeon.

The 17th being the Sabbath, we did not remove. It was a wet day, during the fore part of which the rain came down in torrents, which is common about these mountains through the rainy season of the year. We were not able to make a fire for preparing food until after twelve o'clock, when the rain began to abate.

On Monday the weather was more pleasant, though chilly, and we made very good progress up the river, through a country of diversified scenery. Though less mountainous, yet there were some mountains of interesting forms: we saw one almost a perfect cone, a thousand feet high, rising at an angle of 45 degrees, beautifully smooth, and covered with grass. We passed, a few miles above this, a bluff rock, presenting a perpendicular semicircle, regularly stellated. In different places there were red hills of the colour of well-burnt brick. We encamped on the north side of the river, upon a pleasant spot just above a small Indian village, where we found a good supply of dry wood, which added both to our comfort and convenience.

A wind which blew very fresh through the night abated on the morning on the 19th, and we proceeded on our way with a gentle breeze, before which we spread a sail made of a blanket. The wind continued to increase until the middle of the day, rendering our navigation rather dangerous. We came to a large bend in the river, and to save the labour of coasting around the bend, the men who rowed the canoe wished to pass over to the south side of the river, which was here more than a mile wide. This seemed a dangerous experiment, because the wind and waves were too high for our deep-laden canoe; but as they were anxious to save labour, I did not persist in my objections. We had not got more than half-way across, before the increasing wind raised waves which rolled and broke three times as high as our canoe, and threatened to overwhelm us. At length, the men were unable to keep the head of the canoe to the waves, and it turned sideways to them. It seemed that nothing short of a miraculous act of Providence could save us. After some time, however, by exertion, and by some abatement of the wind, we got our canoe upon her course and across the waves, and safely arrived at the south shore. But our greatest danger was not over. After coasting a few miles along the south shore, we came to a promontory called Cape Horn, a name given it on account of the danger of passing it. It is of basaltic formation, rising two hundred feet, as I afterwards found by measurement, in perpendicular height above the water's edge, extending about a mile in length, and the lower end projecting several hundred feet into the river. The wind had so far lulled, that we did not apprehend any danger in passing it. When we had passed the Horn, the wind veered round and increased to a gale. The foaming, breaking waves ran high, and we could not return against the wind, while to go for-

ward was to add to the risk of being swamped or dashed against shoreless rocks. Such was the force of the wind, and such the efforts required to keep the canoe across the waves, and away from the rocks, that, in the same instant of time, the bowman and the steersman both broke their paddles, and the sail broke away from the left fastenings, whirling over to the right. It seemed that all hope was gone. There were only three paddles left, two of which were immediately put into the hands of the steersman and bowman. It was impossible to return, and to make progress against the current with the remaining means appeared equally impracticable. A watery grave seemed inevitable; but so it was in the protecting mercy of God, that when the waves broke it was just without the canoe. As it was necessary to our safety to be collected and fearless, we cleared the sail, and gave orders as though no danger were near. Contrary to even our highest expectations, we continued to make headway against the current, assisted probably by one of those large eddies which abound in this river, until we came to a bay with a sandy shore, where we put our frail bark in safety, and waited until the winds and weather became more favourable.

Indians came to us, of whom we bought paddles; and, being again equipped for our voyage, we proceeded up the river towards the La Dalles, as far as we could safely go, and encamped near a large eddy, where, two years before, nine men were drowned by being drawn into it, and their bateau capsized. Only one escaped, which he effected by laying hold of a bag containing some empty kegs. He was carried some few miles down the river, and taken up by Indians who were passing the river in a canoe. A number of Indians came to us with horses, whom we engaged to take us and our baggage to the navigable water above the falls.

The 20th was occupied in passing the La Dalles and the falls, above which we encamped. The Indians, in great numbers, were making their preparations for fishing. This place affords a favourable location for missionaries. The Indians resort here in large numbers, and remain usually through the summer, and some of them through the year. An intercourse would be always open with surrounding tribes; and facilities exist, both for disseminating the truths of the gospel, and for obtaining the means of comfortable subsistence.

As soon as we had encamped, the Indians came around us, and their first inquiry was for *pi-pi* (tobacco). I am much disgusted with this noxious plant, and am resolved to dismiss it from the list of articles necessary to conciliate the Indians. If an Indian is suffering from hunger and nakedness, his first request is tobacco. As we had parted with the Indians who came with us from Fort Vancouver, we here engaged two others to assist us as far as Walla-Walla.

On the 21st we took a bateau which was left here, and made slow progress up the river, against the current and frequent rapids. Our progress was much the same on the 22d. This morning, while encamped for breakfast, and while the men were making preparation, I went into a little village near by, and called at a lodge, where I found an elderly and young woman with four little girls. I spoke to them in the Chenook language, but they did not understand it. I then asked them, by the language of signs, whose were those children. The youngest woman told me that three were hers, but that the eldest was an orphan whom she had taken to provide for as her own. She then proceeded to tell me a lamentable story of her orphan condition. The grandmother would every now and then put in a few sentences, while she supported her chin upon her hand. So tender were the accents, and so moving the sound of their voices, that I felt affected with the narration, although I could not understand a word of their language. As they proceeded, I could only nod assent.

Their tenderness appeared to increase by having a stranger's sympathy; and it was with reluctance that I had to leave them without being able to point them to Him who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who binds up the broken heart, and saves from sin.

Our encampment on the 24th was on the south side of the river, at a place of much resort for Indians, but who had not come in from their winter retreats. There were here many canoes drawn up at a short distance from the shore, and left without any apprehensions of their being stolen, showing the confidence which the Indians have in each other's honesty. They do not need guards, or bolts, bars, or state prisons.

To secure ourselves from a strong cold wind, we selected a place covered densely with wild broom corn of last year's growth, yet standing, and in the rear of willows which here skirted the shore of the river. Two Indians came to our encampment, who were as miserable objects as I have seen. They were not more than half covered with tattered skins of rabbits patched together, and they were emaciated with want. To relieve the sufferings of such objects of pity, the traveller needs to carry with him a store of clothing and provisions. It is distressing to see them, without having the means of furnishing them with substantial supplies.

On the 25th we made slow progress against the strong current with our poorly manned bateau, and failing of arriving at Walla-Walla as we had hoped, we encamped under the high basaltic rocks, where we found a small spot of soil, furnishing some wood. The next morning we arrived at the fort, where I met, at the landing, a number of Nez Perce Indians waiting my arrival. I felt much satisfaction in seeing them, and in witnessing their tokens of affection. It was like meeting old friends; and there appeared to be so much unfeigned sincerity in the reception they gave me, that it inspired the hope that the disposition which they express to acquire religious knowledge is based on a foundation more permanent than a mere love of novelty. I had told a band of the Cayuse Indians last October, on my way down the river, that I would meet them here in the spring, and talk to them about God and the way to worship him. Many of them were now ready to attend to the fulfilment of my promise; and, undoubtedly, my arrival at the appointed time confirmed their confidence. Mr Pambrun manifested his usual friendship.

As it was yet early in the season, I judged it expedient to continue here two weeks, and improve such opportunities as might offer for instructing the Indians residing near this place, and such as might come here from more remote places; making the best use of such facilities as can be obtained, without waiting for a thorough knowledge of their language, which the slow prudence of some persons would consider indispensable to the commencement of teaching them the way of eternal life. Their anxious curiosity to know what the religion of the Bible is, cannot be kept awake while its gratification is postponed. The risk that delay will induce indifference or disgust is as great, as that an early attempt to impart instruction may be marred by imperfections.

During my continuance in this place, I preached on the sabbath to the white people belonging to the fort, in the morning, and in the afternoon to the Indians of the Cayuse, Walla-Walla, and Nez Perce tribes; and also improved other opportunities with the Indians besides on the sabbath. They always gave great attention, and some appear to be much interested.

May 3d.—I walked down to the passage of the Columbia through the basaltic mountain two miles below the fort, to take a more particular view of the scenery than could be done in a hasty passage up the river. I ascended the mountain, from the top of which I had a fine prospect of the country around, opening in every direction as far as the eye could

reach. All parts were covered with the fresh green of spring vegetation. Very few forests were to be seen in any direction, excepting upon the Blue Mountains at the south; but their distance presented more of the hazy blue of the atmosphere than the clear outline of forests. Even at this distance, the perpetual snows of Mount Hood at the west could be distinguished, and on the north-west, Mount Rainier, near Puget's Sound; and on the north and east, various parts of scattered mountains. After some time employed in looking around upon the vast expanse, I approached the perpendicular walls between which the Columbia descends, and which are about three hundred feet high, as I ascertained by the number of seconds occupied in the descent of large stones from the brink of the precipice. The sounds of these I distinctly heard when they struck upon the shore below. I found a great variety of scoria and lava, the latter varying much in colour and density; some sufficiently porous and light to swim upon water. Two-thirds of the way down this deep channel, are two high eminences called the Pillars, to which I descended. They stand upon conical bases, eighty or a hundred feet in height above the river; and above these bases rise nearly a hundred feet in perpendicular altitude. They are a curiosity; but there are so many singular formations in this volcanic country, that curiosities had become common. I returned, much fatigued with my long walk over prairie, precipice, and mountain, yet much gratified with the examination of the works of nature.

My horses and mule, which I had left with the Nez Perce Indians, and which were kept in their country, one hundred and thirty miles east of this place, were in April brought to this neighbourhood. To-day, May 5th, they were caught and brought to the fort. I was surprised to find them in fine order, with their coats shed, and in high spirits. They had run out on the prairies without any shelter from the storms, and nothing more to eat than what the remains of the previous summer's growth afforded. Who would have supposed, considering their worn-down condition when I left them in October, and with no other fare, that they would have fattened during the winter? This fact shows the superior mildness of the climate, and nutritive quality of the prairie grass, even after its being dried up with the summer drought. Another evidence of the truth of this remark may be seen in the condition of the cattle kept at this fort. With nothing more to feed upon than what they find upon the prairies, they now are not only in good order, but some of them are actually fat, and in as good condition for market as oxen driven from the stalls of New England.

Rode with Mr Pambrun ten miles up the river, to the confluence of the Lewis, or, as it is called, the Nez Perce River, with the Columbia. They are both noble rivers; the Columbia near three-fourths of a mile, and the Nez Perce half a mile wide. The prospect around is very pleasing; the soil is good, as evidenced by the fresh verdure, which is springing up luxuriantly at this early season. A large band of horses, belonging to a Walla-Walla chief, are feeding at this place. It is a curious fact, that the Indian horses do not often stray from the place where they are left; habit, however produced, is as good a safeguard as enclosures. Along the shores of the river I found calcedony and cornelian.

The sixth was a very warm day, the thermometer standing at noon at 84 degrees. Distant thunder was heard, which is an unfrequent occurrence west of the great mountains. Through the night the wind blew very strongly, and so shook the bastion which I occupied, that it seemed about to be prostrated to the earth; but such winds are common in this particular section of the country.

THE NEZ PERCE COUNTRY.—INDUSTRY OF THE INDIANS.—COLVILLE.

IN company with several Nez Perce Indians, who had come down from their own country to escort me, I commenced my journey on the 9th, and pursued the same route by which I came last autumn. Nothing eventful marked our journey, and we arrived, on the evening of the 11th, at the Snake or Lewis River, where we found several lodges of the Nez Percés, who gave us a very cordial reception, and a warm-hearted shake of the hand, the common expression of Indian friendship. On the night of our arrival, a little girl, of about six or seven years of age, died. On the morning of the 12th, they buried her. Every thing relating to the ceremony was conducted with great propriety. The grave was dug only about two feet deep. They have no spades, and a sharpened stick was used to loosen the earth, which was removed with the hands. With their hands, also, they fill up the grave after the body is deposited in it. A mat is laid in the grave, and then the body, wrapped in its blanket, with the child's drinking cup and spoon, made of horn; finally, a mat of rushes is spread over the whole, and the pit filled up, as above described. In this instance they had prepared a cross to set up at the grave, having most probably been told to do so by some Iroquois Indians, a few of whom, not in the capacity of teachers, but as trappers in the employ of the fur companies, I saw to the west of the mountains. One grave in the same village had a cross standing over it, which was the only relic of the kind I observed, together with the one just noticed, during my travels in the country. But as I viewed a cross of wood, made by men's hands, as of no avail, to benefit either the dead or the living, and far more likely to operate as a salvo to a guilty conscience, or a stepping-stone to idolatry, than to be understood in its spiritual sense as referring to the crucifixion for our sins, I took this, which the Indians had prepared, and broke it to pieces. I then told them that we only place a stone at the head and foot of the grave to mark the place; and, without a murmur, they cheerfully acquiesced, and adopted our custom.

As we proceeded up the river to the confluence of the Cooscootske, we had, on account of the high water in the river, to pass over the huge precipices of basalt, at the foot of which we travelled down the last fall, as I have mentioned. We were compelled often to approach very near the brink, where it seemed as if we were almost suspended over the dizzy height of 300 feet. We arrived at the Cooscootske early in the afternoon of the third day after leaving Walla-Walla, making the distance about one hundred and twenty miles. The whole country around had divested itself of the dreariness of winter, and the magnificent mountain scenery appeared to rise before me in new freshness and beauty. The Indians are assembling in great numbers from different and distant parts of the country, to inquire about the religion that is to guide them to God and heaven; and which they also think has power to elevate them in the scale of society in this world, and place them on a level with intelligent and Christian white men.

On the north of the confluence of these two rivers, and down the Nez Perce, the country is diversified with hills and mountains of a great variety of forms, from five hundred to two thousand feet high. The volcanic and argillaceous strata are generally horizontal, but in some places thrown into various degrees of inclination, from horizontal to perpendicular; in other places curved or waving. They have all the regularity of works of art, raised up by human skill; who then can doubt that the power and skill of an omnipotent hand are perceptible in these stupendous works?

After having been several months in a situation where the Indians of the lower country came daily under my observation the contrast between them and

those with whom I now am, is very noticeable. The former are more servile and abject, both in their manners and spirit; while the latter are truly dignified and respectable in their manners and general appearance, far less enslaved to their appetites, or to those vices whose inevitable tendency is to degrade. They know enough to set some estimate upon character, and have much of the proud independence of freemen. They are desirous of possessing the esteem of other people, and for this reason, no doubt, wish to be taught, receiving any instruction for their benefit with remarkable docility.

Saturday, May 14th.—Very many of the natives are coming in for the purpose of keeping the sabbath with me; but as I have very little prospect of the arrival of my interpreter, I shall be left, probably, to commiserate their anxiety, while it will be out of my power to do them good.

I have frequent applications to prescribe for the ophthalmia, with which the people are much afflicted at this present time, and which, I should think, is a prevalent endemic. Calomel, applied in about the quantity of one grain to each eye, once in twenty-four hours, I found to be an efficacious remedy. No injurious effects were known to have occurred from its use, and in most cases it was successful.

The Nez Percés have been celebrated for their skill and bravery in war. This they have mentioned to me, but they say they are now afraid to go to war; for they do not believe, as formerly, that all who fall in battle go to a happy country. They now believe that there is no other way to be happy here or hereafter, but by knowing and doing what God requires.

Sabbath, 15th.—The interpreter I had been expecting did not arrive, and consequently much of what I wished to say to these hundreds of Indians, could not be communicated for the want of a medium. I felt distressed for them. They desired to celebrate the sabbath after a Christian manner. When the chiefs came and inquired what they should do, I told them to collect the people into an assembly, and spend the hours of this sacred day in prayer, in singing, and in conversing on those things about which I formerly instructed them. They did so; and it was truly affecting to see their apparent reverence, order, and devotion, while I could not but know that their knowledge was limited indeed. The voice of their singing echoed from the hills and vales, and I could not but hope that the time is not greatly distant when they shall sing with the spirit and with the understanding. As a proof that they have acquired some correct ideas of spiritual worship, in distinction from the employment of mere outward forms, Kentuc, the Indian who attended me so faithfully on my outward route, came to me, anxious to describe the different manner in which he regarded the worship of the two chiefs, Charle and Tuetacus. He said Charle prayed with his lips, but Tuetacus prayed with his heart. Confession of sin appears to occupy much of his prayers; and if there is one among this multitude who, it may be hoped, has been everlastingly benefited by the gospel, I believe it to be this man.

Monday, 16th.—I had hitherto been somewhat undecided what course to pursue in my future movements, but came at last to the conclusion to proceed to the place of rendezvous and join the returning caravan, provided I could go by the way of the Grand Round, and to the south-west of the Snake River, and explore a part of the country which I had not passed through in the preceding autumn. But the Indians chose to take the retired route of the Salmon River mountains, to avoid danger from hostile Indians, as it was well ascertained that a party of Blackfeet warriors were ranging the territory west of the great mountains. I wished to explore the north-east branch of the Columbia, which runs through an important part of the country, and upon which, and its branches, many considerable tribes reside. To return by the way my

company proposed to travel, and by which I came, would be to leave the object of my tour but partially accomplished; and, after giving the subject as deliberate a canvassing as I was capable of, I resolved to return to Walla-Walla, procure guides and assistants, and go up the Columbia as far as Colville, which is the highest post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and about seven hundred miles by the travelled route from the Pacific Ocean. I communicated my determination to the Indians, who, though they evidently preferred that I should accompany them, yet acquiesced in the decision, and showed more kindness than I expected. They readily appointed Haminipilt, one of their young chiefs, to attend me on my return down the river. After writing several letters, to forward to the United States from rendezvous, we turned our faces towards our proposed place of destination, and at night arrived at the same village on the Nez Perce River where we had encamped on the eleventh.

At this place I was peculiarly gratified to notice the industry of these people. Some were engaged in catching fish, of which they gave me some excellent salmon; the women and children were early out on horseback to procure the cowish root, which they manufacture into bread; and when we left, only a few old persons and very young children remained in their village. Five or six miles from this village, up a small branch of the river, we passed a spot, which, some few years ago, had witnessed a battle between the Nez Percés and some other nation, whose name I could not with certainty ascertain, though it probably was the Tulea. The ground was judiciously chosen by the invading party, being just at the back of a point of land stretching down near the stream of water, and leaving only a narrow pass, around which they opened a fire, while the Nez Percés, not expecting the approach of a foe, were taken by surprise, and fifteen or twenty of their number killed. The spot where each individual fell is now distinguished by a pile of stones raised three or four feet high.

The country over which we passed to-day, to the distance of forty miles, was uncommonly pleasant, being diversified with hills and valleys, and covered with its self-provided carpet of lovely green. Several Indians came on after us, and travelled in company. Near night we encamped in a rich valley, through which a considerable stream of water runs to the north. Before it was dark, a number more, whom I recognised as former acquaintances, overtook us, apparently reluctant to separate from our company. I conversed with them about the practice so universal among the men, of using tobacco for smoking, a very expensive indulgence, for which they pay almost as much as for their whole list of comforts besides. In reply to my arguments to dissuade them from its use, they said, "White men smoke." I admitted the fact, but told them that all white men are not wise in every thing they do; that they have practices among some classes which are not good. They call tobacco, smoke. They remarked, "We are better, then, than white men, for they eat smoke" (meaning tobacco); "we do not eat smoke." This, to be sure, was a mark of much shrewdness, and somewhat unanswerable. Such is their attachment to this stupefying vegetable, that they will part with the last article of food or clothing, or even with their own hands take down the poles which uphold their dwellings, and sell them for fuel, to obtain it. In this view I regard it as a vice from which they should be rescued if practicable.

On the 18th we continued our journey, and rode forty-five miles over a more fertile tract than we passed yesterday, and better supplied with wood. On the upper part of the Walla-Walla River is a delightful situation for a missionary establishment, having many advantages not to be found for some distance around. It is, however, not so central for either the Nez Percés, Cayuses, or Walla-Wallas, as could be desired. Yet a mission located on this fertile field would draw

around an interesting body of settlers, who would fix down to cultivate the soil, and to be instructed. How easily might the plough go through these valleys, and what rich and abundant harvests might be gathered by the hand of industry! Even now, vast plains, including millions of acres, yield spontaneously in such profusion, that not the fiftieth part becomes food for organic life. In some places, bands of Indian horses are seen; the timid deer or hare, the wary marmot, and the swift gazelle. But these, with all the other animals and insects, consume so small a proportion, that it can hardly be seen that there are any occupants of these wide fields.

We experienced a long detention on the morning of the 19th, in consequence of our horses wandering into a ravine, to which retreat we could not easily trace them. They did not, however, violate their rule of making our encampment for the time their home. We rode twenty-two miles, and arrived at Walla-Walla. Much of the remainder of the week was occupied in necessary arrangements for my north-east tour, and in writing letters to friends. Mr Pambrun assisted in obtaining Indian guides, and designated two French voyageurs to be my assistants, one of whom could speak some English. I determined to take horses, and to go up through the Spokein country, leaving the great bend of the Columbia to the left, some fifty or sixty miles, and returning afterwards to the river. This would give a more extended observation of the country, of the tribes who inhabit it, and of their condition in regard to the prospect of establishing teachers among them.

On sabbath, 22d, we had worship as usual, and on the following day commenced the journey for Colville. Our course was in an easterly direction for forty miles, and at night we rested in a valley presenting all the appearance of cultivated grass fields. But the natives, not appreciating their value, neglect them altogether, and gather only a scanty living from a few esculent roots which grow spontaneously in the waste.

PALOOSE INDIANS.—PAVILION RIVER.—FORT COLVILLE.

On the morning of the 24th, we took a more northerly course, and after travelling five hours over a somewhat high but diversified country, we descended into a fertile vale, through which flowed a small tributary of the Snake River. Here we found a village of Paloose Indians, who are a branch of the Nez Percés. We hired them to assist us in crossing the river, which here is half a mile wide and has a rapid current. We had only a small canoe, which the strength of the current carried more than half a mile down the river before we could gain the opposite shore. Three times we had to encounter the stream, before every thing was safely over; and the horses needed a strong effort to swim to the shore. This, together with refitting, employed several hours. We travelled up the Pavilion River, which comes from the high lands which divide the waters of this and the Spokein River. For a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, this river is walled in by basalt, generally high and perpendicular, in various windings and forms. In some places the walls are spread out so widely as to enclose large spaces of rich intervalle; in other places they so close in upon the river, as only to leave sufficient space for its passage. The night was cold, the thermometer standing, on the morning of the 25th, at 34 degrees.

We pursued our way over hills and valleys of an entire prairie, until we came to the south part of the Spokein country. Near the summit level, which divides the waters of the Snake and Spokein Rivers, there is an interesting excavation, walled in by basaltic rocks. The pillars are regular pentagons, from two to four feet in diameter, in sections of various

lengths, standing erect and closely joined, and making a wall from fifty to one hundred feet high. The excavated enclosure, though not in a regular form, is nearly entire, containing fifty acres or more. On the outside of this wall, the earth is as high as the pillars, and gradually slopes off in hills and dales. By what agency this excavation was formed, no rational account, perhaps, can be given; for there is no appearance, as in many other places, of volcanic craters, and no sign of the action of water. That these walls of basalt were forced up in dykes, is rational; but this leaves still unexplained the mystery of the excavation. May it not have been a subsidence? I passed through it leisurely, and surveyed with admiration these huge crystals, which show so clearly that fixed laws govern the mineral world, as well as the animal or vegetable. We passed to-day several small villages of the Nez Percé and Spokein nations. They all manifested a friendly disposition, but they appeared to be poor, evidently in want of a comfortable subsistence. We stopped for the night, after a ride of fifty miles, near one of these villages of Spokeins. Their language differs almost entirely from any tribe or nation I have yet seen. One of my Indian guides was, however, sufficiently acquainted with it, to inform them of the object of my tour through their country, in which they manifested a great interest.

We took an early departure on the morning of the 26th, but had travelled only a few hours before my Indian guides lost the track they should pursue. Becoming confident they were not right, I alighted and set my pocket compass, and discovered that, instead of a north-east direction, they were going west. Inquiring of them if they knew where to find our course again, a young chief put his hand to his head, and with gestures expressed the confusion of his mind, answering "*Waiituen soko*" (I do not know). Our situation was rather embarrassing. We had very injudiciously left our rifles behind, and were at about equal distance from Walla-Walla and Colville, on a widely extended prairie, with provisions adequate to our wants only for two days, and no probable means of obtaining more until we should arrive at the fort: to be lost under these circumstances was no pleasant affair. The point of a high mountain we had passed was in view; we might retrace our path, and therefore I was determined not to lose sight of this landmark, until we should find the trail leading to the Spokein River. While my guides went off in search of it, I could hardly fail to find, even in our circumstances, some amusement in the apathy of my two Frenchmen. They are so confident in the ability of the Indians to find their way through any country, as if by intuition, that they will sing or go to sleep when lost in a wide wilderness, with the same heedless indifference as when launched upon the waters of a well-known river or performing the duties of the fort. They appear wholly unconscious of the approach of hunger and starvation, until long after the last morsel is consumed, and never borrow from futurity to add to the evils that afflict them to-day. On this occasion, these men spent the time of our detention in calm repose. After some time our guides returned, and told me that they had found some Spokein Indians about a mile distant, who were travelling towards the south, but had stopped to refresh their horses. We proceeded to the place, and I engaged one of them to assist us in finding the way to the main trail, or to the Spokein River. He was a tall, intelligent-looking man. He mounted his horse, and set off with such speed, that, jaded as our horses were, it was with difficulty we could keep up with him. After going at this rate more than an hour, he stopped, and pointed to a lake, saying we should find the great trail on the east side. Lest we should again lose our way, I was anxious that he should conduct us to their village on the river, but could not prevail upon him to go any farther, although I offered him a large compensation. His only and

unvarying answer was, that he had done for us all that was needed, and why should he perform any unnecessary labour for us and take pay. It appeared to be a principle with him, that it would be wrong for him to take pay for what we did not need. I was astonished at the honesty of this heathen, and his steadfast adherence to it, when I remembered how many there are in civilised lands, who, to be well paid, would lengthen a service to an unnecessary extent, and who would artfully deceive you, to make you believe it very important. For his faithfulness and honesty, I not only paid him on the spot to his satisfaction, but afterwards sent him a present of powder and balls, articles highly valued.

Without any further difficulty, we arrived at the Spokein River at four o'clock p.m. A few miles beyond the lake, we entered the Spokein woods, which are very extensive, consisting of yellow, pitch, and elastic pine, some hemlock, spruce, and fir, together with various kinds of shrubbery. These are the woods in which Ross Cox was lost, and about the circumstances of which affair he gives a very interesting description, though, so far as I have had as yet an opportunity to judge, his story contains far more fiction than truth. But his multitude of growling bears, howling wolves, and alarming rattlesnakes—of which latter creatures I have seen only one—may yet come out from their lurking-places.*

* [The following extracts from Mr Ross Cox's Journal, will give some idea of the sufferings of that gentleman in the Spokein (or Spokan) woods; and, with all deference to Mr Parker, we believe that the narrative tells no more than the truth. Mr Parker himself admits the existence of both bears and rattlesnakes, not to speak of so common a denizen of the woods as the wolf, and the unfrequented solitudes into which Mr Cox's misfortune led him, may easily account for the greater abundance of these animals which he describes.

Mr Ross Cox was in the Spokein woods with his party. He fell asleep, and awoke to the discovery that he was alone. "I ran to the place where the men had made their fire: all, all were gone, and not a vestige of man or horse appeared in the valley. My senses almost failed me. I called out in vain, in every direction, until I became hoarse; and I could no longer conceal from myself the dreadful truth, that I was alone in a wild uninhabited country, without horse or arms, and destitute of covering." He wandered on for the rest of the day in the direction which he thought likely to bring him to his party, but at last was forced by the night to lie down among some long grass. In the morning he arose, and resumed his solitary journey for the whole day. "I had turned into a northerly course, when, late in the evening, I observed, about a mile distant, two horsemen galloping in an easterly direction. From their dresses I knew they belonged to our party. I instantly ran to a hillock, and called out in a voice to which anger had imparted a supernatural shrillness; but they galloped on. I then took off my shirt, which I waved in a conspicuous manner over my head, accompanied by the most frantic cries; still they continued on. I ran towards the direction they were galloping, despair adding wings to my flight. Rocks, stubble, and brushwood, were passed with the speed of a hunted antelope—but to no purpose: for on arriving at the place where I imagined a pathway would have brought me into their track, I was completely at fault. It was now nearly dark. I had eaten nothing since the noon of the preceding day; and, faint with hunger and fatigue, threw myself on the grass, when I heard a small rustling noise behind me. I turned round, and, with horror, beheld a large rattlesnake coiling himself in the evening shade. I instantly retreated, on observing which, he coiled himself. Having obtained a large stone, I advanced slowly on him, and, taking a proper aim, dashed it with all my force on the reptile's head, which I buried in the ground beneath the stone." On the next day, the 29th, he pursued his route, with swollen feet, and almost without clothes; and, in the evening, stopped again, having tasted no food for forty-eight hours, which deprivation was rendered the more distressing by the numbers of edible fowl continually in his sight, but which, having no arms, he could not touch. On the 20th, he walked on a deplorable state. "The rattlesnakes were very numerous to-day, with horned lizards, and grasshoppers; the latter kept me in a constant state of feverish alarm from the similarity of the noise made by their wings to the sound of the rattles of the snake when preparing to dart on its prey. I suffered severely during the day from hunger, and was obliged to chew grass occasionally,

When we came to the river, which is about thirty rods wide, we hallooed a long time for the Indian who keeps a canoe ferry, but without success. At length two women came to the river, and with uncommonly pleasant voices, together with the language of signs, the latter of which only I could understand, informed us that the ferryman was gone upon a short hunt, but would return in the evening; and that next morning, at sunrise, he would come and take us over. I never heard voices more expressive of kindness. I requested them to paddle the canoe over to us, and my men would perform the labour of ferrying over our baggage. They declined, on account of the rapidity and strength of the current, the river being in full freshet. We had therefore to encamp and wait till morning.

This is a very pleasant open valley, though not wide. The North-West Company had a trading-post here, one bastion of which is still standing. These woods present a fine range for the ornithologist. The magpie is seen in great numbers, flying from tree to tree, and vociferating its chattering notes. Thrushes, warblers, and wrens, are also numerous, and cheer those otherwise solitary wilds with their delightful songs, grateful to the weary traveller. Their carols

which allayed it a little." He got a meal of wild cherries on this night, and next day moved onwards. "I had armed myself with a long stick, with which during the day I killed several rattlesnakes. Having discovered no fresh tracks, I returned late in the evening, hungry and thirsty, and took possession of my berth of the preceding night. I collected a heap of stones from the water side; and just as I was lying down, observed a wolf emerge from the opposite cavern, and thinking it safer to act on the offensive, lest he should imagine I was afraid, I threw some stones at him, one of which struck him on the leg: he retired yelling into his den; and after waiting some time in fearful suspense to see if he would reappear, I threw myself on the ground and fell asleep." Wild cherries served him for his only diet during the 23d, 24th, and 25th. Still he was able to pursue his joyless and almost hopeless journey. "About dusk an immense-sized wolf rushed out of a thick copse a short distance from the pathway, planted himself directly before me, in a threatening position, and appeared determined to dispute my passage. He was not more than twenty feet from me. My situation was desperate, and as I knew that the least symptom of fear would be the signal for attack, I presented my stick, and shouted as loud as my weak voice would permit. He appeared somewhat startled, and retreated a few steps, still keeping his piercing eyes firmly fixed on me. I advanced a little, when he commenced howling in a most appalling manner; and supposing his intention was to collect a few of his comrades to assist in making an afternoon repast on my half-finished carcase, I redoubled my cries, until I had almost lost the power of utterance, at the same time calling out various names, thinking I might make it appear I was not alone. An old and a young lynx ran close past me, but did not stop. The wolf remained about fifteen minutes in the same position, but whether my wild and fearful exclamations deterred any others from joining him I cannot say. Finding at length my determination not to flinch, and that no assistance was likely to come, he retreated into the wood, and disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

The shades of night were now descending fast, when I came to a verdant spot surrounded by small trees, and full of rushes, which induced me to hope for water; but, after searching for some time, I was still doomed to bitter disappointment. A shallow lake or pond had been there, which the long drought and heat had dried up. I then pulled a quantity of the rushes and spread them at the foot of a large stone, which I intended for my pillow; but as I was about throwing myself down, a rattlesnake coiled, with the head erect, and the forked tongue extended in a state of frightful oscillation, caught my eye immediately under the stone. I instantly retreated a short distance, but assuming fresh courage, soon dispatched it with my stick. On examining the spot more minutely, a large cluster of them appeared under the stone, the whole of which I rooted out and destroyed. This was hardly accomplished, when upwards of a dozen snakes of different descriptions, chiefly dark-brown, blue, and green, made their appearance: they were much quicker in their movements than their rattle-tailed brethren, and I could only kill a few of them.

This was a peculiarly soul-trying moment. I had tasted no fruit since the morning before, and after a painful day's march under a burning sun, could not procure a drop of water to allay my feverish thirst. I was surrounded by a murderous brood of

appear designed to animate each other in their intervals of labour, while constructing the fabric so admirably adapted for the habitation of their tender offspring; on an examination of which, the most infidel philosopher must be astonished, and must be constrained to acknowledge, that God has manifested himself in supplying, instead of reason, a mysterious, unerring instinct, always sufficient for the end 'to be accomplished.

On the 27th, about the time in the morning mentioned by the two women, the Indian ferryman came, and crossed the river in his canoe. His appearance, together with that of his canoe, reminded me of Æneas' ferryman, who carried him over the Stygian Lake.

"Canities inculca jacet;
Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus * * *
Cœruleum advertit puppim, ripeque proptinquant."

[And there doth Charon stand,
A sordid god; down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncombed, unclean;
He turns his azure prow, and nears the land.

Virgil, Book VI.]

After passing the river, we crossed the valley, which consists of level alluvial soil, and is here upwards of a

serpents, and ferocious beasts of prey, and without even the consolation of knowing when such misery might have a probable termination. I might truly say with the royal psalmist, that 'the snares of death compassed me round about.'

Having collected a fresh supply of rushes, which I spread some distance from the spot where I massured the reptiles, I threw myself on them, and was permitted, through divine goodness, to enjoy a night of undisturbed repose."

On the 28th, he reached a small stream, and with the water, hips, and cherries, thought his comforts great. "On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed, lying on the ground, the hollow trunk of a large pine, which had been destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity, and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep. My repose was not of long duration, for at the end of about two hours I was awakened by the growling of a bear, which had removed part of the bark covering, and was leaning over me with his snout, hesitating as to the means he should adopt to dislodge me, the narrow limits of the trunk which confined my body preventing him from making the attack with advantage. I instantly sprang up, seized my stick, and uttered a loud cry, which startled him, and caused him to recede a few steps, when he stopped, and turned about apparently doubtful whether he would commence an attack. He determined on an assault; but feeling I had not sufficient strength to meet such an unequal enemy, I thought it prudent to retreat, and accordingly scrambled up an adjoining tree. My flight gave fresh impulse to his courage, and he commenced ascending after me. I succeeded, however, in gaining a branch, which gave me a decided advantage over him, and from which I was enabled to annoy his muzzle and claws in such a manner with my stick as effectually to check his progress. After scraping the bark some time with rage and disappointment, he gave up the task, and retired to my late dormitory, of which he took possession. The fear of falling off, in case I was overcome by sleep, induced me to make several attempts to descend; but each attempt aroused my ursine sentinel, and after many ineffectual efforts, I was obliged to remain there during the rest of the night. I fixed myself in that part of the trunk from which the principal grand branches forked, and which prevented me from falling during my fitful slumbers. On the morning of the 27th, a little after sunrise, the bear quitted the trunk, shook himself, 'cast a longing lingering look' towards me, and slowly disappeared in search of his morning repast. After waiting some time, apprehensive of his return, I descended and resumed my journey through the woods in a north-north-east direction."

At last, after spending fourteen days in this awful condition in the wilderness, serenaded nightly by wolves and bears, Mr Cox fell in with a party of Indians, who told him that his friends had been long in earnest search of him. They put him upon the right track, and came up with his party, some of whom were cutting timber. They did not know him, but, when they recognised their lost companion, "away went saws, hatchets, and axes, and each man rushed forward to the tents, where we had by this time arrived. It is needless to say that our astonishment and delight at my miraculous escape were mutual. The friendly Indians were liberally rewarded; the men were allowed a holiday, and every countenance bore the smile of joy and happiness."

mile wide; the east side is especially fertile. Here the village of the Spokains is located, and one of their number has commenced the cultivation of a small field or garden, which he has planted with potatoes, peas, and beans, and some other vegetables, all of which were flourishing, and were the first I had seen springing up under Indian industry west of the mountains. Our ferryman conducted us through the valley, to the foot of the mountain on the east, and pointed out the trail we should pursue. As we wound our way up the mountain, I looked down into the vale we had crossed, and which stretches along the winding river, and I drew in my imagination a picture of what this valley will be, when the people are brought under the influence of Christianity and civilisation. This section of country presents fewer traces of volcanic action; and in several places I found granite in its natural form and position, resembling that found in the eastern states. When we had arrived at the summit of the mountain, we came to a sandy plain several miles wide, covered with yellow pine, forming an open wood. Over parts of this plain were scattered volcanic masses, of singular formation. Hundreds of regular cones were seen, of various magnitudes, from a few feet in diameter and height, to a hundred in diameter and sixty feet of height. They all had the same appearance, only differing in magnitude; and were composed of broken granite, in angular pieces, some as small as six or eight inches in diameter, and on the outside nearly black, as if coloured with rising smoke. They had more the appearance of being broken by manual labour, and piled up for future use in constructing roads or wharfs, than of being the result of internal fires, though no other cause but the latter can be assigned. The sandy plain around them was undisturbed, with large pine-trees growing about, as in other places. On the south of these were large rocks of granite, and in one place a basaltic dyke, extending for a hundred rods or more.

After passing this plain, we descended and came again to the Spokein River, which makes a bend around to the north-east. In this place the valley is less extensive and the mountains more precipitous. We again ascended the mountain, upon which granite and mica-slate abound, without any volcanic appearances. From this we descended into a rich valley, which was covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, though but just springing up. This valley has the appearance of having been a lake, filled up with mountain deposits. In the centre is a small sheet of water, from which a small rivulet passes out at the south-west. Leaving this place, we wound around a mountain in a northerly direction, down a valley less fertile but more extensive, and at four in the afternoon we came to a stream of water, flowing from the mountains on the east, where our guides said we must stop for the night.

Near evening, many Spokein and some Nez Perce Indians came riding into the place of our encampment, and turned out their horses with ours in the half-wood and half-prairie ground. The Spokeins, who had seen me on my way, and had learned who I was, sent out information to the various hunting parties, that a minister was passing through their country, and, as it was the first time any one was ever among them, they wished to see him, and hear what he had to say to them. They brought with them a good interpreter, a young man of their nation, who had been to school at the Red River settlement on the east side of the mountain, and who had a very good knowledge of English. We had public worship that evening in the Spokein and Nez Perce languages. One of the Nez Percés, a chief, understood the Spokein language, and collected his people a little back of the Spokeins, and translated the discourse, as it was delivered, into the language of his people, without any interruption to the service. This was a plan of their own devising. All the circumstances combined were to me very inte-

resting. If I had not been delayed three several times, they would not have had time to collect their people and overtake me. Some of them had been engaged in the business of assembling and following a day and a half. Many of them were unwilling to return, and expressed their determination to go with me to Colville, where they might receive religious instruction.

The morning of the 28th was cloudy, and some rain fell; but this did not prevent our taking an early departure, for it was necessary to be on our way, as my men had the evening before consumed their entire stock of provisions, and let what would take place, we could obtain no more until we reached Colville. We could not obtain any game; for, being advised by the superintendent of Walla-Walla not to encumber ourselves with rifles, we had unwisely left them behind. After travelling a few miles in an easterly direction, we came to a very fertile valley, extending north and south at least fifty miles, and of various extent in width, from half a mile to two miles. It is well adapted for cultivation. This valley is an open prairie, well supplied with grass, and, even in this high latitude of 48 degrees, cattle could live well through the whole year, without the labour of cutting hay. The hills on each side are covered with woods. As we proceeded down this valley, we came to villages of Indians who understood the Spokein language, but belonging to another tribe, probably to the Cœur d'Alene. Near their principal village, we came to Mill River, then in full freshet. They had no canoes, and we found difficulty in getting my baggage across. But the Nez Perce chief took part of it upon his shoulders, mounted his horse, and swam over, and crossed and recrossed until all was upon the other side. I then crossed upon a pole, which was not the most desirable method, but still it was preferable to a cold bathing on horseback. After pursuing our course a few miles farther, I divided my remaining stock of eatables with my destitute French and Indian attendants, leaving the anticipation of our next meal to the time when, after a long day's industrious travel, we should find ourselves safely at Colville.

Towards the lower part of the valley through which we were passing, the land is remarkably fertile. A missionary located here would have easy access to the Spokein, Sapwell, Sintou-too-oulish, Kettle-Falls, Lake, Cœur d'Alene, and Pondera Indians. I know not of so important a field within two hundred miles, or one so presenting the natural advantages of mild climate, good soil, and forests, all combined.

We arrived at Fort Colville late in the afternoon, after a weary journey of sixty miles. The situation of this fort is on an elevated spot, about fifty rods from the river, surrounded by an alluvial plain of rich soil, and opening in every direction upon an extended prospect of mountain scenery. Half a mile below are the Kettle Falls, above which the river spreads out widely, and moves slowly, until just above the precipice, when it contracts into a narrow channel, and disappears from the view of the spectator, who beholds it from the fort winding its way among rocks below. This establishment is built for defence, and is well stoccaded; but so friendly have the natives always been, that no wars have ever occurred among them. It is occupied by some half-dozen men, with Indian families, and is well supplied with the useful animals and fowls common to farming establishments. The winter and summer grains, together with garden vegetables, are cultivated with success and in profusion. This place does not suffer from summer drought, as many other parts of this country do, rains being of frequent occurrence.

I was disappointed in not finding Mr M'Donald, the superintendent of the fort, at home. He had left a few days before, with a brigade for Fort Vancouver; but the kindest attention was paid me by those who had the charge of the fort. I found here an old man, who, thirty years before, had accompanied Lewis and Clarke across the continent, and had for several years

just taken up his residence in Fort Colville. He is in the employ of the fur company, and acts as interpreter to the neighbouring Indians.

On sabbath, 29th, the people of the fort who understood English assembled, and we worshipped that Being who had protected us hitherto, and from different nations had collected us in a little group in this end of the world. The Indians, too, came about me, and expressed great anxiety to be taught the revealed will of God. They endeavoured to make me understand what their former traditionary belief and practices had been, and to let me know that what they had learned from me was so reasonable and satisfactory to them, that they wished to know all that related to so important and momentous a subject. But our medium of communication was inadequate to a full disclosure of the interesting truths connected with the scheme of Christian redemption. Wherever I have met with the natives of this distant region, they have invariably, with earnestness and with importunity, asked the gift of the gospel from the hands of Christians.

On Monday, the 30th of May, we commenced our journey down the Columbia. The brigade having taken all the boats from this place on their late passage to Fort Vancouver, we were compelled to take horses for Okanagan. I changed my guides for two others—one a Spokane, and the other a Palouse—retaining my two voyageurs. As we left Fort Colville, we had a fine view of Kettle Falls. The Columbia was in its freshest, and as it rolled down in a broken cataract for a distance of one hundred feet, it formed a sublime spectacle. The whole scenery, as we proceeded down the river, was marked by variety, wildness, and romantic grandeur, as if nature, in decking these remote regions, had indulged for her own amusement in some of her most playful and tasteful fancies. The mountains around are constructed on a scale of great magnificence, presenting almost all the varieties of elevation, precipice, and forest. This is the country which, by more than one of my predecessors in travel, has been celebrated as the abode of wolves, bears, and rattlesnakes, to an extent that renders it almost impenetrable by ordinary courage; but we found no indications of the presence of these animals before this evening, when the distant barking of prairie wolves for once interrupted the universal silence by which we were surrounded.

After a few hours' ride, on the morning of the 31st, we recrossed the Spokein River just above its entrance into the Columbia. This large valley is capable of supporting a much more numerous population than now obtain a subsistence in it by hunting and fishing. The Indians residing here afforded us very cheerfully all the assistance we needed in crossing the river. In the neighbourhood of this place I discovered a mountain of rich and very beautiful marble, situated on the south side of the Columbia River; some sections are pure white or saccharine, while others are beautifully clouded with blue and brown. It effervesced freely with sulphuric acid. This will in time become very valuable, for being upon navigable waters, it can be transported into various countries. Several miles below this mountain, I was interested by a remarkable juxtaposition of granite and basalt. It was on an elevated piece of land, one hundred and fifty feet above the river. Near the river there were large quantities of solid granite, not having the appearance of ever having undergone an igneous influence; and near by, to the left, was a stupendous dyke of basalt, rising two hundred feet, presenting the appearance of having been thrown up by several successive volcanic eruptions. The earth on the back side gradually rose to a mountain.

At this place we left the river, to save traversing a great bend, and took a westerly course, expecting to arrive at it again before night. We pursued our way over an elevated prairie, destitute of wood and water.

It was evident night would overtake us before we could reach the river, unless we should urge forward with all the speed that humanity towards our horses would permit. Before five o'clock we came near to a great gulf, walled up with basalt, which, we supposed, embosomed the deep-flowing Columbia. Our next object was to find a place where we could descend to its shores. After ranging along for two or three miles, we found an entrance by a ravine; but, to our disappointment, it was the Grand Coulé, which was undoubtedly the former channel of the river. With considerable difficulty we descended into it, and found it well covered with grass, and by searching, obtained a small supply of water. This quondam channel of the river is nearly a mile wide, with a level bottom, and studded with islands. Its sides are lined, as the river itself is in many places, with basaltic rocks, of two and three hundred feet in perpendicular height. This coulé separates to the left from the present channel of the Columbia, about one hundred miles below Colville, and after a bend of about one hundred in length, again unites with the river. The basaltic appearances are exhibited here as in other places, furnishing evidences of eruptions at different periods of time. A peculiarity in this instance was a stratum of yellow earth, eight or ten feet in thickness, between the strata of basalt. Those who have travelled through the whole length of the Coulé, represent it as having the same general features throughout, while the whole distance of the river, around to the place where it again unites, as I know from personal observation, has not the peculiarity of a deep channel cut through the rocks. We left the Grand Coulé early on the morning of the 1st of June, and with difficulty ascended the western bank. Before noon my guides lost their way to Okanagan, and wandered far out upon the wide prairie, where there was no water. Losing my confidence in their knowledge of the country, except on some frequented track, I directed my course for the river, and perceiving a snow-topped mountain in the distance, I concluded the river must lie between it and ourselves, and accordingly made it my landmark. Pursuing this direction a few hours with rapid speed, we came to a slope, which gradually narrowed into a ravine, and introduced us at length to a spring of water. Our thirsty horses rushed into it, and it was with difficulty we could control their excess in drinking. We followed this ravine, the water of which continually gained accessions until it became a large stream, with a rich valley of alluvial bottom, and united its waters with the Columbia, a few miles above Fort Okanagan, the place of our destination.

Fort Okanagan is situated on the north side of the Columbia, above the confluence of the Okanagan River, from which, and from the Indians residing in its vicinity, the fort takes its name. It was first built by Mr David Stuart, a partner of the American Fur Company, in 1811. There is an open space of considerable extent around, but the soil is of an inferior quality, hard and gravelly, but producing grass to supply the cattle and horses belonging to the station. A few fertile spots of alluvial soil are found in the vicinity. The Columbia does not appear to have continued so long in its present channel, after leaving the Grand Coulé, as to form those extensive alluvial bottoms which exist in many other parts of its course. After leaving the Spokein woods, there is very little forest to supply timber for fuel, fencing, or building. They are dependent on flood-wood, which descends the river, for their ordinary fuel, and the freshets generally furnish a large supply. Not far distant, at the north, there are snow-topped mountains, but the country here is not remarkably mountainous. At this place I had an opportunity of seeing some of the Okanagan tribe. Their personal appearance is less noble than that of the Spokeins, but they are not less peaceable, friendly, and honest in their dispositions. This is evident from the fact, that the charge of the fort, in

canoe, retaining the men who attended me from Okanagan. Assisted by the high water, we made rapid progress until three in the afternoon, when a strong head-wind compelled us to take to the land for the remainder of the day, having gone seventy-five miles. The Indians, as usual, came to us in their friendly manner, offering us salmon, and asking tobacco, which they esteem more highly than either gold or silver. They have been accustomed to traffic in this commodity, until they expect it of every passing traveller.

The morning of the 7th was more calm, and we got under way at an early hour; but with the rising day the wind again increased to such a degree that we were obliged to suspend our voyage. After a strenuous endeavour to effect a landing on the north, we were at length driven across to the opposite shore; and here, for the first time in all my travels, I found it impossible to pitch my tent, such being the strength of the wind that it would have been carried away. The canoe was drawn upon the shore, and, wrapping myself in my blankets and buffalo robes, I laid me down in safety by its side. We had here, as at all our other landing-places, the usual friendly visit from the neighbouring Indians.

On the following day we were able to resume our journey, and passed the rapids, which, in the tempest of yesterday, looked so forbidding. A little caution on the part of my experienced Frenchmen, in regard to the numerous islands and eddies, enabled us to effect the passage in perfect safety. In a short time we approached the falls of the Columbia, which, in low water, are twenty feet in perpendicular height, and are followed by raging rapids below, but now, in the high freshet season, these are passable by the descending boats when not heavily laden. Bousheau, my steersman, proposed to run them, and while I was revolving in my mind the chances of safety, and thought of going on shore, we were between breakers on the right and on the left, and onward we must go, let the consequences be what they would. We kept near the middle of the river, which was free from breakers, though not from high surges. Soon, with amazing velocity, we went over the cataract of the mighty waters, and made our way into a bay at the head of the first portage of the La Dalles. The accumulation of water from those stupendous mountains above, was so great that the falls were almost lost in the depth.

Such were the eddies and the surging of the water among the rocky islands in the narrow broken channel of the La Dalles, that we had to make three portages. Our canoe was so large, that twenty Indians were not too many to carry it safely. Their mode of carrying is to invert it upon their heads and shoulders, and then it is with difficulty and danger that they pass the steep and rocky ravines. When we came to the last portage, the Indians were not willing to take hold again unless we would pay them in powder and balls; and although their demands were reasonable, yet our stores were not adequate to meet them, and they would not perform the labour without the required article. I engaged Sopelay and another influential chief to induce their men to perform the labour of making this last portage, and promised that I would send them their demand from Fort Vancouver. For their security I would also give them a *talking paper*. They stated to their people my proposal, and were about to succeed, when Tilki, the first chief, who had become familiar with an American trader, laughed at their credulity. Sopelay, however, stated to the people, that he had seen me at the fort, and that he heard me teach the Indians good things, and did not believe I would deceive them. He prevailed, and the men set to work; and in four hours from passing the falls we were beyond the raging waters, where we made our morning repast upon very fine salmon.

Our passage during the remainder of the day was pleasant: we passed Cape Horn without difficulty, and landed for the night twelve miles above the cas-

cades. In this high state of the water, very few of trees of the submerged forest were to be seen.

On the morning of the 9th we passed the cascades, by hiring Indians to cordelle the canoe down them, and make one short portage, over a distance of two miles, to the great basin, or rather the great whirlpool below. This labour is attended with some danger, and cases, though not numerous, have occurred of the loss of lives and property. As I walked along the shores and over precipices, I saw the wrecks of several canoes and bateaux strewn upon the rocks. We embarked upon the great basin, at the lower part of which we passed into a rapid, where the main current took a diagonal course, from the north towards the south shore. On both sides of this current there were heavy breakers, and as the only course of safety we took the middle. We had not proceeded far before a large whirlpool, with a deep devouring vortex, formed almost directly before us, and as we were going forward very swiftly, it seemed impossible to avoid its circling current. I said to my steersman, "Bear a little to the right." "Oh, don't speak here," was his reply. As we approached the vortex, it filled after the manner of smaller eddies, and we soon felt the influence of its waters rolling out from the centre, and all our strength was required to resist them, lest we should be thrown upon the breakers. We passed with the rapidity of the wind, and in a short time were upon the smooth surface of the tide waters below. The sensations excited in descending these cascades, are of that peculiar character which are best understood by experience. The sensation of fear is no sooner awakened than it subsides before the power and magnificence of the rolling surges, the circling vortices, and the roaring breakers. Let those whose dormant energies, either of body or mind, need arousing, try the navigation of the Columbia, and their powers will be invigorated for almost any future enterprise. Such is the fascinating power, I had almost said magic, of these scenes, that those who are accustomed to the employment, though far away from home and kindred, become attached to it, and are reluctant to abandon it for any other. Each time the scenery of these interesting cascades is beheld, new wonders unfold themselves. Niagara itself, if we except its unbroken fall of one hundred and fifty feet, cannot bear a comparison with the grandeur of nature's works here.

Nor are these things created merely to draw out momentary admiration. Science, in very many of its departments, may here find subjects for investigation. While the ornithologist listens to the songsters of the forest, and in these enchanting solitudes follows them with his eye as they dart from bough to bough, his attention is arrested by the noble and majestic white-headed eagle, as he takes his favourite perch upon the loftiest point of some leafless tree, or as he darts thence upon his prey; or his attention may be arrested by the daring fish-hawk, in his rapid descent upon the flinny tribe. An amusing occurrence took place in my view. A fish-hawk seized upon a fish of such magnitude, that the contest for a long time was doubtful, as the splashing water indicated, which should exchange its native element. The resistance was so great, that, finally, a disengagement was deemed the best policy on both sides.

Here, also, the botanist, while he forbears to ascend the lofty mountains, which for him present an aspect of too much dreariness, may retire into the narrow receding valleys, or wind his way over sunny hills, in search of new genera of plants, or at least new species, with which to immortalise his name, and to add to the stores of his favourite science.

The geologist, while he admires the stupendous monuments of volcanic action before him, may also find much to interest him in examining more minute formations. Along the rugged shores are scattered specimens of calcedony, jasper, agate, and cornelian. He may examine the cellules of the immense

of amygdaloid, the columnar basalt, and the mountains shooting up their denticulated forms and needle points. His attention will be drawn to the examination of the lava, breccia, and trachyte, and the many interesting petrifications scattered every where around.

As we passed out of the mountain country about the cascades, we found the wide valley below so inundated as to present the appearance of an inland sea. I arrived safely at the fort, found my friends well, and exchanged kind congratulations.

Sabbath, June 12th.—I preached twice to the people of the fort. In the evening we had a third service, in which, as heretofore, an opportunity was given to those present to propose questions on any subject of religion about which they wished information. I was particularly gratified to find, that during my absence public worship had been maintained, and that an effort had been made to bring the French Canadians to attend upon religious instruction. They are assembled twice on the sabbath, and a portion of scripture and a sermon in French, are read to them by Dr M'Laughlin.

I was favoured with an opportunity to send to Sopleay the promised powder and balls by Captain Black, a gentleman of the company, who was to leave Vancouver for his station north of Fort Okanagan in a few days.

On the 14th we took a water excursion down the Columbia, in the steam-boat Beaver, Captain Home, to the confluence of the western branch of the Multnomah, up this river into the Willamette, and then into the middle branch of the Multnomah, and through it into the Columbia, and back to the fort. All the low lands were overflowed with the annual freshet, and presented the appearance of an immense bay, extending far into the country. The day was pleasant and our company cheerful. The novelty of a steam-boat on the Columbia awakened a train of prospective reflections upon the probable changes which would take place in these remote regions in a very few years. It was wholly an unthought-of thing, when I first contemplated this enterprise, that I should find here this forerunner of commerce and business. The animation which prevailed on board was often suspended, while we conversed of coming days, when, with civilised men, all the rapid improvements in the arts of life should be introduced into this new world, and when cities and villages should spring up on the west, as they are springing up on the east of the great mountains, and a new empire be added to the kingdoms of the earth.

The Columbia is the only river of magnitude in the Oregon territory, and is navigable for ships only one hundred and thirty miles, to the cascades: it is the only stream which affords a harbour for large ships on the coast, from California to the 49th degree of north latitude. For bateaux and other light craft, the Columbia and its branches are navigable a thousand miles. The internal navigation might be much improved by canals around the rapids and falls, which are so numerous, that the ascent of the rivers is at present difficult. Still, a considerable interior trade is carried on by means of these waters, and the ingenuity of men in the west, when it shall be more extensively populated, will contrive facilities, as in the east, for greatly improving the intercourse of remote and different portions of this territory.*

* [In taking leave of the territories on the Columbia, it may be proper to mention a circumstance very slightly noticed by Mr Parker—the dreadful depopulation which has already taken place among the Indian tribes in this extreme western district, caused by the practice of incessant and murderous wars, and also the visitation of diseases introduced by the white men: the subject is thus alluded to by Mr Townsend:—"The Indians of the Columbia were once a numerous and powerful people; by the shore of the river, for scores of miles, was lined with their villages; the council fire was frequently lighted, the pipes passed round, and the destinies of the nation deliberated upon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—ORNITHOLOGY.

HAVING explored the most important parts of this territory, and gained all the information within my reach, as to the several objects proposed in my instructions from the Board of Foreign Missions—and especially having ascertained to my entire satisfaction the two most prominent facts, namely, the entire practicability of penetrating with safety to any and every portion of the vast interior, and the disposition of the natives in regard to my mission among them—it remained that the most feasible and expeditious mode of returning should next be thought of. I could expect to acquire but little additional knowledge in traversing the route to rendezvous; and the necessary delay of several months, it seemed, could be avoided by a return by water. The Hudson's Bay Company were about to send a ship to the Sandwich Islands, in which I was kindly offered a gratuitous passage. On the other hand, my friendship with gentlemen of this establishment, my regard for the spiritual welfare of the benighted men for whose good I had for many a weary day pursued my object, over mountains and rivers, hills and valleys, through all the vicissitudes of climate and weather; and especially a desire to see, in this whitened field, the returning labourers I expected, and to be able to give them personally, instead of by letter, the result of my collected

War was declared against neighbouring tribes; the deadly tomahawk was lifted, and not buried until it was red with the blood of the savage; the bounding deer was hunted, killed, and his antlers ornamented the wigwam of the red man; the scalps of the Indian's enemies hung drying in the smoke of his lodge, and he was happy. Now, alas! where is he?—gone—gathered to his fathers and to his happy hunting-grounds—his place knows him no more. The spot where once stood the thickly peopled village, the smoke curling and wreathing above the closely packed lodges, the lively children playing in the front, and their indolent parents lounging on their mats, is now only indicated by a heap of undistinguishable ruins.

The depopulation has been truly fearful. A gentleman told me, that only four years ago, as he wandered near what had formerly been a thickly peopled village, he counted no less than sixteen dead, men and women, lying unburied and festering in the sun in front of their habitations. Within the houses all were sick; not one had escaped the contagion; upwards of a hundred individuals, men, women, and children, were writhing in agony on the floors of the houses, with no one to render them any assistance. Some were in the dying struggle, and clenching with the convulsive grasp of death their disease-worn companions, shrieked and howled in the last sharp agony.

Probably there does not now exist one, where, five years ago, there were a hundred Indians; and, in sailing up the river, from the cape to the cascades, the only evidence of the existence of the Indian is an occasional miserable wigwam, with a few wretched, half-starved occupants. In some other places, they are rather more numerous; but the thoughtful observer cannot avoid perceiving that, in a very few years, the race must, in the nature of things, become extinct; and the time is probably not far distant, when the little trinkets and toys of this people will be picked up by the curious, and valued as mementoes of a nation passed away for ever from the face of the earth. The aspect of things is very melancholy. It seems as if the fiat of the Creator had gone forth, that these poor denizens of the forest and the stream should go hence and be seen of men no more.

In former years, when the Indians were numerous, long after the establishment of this fort, it was not safe for the white men attached to it to venture beyond the protection of its guns without being fully armed. Such was the jealousy of the natives towards them, that various deep-laid schemes were practised to obtain possession of the post and massacre all whom it had harboured. Now, however, they are as submissive as children. Some have even entered into the service of the whites, and when once the natural and persevering indolence of the man is worn off, he will work well and make himself useful.

About two hundred miles southward, the Indians are said to be in a much more flourishing condition, and their hostility to the white people to be most deadly. They believe that we brought with us the fatal fever which has ravaged this portion of the country; and the consequence is, that they kill without mercy every white man who trusts himself amongst them.

information, as a guide to them in their incipient labours—all this held me riveted to the spot, and kept me undecided as to my course. At length, after consultation with my most judicious friends, I resolved to take passage in the barque Columbia for Oahu, in the hope that a speedy opportunity would present itself for my return to the United States.

In taking leave of this country and the work in which I have so long time been engaged, a train of reflections crowd upon my mind. The future condition of this noble race of men is a subject of interesting inquiry to many others as well as myself. Whether the Indians are to pass away before the increasing power and numbers of white men, or whether, enlightened and improved by the philanthropy of the latter, they shall arise in the scale of human existence, is a question which, at the present time, is attracting attention and inviting investigation. I entered on the work of exploring this field with no preconceived bias; and, from critical and personal observation, hesitate not to say, that I can see no reason existing in the nature of things, which necessarily dooms the race to annihilation on the one hand, or on the other, necessarily makes them objects of apprehension, as the future hordes who shall, in coming time, like the northern barbarians of Roman days, be reserved as the scourge of an overgrown and decaying republic. If to do good be an object worthy of humanity or religion, I see not why a consistent and persevering attempt to raise a race of freemen from their depression, and to place them in the rank of intelligent beings, should not be an undertaking fraught with as much promise and encouragement as it was in earlier days to raise our ancestors to their present elevation. In favour of this opinion, we have the docility of the Indians in every thing pertaining to their improvement, the sprightliness of their youth and children, and the amiableness of their native tempers and dispositions. I take nothing of this upon testimony. In all my intercourse with them, I saw, with only one exception, no angry or malevolent passions in exercise in their little communities. Why shall any look down upon the Indian with contempt, doom his race to annihilation, and judge of the whole by those who have learned the vices of white men, and had those vices stimulated and strengthened by the cupidity of those who have excited them? Why shall not a redeeming influence be exerted to bring the Indians to an elevated condition, to which their independent and ambitious dispositions aspire, and for which, as a part of the family of man, God unquestionably designed them? *

* [Mr Parker's repeated notices of the willingness of certain tribes of Indians to be instructed in the knowledge of Christianity, though liable to the suspicion of being exaggerated, seem to agree with the account given by Mr Townsend in different parts of his narrative. That gentleman describes the Nez Percés, Chonooks, and Kayuses, as possessing a most amiable spirit of sincere piety, and their toleration of the creed and religious observances of the white men might well teach a lesson to civilisation. "After supper was concluded," says Mr Townsend, "we sat down on a buffalo robe at the entrance of the lodge, to see the Indians at their devotions. The whole thirteen were soon collected at the call of one whom they had chosen for their chief, and seated with sober sedate countenances around a large fire. After remaining in perfect silence for perhaps fifteen minutes, the chief commenced an harangue in a solemn and impressive tone, reminding them of the object for which they were thus assembled, that of worshipping the Great Spirit who made the light and the darkness, the fire and the water, and assured them that if they offered up their prayers to him with but 'one tongue,' they would certainly be accepted. He then rose from his squatting position to his knees, and his example was followed by all the others. In this situation he commenced a prayer, consisting of short sentences, uttered rapidly, but with great apparent fervour, his hands clasped upon his breast, and his eyes cast upwards with a beseeching look towards heaven. At the conclusion of each sentence, a choral response of a few words was made, accompanied frequently by low moaning. The prayer lasted about twenty minutes.

After its conclusion, the chief, still maintaining the same posi-

Subjoined is a short account of the birds of Oregon territory, which, however, are not so numerous as those which inhabit civilised countries, because they have not access to the grain and fruit cultivated fields, and woods and groves are not so common as in most other countries. But they are sufficiently numerous to afford the ornithologist one's amusement and study. This region is particularly interesting from the fact, that in this, as in other departments of natural science, it has until lately been an unexplored field, no competent person having been here to classify the different genera and species, or to describe them scientifically, before Mr J. K. Townsend, who has spent two years in this field, and will give to the public the result of his labours, and to whom I am indebted for assistance in the following summary.

The largest part of the feathered race are migratory, and are seen only for a part of the year; there are many, however, that reside here during the whole year. Among these are the majestic white-headed eagle, three or four species of hawks, two species of the jay, the magpie, and thousands of ravens and crows; several species of small sparrows, and two or three species of grouse, the common partridge of the United States, and the dusky grouse of the Rocky Mountains; and also an interesting species of the dipper or water-ousel. The habits of the latter are very curious and peculiar, particularly that of descending to the bottoms of ponds and swiftly running streams, and there, in search of small shellfish, remaining under water for at least two minutes, during which time it will course about upon the pebbly bottom, with as much apparent ease and satisfaction as if upon dry land. The red-winged blackbird and the robin continue through the year. The notes of the latter are heard even in the depth of the winter.

As the autumn advances, the number of swans, geese, and ducks multiply. I have already made men-

tion of his body and hands, but with his head bent to his breast, commenced a kind of psalm or sacred song, in which the whole company presently joined. The song was a simple expression of a few sounds, no intelligible words being uttered. It resembled the words *Ho-ha-ho-ha ho-ha-ha-a*, commencing in a low tone, and gradually swelling to a full, round, and beautifully modulated chorus. During the song, the clasped hands of the worshippers were moved rapidly across the breast, and their bodies swung with great energy to the time of the music. The chief ended the song by a kind of swelling groan, which was echoed in chorus. It was then taken up by another, and the same routine was gone through. The whole ceremony occupied perhaps an hour and a half; a short silence then succeeded, after which each Indian rose from the ground, and disappeared in the darkness with a step noiseless as that of a spectre. I think I never was more gratified by any exhibition in my life. The humble, subdued, and beseeching looks of the poor untutored beings who were calling upon their heavenly Father to forgive their sins, and continue his mercies to them, and the evident and heartfelt sincerity which characterised the whole scene, were truly affecting, and very impressive.

The next day being the sabbath, our good missionary, Mr Jason Lee, was requested to hold a meeting, with which he obligingly complied. A convenient shady spot was selected in the forest adjacent, and the greater part of our men, as well as the whole of Mr McKay's company, including the Indians, attended. The usual forms of the Methodist service, to which Mr Lee is attached, were gone through, and were followed by a brief but excellent and appropriate exhortation by that gentleman. The people were remarkably quiet and attentive, and the Indians sat upon the ground like statues. Although not one of them could understand a word that was said, they nevertheless maintained the most strict and decorous silence, kneeling when the preacher knelt, and rising when he rose, evidently with a view of paying him and us a suitable respect, however much their own notions to the proper and most acceptable forms of worship might have been opposed to ours. A meeting for worship in the Rocky Mountains is almost as unusual as the appearance of a herd of buffalo in the settlements. A sermon was perhaps never preached here before; but for myself I really enjoyed the whole scene—it possessed the charm of novelty, to say nothing of the salutary effect which I sincerely hope it may produce."]

of these water-fowl. The black cormorant is common upon the river, and there are other species of the same genus, seen about the shores of the cape, which do not ascend the rivers. The loon, or great northern, is very plentiful in this river. Gulls, terns, and petrels, in great numbers, visit this river to shelter from the violent storms which agitate the ocean during the winter.

The spring, with rising vegetation and opening flowers, brings its hosts of lovely feathered tribes, which remain for different periods of time—many of them only a few weeks—and then retire to other parts for nidification. There are, however, great numbers that remain through the summer, and their delightful songs add to the charms of the fine mornings in April and May. Among these are hundreds of warblers, wrens, titmice, and nuthatches. Of the warblers there are eleven species, six of which are new, the other five are common in the States. Several of the species are but transient visitors, but the most of them remain through the season. Of the wrens there are six species; three of the titmice; and two of the nuthatches. And in the train follow the thrushes, of which there are seven species, two of which are new; the fly-catchers, numbering eight species, three of which are new; and thirteen species of the finches or sparrows, three of which are new. These are a large and musical band, among which are several of the finest songsters known in the world. The Wilson's thrush is pre-eminent in this respect, though it hardly excels a new species of bullfinch, of the richest and most delicate plumage, which visits this section of country in the spring. If these latter were domesticated, they would form a valuable addition to any aviary. There are eight species of woodpeckers, four of which are new; and of the swallow tribe there are five species, one of which, already described, is new, and the most beautiful of the family.

I pass over many genera and species of the different birds of this region, as it is not my design to attempt a history of them, but merely to give a passing sketch, from which some idea may be formed of the ornithological treasures of this interesting country.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—DESCRIPTION OF OAHU.— MISSIONARY SUCCESS.

On the 18th of June, according to previous arrangements, I took passage in the steam-boat *Beaver*, for Fort George, to join the barque *Columbia* for the Sandwich Islands. We had a good passage down the river, and anchored for the night a little above Tongue Point; and the next day we arrived at the fort. I went on shore on the 20th, and in an excursion along the shores below, I found some very large petrified bivalve shells, embedded in calcareous sandstone of the tertiary formation. They are very perfect, and have all the lustre of living shells; the largest which I have as specimens measure longitudinally four inches and a half from the hinge, and five inches transversely, being beautifully scalloped. For a considerable distance around the place where these shells are found, there is no appearance of volcanic action. These, with one *turritella* found in the mountains south-east of Vancouver, were the only petrified organic remains I saw west of the Rocky Mountains.

On the 21st we dropped down to Chenook Bay, and anchored just above Cape Disappointment. Here, the wind and tide being adverse, we were detained until the 28th. While we continued here, I made several excursions on shore, and ascended the cape, which is probably about four hundred feet high, and from which a fine prospect of the Pacific and its shores is presented, as far as the eye can reach. The shore is generally bold and rocky, furnishing no harbour near. The country around is rocky, and densely covered with forests, and the scenery is wild. Near the shore,

on the west end of the cape, there is a large cave in the volcanic rocks, extending about one hundred and fifty feet long and twenty feet high. It seems to be the haunt of wild beasts. Across the cape upon the west bay, were found the finest flavoured strawberries of any I ever tasted; and about the cape, at different places, there were many of the new species of large yellow raspberry, which are far more inviting to the eye than to the taste.

While we were detained here, the men belonging to the *Columbia* caught a large number of codfish. In taste and appearance they much resemble those taken upon the banks of Newfoundland, excepting that they are a little shorter. This was the first time of their being known to exist in these waters; the Indians knew nothing of them before, and eagerly took those we did not need.

On the 25th, the bar being smooth, with only a light wind, though ahead, and the tide favouring, the steam-boat weighed anchor and put out to sea for a northern voyage. She went over the bar finely, and could have towed us over, but it being her first experiment, it was not thought advisable.

On Tuesday, the 28th, the wind and tide being favourable for passing the bar, we set sail at half-past three in the afternoon. There was a heavy rolling sea, and every man was at his post—one on each side of the ship constantly throwing the lead to take the sounding. Four fathoms and a half was the least, and this was little enough, considering the heavy swell. The bar has a very bold termination; for we passed almost instantly from seven fathoms to no sounding, where the water presented the dark blue colour of the ocean. The land receded, and in a few hours disappeared; and nothing was to be seen but the wide expanse of the Pacific. Our voyage to Oahu,* Sandwich Islands, was attended with nothing remarkable, excepting that it was performed in much shorter time than usual, only sixteen days having elapsed since we left the *Columbia* River to our anchoring in the roads of Honolulu. We took the direct course, and kept it without any variation, and, with a few exceptions, without shortening a sail, for a distance of two thousand five hundred miles.

On the morning of the 14th of July, land was announced. The islands of Ranai and Morakai were near, and in passing, we had a close view of the latter. It is not so mountainous as most of the others in the group, and presents rather a sterile aspect. We soon after made Oahu, and passed on the east side around to the harbour of Honolulu on the south. This harbour is the best in any of the groups of the Polynesian Islands. The entrance is somewhat intricate, and requires an experienced pilot to take ships in safely. Within the coral reefs the water is sufficiently deep for ships of almost any magnitude; and this, with the long-extended roads outside of the reefs, which afford good anchorage, renders the port desirable, and the island, in a commercial point of view, the most important of any in this part of the Pacific Ocean.

We went on shore at two o'clock in the afternoon. I was invited by the Rev. H. Hingham to his house, where I met several of the other missionaries, and felt much pleasure in beholding again a Christian community.

The heat of a vertical sun was very oppressive and enervating; and were it not for the refreshing effects of the daily north-east trade-winds, it would be insupportable to a northern constitution.

On sabbath, 17th, I attended worship in the native church, and heard the Rev. Mr. Bingham preach in the Hawaiian language to a very large assembly of natives, probably two thousand five hundred, who gave very good attention. They were all decently dressed, some of them being in the European mode, while the most of them were dressed in their native costume,

* Pronounced Wanhoo.

and made a good appearance. Madam Kinau, the queen-regent, and the royal family, were present; and although it was easy to distinguish them from the common people, they made no ostentatious display of royalty. Their dress was rich but plain, and they paid sober attention to the worship of God. The performance of the singers was good, but there was not that melody in their voices which characterises the singing of the Indians.

Oahu is the most northern of the Sandwich Islands, situated in north latitude 21 degrees 18 minutes, and in west longitude 158 degrees 38 minutes. Its greatest length is forty-five miles, from Koka on the south-east to Kakana on the north-west. The greatest portion of the island is on the north-east of this line. Its greatest breadth is twenty-eight miles from Kahuku on the north to Laeloa (Barber's Point) on the south; about four-fifths of the island is on the east of this line. The island is very mountainous; the highest eminence is called Honahuani, and is a little above four thousand feet in altitude. The Pari, at the upper end of the valley of Nuuanu, north of Honolulu, may be counted among the curiosities of the island; principally on account of its being a part of the main road, or rather the only one to Keneohe. It is 1140 feet above the level of the sea, and nearly 600 feet in perpendicular height. This is to be clambered up and down in passing from Honolulu to Keneohe, and to a stranger is a fearful undertaking, it being necessary to have a native to assist in putting your feet into the crevices of the rocks. And yet the natives pass up and down with their calabashes of poi, and their loads of melons, fish, and other commodities, with no greater difficulty than that caused by the fatigue of the ascent.

Some years ago, in a war between Tamachameha and the King of Oahu, the final battle was fought here which decided the fate of the island. The King of Oahu made a desperate struggle; and one part of his routed army, more than three hundred, were pursued to this precipice, forced down, and almost all dashed to pieces.

On each side of this pass, needle-pointed mountains rise up to the height of 2000 feet, forming a narrow chasm, through which the north-east trade-winds rush with great violence. Before you, at the north, you have a very pleasing view of the fertile valley of Kolou; and beyond is a fine prospect of the bay and wide-spread ocean. The valley between the Pari and Honolulu is seven miles long; the upper part is narrow and very picturesque. Interesting cascades are seen dashing down the almost perpendicular mountains, and the whole scenery is covered with fresh foliage. This was almost the only place where the cool and invigorating breezes gave me relief from the oppressive heat. The lower part of the valley is wide, and covered to a great extent with taro patches.

Taro is a bulbous plant, of the genus *arum*, and is planted in hills, upon patches of ground so formed as to be partially flooded with water, somewhat after the manner of cultivating rice. In eight or ten months after setting the plants, it is fit for use. To prepare it for food, it is always necessary to roast it, to take out the pungency which is common to the genus, as found in the wild turnip. It is frequently eaten for bread, with no other preparation except roasting; or it is made into poi by pulverising and making it into a stiff paste. The natives prefer the poi when soured by fermentation.

East of this valley is another called Manoa, about five miles in length, running north from Diamond Hill. It is well watered by streams descending from the mountains, formed by showers of rain which frequently fall upon them, and which sometimes extend to the valleys and plains. Its fertile soil is well cultivated with sweet potatoes, taro, and melons. At the upper end, Kaahumanu, the late queen-regent, who died in 1832, had a house built for retirement from the bustle of Honolulu; and for devotion, near a beautiful cool

grove of ohia and kukui-trees,* on an eminence commanding a view of the valley below. Near this dwelling, she caused a house to be built for the accommodation of the missionaries, when they should wish for rest, and to be refreshed with the invigorating air of the mountains. The evidences of her Christian character were convincing. Her piety was active. She travelled through all the islands, from time to time, to see that the people attended the means of religious instruction, and the schools; and to recommend the religion of the Bible to all classes of her subjects. Her example, as well as her authority, was powerful in suppressing intemperance, and the many vices which threatened the ruin of her country. Her influence was felt not only by her own people, but also by foreigners who visited these islands.

When I visited this interesting spot, the buildings were far gone to decay, but the cherished memory of her piety and philanthropy was not lost. The place presented a very pleasing view of the high and precipitous mountains around on every side; excepting on the south side, which is open to the cooling breezes of the ocean. The many cascades around upon the mountain sides added to the beauty of the scenery. Among the variety of shrubbery, we found the coffee-tree, with its fruit in various stages of maturity; the arrow-root, and the brake fern, growing in many instances to the height of twenty feet. From a bulb, near the root, is taken what the natives call *hapuu*, a silky down, which makes excellent beds and cushions.

Honolulu is situated on the south side of the island, on a bay of the same name, and is the capital and business place of all the islands. The land around the village is a dry, barren plain, excepting on the north-west, where it is moist, and cultivated with taro patches, with some cocoa-nut trees interspersed. The buildings generally are in the native style, thatched; many are built with *doba* walls, after the Spanish manner on the coast of Mexico and Peru, that is, with large sun-burnt bricks, made about two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and ten inches thick. The clay is mixed with cut straw to strengthen them, after the fashion of the ancient Egyptians. Their enclosures are built in the same style. There are several good buildings made of rock coral, in English style, some of which are spacious and well finished. The village contains about nine thousand inhabitants, three hundred of whom are English and Americans. Most of the commercial business is carried on by foreigners, and is of large amount, being increased by the resort of whale-ships, in the spring and autumn, for repairs and fresh supplies, particularly vegetables; it is the place at which all other shipping touch which navigate this ocean from Europe and America in the Chinese and East India trade. This place is constantly growing in importance, and must continue to do so from its local advantages.

Four miles south-east of Honolulu is the pleasant native village of Waititi, on the bay of the same name. It contains five or six hundred inhabitants, and is situated in a beautiful grove of cocoa-nut trees, which adds very much to its appearance and comfort. This place, if the cultivation were proportioned to the richness of the soil, might be made one of the most delightful spots in the island.

About two miles east of this village are the remains of an old heathen temple, in which human sacrifices were offered; a part of the walls of the enclosure is still standing. Various methods were employed to obtain victims; one of which was to lay a taboo on all the people in the whole region around, that no one, for a certain period of time, should go out of their dwellings, or make any fire in them, upon pain of death. If any violated the taboo, they were apprehended and sacrificed to the idols. If they were unsuccessful in obtaining victims in this way, they would send out

* The kukui-tree bears a nut as large as a black walnut, a string of which is used for candles, and hence the tree is called the candle-tree.

in a canoe, to range along between the coral reef and the shore, to feign distress, and if any were decoyed out for their relief, they were apprehended, carried to the temple, and offered in sacrifice.

It is a pleasing consideration, that the benign influence of the gospel has dispelled these bloody and superstitious of heathenism. I had an opportunity of seeing an old man who had been a high priest in these bloody rites. He expressed great satisfaction with the change which has taken place, and said that the Christian religion is now so firmly established in these islands, that their ancient idolatry can never again be revived. Mr Bingham gave him some account of my journey across the Rocky Mountains and its object. He said it was good, and that God was with me and preserved me. In their former religion, he remarked, they were all ignorant—all was darkness, entire darkness, but now the light shines. He said, that when Captain Vancouver visited these islands in the reign of Tamaha, he urged the king to renounce idolatry, and the king promised he would, when Christians would send a minister to teach them the right way. They waited until their king died without knowing the right way, and no one came until Mr Bingham and his associates arrived in the year 1820. This old heathen priest gave up his religion and his honours, took Mr Bingham by the hand on his first arrival, called him brother, and has ever since been friendly to the missionaries. His wife, whom I also saw, gave utterance to the same sentiments.

The only road, or any thing which deserves the name of a road, in this island, is between Waititi and Honolulu.

Fourteen miles west of Honolulu is Eva,* a village of considerable magnitude, but not very compact. It is situated on Pearl River, at the head of a large lagoon, extending several miles inland, and is surrounded with a fertile valley reaching twelve miles north, which is two-thirds of the distance to Waialua. The highest elevation between these places is about four hundred feet, and is intersected in various places with deep ravines. Eva is the station which the Rev. Arsenius Bishop and his wife occupy, and whose prospects of usefulness are encouraging. The natives were at this time engaged in building a substantial and commodious house of worship, and appeared to take a deep interest in its object.

In the north-west part of the island is the village of Waialua, where the Rev. John S. Emerson and his wife are stationed. The village is situated upon a spacious bay, which would furnish an excellent harbour for shipping, if there were sufficient water upon the bar at the entrance. The valley around is large, fertile, and capable of being made very productive. On a sabbath which I spent here, eight natives, six men and two women, were received into the communion of the church. They appeared very intelligent and serious, and conducted themselves with the utmost propriety. I felt great satisfaction in joining with these reclaimed heathen in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Every part of divine service was conducted with Christian decorum. I was particularly struck with the appearance of the native deacon, who was dignified in his person, dressed in good taste, and very devotional in his behaviour.

The only remaining village of any considerable importance is Keneohe, where the Rev. Benjamin W. Parker and wife are stationed. This village is in the fertile valley of Kolou, near the shore of a pleasant bay, which, like that at Waialua, would afford an excellent harbour if there were sufficient water at the entrance over the coral bar. This village is about four miles north of the Pari, and is the most cool and refreshing retreat upon the island. The basaltic mountain on the south is 3000 feet high, and nearly vertical; and the north-east trade-winds give the place

a temperate atmosphere, not found in any other part of the island sufficiently low for a village.

The greatest part of the island is mountainous, two ranges being of considerable magnitude. The largest, Koanahumanui, is on the east side, and runs parallel with the ocean; the highest part is 4000 feet above the level of the sea. This range of mountains is without many cones, is very pointed, and has several paries. At the Great Pari, the upper end of Nuanu, the main chain turns to the west, and terminates towards Waialua. The north side of the range, west of the Pari, is very precipitous, having many spurs projecting to the north, including deep pit-like ravines. The other range, on the west side of the island, is called Kaala, running north and south, separating Waianae on the west, from the valley of Eva on the east. The highest point is 3850 feet above the sea. There are many conical hills of different magnitudes in various parts of the island, which evidently were ancient craters; one, six miles south-east of Honolulu, called Diamond Hill; and another, a short distance north of Honolulu, called Fort Hill. They are open and concave at the top, with high grooved ridges down the sides, which appear to have been formed by streams of lava, and by the action of water, cutting ravines. There is abundance of lava and other volcanic productions about these hills.

The salt lake, four miles west of Honolulu, bears a resemblance to the crater of a volcano. It is a great curiosity, as well as source of trade. It undoubtedly has a connexion with the ocean, near which it is situated, by some subterraneous passage. Its depth is unknown, being nearly filled with excellent crystallised salt. The quantity which it contains is immense, and it is taken out in large quantities for sale. The lake has the appearance of being covered with ice, a little sunken below the surface of the water.

This island, and all the others in the Pacific which I saw, or concerning which I obtained information, are volcanic and coralline to a great extent. Some have supposed that these islands have been thrown up in the first place by internal fires, and then enlarged by coralline additions. There is too much argillaceous soil to favour this belief; and, to say the least, the supposition is without the least evidence, more than what theorising men invent. Much of the soil is formed by disintegrated and decomposed lava. The reefs lying off from the shores, and in some places immediately upon them, are coral. The corallines are divided into ancient and modern, the latter still increasing. Between these formations is a volcanic deposit. The ancient corallines are found in many places forming the surface of the plains, elevated some six or eight feet above the present level of the sea. As the polypi, which form coral, never work above water, these islands must either have been elevated by some subterranean or submarine power, or the ocean is subsiding; and as this recession of the ocean is seen in various parts of the world, in nearly if not the same degree, is it not probable that the waters of the ocean are gradually diminishing? Of the modern coral, there are many grades, from the rock to the most beautiful kinds resembling trees and plants, and of various colours. The volcanic formations do not differ materially from those in the Oregon territory. Cellular lava is very common, often bordering upon pumice, and of various colours—brick-red, ash-coloured, orange-yellow, and green. No primitive rocks are found, nor any silicious sand—the sand upon the shores being formed of either disintegrated lava, scoria, or coral.

The Sandwich Islands possess a great variety of vegetable productions, of which, however, I cannot attempt a minute enumeration. Among the most valuable and interesting are—the cocoa-nut tree, bread-fruit, coa-tree, which furnishes lumber nearly equal to mahogany; hybiscus, candle-nut tree, mulberry, fig-tree, cotton-tree of very fine quality; coffee-tree, grape vines, oranges, lemons, lime, pine-apples, melons of

* Pronounced Ava.

superior quality, squashes, sugar-cane, arrow-root; indigo plant, which grows finely without care; the guava, a fruit resembling mandrakes, but not so agreeable to the taste of those unaccustomed to it; taro, sweet and common potatoes, banana, a great variety of ferns; vast numbers of most beautiful flowering plants, such as the oriental lilac, eight different species of mimosa, the pride of Barbadoes, several varieties of convolvulus and mirabilis, passion-flora or passion-flower, roses, Spanish pink, Mexican pea, and many others; also garden vegetables of various sorts.

The animals of these islands, when discovered by Captain Cook, were very few; the most of those now found upon them have been introduced since. There are now the horse, the mule, neat cattle, goats, hogs, dogs, fowls, a few birds, but among the few, the crow and raven, which are common in almost all parts of the world, have not found their way here. There are but very few reptiles—no snakes; but the green lizard is very common, and was worshipped in the days of the idolatry of the islanders. Such is the influence of superstition upon the human mind, that they can hardly dismiss all feelings of reverence for this insignificant reptile. If one comes into their dwellings, they choose to let it take its own departure rather than to molest it. The scorpion and centipede have, within a very few years, found their way here by vessels. The musquito was not known here until recently, and now they are numerous and very annoying.

The government of these islands is absolute and hereditary, being administered by the king, queen, and chiefs, whose will is the supreme law; the common people are a nation of slaves. The lands belong to the government, and are leased to the people at high rents, and even then the people have no security that they shall enjoy the fruits of their labour; for, besides the stipulated rents, the government make any additional demands they please, and the people are taught to obey without complaining. The persons of the chiefs are remarkable for their extraordinary size, towering quite above the height of the common people, and, in point of corpulency, preserving corresponding dimensions. The king secures his house and person by lifeguards. Very frequently, on a Saturday morning, the queen-regent, attended by her train and servants, in equestrian style, visits her garden some two miles from Honolulu. Their appearance is fine, and they are well skilled in horsemanship. Her ordinary mode of riding in the street is in a small, low-wheeled carriage, drawn by twenty servants. The Sandwich Islanders, or *kanakas*, as the common people are called, have less activity of body and mind than the Indians of our continent, and yet a phrenologist would say that their intellectual organs are well developed. In their present political condition, they cannot be expected to be otherwise than indolent and improvident. In their dress, mode of living, and habitations generally, they have made but little advance upon their days of heathenism; some in the interior, especially, wearing little more clothing than their *maro*, and having their dwellings in holes and caverns in the rocks. This, however, is not true of all; for the chiefs, and some of the people, have good houses, dress in good fashion, and live comfortably. The king, queen-regent, and chiefs, gave a tea-party, to which, with a few others, I had the honour to be invited. They were dressed richly and in good taste; their table was splendidly arrayed with silver plate and china; the entertainment was both judiciously and tastefully arranged and prepared, and all the etiquette and ceremony of such occasions was observed. The conversation was cheerful and intelligent, without frivolity, and nothing occurred embarrassing to any one. At a suitable early hour we were invited into a saloon well furnished, where, after a performance of music, both vocal and instrumental, the queen proposed that *prayer* should

conclude our agreeable visit; which was done, and company retired.

An entertainment, however, is sometimes ~~was~~ in a different style by some of our countrymen, and other foreigners in these islands. A dog-feast, as it there called, was given by foreign resident gentlemen, on the 20th of September, at the country seat of the American consul, in honour of the officers of the American squadron, the Peacock and Enterprise, then in the harbour of Honolulu. I extract from the account published in the Sandwich Island Gazette at the time. "Food in native style was bountifully served up—baked dog was among the dishes, and it was not to be despised. Songs, toasts, cheers, bumpers, and speeches, all came in their turn. Among the toasts were 'Commodore — our commodore.' Commodore's reply, 'May you all live a thousand years, and may we always meet here.' Doctor — of the United States ship Peacock, 'Population and prosperity to the Sandwich Islands, and an end to all oppressive taboos.' The party separated, teeming with good spirits."

The population of these islands has been decreasing ever since an acquaintance has been made with them. Captain Cook estimated the people at 400,000. The present population is about one hundred and ten thousand. A variety of causes have conspired to bring about this declension, and yet no one so prominent above the rest as wholly to satisfy inquiry. It is acknowledged by all observers, and it has become evident to the government itself, that a change of things in the internal structure of their national affairs, is necessary to the prosperity of the people. During my stay at Oahu, the heads of the nation had frequent meetings to discuss the subject of reform and improvement, and to adopt some new mode of administration which will give to the people the privileges of freemen, and thereby stimulate them to industry. To effect this, the lands must be distributed among the people, a more equal mode of taxation must be adopted, industry must be encouraged, and progressive prosperity will follow in train.

The perpetuity of the independence of this nation, and with it their existence, is very problematical. A disposition to possess these islands has been manifested by foreign powers. Whether the paw of the lion, or the talons of the eagle, shall first make them its prey, or whether they shall be mutual checks upon each other, and thus prolong the existence of this feeble state, is not known. The manner in which the king and chiefs are often treated by the officers of foreign nations, and the insults they meet with, would not be borne with patience by a more powerful people. In fair and honourable negotiations, regard is had to mutual rights, but here foreigners assume the style of dictation; "You shall, and you shall not;"—and assertions are made respecting things existing in the laws and practices of England and America, which neither government would tolerate. Lord Russel, the commander of the *Acteon*, a British man of war, obtained signatures to a certain instrument, by assuring the Hawaiian government, that if they refused any longer to sign it, he would order all the English vessels to leave the harbour, and request all the American shipping to withdraw; and then bring his armed ship before their fort, batter down the walls, and prostrate their village. The king signed the instrument; and then he, together with the queen and chiefs, like some other people who feel their feebleness before a mightier nation, had only the poor resort of a public remonstrance. They accordingly sent a remonstrance to the King of Great Britain, in which they say, that "on account of their urging us so strongly; on account of said commanders assuring us that their communication was from the king; and on account of their making preparation to fire upon us—therefore, we gave our assent to the writing, without our being willing to give our real approbation; for we were not pleased with it." They feel incompetent to contend with naval strength, and

before submit to indignities from which their feelings revolt.

Much has been said of the character of the foreign residents, and of the counteracting influence which they exert upon the labours of the missionaries in that island. The cause of the bitterness and opposition to them is well understood; and lest my own observations should seem partial to the missionaries, and invidious towards those who oppose them, I will embrace all I have to say on the subject in a quotation from Mr J. N. Reynolds' Account of the Voyage of the *Potomac*, an American man of war. He certainly cannot be accused of partiality to the missionaries who reside on these islands, for his remarks respecting them are somewhat acrimonious; but in regard to the foreign residents, he says, "They are generally devoid of all religious principle, and practise the greatest frauds upon the natives in their dealings with them, which tends to corrupt their morals, and to preclude all hope of fairness in trade among them. It cannot be denied, and no one can regret it more than we do, that this whole population, generally speaking, are of the lowest order; among whom every thing like the decent restraint which civilised society imposes upon its members, is at war with their vicious propensities, and of course resisted by them to the extent of their power." He farther adds, "Let us be distinctly understood in the remarks we have made in reference to the foreign residents and missionaries on this island. As to the question, which party is on the side of virtue and good order, there can be but one opinion where there is not even room for comparison." I have been in communities where vice has been as unblushingly indulged, but I have never witnessed direct enmity to every thing morally good, in so much of its bitterness and power, as in Oahu.

Most of the foreign residents have native wives, and manifest a regard for the education of their children. They send some of them to other countries for this purpose; but for most of them a *charity* school has been established, and for its support a call is made upon the commanders and officers of vessels who come into this port; and they have even sent to England and America for charitable aid. Though some *poor* are taught here, yet I know not why the benevolent should help, by way of *charity*, the consuls and rich merchants in Oahu.

I visited the seamen's chapel, and preached several times for the Rev. Mr Diell. Although there are often several hundred seamen in the port of Honolulu, there are frequently but few attendants on the regular services of the chapel. The Rev. Mr Diell, their worthy chaplain, is, however, indefatigable in his labours through the week, visiting sailors on shipboard and wherever he can find them, endeavouring to promote their spiritual good.

On the occasion of the funeral of an infant of the princess, whose husband is Leleiohoku, *alias* William Pitt, I visited the burial-place of the kings and royal family. This is a stone building of rock coral, of the common size and structure of the houses of the village, and situated amongst them, having nothing particularly distinguishable about it, except an outward mark, by which is understood the number and rank of the dead within. They are encased first in lead, secured from the admission of air, and then deposited in coffins of elegant workmanship, ornamented with silver or brass plate, and covered with rich silk velvet or damask, of crimson. Here lie the remains of Rihoriko and Kamehamalu, who died on a visit to England, and several other bodies which lie in state; while, in the same tomb, are interred a number of other members of the royal family.

The missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in these islands have done much to elevate the character of the population, by teaching and preaching the truths of Christianity, by means of schools, where the first rudiments of edu-

cation are taught, by the press generally, and by a translation of the entire Bible: they have exerted a salutary influence upon the morals of the whole nation, and raised a monument to the power and excellence of the gospel. They have also laid, instrumentally, a broad foundation for the political, social, and religious improvement of that people. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the effect of their labours in the moral renovation of these once idolators, and of meeting with them in their congregations on the sabbath.

HOMEWARD VOYAGE.—SOCIETY ISLANDS.—ARRIVAL AT NEW LONDON.—CONCLUSION.

FROM July to November no vessel departed from the islands direct for the United States; and, after being detained about five months, waiting an opportunity to return, I engaged a passage in the *Phoenix*, Captain Allyn, from New London, and embarked on the 17th December. The ship was built for the China trade, of 410 tons, and was manned with twenty-eight persons, besides five passengers. The pilot-boat left us well out at sea, at nine in the morning, our course being south-west. On the morning of the 21st we encountered a strong wind, which in the afternoon had increased so much, that we had to put two reefs in the topsails, and a squall split our jib and sprung our foremast. I had no opportunity or disposition to enjoy the grandeur of the rolling ocean, being confined to the cabin by sea-sickness. Our ship was engaged in the whaling business, and I was furnished with an opportunity of seeing for once the experiment of taking a whale. The thing has often been described, but the novelty of the manoeuvre interested me. The experienced and skilful whaler men dispose of the dangerous process with the tact of their profession, in a manner much beyond my conceptions before witnessing it; and the monster of the deep, though mighty in his strength, is vanquished by the irresistible ascendancy of human skill and intelligence. There are said to be thirty thousand men employed in this business in the Pacific.

January 12th, 1837.—Through the whole of to-day we had strong gales from north-north-east. Our topsails were close reefed, our maintopail split. Headed to the east, close on the wind. Very bad sea—not able to take any observation of our latitude or longitude. These gales continued on the 13th until almost every sail was taken in, and we lay to on the wind. The latter part of the day was more temperate, and we headed south. By observation taken to-day, our latitude was 14 degrees 47 minutes south.

Sabbath, 15th.—The winds subsided, and the weather was warm. In the morning we came near Tetaroa, a small island of the Society group. It is low, rising but little above the level of the sea, thinly inhabited, and covered in parts with groves of the cocoa-nut tree. Like all the islands of this ocean which I have seen, it is surrounded with coral reefs, lying at a little distance from the shore, and upon which the sea constantly breaks. In the afternoon we approached the harbour of Papeeti in the island of Tahiti. The pilot came off to us, and made an effort to get the ship in, but did not succeed, the wind being too light, and we had to bear off all the morning. On Monday the 16th, we got safely into the harbour, where we found the Daniel Webster, Captain Pierson, from Sag harbour, on board of which were the Rev. W. Richards and family, passengers for the United States.

We continued in this port for days, during which time I made several excursions about the island, of became acquainted with the English mission-read, whose successful labours I had often heard of, and the Rev. Messrs. Wilson, Pritchard, and work, and their families. They appear happy in the only redevoted + The Christian reli-

During my short stay, the queen and royal family of a neighbouring island paid a visit of friendship to Tahiti. This afforded me a very excellent opportunity of remarking the manners and customs of the people. A public feast was given in honour of the royal visitants; and the day was ushered in by firing rusty guns, of which they possess a few. The morning, until ten o'clock, was occupied in collecting together their cocoa-nuts, bananas, baked hogs, &c. Many were out to purchase calico scarfs of two or three yards each, to wear in the procession. A very large profluous, the women taking the lead, and the men arms held on order. A female, with an infant in her honour order. This was expected to me as done which islands, there; for here, as well as at the Sand-a par with men. They were well attired in Euro-

On the 16th and 17th the gale was tremendous. We were in latitude about 47 degrees south, and 120 degrees west longitude. With nearly every sail taken in, we could only run before the wind, and the waves were constantly breaking in over our bulwarks. Such was the roaring of the wind and breaking waves, that it was difficult for the orders of the captain to be heard, aided by his loudest voice, from midship, forward or aft; while the air was darkened with heavy and incessant showers of spray. I never had such evidence of the power of wind and water, nor of the admirable manner the ship could live in such a gale. She would roll upon the waves, and plunge, and rise again upon the mountain billows. The whole scene was fraught with magnificence and grandeur. It was a great advantage that we had a courageous and experienced captain, and a sober, active, and obedient crew; and above all, the protection of Heaven.

men were constantly at the wheel, selected from the best steersmen. We shipped a great quantity of water, and on the night of the 17th, the fore-deck scarcely at any time had less than a foot or two feet of water, the waves breaking over faster than the water had time to pass through the scuppers. Two pumps were at work a great portion of the time, to keep the ship clear, so much was constantly finding its way down the closed hatches and other leakages of the deck. The two men at each pump laboured so furiously, that it was necessary to be relieved by others every three minutes. I reflected on the condition of those who were not prepared for death, and that even to a Christian a quiet deathbed would be preferable to leaving the world in such a scene of confusion. But we were spared, in great kindness; and the following morning the wind began to abate. Captain Allyn, who had been in most of the principal seas, and doubled both the great capes, declared that, except in a typhoon, which he encountered on the Japan coast, he had never seen any gale which equalled this.

The gales continued, with frequent squalls of hail and rain, until the 28th, when we found that we were driven to the 59th degree of south latitude, and 77th degree of west longitude. This was farther south of Cape Horn than we wished to go, and the weather was cold and thick, the thermometer ranging between 41 and 47 degrees for several days. On the 1st of March we saw, for the first time after leaving Tahiti, a sail to the windward, heading south-west, but were unable to speak her. It was very pleasant to find our latitude lessening in our homeward course, though we were not up with the cape until the 3d of March. During the gales, and especially in stormy weather, our vessel was very frequently visited by a bird which navigators call the noddy, and which is easily taken by the hand. It is of the tern genus, twelve inches long, and slenderly formed; its plumage is of a dark sooty brown, excepting on the top of its head, which is dusky white. The albatross, also, was constantly flying about us, regardless of wind and waves. Our men caught several of them with a hook, the heads of which, when standing upon the deck, were four feet high; their measurement from wing to wing was ten feet. Although they are generally of a brown colour, yet in the region of Cape Horn, they vary from a mixture of brown and white to an almost entire white. They are the largest class of the feathered race.

We had for a long time an opportunity of observing the Magellan clouds, which are three in number, two luminous and one black, about thirty degrees distant from each other, and are fixed in their relative situations as are the fixed stars. Their altitude above the southern horizon lessens to the beholder, according as his latitude diminishes and as he proceeds north. Their undefined forms are about five degrees in diameter. The luminous ones undoubtedly are formed by clusters of stars, so numerous and contiguous to one another, and so distant from the beholder, as only to give a glimmering light like luminous clouds, which gives them their name; and the black one is very probably the entire absence of all light. I gazed at these, night after night, with wonder and admiration. It seemed to me, that in looking at the dark one, one looked beyond created nature into infinite space.

Gales occurred occasionally after we doubled Cape Horn; but most of the time was pleasant, and the winds favourable, until the 27th of March, in south latitude 23 degrees 27 minutes, and west longitude 28 degrees 34 minutes, when the wind veered round to the north, and continued to blow in a northerly direction for ten days, which retarded our progress, and carried us off our course to the east, until we were brought into the 26th degree of west longitude, where we changed our course west by north. On the 1st of April we spoke an East Indianman. She was a very large fine-looking ship, about eight hundred tons, well filled with men, women, and children, who probably were passengers

for New Holland. This was the first ship we had spoken after the Spartan, near the line, on the other side of the continent. It is difficult to imagine how pleasant it is to see and speak a ship after having been months at sea. A few hours after, we saw another East Indianman, but did not speak her. By falling in with these ships, we found that we were so near Africa, as to be in the track of ships from Europe to the Cape of Good Hope.

On the same day we buried in the great deep Benjamin Hamilton, a seaman. It is a solemn transaction to commit one of our fellow-creatures to a watery grave. The colours were raised half-mast, the corpse, with weights at the feet, was laid on a plank at the gangway—all hands were gathered around; and, after some remarks suggested by the occasion, and a prayer, the plank was shoved over the side of the ship, and the dead sunk to be seen no more.

On the 2d we made Martin Vass Islands, which are five in number, composed wholly of volcanic rocks, without any soil; some of them are cones, shooting up to a height of four or five hundred feet. Two are very small and needle-pointed. They are all so precipitous, and the sea constantly breaking against them, that there is no landing. Their forms are fantastical—one of them having the appearance of a fortification with bastions, about which are needle-points resembling men on guard. They are in 20 degrees 31 minutes south latitude, and 28 degrees 38 minutes west longitude. By changing our course more westerly we made Trinidad, off against St Roque, which is an island of considerable size, and in latitude 20 degrees 28 minutes, and longitude 29 degrees 5 minutes. Near evening we were fifteen miles from it, and wishing to land in the morning, we took in sail and lay off for the night. Some Portuguese once settled upon it, but it is so difficult of access that they abandoned it, and it is now without any inhabitants.

On the morning of the 3d, we ran down to within three miles of the island, and manned three boats to go on shore; but finding no place free from breakers, we gave up the attempt; caught a few fish near the shores, and, after being much annoyed with flies, which came off to us, we returned to the ship, and with a favourable breeze pursued our course. This island is volcanic, has an iron-bound shore, and is mountainous, the most elevated points being about 1500 or 2000 feet high. It is a place of resort for great multitudes of birds and sea-fowl. I had an opportunity to see, but not to examine, the man-of-war hawk. These animals are numerous here; they are handsome, but ravenous, always taking their prey upon the wing. There were many of the perfectly silky white species of the tern, which hovered over us with great tameness.

Most of our nights as well as days for a long time were clear, and the stars were seen with remarkable brightness. What has been described by others of evenings at sea, in the southern hemisphere, I had an opportunity of personally observing with admiration. The richest colours of red, orange, and yellow, overspread the western sky after the setting sun, extending occasionally over the whole concave of heaven. No pencil of art can imitate the hues which blend in softness over this scene of beauty. Nature's hand alone can lay on these delicate shades, and add the brilliancy, ever varying, of so much richness and splendour.

In the deep seas we did not see many fish. Of the few which came under our observation, the dorado, or, as it is commonly called, the dolphin, and the pilot-fish, excelled in the beauty of their colours. The former, when taken upon deck, constantly changed its colour from the bright purple to the gold, the bluish green, and to the silver white, these also spreading out into vanishing shades. The pilot-fish is equally beautiful, but is singular in the choice of company and employment; being always found with the shark, and

conducting him to his prey, from which it derives its name.

The flying-fish is a curiosity, being furnished with the means of occupying air and water; yet finding no friend in either; pursued by the dolphin and some other fish, it swims with all speed until wearied, and then takes to flight in the air, where the albatross and the tropic bird hover over to make it their prey. In their flight they often fall upon the decks of ships, where man shows them no mercy.

On the 19th of April we passed the equator. For a few days we had calms, or only light winds with showers. The heat was very intense, and calms under these circumstances are more to be dreaded than gales. But we soon found ourselves in north latitude, where it was interesting to see the north star once more, though only just above the horizon. We entered and passed the gulf stream on the 14th of May, in 36 degrees 37 minutes north latitude; and, though a rough sea is generally expected here, we had a very pleasant time. The current runs at the rate of three miles an hour, and the temperature seven degrees warmer than the adjacent water.

On the 17th of May, at three in the afternoon, we

were cheered with the cry from the mast-head, "ho! ahead." It proved to be Block Island, in sight of the lighthouse in the evening, and to attempt to get into New London before dark, and therefore lay off for the night. In the morning we found ourselves among various ships, of different ports. Passed Montauk Point, and entered New London, where the sight of the ships lying in the harbour, the country around, the islands dressed in green, conspired to excite admiration, and especially to one so long sojourning in heathen countries or a wide expanse of water. Passed up the Thames to the city, and landed for the first time fully once more upon Christian and civilized shores, my native land, "where my best friends and kindred dwell." In taking leave of the *Phoenix*, I felt it due to the captain and crew to say, that I had received from them every kind attention I could wish; and being a temperance ship, I did not hear a profane word from any while on board. I found kind friends in New London; from whence, after arranging my business, I directed my way to Ithaca, where I arrived on the 23d of May, after an absence of more than two years and two months, and having journeyed 28,000 miles.

END OF PARKER'S JOURNEY.

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